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VOL. XCVII.

TONY BUTLER.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LIX.—AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

ALICE started as she heard the name Tony Butler, and for a moment neither spoke. There was confusion and awkwardness on either side—all the greater that each saw it in the other. She, however, was the first to rally; and, with a semblance of old friendship, held out her hand, and said, "I am so glad to see you, Tony, and to see you safe."

"I'd not have dared to present myself in such a dress," stammered he out; "but that scamp Skeffy gave me no choice: he opened the door and pushed me in."

"Your dress is quite good enough to visit an old friend in. Won't you sit down?—sit here." As she spoke, she seated herself on an ottoman, and pointed to a place at her side. "I am longing to hear something about your campaigns. Skeffy was so provoking—he only told us about what he saw at Cava, and his own adventures on the road."

"I have very little to tell, and less time to tell it. I must embark in about half an hour."

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"And where for?"

"For home."

"So that if it had not been for Skeffy's indiscretion, I should not have seen you?" said she, coldly.

"Not at this moment—not in this guise."

"Indeed!" And there was another pause.

"I hope Bella is better. Has she quite recovered?" asked he.

"She is quite well again; she'll be sorry to have missed you, Tony. She wanted, besides, to tell you how happy it made her to hear of all your good fortune."

"My good fortune! Oh, yes!—to be sure. It was so unlooked for," added he, with a faint smile, "that I have hardly been able to realise it yet—that is, I find myself planning half-a-dozen ways to earn my bread, when I suddenly remember that I shall not need them."

"And I hope it makes you happy, Tony?"

"Of course it does. It enables me to make my mother happy, and

to secure that we shall not be separated. As for myself alone, my habits are simple enough, and my tastes also. My difficulty will be, I suppose, to acquire more expensive ones."

"It is not a very hard task, I believe," said she, smiling.

"Not for others, perhaps; but I was reared in narrow fortune, Alice, trained to submit to many a privation, and told too—I'm not sure very wisely—that such hardships are all the more easily borne by a man of good blood and lineage. Perhaps I did not read my lesson right. At all events, I thought a deal more of my good blood than other people were willing to accord it; and the result was, it misled me."

"Misled you! and how—in what way?"

"Is it you who ask me this?—you, Alice, who have read me such wise lessons on self-dependence, while Lady Lyle tried to finish my education by showing the evils of over-presumption; and you were both right, though I didn't see it at the time."

"I declare I do not understand you, Tony!" said she.

"Well, I'll try to be clearer," said he, with more animation. "From the first day I knew you, Alice, I loved you. I need not say that all the difference in station between us never affected my love. You were too far above me in every gift and grace to make rank, mere rank, ever occur to my mind, though others were good enough to jog my memory on the subject."

"Others! of whom are you speaking?"

"Your brother Mark for one; but I don't want to think of these things. I loved you, I say; and to that degree, that every change of your manner towards me made the joy or the misery of my life. This was when I was an idle youth, lounging about in that condition of half-dependence that, as I look back on, I blush to think I ever

could have endured. My only excuse is, however, that I knew no better."

"There was nothing unbecoming in what you did."

"Yes, there was though. There was this: I was satisfied to hold an ambiguous position—to be a something, neither master nor servant, in another man's house, all because it gave me the daily happiness to be near you, and to see you, and to hear your voice. That was unbecoming, and the best proof of it was, that, with all my love and all my devotion, you could not care for me."

"Oh, Tony! do not say that."

"When I say care, you could not do more than care; you couldn't love me."

"Were you not always as a dear brother to me?"

"I wanted to be more than brother, and when I found that this could not be, I grew very careless, almost reckless, of life; not but that it took a long time to teach me the full lesson. I had to think over, not only all that separated us in station, but all that estranged us in tone of mind; and I saw that your superiority to me chafed me, and that if you should ever come to feel for me, it would be through some sense of pity."

"Oh, Tony!"

"Yes, Alice, you know it better than I can say it; and so I set my pride to fight against my love, with no great success at first. But as I lay wounded in the orchard at Melazzo, and thought of my poor mother and her sorrow, if she were to hear of my death, and compared her grief with what yours would be, I saw what was real in love, and what was mere interest; and I remember I took out my two relics—the dearest objects I had in the world—a lock of my mother's hair and a certain glove—a white glove you may have seen once on a time; and it was over the little braid of brown hair I let fall the last tears I thought ever to shed in life; and

here is the glove—I give it back to you. Will you have it?"

She took it with a trembling hand; and in a voice of weak but steady utterance said, "I told you that this time would come."

"You did so," said he, gloomily.

Alice rose and walked out upon the balcony; and after a moment Tony followed her. They leaned on the balustrade side by side, but neither spoke.

"But we shall always be dear friends, Tony, shan't we?" said she, while she laid her hand gently over his.

"Oh, Alice!" said he, plaintively, "do not—do not, I beseech you—lead me back again into that land of delusion I have just tried to escape from. If you knew how I loved you—if you knew what it costs me to tear that love out of my heart—you'd never wish to make the agony greater to me."

"Dear Tony, it was a mere boyish passion. Remember for a moment how it began. I was older than you—much older as regards life and the world—and even older by more than a year. You were so proud to attach yourself to a grown woman—you a mere lad; and then your love—for I will grant it was love—dignified you to yourself. It made you more daring where there was danger, and it taught you to be gentler and kinder and more considerate to every one. All your good and great qualities grew the faster that they had those little vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, the sun and rain of our daily lives; but all that is not love."

"You mean there is no love where there is no return of love?"

She was silent.

"If so, I deny it. The faintest flicker of a hope was enough for me—the merest shadow—a smile, a passing word—your mere 'Thank you, Tony,' as I beld your stirrup—the little word of recognition you would give when I had done something that pleased you,—these—any of them—would send me home

happy—happier, perhaps, than I ever shall be again."

"No, Tony, do not believe that," said she, calmly; "not," added she, hastily, "that I can acquit myself of all wrong to you. No; I was in fault—gravely in fault. I ought to have seen what would have come of all our intimacy—I ought to have known that I could not develop all that was best in your nature without making you turn in gratitude—well, in love—to myself; but shall I tell you the truth? I over-estimated my power over you. I not only thought I could make you love, but unlove me; and I never thought what pain that lesson might cost—each of us."

"It would have been fairer to have cast me adrift at first," said he, fiercely.

"And yet, Tony, you will be generous enough one of these days to think differently!"

"I certainly feel no touch of that generosity now."

"Because you are angry with me, Tony—because you will not be just to me; but when you have learned to think of me as your sister, and can come and say, dear Alice, counsel me as to this, advise me as to that—then, there will be no ill-will towards me for all I have done to teach you the great stores that were in your own nature."

"Such a day as that is distant," said he, gloomily.

"Who knows? The changes which work within us are not to be measured by time; a day of sorrow will do the work of years."

"There! that lantern at the peak is the signal for me to be off. The skipper promised to give me notice; but if you will say 'stay!' be it so. No, no, Alice, do not lay your hand on my arm if you would not have me again deceive myself."

"You will write to me, Tony?"

He shook his head to imply the negative.

"Well, to Bella, at least?"

"I think not. I will not promise. Why should I? Is it to

try and knot together the cords we have just torn, that you may break them again at your pleasure?"

"How ungenerous you are!"

"You reminded me a while ago it was my devotion to you that civilised me; is it not natural I should go back to savagery as my allegiance was rejected?"

"You want to be a Garibaldian in love as in war," said she, smiling.

The deep boom of a gun floated over the bay, and Tony started.

"That's the last signal—good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, dear Tony," said she. She held her cheek towards him. He hesitated, blushed till his face was in a flame, then

stooped and kissed her. Skeff's voice was heard at the instant at the door, and Tony rushed past him and down the stairs, and then, with mad speed, dashed along to the jetty, leaped into the boat, and, covering his face with his hands, never raised his head till they were alongside.

"You were within an inch of being late, Tony," cried M'Gruder, as he came up the side. "What detained you?"

"I'll tell you all another time—let me go below, now;" and he disappeared down the ladder. The heavy paddles flapped slowly, then faster, and the great mass moved on, and made for the open sea.

CHAPTER LX.—A DECK WALK.

The steamer was well out to sea when Tony appeared on deck. It was a calm, starlight night—fresh, but not cold. The few passengers, however, had sought their berths below, and the only one who lingered on deck was M'Gruder and one other, who, wrapped in a large boat-cloak, lay fast asleep beside the binnacle.

"I was thinking you had turned in," said M'Gruder to Tony, "as you had not come up."

"Give me a light—I want a smoke badly. I felt that something was wrong with me, though I didn't know what it was. Is this Rory here?"

"Yes, sound asleep, poor fellow."

"I'll wager a trifle he has a lighter heart than either of us, Sam."

"It might easy be lighter than mine," sighed M'Gruder, heavily.

Tony sighed too, but said nothing, and they walked along side by side, with that short jerking stride men pace a deck with, feeling some sort of companionship, although no words were exchanged between them.

"You were nigh being late,"

said M'Gruder, at last. "What detained you on shore?"

"I saw her!" said Tony, in a low muffled voice.

"You saw her! Why, you told me you were determined not to see her."

"So I was, and so I intended. It came about by mere accident. That strange fellow Skeffy, you've heard me speak of—he pushed me plump into the room where she was, and there was nothing to be done but to speak to her."

"Well?"

"Well! I spoke," said he, half-gruffly; and then, as if correcting the roughness of his tone, added, "It was just as I said it would be; just as I told you. She liked me well enough as a brother, but never thought of me as anything else. All the interest she had taken in me was out of friendship. She didn't say this haughtily, not a bit; she felt herself much older than me, she said; that she felt herself better was like enough, but she never hinted it, but she let me feel pretty plainly that we were not made for each other; and though the lesson wasn't much to my liking, I began to see it was true."

"Did you really?"

"I did," said he, with a deep sigh. "I saw that all the love I had borne her was only paid back in a sort of feeling half-compassionate, half-kindly—that her interest in me was out of some desire to make something out of me; I mean, to force me to exert myself and do something—anything besides living a hanger-on at a great house. I have a notion, too—heaven knows if there's anything in it—but I've a notion, Sam, if she had never known me till now—if she had never seen me idling and lounging about in that ambiguous position I held—something between gamekeeper and reduced gentleman—that I might have had a better chance."

M'Gruder nodded a half assent, and Tony continued, "I'll tell you why I think so. Whenever she asked me about the campaign and the way I was wounded, and what I had seen, there was quite a change in her voice, and she listened to what I said very differently from the way she heard me when I talked to her of my affection for her."

"There's no knowing them! there's no knowing them!" said M'Gruder, drearily; "and how did it end?"

"It ended that way."

"What way?"

"Just as I told you. She said she'd always be the same as a sister to me, and that when I grew older and wiser I'd see that there should never have been any closer tie between us. I can't repeat the words she used, but it was something to this purport,—that when a woman has been lecturing a man about his line of life, and trying to make something out of him, against the grain of his own indolence, she can't turn suddenly round and fall in love, even though *he* was in love with *her*."

"She has a good head on her shoulders, she has," muttered M'Gruder.

"I'd rather she had a little more heart," said Tony, peevishly.

"That may be, but she's right, after all."

"And why is she right? why shouldn't she see me as I am now, and not persist in looking at me as I used to be?"

"Just because it's not her humour, I suppose; at least, I don't know any better reason."

Tony wheeled suddenly away from his companion, and took two or three turns alone. At last he said, "She never told me so, but I suppose the truth was, all this time she *did* think me very presumptuous; and that what her mother did not scruple to say to me in words, Alice had often said to her own heart."

"You are rich enough now to make you her equal."

"And I'd rather be as poor as I used to be and have the hopes that have left me."

M'Gruder gave a heavy sigh, and, turning away, leaned on the bulwark and hid his face. "I'm a bad comforter, Tony," said he at last, and speaking with difficulty. "I didn't mean to have told you, for you have cares enough of your own, but I may as well tell you—read that." As he spoke, he drew out a letter and handed it to him; and Tony, stooping down beside the binnacle light, read it over twice.

"This is clear and clean beyond me," exclaimed he, as he stood up. "From any other girl I could understand it; but Dolly—Dolly Stewart, who never broke her word in her life—I never knew her tell a lie as a little child—what can she mean by it?"

"Just what she says there—she thought she could marry me, and she finds she cannot."

"But why?"

"Ah! that's more than she likes to tell me—more, mayhap, than she'd tell any one."

"Have you any clue to it?"

"None—not the slightest."

"Is your sister-in-law in it? Has she said or written anything that Dolly could resent?"

"No; don't you mark what she says at the end? 'You must not try to lighten any blame you would lay on me by thinking that any one has influenced me. The fault is all my own. It is I myself have to ask your forgiveness.'"

"Was there any coldness in your late letters? was there anything that she could construe into change of affection?"

"Nothing—nothing."

"What will her father say to it?" said Tony, after a pause.

"She's afraid of that herself. You mind the words? 'If I meet forgiveness from you I shall not from others, and my fault will bear its heavy punishment on a heart that is not too happy!' Poor thing! I do forgive her—forgive her with all my heart; but it's a great blow, Tony."

"If she was a capricious girl, I could understand it, but that's what she never was."

"No, no; she was true and honest in all things."

"It may be something about her father; he's an old man, and failing. She cannot bear to leave him, perhaps, and it's just possible she couldn't bring herself to say it. Don't you think it might be that?"

"Don't give me a hope, Tony. Don't let me see a glimpse of light, my dear friend, if there's to be no fulfilment after."

The tone of emotion he spoke in made Tony unable to reply for some minutes. "I have no right to say this, it is true," said he, kindly; "but it's the nearest guess I can make: I know, for she told me so herself, she'd not go and be a governess again if she could help it."

"Oh, if you were to be right, Tony! Oh, if it was to be as you suspect, for we could make him come out and live with us here! We've plenty of room, and it would be a pleasure to see him happy, and at rest, after his long life of labour. Let us read the letter over together, Tony, and see how it agrees with that thought;" and now they both

crouched down beside the light and read it over from end to end. Here and there were passages that they pondered over seriously, and some they read twice and even thrice; and although they brought to this task the desire to confirm a speculation, there was that in the tone of the letter that gave little ground for their hope. It was so self-accusing throughout, that it was plain she herself laid no comfort to her own heart in the thought of a high duty fulfilled.

"Are you of the same mind still?" asked McGruder, sadly, and with little of hopefulness in his voice; and Tony was silent.

"I see you are not. I see that you cannot give me such a hope."

"Have you answered this yet?"

"Yes, I have written it; but it's not sent off. I kept it by me to read over, and see that there was nothing harsh or cruel—nothing I would not say in cold blood; for oh, Tony! I will avow it was hard to forgive her; no, I don't mean that, but it was hard to bring myself to believe I had lost her for ever. For a while, I thought the best thing I could do, was to comfort myself by thinking how false she was, and I took out all her letters, to convince me of her duplicity; but what do you think I found? They all showed me, what I never saw till then, that she was only going to be my wife out of a sort of resignation; that the grief and fretting of her poor father at leaving her penniless in the world, was more than she could bear; and that to give him the comfort of his last few days in peace, she'd make any sacrifice; and through all the letters, though I never saw it before, she laid stress on what she called doing her best to make me happy, but there was no word of being happy herself."

Perhaps Tony did not lay the same stress on this that his friend did; perhaps no explanation of it came readily to his mind; at all events he made no attempt at comment, and only said,

"And what will your answer be?"

"What can it be? to release her, of course."

"Ay, but how will you say it?"

"Here's what I have written; it is the fourth attempt, and I don't much like it yet, but I can't do it better." And once more they turned to the light while McGruder read out his letter. It was a kind and feeling letter; it contained not one word of reproach, but it said that, into the home he had taken, and where he meant to be so happy, he'd never put foot again. "You ought to have seen it, Tony," said he, with a quiver in his voice. "It was all so neat and comfortable; and the little room that I meant to be Dolly's own, was hung round with prints, and there was a little terrace, with some orange-trees and myrtles, that would grow there all through the winter—for it was a sheltered spot under the Monte Nero; but it's all over now."

"Don't send off that letter. I mean, let me see her and speak to her before you write. I shall be at home, I hope, by Wednesday, and I'll go over to the Burnside—or, better still, I'll make my mother ask Dolly to come over to us. Dolly loves her as if she were her own mother, and if any one can influence her she will be that one."

"But I'd not wish her to come round by persuasion, Tony. Dolly's a girl to have a will of her own, and she's never made up her mind to write me that letter without thinking well over it."

"Perhaps she'll tell my mother her reasons. Perhaps she'll say why she draws back from her promise."

"I don't even know that I'd like to drive her to that; it mightn't be quite fair."

Tony flung away his cigar with impatience; he was irritated, for he bethought him of his own case, and how it was quite possible no such scruples of delicacy would have interfered with him if he could only have managed to find out what was passing in Alice's mind.

"I'm sure," said McGruder, "you agree with me, Tony; and if she says, Don't hold me to my pledge, I have no right to ask, Why?"

A short shrug of the shoulders was all Tony's answer.

"Not that I'd object to your saying a word for me, Tony, if there was to be any hope from it—saying what a warm friend could say of one he thought well of. You've been living under the same roof with me, and you know more of my nature, and my ways and my temper, than most men, and mayhap what you could tell her might have its weight."

"That I know and believe."

"But don't think only of me, Tony. *She's* more to be considered than I am; and if this bargain was to be unhappy for her, it would only be misery for both of us. You'd not marry your own sweetheart against her own will?"

Tony neither agreed to nor dissented from this remark. The chances were that it was a proposition not so readily solved, and that he'd like to have thought over it.

"No; I know you better than that," said McGruder once more.

"Perhaps not," remarked Tony; but the tone certainly gave no positive assurance of a settled determination. "At all events, I'll see what I can do for you."

"If it was that she cares for somebody else that she couldn't marry—that her father disliked, or that he was too poor—I'd never say one word; because who can tell what changes may come in life, and the man that couldn't support a wife now, in a year or two may be well off and thriving? And if it was that she really liked another—you don't think that likely? Well, neither do I; but I say it here, because I want to take in every consideration of the question; but I repeat, if it were so, I'd never utter one word against it. Your mother, Tony, is more likely to find *that* out than any of us; and if she says Dolly's

heart is given away already, that will be enough. I'll not trouble nor torment her more."

Tony grasped his friend's hand, and shook it warmly, some vague suspicion darting through him at the time that this rag-merchant was more generous in his dealings with the woman he loved than he, Tony, would have been. Was it that he loved less, or was it that his love was more? Tony couldn't tell; nor was it so very easy to resolve it either way.

As day broke, the steamer ran into Leghorn to land some passengers and take in others; and M'Gruder, while he took leave of Tony, pointed to a red-tiled roof rising amongst some olive-trees—the quaint little pigeon-house on

top surmounted with a weather-vane fashioned into an enormous letter S.

"There it is," said he, with a shake in his voice; "that was to have been her home. I'll not go near it till I hear from you, and you may tell her so. Tell her you saw it, Tony, and that it was a sweet little spot, where one might look for happiness if they could only bring a quiet heart to it. And above all, Tony, write to me frankly and openly, and don't give me any hopes if your own conscience tells you I have no right to them."

With a strong grasp of the hand, and a long full look at each other in silence, M'Gruder went over the side to his boat, and the steamer ploughed on her way to Marseilles.

CHAPTER LXI.—TONY AT HOME AGAIN.

Though Tony was eager to persuade Rory to accompany him home, the poor fellow longed so ardently to see his friends and relations, to tell all that he had done and suffered for "the cause," and to show the rank he had won, that Tony yielded at last, and only bound him by a promise to come and pass his Christmas at the Causeway; and now he hastened on night and day, feverishly impatient to see his mother, and yearning for that affection which his heart had never before so thirsted after.

There were times when he felt that, without Alice, all his good fortune in life was valueless; and it was a matter of utter indifference whether he was to see himself surrounded with every means of enjoyment, or rise each morning to meet some call of labour. And then there were times when he thought of the great space that separated them—not in condition, but in tastes and habits and requirements. She was of that gay and fashionable world that she adorned—made for it, and made to like it; its

admiration and its homage were things she looked for. What would he have done if obliged to live in such a society? His delight was the freedom of an out-of-door existence—the hard work of field-sports, dashed with a certain danger that gave them their zest. In these he admitted no man to be his superior; and in this very conscious strength lay the pride that sustained him. Compel him, however, to live in another fashion—surround him with the responsibilities of station, and the demands of certain ceremonies—and he would be wretched. "Perhaps she saw all that," muttered he to himself. "With that marvellous quickness of hers, who knows if she might not have foreseen how unsuited I was to all habits but my own wayward, careless ones? And though I hope I shall always be a gentleman, in truth there are some forms of the condition that puzzle me sorely."

"And, after all, have I not my dear mother to look after and make happy? and what a charm it will give to life to see her surrounded

with the little objects she loved and cared for! What a garden she shall have!" Climate and soil, to be sure, were stiff adversaries to conquer, but money and skill could fight them; and that school for the little girls—the fishermen's daughters—that she was always planning, and always wondering Sir Arthur Lyle had never thought of, she should have it now, and a pretty building, too, it should be. He knew the very spot to suit it, and how beautiful he would make their own little cottage, if his mother should still desire to live there. Not that he thought of this positively with perfect calm and indifference. To live so near the Lyles, and live estranged from them, would be a great source of unpleasantness, and yet how could he possibly renew his relations there, now that all was over between Alice and himself? "Ah," thought he at last, "the world would stand still if it had to wait for stupid fellows like me to solve its difficulties. I must just let events happen, and do the best I can when they confront me;" and then mother would be there; mother would counsel and advise him; mother would warn him of this, and reconcile him to that; and so he was of good cheer as to the future, though there were things in the present that pressed him sorely.

It was about an hour after dark of a starry, sharp October evening, that the jaunting-car on which he travelled, drove up to the spot where the little pathway turned off to the cottage, and Jeanie was there with her lantern waiting for him.

"You've no a' that luggage, Maister Tony?" cried she, as the man deposited the fourth trunk on the road.

"How's my mother?" asked he, impatiently—"is she well?"

"Why wouldn't she be weel, and hearty too?" said the girl, who rather felt the question as savouring of ingratitude, seeing what

blessings of fortune had been showered upon them.

As he walked hurriedly along, Jeanie trotted at his side, telling him, in broken and disjointed sentences, the events of the place—the joy of the whole neighbourhood on hearing of his new wealth; their hopes that he might not leave that part of the country; what Mrs. Blackie of Craig's Mills said at Mrs. Dumphy's christening, when she gave the name of Tony to the baby, and wouldn't say Anthony; and how Dr. McOandlish improved the occasion for "twa good hours, wi' mair texts o' Scripture than wad make a Sabbath-day's discourse; and ech, Maister Tony, it's a glad heart I'll hae o' it all, if I could only think that you'll no be going to keep a man creature—a sort of butler like—there's no such wastefu' bodies in the world as they, and wanting mair ceremonies than the best gentlemen in the land." Before Tony had finished assuring her that no change in the household should displace herself, they had reached the little wicket: his mother, as she stood at the door, caught the sound of his voice, rushed out to meet him, and was soon clasped in his arms.

"It's more happiness than I hoped for—more, far more," was all she could say, as she clung to him. Her next words were uttered in a cry of joy, when the light fell full upon him in the doorway—"you're just your father, Tony; it's your own father's self I see standing before me, if you had not so much hair over your face."

"I'll soon get rid of that, mother, if you dislike it."

"Let it be, Master Tony—let it be," cried Jeanie; "though it frightened me a bit at first, it's no so bad when one gets used to it."

Though Mrs. Butler had determined to make Tony relate every event that took place from the day he left her, in regular narrative order, nothing could be less connected, nothing less consecutive,

than the incidents he recounted. Now it would be some reminiscence of his messenger days—of his meeting with that glorious Sir Joseph, who treated him so handsomely; then of that villain who stole his despatches; of his life as a rag-merchant, or his days with Garibaldi. Rory, too, was remembered; and he related to his mother the pious fraud by which he had transferred to his humble follower the promotion Garibaldi had bestowed upon himself.

"He well deserved it, and more; he carried me, when I was wounded, through the orchard at Melazzo on his back, and though struck with a bullet himself, never owned he was hit till he fell on the grass beside me—a grand fellow that, mother, though he never learned to read." And there was a something of irony in his voice as he said this, that showed how the pains of learning still rankled in his mind.

"And you never met the Lyles? how strange!" exclaimed she.

"Yes, I met Alice; at least," said he, stooping down to settle the log on the fire, "I saw her the last evening I was at Naples."

"Tell me all about it."

"There's no all. I met her, we talked together for half an hour or so, and we parted; there's the whole of it."

"She had heard, I suppose, of your good fortune?"

"Yes, Skeff had told them the story, and, I take it, made the most of our wealth; not that rich people like the Lyles would be much impressed by our fortune."

"That may be true, Tony, but rich folk have a sympathy with other rich folk, and they're not very wrong in liking those whose condition resembles their own. What did Alice say? Did she give you some good advice as to your mode of life?"

"Yes, plenty of that; she rather likes advice-giving."

"She was always a good friend of yours, Tony. I mind well when she

used to come here to hear your letters read to her. She ever made the same remark: Tony is a fine true-hearted boy; and when he's moulded and shaped a bit by the pressure of the world, he'll grow to be a fine true-hearted man."

"It was very gracious of her, no doubt," said he, with a sharp short tone; "and she was good enough to contribute a little to that selfsame 'pressure' she hoped so much from."

His mother looked at him to explain his words, but he turned his head away and was silent.

"Tell me something about home, mother. How are the Stewarts? Where is Dolly?"

"They are well, and Dolly is here; and a dear good girl she is. Ah, Tony! If you knew all the comfort she has been to me in your absence—coming here through sleet and snow and storm, and nursing me like a daughter."

"I liked her better till I learned how she had treated that good-hearted fellow Sam M'Gruder. Do you know how she has behaved to him?"

"I know it all. I read her letters, every one of them."

"And can you mean that you defend her conduct?"

"I mean that if she were to marry a man she did not love, and were dishonest enough not to tell him so, I'd not attempt to defend her. There's what I mean, Tony."

"Why promise him, then—why accept him?"

"She never did."

"Oh!" exclaimed he, holding up both his hands.

"I know what I say, Tony. It was the Doctor answered the letter in which Mr. M'Gruder proposed for Dolly. He said that he could not, would not, use any influence over his daughter; but that, from all he had learned of Mr. M'Gruder's character, he would give his free consent to the match."

"Well, then, Dolly said——"

"Wait a bit, I am coming to Dolly. She wrote back that she was sorry he had not first written to herself, and she would frankly have declared she did not wish to marry; but now, as he had addressed her father—an old man in failing health, anxious above all things about what was to become of her when he was removed—the case was a more difficult one, since to refuse his offer was to place herself in opposition to her father's will—a thing that in all her life had never happened. 'You will see from this,' said she, 'that I could not bring to you that love and affection which would be your right, were I only to marry you to spare my father's anxieties. You ought to have more than this in your wife, and I cannot give you more; therefore do not persist in this suit, or, at all events, do not press it.'"

"But I remember your writing me word that Dolly was only waiting till I left M'Gruder's house, or quitted the neighbourhood, to name the day she would be married. How do you explain that?"

"It was her father forced her to write that letter: his health was failing, and his irritability had increased to that degree that at times we were almost a raid of his reason, Tony; and I mind well the night Dolly came over to show me what she had written. She read it in that chair where you are sitting now, and when she finished she fell on her knees, and, hiding her face in my lap, she sobbed as if her poor heart was breaking."

"So, in fact, she was always averse to this match."

"Always. She never got a letter from abroad that I couldn't have told it by her red eyes and swelled eyelids, poor lassie!"

"I say 'poor fellow!' mother; for I declare that the man who marries a woman against her will has the worst of it."

"No, no, Tony; all sorrows fall heaviest on the helpless. When at

last the time came that she could bear no more, she rallied her courage and told her father that if she were to marry M'Gruder it would be the misery of her whole life. He took it very ill at first; and said some very cruel things to her; and, indeed, it was only after seeing how I took the lassie's side, and approved of all she had done, that he yielded and gave way. But he isn't what he used to be, Tony. Old age, they say, makes people sometimes sterner and harder. A grievous thing to think of, that we'd be more worldly just when the world was slipping away beneath us; and so what do you think he does? The same day that Dolly writes that letter to M'Gruder, he makes her write to Dr. M'Candlish to say that she'd take a situation as a governess with a family going to India, which the Doctor mentioned was open to any well-qualified young person like herself. 'Ye canna say that your "heart will be broke wi' treachery" here, lassie,' said her father, jeering at what she said in her tears about the marriage."

"You oughtn't to suffer this, mother; you ought to offer Dolly a home here with yourself."

"It was what I was thinking of, Tony; but I didn't like to take any step in it till I saw you and spoke to you."

"Do it, by all means—do it to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow, Tony, nor even the next day; for Dolly and the Doctor left this to pass a few days with the M'Candlishes at Articlave, and they'll not be back before Saturday; but I am so glad that you like the plan—so glad that it came from yourself, too."

"It's the first bit of pleasure our new wealth has given us, mother; may it be a good augury!"

"That's a heathenish word, Tony, and most unsuited to be used in thankfulness for God's blessings."

Tony took the rebuke in good

part, and, to change the topic, laughingly asked if she thought Garibaldians never were hungry, for she had said nothing of supper since he came.

"Jeanie has been in three times to tell you it was ready, and the last time she said she'd come no more; but come and we'll see what there's for us."

CHAPTER LXII.—SKEFF DAMER'S LAST "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

After some four or five days passed almost like a dream—for while he stood in the midst of old familiar objects, all Tony's thoughts as to the future were new and strange—there came a long letter from Skeff Damer, announcing his approaching marriage with Bella—the "dear old woman of Tilney" having behaved "beautifully." "Short as the time has been since you left this, my brave Tony, great events have occurred. The King has lost his throne, and Skeff Damer has gained an estate. I would have saved him, for I really like the Queen; but that his obstinacy is such, the rescue would have only been a reprieve, not a pardon. Sicily I meant for us—I mean for England—myself to be the Viceroy. The silver mines at Stromboli have never been worked since the time of Tiberius; they contain untold wealth: and as to coral fishery, I have obtained statistics will make your teeth water. I can show you my calculations in hard figures, that in eight years and four months I should be the richest man in Europe—able to purchase the soil of the island out and out, if the British Government were stupid enough not to see that they ought to establish me and my dynasty there. These are now but visions—grand and glorious visions, it is true—and dearest Bella sheds tears when I allude to them.

"I have had a row with 'the Office;' they blame me for the downfall of the monarchy, but they never told me to save it. To you I may make the confession, it was the two days I passed at Cava cost this Bourbon his crown. Not that I regret, my dear Tony, this tribute

to friendship. During that interval, as Caraffa expresses it, they were paralysed. 'Where is Damer?' 'Who has seen Skeff?' 'What has become of him?' 'With whom is he negotiating?' were the questions on every side; and in the very midst of the excitement, back comes the fellow McOskey, the little fiery-faced individual you insisted in your raving on calling 'my god-father,' and declares that I am in the camp of the Garibaldians, and making terms and stipulations with the General himself. The Queen-Mother went off in strong hysterics when she heard it; the King never uttered a word—has never spoken since—and the dear Queen merely said, 'Damer will never betray us.' These particulars I learned from Francardi. Meanwhile Garibaldi, seeing the immense importance of my presence at his headquarters, pushes on for the capital, and enters Naples, as he gives out, with the concurrence and approval of England! You will, I have no doubt, hear another version of this event. You will be told bushels of lies about heroic daring and frantic popular enthusiasm. To your friendly breast I commit the truth, never to be revealed, however, except to a remote posterity.

"One other confession, and I have done—done with politics for ever. You will hear of Garibaldi as a brave, straightforward, simple-minded unsuspecting man, hating intrigues of all kinds. This is totally wrong. With all his courage, it is as nothing to his craft. He is the deepest politician, and the most subtle statesman in Europe, and, to my thinking—mind, it is *my* estimate I give you—more of Machiavelli

than any man of his day. Bear this in mind, and keep your eye on him in future. We had not been five minutes together till each of us read the other. We were the two 'Augsurs' of the Latin satirist, and if we didn't laugh, we exchanged a recognition just as significant. I ought to tell you that he is quite frantic at my giving up political life, and he says that my retirement will make Cavour's fortune, for there is no other man left fit to meet him. There was not a temptation, not a bribe, he did not throw out to induce me to withhold my resignation; and when he found that personal advantages had no weight with me, he said, 'Mind my words, Monsieur Damer; the day will come when you will regret this retirement. When you will see the great continent of Europe convulsed from one end to the other, and yourself no longer in a position to influence the course of events, and guide the popular will, you will bitterly regret this step.' But I know myself better. What could the Peerage, what could the Garter, what could a seat in the Cabinet do for me? I have been too long and too much behind the scenes, to be dazzled by the bluze of the 'spectacle.' I want repose, a home, the charms of that domestic life which are denied to the mere man of ambition. Bella, indeed, has her misgivings, that to live without greatness—greatness in action, and greatness to come—will be a sore trial to me; but I tell her, as I tell you, my dear friend, that it is exactly the men who, like myself, have moved events, and given the spring to the greatest casualties, who are readiest to accept tranquillity and peace as the first of blessings. Under the shade of my old elms at Tilney—I may call them mine already, as Reeves and Tucker are drawing out the deeds—I will write my memoirs,—one of the most interesting contributions, when it appears, that history has received for the last century.

I can afford to be fearless, and I will be; and if certain noble lords go down to posterity with tarnished honour and diminished fame, they can date the discovery to the day when they disparaged a Damer.

"Now for a minor key. We led a very jolly life on board the Talisman; only needing yourself to make it perfect. My Lady L. was 'out of herself' at your not coming; indeed, since your accession to fortune, she has discovered some very amiable and some especially attractive qualities in your nature, and that, 'if you fall amongst the right people'—I hope you appreciate the sort of accident intended—you will become a very superior article. Bella is, as always, a sincere friend; and though Alice says nothing, she does not look ungrateful to him who speaks well of you. Bella has told me in confidence—mind, in confidence—that all is broken off between Alice and you, and says it is all the better for both; that you were a pair of intractable tempers, and that the only chance for either of you, is to be allied to somebody or something that would consent to think you perfection, and yet manage you as if you were not what is called 'absolute wisdom.'

"Bella also said, 'Tony might have had some chance with Alice had he remained poor,' the opposition of her family would have had its weight in influencing her in his favour; but now that he is a prize in the matrimonial lottery, she is quite ready to see any defects he may have, and set them against all that would be said in his behalf. Last of all, she likes her independence as a widow. I half suspected that Maitland had been before you in her favour; but Bella says not. By the way, it was the fortune that has fallen to you Maitland had always expected—Sir Omerod having married, or, as some say, not married, his mother, and adopted Maitland, who contrived to spend

about eighty thousand of the old man's savings in ten or eleven years. He is a strange fellow, and mysterious to the last. Since the overthrow of the Government, we have been reduced to ask protection to the city from the secret society called the Camorra, a set of Neapolitan Thugs, who cut throats in reciprocity; and it was by a guard of these wretches that we were escorted to the ship's boats when we embarked. Bella swears that the chief of the gang was no other than Maitland, greatly disguised, of course; but she says that she recognised him by his teeth, as he smiled accidentally. It would be, of course, at the risk of his life he was there, since anything that pertained to the Court would, if discovered, be torn to fragments by the people. My 'godfather' had a narrow escape on Tuesday last. He rode through the Toledo in full uniform, amidst all the people, who were satisfied with hissing him instead of treating him to a stiletto, and the rascal grinned an insolent defiance as he went, and said, as he gained the Piazza, 'You're not such bad *canaille*, after all; I have seen worse in Mexico.' He went on board a despatch-boat in the bay, and ordered the commander to take him to Gayeta; and the oddest of all is, the officer complied, overpowered, as better men have been, by the scoundrel's impudence. Oh, Tony, to *you*—to yourself, to your heart's most secret closet, fast to be locked, when you have my secret inside of it—to *you*, I own, that the night I passed in that wretch's company is the darkest page of my existence. He overwhelmed me with insult, and I had to bear it, just as I should have to bear the buffeting of the waves if I had been thrown into the sea. I'd have strangled him then and there if I was able, but the brute would have torn me limb from limb if I attempted it. Time may diminish the acuteness of this suffering, but I confess to you, up

to this, when I think of what I went through, my humiliation overpowers me. I hope fervently you may meet him one of these days. You have a little score of your own, I suspect, to settle with him; at all events, if the day of reckoning comes, include my balance, and trust to my eternal gratitude.

"Here have come Alice and Bella to make me read out what I have written to you; of course I have objected. This is a strictly 'private and confidential.' What we do for the blue-books, Master Tony, we do in a different fashion. Alice, perhaps, suspects the reasons of my reserve—'appreciates my reticence,' as we say in the 'Line.'

"At all events, she tells me to make you write to her. 'When Tony,' said she, 'has found out that he was only in love with me because I made him better known to his own heart, and induced him to develop some of his own fine qualities, he'll begin to see that we may and ought to be excellent friends; and some day or other, when there shall be a Mrs. Tony, if she be a sensible woman, she'll not object to the friendship.' She said this so measuredly and calmly, that I can almost trust myself to say I have reported her word for word. It reads to me like a very polite *congé*. What do you say to it?

"The Lyles are going back at the end of the month, but Alice says she'll winter at Cairo. There is an insolent independence about these widows, Tony, that adds one more terror to death. I protest, I'd like to haunt the woman that could employ her freedom of action in this arbitrary manner.

"Dearest Bella insists on your coming to our wedding: it will come off at Tilney, strictly private. None but our nearest relatives, not even the Duke of Dullohester, nor any of the Howards. They will feel it; but it can't be helped, I suppose. Cincinnatus had to cut his connections too, when he took to horticulture. You, however, must

not desert me; and if you cannot travel without Rory, bring him with you.

"I am impatient to get away from this, and seek the safety of some obscure retreat; for I know the persecution I shall be exposed to to withdraw my resignation and remain. To this I will never consent. I give it to you under my hand, Tony, and I give it the more formally, as I desire it may be historic. I know well the whining tone they will assume—just as well as if I saw it before me in a dispatch. 'What are we to tell the Queen?' will be the cry. My dignified answer will be, 'Tell her that you made it impossible for one of the ablest of her servants to hold his office with dignity. Tell her, too, that Skeff Damer has done enough for honour—he now seeks to do something for happiness.' Back to office again I will not go. Five years and two months of unpaid services have I given to my country, and England is not ashamed to accept the unrewarded labours of her gifted sons! My very 'extraordinaries' have been cavilled at. I give you my word of honour, they have asked me for vouchers for the champagne and obsters with which I have treated some of the most dangerous regicides of Europe—men whose language would make your hair stand on end, and whose sentiments actually curdled the blood as one listened to them.

"The elegant hospitalities which I dispensed, in the hope—vain hope!—of inducing them to believe that the social amenities of life had extended to our insular position,—these the Office declares they have nothing to do with; and insolently asks me, 'Are there any other items of my pleasure whose cost I should wish to submit to Parliament?'

"Ask Talleyrand, ask Metternich, ask any of our own people—B., or S., or H.—since when have cookery and the ballet ceased to be the lawful weapons of diplomacy?

"The day of reckoning for all this, my dear Tony, is coming. At first I thought of making some of my friends in the House move for the correspondence between F. O. and myself—the Damer papers they would be called, in the language of the public journals—and thus bring on a smashing debate. Reconsideration, however, showed me that my memoirs, 'Five Years of a Diplomatist on Service,' would be the more fitting place; and in the pages of those volumes you will find revelations more astounding, official knaveries more nefarious, and political intrigues more Machiavellian, than the wildest imagination for wickedness has ever conceived. What would they not have given rather than see such an exposure? I almost think I will call my book 'Extraordinaries' of a Diplomatist.' Sensational and taking both, that title! You musn't be provoked if, in one of the lighter chapters—there must be light chapters—I stick in that little adventure of your own with my godfather."

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Tony, and with such a hearty indignation, that his mother heard him from the adjoining room, and hastened in to ask who or what had provoked him. Tony blundered out some sort of evasive reply, and then said, "Was it Dr. Stewart's voice I heard without there a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, Tony; he called in as he was passing to Coleraine on important business. The poor man is much agitated by an offer that has just been made him to go far away over the seas, and finish his days, one may call it, at the end of the world. Some of this country folk, it seems, who settled in New Zealand, at a place they call Wellington Gap, have invited him to go out there and minister among them; and though he's not minded to make the change at his advanced time of life, nor disposed to lay his bones in a far-away land, yet for Dolly's

sake—poor Dolly, who will be left friendless and homeless when he is taken away—he thinks maybe it's his duty to accept the offer; and so he's gone into the town to consult Dr. M'Candlish, and the elder Mr. M'Elwain, and a few other sensible men."

"Why won't Dolly marry the man she ought to marry—a good, true-hearted fellow, who will treat her well and be kind to her? Tell me that, mother."

"It mauna be—it mauna be," said the old lady, who, when much moved, frequently employed the Scotch dialect unconsciously.

"Is there a reason for her conduct?"

"There is a reason," said she, firmly.

"And do you know it? has she told you what it is?"

"I'm not at liberty to talk over this matter with you, Tony. Whatever I know, I know as a thing confided to me in honour."

"I only asked, Was the reason one that you yourself were satisfied with?"

"It was, and is," replied she, gravely.

"Do you think, from what you know, that Dolly would listen to any representations I might make her? for I know M'Gruder thoroughly, and can speak of him as a friend likes to speak."

"No, no, Tony—don't do it! don't do it!" cried she, with a degree of emotion that perfectly amazed him, for the tears swam in her eyes, and her lips trembled as she spoke. He stared fixedly at her, but she turned away her head, and for some minutes neither spoke.

"Come, mother," said Tony, at last, and in his kindest voice, "you have a good head of your own,—think of some way to prevent the poor old Doctor from going off into exile."

"How could we help him that he would not object to?"

"What if you were to hit upon

some plan of adopting Dolly? You have long loved her as if she were your own daughter, and she has returned your affections."

"That she has," muttered the old lady, as she wiped her eyes.

"What use is this new wealth of ours, if it benefit none but ourselves, mother? Just get the Doctor to talk it all over with you, and say to him, 'Have no fears as to Dolly; she shall never be forced to marry against her inclinations—merely for support; her home shall be here with us, and she shall be no dependant neither.' I'll take care of that."

"How like your father you said these words, Tony!" cried she, looking at him with a gaze of love and pride together; it was his very voice, too."

"I meant to have spoken to her on poor M'Gruder's behalf—I promised him I would; but if you tell me it is of no use——"

"I tell you more, Tony—I tell you it would be cruel; it would be worse than cruel," cried she, eagerly.

"Then I'll not do it, and I'll write to him to-day and say so, though, heaven knows, I'll be sorely puzzled to explain myself; but as he is a true man, he'll feel that I have done all for the best, and that if I have not served his cause it has not been for any lack of the will!"

"If you wish it, Tony, I could write to Mr. M'Gruder myself. A letter from an old body like me is sometimes a better means to break a misfortune than one from a younger hand. Age deals more naturally with sorrow, perhaps."

"You will be doing a kind thing, my dear mother," said he, as he drew her towards him, "and to a good fellow who deserves well of us."

"I want to thank him, besides, for his kindness and care of you, Tony; so just write his address for me there on that envelope, and I'll do it at once."

"I'm off for a ramble, mother,

till dinner-time," said Tony, taking his hat.

"Are you going up to the Abbey, Tony?"

"No," said he, blushing slightly.

"Because if you had, I'd have asked you to fetch me some fresh flowers. Dolly is coming to dine with us, and she is so fond of seeing flowers on the centre of the table."

"No; I have nothing to do at the Abbey. I'm off towards Portrush."

"Why not go over to the Burnside and fetch Dolly?" said she carelessly.

"Perhaps I may—that is, if I should find myself in that quarter; but I'm first of all bent on a profound piece of thoughtfulness or a good smoke—pretty much the same thing with *me*, I believe. So good bye for a while."

His mother looked after him with loving eyes till the eyes dulled them; but there are tears which fall on the affections as the dew falls on flowers, and these were of that number.

"His own father—his own father!" muttered she as she followed the stalwart figure till it was lost in the distance.

CHAPTER LXIII.—AT THE COTTAGE BESIDE THE CAUSEWAY.

I must use more discretion as to Mrs. Butler's correspondence than I have employed respecting Skeff Damer's. What she wrote on that morning is not to be recorded here. It will be enough if I say that her letter was not alone a kind one, but that it thoroughly convinced him who read it that her view was wise and true, and that it would be as useless as ungenerous to press Dolly further, or ask for that love which was not hers to give.

It was a rare event with her to have to write a letter. It was not, either, a very easy task; but if she had not the gift of facile expression, she had another still better for her purpose—an honest nature steadfastly determined to perform a duty. She knew her subject too, and treated it with candour, while with delicacy.

While she wrote Tony strolled along, puffing his cigar or relighting it, for it was always going out, and dreaming away in his own misty fashion over things past, present, and future, till really the actual and the ideal became so thoroughly commingled he could not well distinguish one from the other. He thought—he knew, indeed, he ought to be very happy. All his

anxieties as to a career and a livelihood ended, he felt that a very enjoyable existence might lie before him, but somehow—he hoped he was not ungrateful—but somehow he was not so perfectly happy as he supposed his good fortune should have made him.

"Perhaps it will come later on; perhaps when I am active and employed; perhaps when I shall have learned to interest myself in the things money brings around a man; perhaps, too, when I can forget—ay, that was the lesson was hardest of all." All these passing thoughts, a good deal dashed through each other, scarcely contributed to enlighten his faculties; and he rambled on over rocks and yellow strand, up hillsides, and through fern-clad valleys, not in the least mindful of whither he was going.

At last he suddenly halted, and saw he was in the shrubberies of Lyle Abbey, his steps having out of old habit taken the one same path they had followed for many a year. The place was just as he had seen it last. Trees make no marvellous progress in the north of Ireland, and a longer absence than Tony's would leave them just as they were before. All was neat,

orderly, and well kept; and the heaps of dried leaves and brush-wood ready to be wheeled away, stood there as he saw them when he last walked that way with Alice. He was poor then, without a career, or almost a hope of one; and yet was it possible, could it be possible, that he was happier than he now felt? Was it that Love sufficed for all, and that the heart so filled had no room for other thoughts than those of her it worshipped? He certainly had loved her greatly. She—she alone made up that world in which he had lived. Her smile, her step, her laugh, her voice—ay, there they were, all before him. What a dream it was! Only a dream after all; for she never cared for him. She had led him on to love her, half in caprice, half in a sort of compassionate interest for a poor boy—boy she called him—to whom a passion for one above him was certain to elevate and exalt him in his own esteem. "Very kind, doubtless," muttered he, "but very cruel too. She might have remembered that this same dream was to have a very rough awaking. I had built nearly every hope upon one, and that one she well knew, was never to be realised. It might not have been the most gracious way to do it, but I declare it would have been the most merciful, to have treated me as her mother did, who snubbed my pretensions at once. It was all right that I should recognise her superiority over me in a hundred ways; but perhaps she should not have kept it so continually in mind, as a sort of barrier against a warmer feeling for me. I suppose this is the fine-lady view of the matter. This is the theory that young fellows are to be civilised, as they call it, by a passion for a woman who is to amuse herself by their extravagancies, and then ask their gratitude for having deceived them.

"I'll be shot if I *am* grateful," said he, as he threw his cigar into the pond. "I'm astonished—amazed—now that it's all over" (here

his voice shook a little) "that my stupid vanity could have ever led me to think of her, or that I ever mistook that patronising way she had towards me for more than good-nature. But, I take it, there are scores of fellows who have had the selfsame experiences. Here's the seat I made for her," muttered he, as he came in front of a rustic bench. For a moment a savage thought crossed him that he would break it in pieces, and throw the fragments into the lake—a sort of jealous anger lest some day or other she might sit there with "another;" but he restrained himself, and said, "Better not; better let her see that her civilising process has done something, and that though I have lost my game I can bear my defeat becomingly."

He began to wish that she were there at that moment. Not that he might renew his vows of love, or repledge his affection; but to show her how calm and reasonable—ay, reasonable was her favourite word—he could be; how collectedly he could listen to her, and how composedly reply. He strolled up to the entrance door. It was open. The servants were busy in preparing for the arrival of their masters, who were expected within the week. All were delighted to see Master Tony again, and the words somehow rather grated on his ears. It was another reminder of that same "boyhood" he bore such a grudge against. "I am going to have a look out of the small drawing-room window, Mrs. Hayles," said he to the housekeeper, cutting short her congratulations, and hurrying upstairs.

It was true he went up for a view; but not of the coast-line to Fairhead, fine as it was. It was of a full-length portrait of Alice, life-size, by Grant. She was standing beside her horse—the Arab Tony trained for her. A braid of her hair had fallen, and she was in the act of arranging it while one hand held up her drooped riding-dress.

There was that in the air and attitude that bespoke a certain embarrassment with a sense of humorous enjoyment of the dilemma. A sketch from life, in fact, had given the idea of the picture, and the reality of the incident was unquestionable.

Tony blushed a deep crimson as he looked and muttered, "The very smile she had on when she said good-bye. I wonder I never knew her till now."

A favourite myrtle of hers stood in the meadow; he broke off a sprig of it, and placed it in his button-hole, and then slowly passed down the stairs and out into the lawn. With very sombre thoughts and slow steps he retraced his way to the cottage. He went over to himself much of his past life, and saw it, as very young men will often in such retrospects, far less favourably as regarded himself than it really was. He ought to have done—heaven knows what. He ought to have been—scores of things which he never was, perhaps never could be. At all events there was one thing he never should have imagined, that Alice Lyle—she was Alice Lyle always to him—in her treatment of him was ever more closely drawn towards him than the others of her family. "It was simply the mingled kindness and caprice of her nature that made the difference; and if I hadn't been a vain fool I'd have seen it. I see it now, though; I can read it in the very smile she has in her picture. To be sure I have learned a good deal since I was here last; I have outgrown a good many illusions. I once imagined this dwarfed and stunted scrub to be a wood. I fancied the Abbey to be like a royal palace; and in Sicily a whole battalion of us have bivouacked in a hall that led to suites of rooms without number. If a mere glimpse of the world could reveal such astounding truths, what might not come of a more lengthened experience?"

"How tired and weary you look, Tony!" said his mother, as he threw himself into a chair; "have you overwalked yourself?"

"I suppose so," said he, with a half smile. "In my poorer days I thought nothing of going to the Abbey and back twice—I have done it even thrice—in one day; but perhaps this weight of gold I carry now is too heavy for me."

"I'd like to see you look more grateful for your good fortune, Tony," said she, gravely.

"I'm not ungrateful, mother; but up to this I have not thought much of the matter. I suspect, however, I was never designed for a life of ease and enjoyment. Do you remember what Dr. Stewart said one day, 'You may put a weed in a garden, and dig round it and water it, and it will only grow to be a big weed after all.'"

"I hope better from Tony—far better," said she, sharply. "Have you answered McCarthy's letter? have you arranged where you are to meet the lawyers?"

"I have said in Dublin. They couldn't come here, mother; we have no room for them in this crib."

"You must not call it a crib for all that. It sheltered your father once, and he carried a very high head, Tony."

"And for that very reason, dear mother, I'm going to make it our own home henceforth,—without you'd rather go and live in that old manor-house on the Nore; they tell me it is beautiful."

"It was there your father was born, and I long to see it," said she, with emotion. "Who's that coming in at the gate, Tony?"

"It is Dolly," said he, rising, and going to the door to meet her.

"My dear Dolly," cried he, as he embraced her, and kissed her on either cheek; "this brings me back to old times at once."

If it was nothing else, the total change in Tony's appearance abashed her; the bronzed

and bearded man looking many years older than he was, seemed little like the Tony she had seen last; and so she half shrank back from his embrace, and, with a flushed cheek and almost constrained manner, muttered some words of recognition.

"How well you are looking," said he, staring at her, as she took off her bonnet, "and the nice glossy hair has all grown again, and I vow it is brighter and silkier than ever."

"What's all this flattery about bright een and silky locks I'm listening to?" said the old lady, coming out laughing into the hall.

"It's Master Tony displaying his foreign graces at my expense, ma'am," said Dolly, with a smile.

"Would you have known him again, Dolly? would you have thought that great hairy creature there was our Tony?"

"I think he is changed—a good deal changed," said Dolly, without looking at him.

"I didn't quite like it at first; but I'm partly getting used to it now; and though the Colonel never wore a beard on his upper lip, Tony's more like him now than ever." The old lady continued to ramble on about the points of resemblance between the father and son, and where certain traits of manner and voice were held in common; and though neither Tony nor Dolly gave much heed to her words, they were equally grateful to her for talking.

"And where's the Doctor, Dolly? are we not to see him at dinner?"

"Not to-day, ma'am; he's gone over to M^r. Auld's to make some arrangements about this scheme of ours—the banishment, he calls it."

"And is it possible, Dolly, that he can seriously contemplate such a step?" asked Tony, gravely.

"Yes; and very seriously too."

"And you, Dolly; what do you say to it?"

"I say to it what I have often said to a difficulty, what the old Scotch adage says of 'the stout heart to the stey brae.'"

"And you might have found more comforting words, lassie—how the winds can be tempered to the shorn lamb," said the old lady, almost rebukefully; and Dolly drooped her head in silence.

"I think it's a bad scheme," said Tony, boldly, and as though not hearing his mother's remark. "For a man at the Doctor's age to go to the other end of the globe, to live in a new land, and make new friendships at his time of life, is, I'm sure, a mistake."

"That supposes that we have a choice; but my father thinks we have no choice."

"I cannot see that. I cannot see that what a man has borne for five-and-thirty or forty years—he has been that long at the Burnside, I believe—he cannot endure still longer. I must have a talk with him myself over it." And unconsciously—quite unconsciously—Tony uttered the last words with a high-sounding importance, so certain is it that in a man's worldly wealth there is a store of self-confidence that no mere qualities of head or heart can ever supply; and Dolly almost smiled at the assured tone and the confident manner of her former playfellow.

"My father will be glad to see you, Tony—he wants to hear all about your campaigns: he was trying two nights ago to follow you on the map, but it was such a bad one he had to give up the attempt."

"I'll give you mine," cried the old lady, "the map Tony brought over to myself. I'll no just give it, but I'll lend it to you; and there's a cross wherever there was a battle, and a red cross wherever Tony was wounded."

"Pooh, pooh, mother! don't worry Dolly about these things; she'd rather hear of pleasanter themes than battles and battle-fields. And here is one already—Jeanie says, 'dinner.'"

"Where did you find your sprig

of myrtle at this time?" asked Dolly, as Tony led her in to dinner.

"I got it at the Abbey. I strolled up there to-day," said he, in a half-confusion. "Will you have it?"

"No," said she, curtly.

"Neither will I then," cried he, tearing it out of his button-hole and throwing it away.

What a long journey in life can be taken in a few steps from the drawing-room to the dinner-table!

CHAPTER LXIV.—THE END.

As Dr. Stewart had many friends to consult and many visits to make—some of them, as he imagined, farewell ones—Dolly was persuaded, but not without difficulty, to take up her residence at the cottage till he should be able to return home. And a very pleasant week it was. To the old lady it was almost perfect happiness. She had her dear Tony back with her after all his dangers and escapes, safe and sound, and in such spirits as she had never seen him before. Not a cloud, not a shadow, now ever darkened his bright face; all was good-humour, and thoughtful kindness for herself and for Dolly.

And poor Dolly, too, with some anxious cares at her heart—a load that would have crushed many—bore up so well that she looked as cheery as the others, and entered into all the plans that Tony formed about his future house, and his gardens, and his stables, as though many a hundred leagues of ocean were not soon to roll between her and the spots she traced so eagerly on the paper. One evening they sat even later than usual. Tony had induced Dolly, who was very clever with her pencil, to make him a sketch for a little ornamental cottage—one of those uninhabitable little homesteads, which are immensely suggestive of all the comforts they would utterly fail to realise; and he leaned over her as she drew, and his arm was on the back of her chair, and his face so close at times that it almost touched the braids of the silky hair beside him.

"You must make a porch there,

Dolly; it would be so nice to sit there with that noble view down the glen at one's foot, and three distinct reaches of the Nore visible."

"Yes, I'll make a porch; I'll even make you yourself lounging in it. See, it shall be perfect bliss!"

"What does that mean?"

"That means smoke, sir; you are enjoying the heavenly luxury of tobacco, not the less intensely that it obscures the view."

"No, Dolly, I'll not have that. If you put me there, don't have me smoking; make me sitting beside you as we are now—you drawing, and I looking over you."

"But I want to be a prophet as well as a painter, Tony. I desire to predict something that will be sure to happen, if you should ever build this cottage."

"I swear I will—I'm resolved on it."

"Well, then, so sure as you do, and so sure as you sit on that little honeysuckle-covered porch, you'll smoke."

"And why not do as I say? Why not make you sketching—"

"Because I shall not be sketching; because, by the time your cottage is finished, I shall be probably sketching a Mauri chief, or a war-party bivouacking on the Raki-Raki."

Tony drew away his arm and leaned back in his chair, a sense almost of faintish sickness creeping over him.

"Here are the dogs, too," continued she. "Here is Lance with his great majestic face, and here Gertrude, with her fine pointed nose and piercing eyes, and here's little Spicer as saucy and pert as I can

make him without colour; for one ought to have a little carmine for the corner of his eye, and a slight tinge to accent the tip of his nose. Shall I add all your 'emblems,' as they call them, and put in the fishing-rods against the wall, and the landing-net, and the guns and pouches?"

She went on sketching with inconceivable rapidity, the drawing keeping pace almost with her words.

But Tony no longer took the interest he had done before in the picture, but seemed lost in some deep and difficult reflection.

"Shall we have a bridge—a mere plank will do—over the river here, Tony? and then this zigzag path-way will be a short way up to the cottage."

He never heard her words, but arose and left the room. He passed out into the little garden in front of the house, and leaning on the gate looked out into the dark still night. Poor Tony! impenetrable as that darkness was, it was not more difficult to peer through than the thick mist that gathered around his thoughts.

"Is that Tony?" cried his mother from the doorway.

"Yes," said he, moodily, for he wanted to be left to his own thoughts.

"Come here, Tony, and see what a fine manly letter your friend Mr. M'Gruder writes in answer to mine."

Tony was at her side in an instant, and almost tore the letter in his eagerness to read it. It was very brief, but well deserved all she had said of it. With a delicacy which perhaps might scarcely have been looked for in a man so educated and brought up, he seemed to appreciate the existence of a secret he had no right to question; and bitterly as the resolve cost him, he declared that he had no longer a claim on Dolly's affection.

"I scarcely understand him, mother; do you?" asked Tony.

"It's not very hard to under-

stand, Tony," said she, gravely. "Mr. M'Gruder sees that Dolly Stewart could not have given him her love and affection as a man's wife ought to give, and he would be ashamed to take her without it."

"But why couldn't she? Sam seems to have a sort of suspicion as to the reason, and I cannot guess it."

"If he does suspect, he has the nice feeling of a man of honour, and sees that it is not for one placed as he is to question it."

"If any man were to say to me, 'Read that letter, and tell me what does it infer,' I'd say the writer thought that the girl he wanted to marry liked some one else."

"Well, there's one point placed beyond an inference, Tony; the engagement is ended, and she is free."

"I suppose she is very happy at it."

"Poor Dolly has little heart for happiness just now. It was a little before dinner a note came from the Doctor to say that all the friends he had consulted advised him to go out, and were ready and willing to assist him in every way to make the journey. As January is the stormy month in these seas, they all recommended his sailing as soon as he possibly could; and the poor man says very feelingly, 'To-morrow, mayhap, will be my farewell sermon to those who have sat under me eight-and-forty years.'"

"Why did you not make some proposal like what I spoke of, mother?" asked he, almost peevishly.

"I tried to do it, Tony, but he wouldn't hear of it. He has a pride of his own that is very dangerous to wound, and he stopped me at once, saying, 'I hope I mistake your meaning; but lest I should not, say no more of this for the sake of our old friendship.'"

"I call such pride downright want of feeling. It is neither more

nor less than consummate selfishness."

"Don't tell him so, Tony, or maybe you'd fare worse in the argument. He has a wise deep head, the Doctor."

"I wish he had a little heart with it," said Tony, sulkily, and turned again into the garden.

Twice did Jeanie summon him to tea, but he paid no attention to the call; so engrossed, indeed, was he by his thoughts, that he even forgot to smoke, and not impossibly the want of his accustomed weed added to his other embarrassments.

"Miss Dolly's for ganging hame, Master Tony," said the maid at last, "and the mistress wants you to go wi' her."

As Tony entered the hall, Dolly was preparing for the road. Coquetry was certainly the least of her accomplishments, and yet there was something that almost verged on it in the hood she wore, instead of a bonnet, lined with some plushy material of a rich cherry colour, and forming a frame around her face that set off all her features to the greatest advantage. Never did her eyes look bluer or deeper—never did the gentle beauty of her face light up with more of brilliancy. Tony never knew with what rapture he was gazing on her till he saw that she was blushing under his fixed stare.

The leave-taking between Mrs Butler and Dolly was more than usually affectionate; and even after they had separated, the old lady called her back and kissed her again.

"I don't know how mother will bear up after you leave her," muttered Tony, as he walked along at Dolly's side; "she is fonder of you than ever."

Dolly murmured something, but inaudibly.

"For my own part," continued Tony, "I can't believe this step necessary at all. It would be an ineffable disgrace to the whole

neighbourhood to let one we love and revere as we do him, go away in his old age, one may say, to seek his fortune. He belongs to us, and we to him. We have been linked together for years, and I can't bear the thought of our separating."

This was a very long speech for Tony, and he felt almost fatigued when it was finished; but Dolly was silent, and there was no means by which he could guess the effect it had produced upon her.

"As to my mother," continued he, "she'd not care to live here any longer—I know it. I don't speak of myself, because it's the habit to think I don't care for any one or anything—that's the estimate people form of me, and I must bear it as I can."

"It's less than just, Tony," said Dolly, gravely.

"Oh, if I am to ask for justice, Dolly, I shall get the worst of it," said he, laughing, but not merrily.

For a while they walked on without a word on either side.

"What a calm night!" said Dolly, "and how large the stars look! They tell me that in southern latitudes they seem immense."

"You are not sorry to leave this, Dolly?" murmured he, gloomily; "are you?"

A very faint sigh was all her answer.

"I'm sure no one could blame you," he continued. "There is not much to attach any one to the place, except, perhaps, a half-savage like myself, who finds its ruggedness congenial."

"But you will scarcely remain here now, Tony; you'll be more likely to settle at Butler Hall, won't you?"

"Wherever I settle it shan't be here, after you have left it," said he, with energy.

"Sir Arthur Lyle and his family are all coming back in a few days, I hear."

"So they may; it matters little to me, Dolly. Shall I tell you a secret? Take my arm, Dolly—the

path is rough here—you may as well lean on me. We are not likely to have many more walks together. Oh dear! if you were as sorry as I am, Dolly, what a sad stroll this would be!"

"What's your secret, Tony?" asked she, in a faint voice.

"Ah! my secret, my secret," said he, ponderingly, "I don't know why I called it a secret—but here is what I meant. You remember, Dolly, how I used to live up there at the Abbey formerly. It was just like my home. I ordered all the people about just as if they had been my own servants—and, indeed, they minded my orders more than their master's. The habit grew so strong upon me, of being obeyed and followed, that I suppose I must have forgot my own real condition. I take it I must have lost sight of who and what I actually was, till one of the sons—a young fellow in the service in India—came back and contrived to let me make the discovery, that, though I never knew it, I was really living the life of a dependant. I'll not tell you how this stung me, but it did sting me—all the more that I believed, I fancied, myself—don't laugh at me—but I really imagined I was in love with one of the girls—Alice. She was Alice Trafford then."

"I had heard of that," said Dolly, in a faint voice.

"Well, she too undeceived me—not exactly as unfeelingly nor as offensively as her brother, but just as explicitly—you know what I mean?"

"No, tell me more clearly," said she, eagerly.

"I don't know how to tell you. It's a long story—that is to say, I was a long while under a delusion, and she was a long while indulging it. Fine ladies, I'm told, do this sort of thing when they take a caprice into their heads to civilise young barbarians of my stamp."

"That's not the generous way to look at it, Tony."

"I don't want to be generous—

the adage says one ought to begin by being just. Skeffy—you know whom I mean, Skeff Damer—saw it clearly enough—he warned me about it. And what a clever fellow he is! would you believe it, Dolly? he actually knew all the time that I was not really in love, when I thought I was. He knew that it was a something made up of romance and ambition and boyish vanity, and that my heart, my real heart, was never in it."

Dolly shook her head, but whether in dissent or in sorrow it was not easy to say.

"Shall I tell you more?" cried Tony, as he drew her arm closer to him, and took her hand in his; "shall I tell you more, Dolly? Skeff read me as I could not read myself. He said to me, 'Tony, this is no case of love, it is the flattered vanity of a very young fellow to be distinguished not alone by the prettiest, but the most petted woman of society. *You*,' said he, 'are receiving all the homage paid to her at second-hand.' But more than all this, Dolly, he not merely saw that I was not in love with Alice Trafford, but he saw with whom my heart was bound up, for many and many a year."

"Her sister, her sister Bella," whispered Dolly.

"No, but with yourself, my own own Dolly," cried he, and turning, and before she could prevent it, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Oh, Tony!" said she, sobbing, "you that I trusted, you that I confided in, to treat me thus."

"It is that my heart is bursting, Dolly, with this long pent-up love, for I now know I have loved you all my life long. Don't be angry with me, my darling Dolly; I'd rather die at your feet than hear an angry word from you. Tell me if you can care for me; oh, tell me, if I strive to be all you could like and love, that you will not refuse to be my own."

She tried to disengage herself

from his arm ; she trembled, heaved a deep sigh, and fell with her head on his shoulder.

"And you are my own," said he, again kissing her ; "and now the wide world has not so happy a heart as mine."

Of those characters of my story who met happiness, it is as well to say no more. A more cunning craftsman than myself has told us, that the less we track human life, the more cheerily we shall speak of it. Let us presume, and it is no unfair presumption, that, as Tony's life was surrounded with a liberal share of those gifts which make existence pleasurable, he was neither ungrateful nor unmindful of them. Of Dolly I hope there need be no doubt. "The guid dochter is the best warrant for the guid wife:" so said her father, and he said truly.

In the diary of a Spanish guerrilla chief, there is mention of a "nobile Inglese," who met him at Malta, to confer over the possibility of a landing in Calabria, and the chances of a successful rising there. The Spaniard speaks of this man as a person of rank, education, and talents, high in the confidence of the Court, and evidently warmly interested in the cause. He was taken prisoner by the Piedmontese troops on the third day after they landed, and, though repeatedly offered life under conditions it would have been no dishonour to

accept, was tried by court-martial, and shot.

There is reason to believe that the "nobile Inglese" was Maitland.

From the window where I write, I can see the promenade on the Pincian Hill, and if my eyes do not deceive me I can perceive that at times the groups are broken, and the loungers fall back, to permit some one to pass. I have called the waiter to explain the curious circumstance, and asked if it be royalty that is so deferentially acknowledged. He smiles, and says—"No. It is the major domo of the palace exacts the respect you see. He can do what he likes at Rome. Antonelli himself is not greater than the Count M'Caskey."

As some unlettered guide leads the traveller to the verge of a cliff, from which the glorious landscape beneath is visible, and winding river and embowered homestead, and swelling plain and far-off mountain, are all spread out beneath for the eye to revel over, so do I place you, my valued reader, on that spot from which the future can be seen, and modestly retire that you may gaze in peace, weaving your own fancies at will, and investing the scene before you with such images and such interests as best befit it.

My part is done: if I have suggested something for *yours*, it will not be all in vain that I have written 'Tony Butler.'

A VISIT TO THE CITIES AND CAMPS OF THE CONFEDERATE
STATES, 1863-64.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

THE Northerners are not very fond of being called Yankees, but they are never called anything else in the South now.

About the commencement of the war, before the behaviour of the Federal armies had entirely put a stop to all intercourse between them and the inhabitants of such portions of the South as they were invading, a Northern regiment marched into some little town in Tennessee. The colonel of the regiment had out his band to perform for the edification of the townspeople, and requested the lady of the house where he was quartered to choose what she would desire them to play. The lady, wishing to gratify her guest, and at the same time careful not to offend, requested that the band might play the "Federal doodle!"

I have attempted in my narrative to imitate the delicacy of this Tennessee lady, and have substituted "Federal" and "Northern" as often as I could for the obnoxious term, but I find it impossible to avoid it entirely.

The day after we crossed the Potomac we reached Martinsburg, where I had the pleasure of again meeting Colonel Faulkner, who entertained and lodged a large party at his house — amongst others Major Norris, who had come up in hot haste from Richmond, expecting to march triumphantly with Lee's victorious army into his native city of Baltimore. There had been most extravagant rumours of extraordinary success at Richmond, and the disappointment there at the retreat was proportionate. It is astonishing what people can bring themselves to believe if they try.

According to rumours at Richmond, the whole Federal army had been captured; whilst in the North,

the Yankees were persuading themselves that Lee's army had been utterly annihilated.

A few miles south of Martinsburg we made a halt again of several days, and as I had by this time been able to procure a horse of my own, I could move more freely, and visit all the surrounding camps. The waggon-train, which had grown to be excessive during the campaign, was being cut down very strictly, and large numbers of horses and waggons sent to the rear, at which of course many people grumbled. Provisions were plentiful, and the men were in excellent spirits, and much given to exhibit them by chaffing any parties who might ride through their 'camps. "Look at that man with the Parrott gun on his back," they would cry out to one who carried a spy-glass strapped over his shoulders. "And what a fine see-gar that other one's smoking!" "And there's the chap what carries the whiskey!" as another rode past with the neck of a bottle suspiciously protruding out of one of his saddle-bags. And then the whole "crowd" would burst out into a regular Southern yell.

I was surprised to see how well the men were shod. The weather was fine now, but it had been horribly bad. The mud on the roads had been ankle-deep, and several rivers and streams had been waded and forded. Many a European army would have been half without shoes, but here there were very few barefooted men, and during our halt these few were supplied by stores sent up from the rear. Almost all their boots and shoes are imported from England through the blockade.

We had a charming camp under

a grove of trees, with a stream close by where we could bathe, and were rather sorry when it was broken up and we continued our retreat.

I need hardly say that the camps here are not constructed according to the rules in the books, in long straight parallel lines, with a place for every one, and every one in his place.

On the contrary, the tents are pitched according to the formation of the ground, wherever their owners choose, keeping, of course, within a certain distance of each other; and, grouped together as they are in shady places, they are not only much more picturesque, but also much more pleasant and comfortable, than if rules were strictly adhered to.

On leaving our pleasant camp we marched rapidly for five days consecutively to Culpepper Courthouse, marching from eighteen to twenty miles a-day.

The Confederates make very long marches, and show small signs of fatigue. I am told that the average distance of a day's march during this war has been about eighteen miles, though sometimes they have marched thirty and more for days together. Stonewall Jackson was especially rapid in his movements, and his men had often nothing to eat on their march but ears of Indian-corn which they gathered and parched. The second day we crossed over the two forks of the Shenandoah at Front Royal. The river was swollen by the late rains, and mounted men had to be employed during the crossing to prevent those who were weak, or who were attacked with giddiness, from being swept from the ford into deep water.

The army got across safely, but a pontoon-bridge had to be made for the artillery and wagon-train, which caused some delay. The pass in the mountains through which we had to march is called Chester Gap.

The Yankees were on the other

side of the gap, trying to hold it against us, and when we got to the top of the mountain, about five miles from Front Royal, a smart skirmish was going on. The enemy was driven away; but as we were in advance of the main body of the army, we retraced our steps some half-mile down the mountain again to a house where a Mr. Gardner received us very hospitably. As "*we*" on this occasion consisted of General Longstreet, with all his staff and couriers, the house was rather too small to shelter us, and most of our number camped at night on the piazza and in the garden; but we all got plenty to eat, and so did our horses, which was very agreeable, as we had fasted since breakfast.

Next morning, when we reached the top of the mountain again, we found the Yankees had returned, and were going to dispute our passage a mile or two further on than where the skirmish took place yesterday.

They had only a brigade of cavalry, however, and a couple of guns. Longstreet sent a brigade of infantry to drive them off, and the sight which followed was very interesting. We had a magnificent view, and could distinguish every figure in the fight which took place far below us. The Confederate brigade—I think it was Wolford's—threw out skirmishers first, but presently, as the Yankees, who had dismounted, fell back towards their horses, the whole body advanced in line of battle over a broad open space. The Yankees got to their horses, mounted, and I fully expected would charge and ride down the Confederate brigade: they had a splendid opportunity for doing so, as the open ground sloped towards them, and they could have got close to their opponents, who were in line, before they could have been fired upon. The open ground was skirted, too, by a wood through which a flanking squadron might have been sent without being per-

ceived, and at the same time their two guns might have gone forward and prepared for their charge with grape and canister. But nothing of the kind occurred.

As soon as they were on their horses the guns limbered up, and all trotted off together.

After seeing such an opportunity lost, I was not surprised to hear that mounted cavalry never attacked infantry. We continued our march unmolested. On the road I got into conversation with a sergeant of the signal corps. This signal corps is an institution peculiar to the American armies. On marches and during battles, high and commanding positions are occupied by squadrons of this corps, who communicate with each other by flags on the old semaphore system, and report all important communications to their generals. The corps was found very useful last year, and has been much increased

since. When Jackson was forcing the surrender of Harper's Ferry he was able to communicate from the Virginia heights with M'Laws, who was on the Maryland heights, by means of two posts of the signal corps; whilst, if he had been obliged to send couriers, they would have had to make a detour of twenty-five miles.

This year Lee and Ewell were in constant communication from Culpepper to Winchester, I forget whether by twenty-five or thirty-five posts.

Sometimes they discover each other's alphabet. The Yankees did this just before the battle of Chancellorsville, but the Confederates found it out and changed their signals; so when the Yankees, having got to a Confederate post, telegraphed with the old alphabet to know where Lee and Jackson were, they got a wrong answer. Major Norris is the chief of this corps.

CHAPTER VIII.

We reached Culpepper Courthouse on the 24th of July; and as it was evident that the army would remain here inactive for some time, I "took the cars" to Richmond, where I spent ten days very agreeably.

Richmond was never intended to hold so many inhabitants as it does now. Its population before the war was, I believe, about 30,000; now, they say, it is 100,000; so that many of the Government employes are hard up for lodging. One gold dollar is now worth about ten paper ones of Confederate currency, "*fundable in stocks or bonds of the Confederate States six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States*," and not "*A LEGAL TENDER for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt*," as the "greenbacks" in the North are. And as Government officials and the

army are paid in this currency, at the same rate as if it were worth its nominal value in gold, of course those who have no private means are obliged to be very economical. Planters, and those who have anything to sell, are nearly as well off as before, as they get proportionately high prices for their goods. For those who can command gold or exchange upon England, living is exceedingly cheap. Board and lodging at a first-rate hotel, for instance, is six paper dollars a day, or about half-a-crown in English money. But as Richmond is crowded with Government officials, most of whom have only their salaries, and with refugees from parts of the country occupied by the Yankees, who have little or nothing at all, the war is much more severely felt here than anywhere else in the Confederacy. Still it is a pleasant place, and pleasant people live here. The houses are cosy and comfort-

able, especially in the better streets, which are lined with "shade" trees, a great feature of Southern cities. Americans, like the English, always have a house to themselves if they can, so the only very large houses are the hotels.

Captain Scheibert, the Prussian Commissioner, with whom I had associated a great deal during the campaign, was my next-door neighbour at the Ballard House; and as he was soon to leave for Europe, we agreed to go down to Charleston together, where great events were expected to take place. The journey was very disagreeable. It was scorchingly hot, and the cars, always inconvenient, were excessively crowded. They invariably are so, both in the North and South, and the discomforts of travelling are greater than any one can imagine who has not experienced them.

We left Richmond at five o'clock in the morning of Thursday, August 6th, and breakfasted at Petersburg, where we had to stop for four hours, which we spent in wandering about the "city." It is not necessary in this country for a city to have a bishop and a cathedral; a good-sized church is enough, and every town sufficiently large to boast such an ornament is a city here. Petersburg, moreover, is a good-sized place, has several churches, some handsome "stores," and is said to be a delightful residence.

From Petersburg to Wilmington we were constantly travelling through the enormous pine forests for which North Carolina is famous, and from which, in time of peace, they extract rosin enough to supply the world.

It was getting daylight as we crossed the river at Wilmington. We counted twelve blockade-runners lying at the wharves. From thence to Charleston most of the road was through forests, but of a different description from those of the day before. The trees were chiefly live oak, and others of a tropical character, bearded all over

with long Spanish moss, on ground which was almost a swamp.

The spaces cleared on each side of the road were covered with cane-brake several yards high; and in the ditches, full of black water, which ran parallel with the line, cooters and terrapins and various reptiles were swimming about. At intervals, and always near the stations, there were large clearings, with country houses and negro villages; and I have no doubt from the look of the soil, that the plantations must be very productive.

We reached Charleston at ten o'clock in the evening, and took up our quarters at the Mill's House Hotel, very hot and dusty and rather knocked up. However, after spoiling a good deal of cold water—making it very nearly black—we felt more comfortable before we retired to rest.

Next morning, in spite of the scorching sun, we paid a round of visits to the generals and others, presenting letters of introduction with which we had been furnished at Richmond. We were very kindly and cordially received, and I soon began to feel at home in Charleston.

"Charleston, the metropolis of South Carolina, is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, which combine to form its harbour," says Appleton's Guide. "It was founded about 1670, and subsequently laid out on a plan furnished from England, which was then considered of very magnificent scale."

There are some fine churches and public buildings, museum, orphan asylum, libraries, &c. No State has so many charitable institutions as South Carolina. Before the war Charleston had nearly 70,000 inhabitants, but now there are less than 20,000, they say.

A terrific fire, in December, 1862, destroyed one-third of the city, with the Roman Catholic cathedral, several churches, the theatre, and many of the finest public and pri-

vate buildings. The centre of Charleston is now a wide waste of ruin and rubbish. There is a fine arsenal here, and a military college. It is a curious fact that several of the Southern States have had for many years military colleges, where the pupils received a complete military education, although they were never intended for soldiers, and, indeed, could not enter the regular army, which was exclusively officered by graduates from Westpoint, the United States military school.

At dinner I met V., whom I immediately recognised from having seen his photograph, and we walked out in the evening to the "Battery," a promenade on the bay, whence there is a splendid view of Fort Sumter and the shore on each side of Charleston Bay, now covered with forts and batteries. Fort Sumter is three miles off, Fort Wagner four; so when battles take place it is perfectly safe to look on, and on such occasions the Battery is crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Cannonading is kept up night and day between Sumter and the batteries on James Island on one side, and the Yankees on the other. These last have now a firm footing on Morris Island, and are working their way towards Fort Wagner, which they failed to take by storm the other day. In the evening, especially it is very interesting to watch the contest, as all the guns use hollow shot, with time fuzes, which go blazing through the air like meteors. The mortar-shells are the prettiest, going high up into the air, and then slowly descending.

One of my first excursions was to Fort Sumter, whither I went one evening with General Ripley in his barge. It was then almost entirely intact, having been hurt very little indeed by the Monitor attack in April; and when I observed the thickness of its walls, and compared them with what I had seen in other countries, and when I saw that no land-batteries could be brought

within much less than a mile of it, I confess I did not foresee the destruction it was to undergo within a very short time. They were blazing away from a mortar in the yard at the Yankee works on Morris Island; and Colonel Rhett the commandant at Sumter, told us as a curiosity that this firing from the fort spoils their bread, as it shakes the foundation so that the yeast cannot make the dough rise. From Sumter we rowed over to Battery Gregg, on Morris Island, and thence took horse to Fort Wagner, a very strong little work made entirely of sand, lined or faced with palmetto wood, which does not splinter. Every one knew it was doomed, and must fall in time, but it was intended to hold it as long as possible. The garrison is relieved every five days. The impression of most people then was that the Yankees would work their way up to Fort Wagner and force its evacuation and that of Battery Gregg, and then place their own batteries there and attack Sumter. The bomb-proofs at Fort Wagner were stiflingly close and hot, but we went outside and lay on the parapet for an hour, chatting. The Yankees were so obliging as not to shell whilst we were there, as they otherwise do pretty nearly all day and all night long, keeping the garrison under-ground, with the exception of those who are working the guns. But the land guns do not trouble them so much as the monitors, and especially the new Ironsides, an iron-clad frigate carrying seven 11-inch Dalgrens on a side, as well as two 200-pounder Parrots on pivots, which are used as broadside guns. It is surprising how little damage they do to the fortification. A 15-inch shell, weighing 340 pounds, will bury itself in the sand, explode, and create an enormous amount of dust; but the sand not being heavy enough to be thrown far, it presently subsides, and the damage is repaired by a very little shovelling.

As yet there have not been many

casualties on the Confederate side since the siege of Charleston has commenced; and General Jordan tells me he has calculated that it takes the Yankees 70,000 pounds weight of iron to kill or wound a Confederate soldier. Still the incessant, tremendous, deafening, *agaçant* crashing of the enormous guns affects the nerves of the men, and they are thoroughly knocked up at the end of their five days' service; and the worthy missionaries, who hold revival and prayer meetings at the different camps, reap a large harvest of repentant converts each time the garrison is relieved. We did not return from our expedition till near daylight the next morning.

Another day we drove over to see the fortifications on James Island. When the British took Charleston in May 1780, it was through James Island that they made their attack, and General Beauregard is very thankful that the Yankees did not follow their example. It is now, however, covered with strong works. Formerly, it was considered certain death to sleep out one night there during the malaria season, and now thousands of men are quartered on it. They have to be well dosed with quinine, however. Major Lucas, who commanded at the principal work on the Island—Fort Pemberton—told me that he made his men take their dose regularly every morning after dress-parade. Last year, when it was left more to the option of the men, there was a great deal of fever; but this year, since the men had no choice in the matter, they are very healthy. The island used before the war to be covered with cotton-plantations, but it has gone out of cultivation now.

Another excursion was to Ashley Hall, some five or six miles from Charleston, belonging to Colonel Bull, whose grandfather, Sir William Bull, was the last British Governor of South Carolina. The

Colonel drove me over in his buggy, and Scheibert, V., Captain Fielden, an Englishman on General Beauregard's Staff, and Mr. Walker, a Charlestonian, followed in a carriage. We spent a delightful day, roaming over cotton-fields and rice plantations, woods, and "park-like meadows," studded with the most magnificent live oaks. At lunch some fruit was brought in, which I began to eat, and said, "What delicious gooseberries!" upon which I was informed that I was not eating gooseberries at all, but grapes—Scuppernong grapes, an indigenous fruit of the country. I found a vine afterwards in the garden with these grapes growing upon it, singly and in bunches of two or three, like cherries. They have a hard skin, rather hairy: a capital wine is made from them. It is remarkable that most attempts to make wine in this country have failed, though of course the grape thrives in perfection; but I am told that they ripen too early, and the juice will not ferment properly in the hot weather which follows the pressing.

One of the most striking features in the forests are the enormous wild vines which twine around the larger trees.

The house at Ashley Hall, like many more on the old plantations, was built before the revolutionary war, of bricks brought from England.

We had hardly been a week at Charleston, before the Yankees, having mounted some heavy batteries at a distance of from two and a half to three miles from Sumter, commenced a furious bombardment of that fort, firing over Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, and at the same time continuing their approaches. It was an entirely novel feature of war; but it soon became evident that they would have the best of it, and that the brick walls of Sumter would not be able to stand the pounding of their two and three hundred-

pound shells, thrown from that extraordinary distance. From Fort Jackson on James Island, which is distant about three-quarters of a mile from Sumter, and where we went now daily to watch the progress of events, we could clearly see the effect of every shot fired.

Day by day more of the wall disappeared, and more guns were knocked from the parapet and the upper casemates, into the area behind them. Every now and then the fleet would come in and join in the attack. Thus, on Monday morning, August 17th, the new Ironsides, six monitors, and six wooden ships, and all the Yankee batteries, commenced a furious attack on Forts Sumter and Wagner, and Battery Gregg. Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Johnson's Island joined in the affray, and the din was tremendous till half-past ten, when the fleet drew off.

Again, on the 23d, there was a furious combined assault by the fleet and the batteries, which did not, however, last very long, and then there was a lull for a week. Speaking of this last attack, the 'Charleston Mercury' of August 31st says:—"There are few who have known how fortunate for that fort was the inaction of the enemy. When the monitors drew off after their brief assault, in which their fire had been exceedingly accurate, Sumter was in a very precarious condition. If the fleet had then pushed the bombardment with vigour, or if they had renewed it with determination after a brief interval, they would have penetrated the magazine, and doubtless, have blown up the fort or compelled the garrison to surrender. As it happily turned out, the monitors withdrew before the destruction was complete. In the interval that has elapsed the powder has been taken care of, and the defences of the fort strengthened by sand-bags."

Sumter's chief power of offence lay in its barbette guns on the parapet, and in those of its upper case-

mates, which could pour a plunging fire upon any vessels approaching; thus giving it an advantage such as in throwing stones a man on a tower would have over an opponent on the ground below him.

Only a short time ago the fort was considered strong enough to defend the entrance of the harbour, and the works on the land were considered of small importance, but they have now been enormously strengthened and increased: indeed the whole shore on each side of the bay is lined with batteries, and the defenders of Charleston believe that no fleet could enter the inner harbour without being certainly destroyed.

Although it took little more than a week to knock Sumter into what is here metaphorically called a "cocked hat," yet as the walls fell and the bricks got pounded into dust, they covered the lower casemates with such a mass of debris as materially increased their strength; and in time, assisted by skilful engineering, the ruins of Sumter became stronger for internal defence than the untouched fort had ever been. The flag never ceased to float defiantly from its dilapidated walls, and the boom of its evening gun never failed at sunset to remind the Yankees that Fort Sumter would not be so easily given up to them as it had been taken from them.

The Charlestonians are fully determined never to give up their city to the Yankees except in ruins, and have all provided themselves with the means of setting fire to their houses if by any mischance the place should become untenable.

I am told by those who have studied the science of arson, that half-a-dozen bottles of spirit of turpentine are sufficient to set the largest house in a blaze. A good many of the houses are what are called "frame houses"—that is, built of wooden planks—and almost all have a wooden piazza all around them, up to the top, which would

greatly facilitate operations if extremities have to be resorted to, which I sincerely hope will not be the case.

All this time the weather was oppressively hot in the day-time, although now and then the rain would come down in torrents, for when it rains in this country it does pour! and then the air would be cooler for a few hours. The evenings, however, were delightful, and the sea-breezes on the Battery made it always a very pleasant promenade. Besides, there were "fireworks" in abundance there, but these we were soon to have a little closer than was agreeable.

One night we had retired to rest, and as I was dropping off to sleep a whizzing sound came rushing through the air and roused me again, and when it was repeated a few minutes later, I knew that they were shelling the city. Scheibert, who was still reading in the next room, would not believe it at first, but the next shell, which burst with a crash not far off, convinced him. We sallied out presently, and found that most of the inmates of the hotel had taken the alarm, and the hall was crowded. There was great excitement, and many were the maledictions on the Yankees.

Soon after V., who was staying at the Charleston Hotel, came in. There the consternation had been considerably greater than with us, as the very first shell had struck a house close by, and a sort of panic had been the result. Some had "stampeded" without waiting to dress, and had been seen with coats flying in one hand and pantaloons in the other, rushing frantically in the direction of the railroad depot.

I am bound to say that the inmates of our hotel behaved with entire dignity, and showed far more wrath and scorn at this cowardly attack of the Yankees, than any apprehensions of danger.

It was expected at first that houses would be set on fire by the

exploding shells, as the Yankees had been boasting for some time of their "Greek fire;" and the fire-engines rattling and jingling about the streets added to the excitement of the hour. Altogether it was a scene to be remembered. We walked down to the Battery, where a multitude had assembled. We could hear the whizz of the shells long before they passed over our heads, and I offered V. a thousand to one that a shell we heard coming would not hit either of us. He took the odds—forgetting that if he won he would have had but a small chance of realising his wager—and, of course, I won my dollar.

The shelling lasted scarcely more than an hour, and did little mischief. Next morning we heard of the "fair warning" General Gilmore had given of his intention to shell the city. It seems that at nine o'clock in the evening a note had been sent to the commanding officer at Fort Wagner to forward to General Beauregard, in which it was demanded that Fort Wagner, Fort Sumter, and the other defences of the harbour, should be immediately given up to the Yankees; if not, the city would be shelled. Four hours were graciously given to General Beauregard to make up his mind, and to remove women and children to a place of safety. This note was entirely anonymous, no one having taken the trouble to sign it. It reached General Beauregard about midnight, and was of course returned for signature and without an answer. At half-past one the shelling commenced. No doubt General Gilmore wished that the effects of the bombardment should have their influence on General Beauregard before it was possible that he should give an answer to the summons. It was a "mean Yankee trick," says everybody.

It is rather an extraordinary proceeding, to say the least of it, to bombard the city because the harbour defences, which are three and four miles distant, cannot be taken;

and the attempt to destroy it by Greek fire is very abominable; but the spite of the Yankees against Charleston, "the hotbed of the rebellion," is so intense that they would do anything to gratify it. Fortunately their Greek fire is a complete failure; some of it has been extracted from shells that had burst here, and it has been found difficult to ignite with a match.

Two days afterwards they commenced shelling again in the night, but this time everybody took it with remarkable coolness. They took their aim at the steeple of St. Michael's Church, which is only a few yards from the Mill's House Hotel, and we therefore regarded it as one of the safest places in Charleston, for to hit us would be making a sort of bull's-eye shot at 9000 yards, which is hardly to be expected. Their gun, which they call a swamp-angel, burst, and there was no more shelling for a long time.

We made several more excursions into the country during our stay at Charleston, and as the planters take great pleasure in showing and telling us all about their plantations, I had a pretty good opportunity of seeing the working of their system. The "hands" who have each and all a cottage allotted to them, with a "patch" to raise corn and vegetables and poultry, show every external sign of material happiness. They are well fed and well clothed, and sport as much finery on Sundays, and are as fond of doing so, as a millowner's "hands" in England.

When the market is dull, they are not put on half food or none at all; nor do their masters, who enjoy the fruits of their industry, expect other people to support them in bad times. They are singularly attached to their masters, who invariably treat them with the greatest kindness. No clergyman's wife in England can be more conscientious in visiting the sick and aged amongst her husband's parishioners, reading the Bible to them, and furnishing

them with medicine and little comforts, than are the ladies in the South in administering to the wants of the helpless amongst their own people. To exercise charity in this way is taught them as one of their first duties. That there is no disposition on the part of the negroes to rebel against the present system, has been clearly shown in the course of this war. At the commencement, many—wiled away by false representations, and foolishly thinking that the freedom promised them by the Yankees meant a total exemption from labour for all future time—did certainly run away and take refuge with the Yankees; but they have, most of them, bitterly repented of their mistake, and many have returned whenever they could find an opportunity. The Yankees "liberate" a great many, sorely against their will, wherever they penetrate, but that is to make soldiers of them.

There are, at the present time, thousands of plantations where the only whites are women and children; and if the negroes were as wicked as many good people wish they were, nothing could prevent them from murdering their mistresses and the children, and escaping in bodies wherever and whenever they choose. But not a single instance of this kind has ever occurred. Some persons, especially in Virginia, have told me that they would be happy to be entirely without negroes, and that if the Yankees take it upon themselves to exterminate them—as they seem likely to do, to judge from what has happened in the regions where they have penetrated, where they generally make soldiers of the able-bodied men, and leave the worn-out ones with the women and children to starve—they would have no objection, as far as they themselves were concerned. But they object to be the agents of their destruction; and yet it would be intolerable to live side by side on terms of equality with a black population, almost equal in number, who should be under no control,

and who, being utterly averse to labour, would pick up their living like gypsies in Europe. Eventually the negroes who have been raised from barbarism, and educated to work here, may become the means of Christianising and civilising their own race in Africa; and it ought not to be forgotten, that four millions of negroes have become Christians in the Southern States, whilst all the efforts of missionaries in Africa have not perhaps succeeded in converting 4000. To emancipate the negroes now, as the Abolitionists propose, would be an act of the greatest cruelty towards them, and would certainly in the end result in their extermination, just as the Red Indians, a far nobler race, have perished before them. For the fact of their having negroes amongst them, England, they say, and the Yankees are responsible; England for having insisted on their importation in spite of the repeated protestations of the colonies, and the Yankees for having carried on the trade.

It is a fact, that when the traffic in slaves from the coast of Africa to the United States was for ever prohibited by Act of Congress in 1808, this measure was carried by Southern against Northern votes; for the reason, that all the vessels engaged in the trade were fitted out from Yankee seaports, manned by Yankee seamen, and commanded by Yankee captains, so that the abolition of the traffic was in point of fact the de-

struction of the Yankee maritime interest. New Bedford, Newburyport, and Nantucket, all in Massachusetts, were the principal ports from which these vessels were fitted out.

It is worthy of remark that, no act of absolute emancipation ever was adopted by any Northern State. When it became evident that slave labour was no longer profitable in the North, acts were passed at different times by the legislatures of the Northern States, naming a date in the future from and after which all negroes born within the limits of the respective States should be free; but care was taken to place the date at a sufficiently remote period, to enable the masters to dispose of able-bodied and valuable slaves to purchasers in the South, where their labour would be profitable. This was invariably done, and the superannuated and helpless alone remained to enjoy the benefit of this spurious philanthropy.

I doubt whether the country gentlemen in South Carolina would be entirely indifferent to the loss of their "hands," and I am quite sure that their "hands" would very much object to being exterminated if their opinions were asked.

The darkies are all very fond of music, singing, and dancing, and delighted to exhibit before strangers; but the performances of "Ethiopian serenaders" are so well known to everybody, that I need not describe them.

CHAPTER IX.

Before we left Charleston the Yankees had succeeded in taking Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, but not till they had brought up their parallels to within a few yards of Fort Wagner, so that they could almost jump from their own works into it. They then cannonaded it for thirty-six hours consecutively, during which the garrison lost a great many men, and would prob-

ably have stormed it early in the morning, had it not been evacuated during the night, together with Battery Gregg; Colonel Keitt, who was in command, bringing off all his wounded, as well as the garrison of both places. They were to have been blown up, but by some mischance the trains did not explode the mines that had been laid.

An attempt was then made to

storm Sumter, but it failed signally, and the attacking party was taken instead of the fort. They had been confident of success, and had brought the identical stars and stripes with them which caused such a commotion at the beginning of the war, when it was fired at, and which Major Anderson had been permitted to take away with him when he surrendered. They had hoped to plant it again in triumph on the ruins of Sumter, but it was no go, and the celebrated flag fell definitely into the hands of the Confederates.

Whilst we were at Charleston, it became evident that the next great events of the war would take place in the West, where Bragg was opposed to Rosencranz, but had just been obliged to fall back from Chattanooga into Georgia. Longstreet's corps from Lee's army in Northern Virginia was being sent to reinforce Bragg, and an attempt was to be made to recover the ground that had been lost. Accordingly, on the 14th of September, V., Captain Byrne, an Englishman in the Confederate service, and I, started together in that direction. A day's journey by rail took us to Augusta, a thriving inland city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, on the Savannah river, which here becomes navigable.

Most of the goods which run the blockade into Charleston and Wilmington are sold by auction here, whence they are dispersed all over the interior.

We found several English friends in Augusta engaged in the blockade-running business, and a capital hotel; and as Longstreet himself and the greater part of his corps, had not yet passed through on their way to the front, we were induced to remain several days in this pleasant little city. To judge from Augusta, no one would have supposed that two formidable armies were confronting each other within a twenty-four hours' journey. Every one seemed engrossed in business,

and the shops were all plentifully filled with stores and customers. Soldiers, it is true, were passing through the place in large bodies, but we saw little of them, as they did not come into the city, but went to the front "right away."

The number of able-bodied civilians we saw here confirmed what I had been told before, that the supply of men for the army is far from being exhausted.

We had spent a few days very pleasantly, when we heard that Longstreet and his Staff had passed through in the night; and seeing that we had now no time to lose, we started early next morning. The cars were crowded inside and out, the roofs being covered with soldiers; but fortunately we met with General Jenkins, who, with his splendid brigade, was "hurrying up" to the front.

The General and his Staff had a small car to themselves, to which they made us welcome; and the journey to Atlanta, one hundred and seventy-one miles, passed off very agreeably.

We had plenty of room to move about, and to sit down—a great novelty in American travelling. We made several excursions into the ladies' car, for one can move from one car into another in this country, and any one does so who chooses, although it is "strictly prohibited;" and Colonel Geary, one of our party, discovered a Confederate captain in one of the ladies. Her husband was a major in the Confederate army, and she had taken an active part herself in the war, and fairly earned her epaulettes. She was no longer in uniform, having lately retired from the service, was young, good-looking and lady-like, and told her adventures in a pleasant quiet way. It was Sunday, and at every station crowds were collected to see the soldiers pass; and they cheered us with loud shouts, and waving of handkerchiefs and small Confederate flags by the ladies. The gaily-dressed and widely-grinning negroes

were especially enthusiastic. At Atlanta the General found a telegram to hasten his arrival; so after taking supper at one of the hotels in the city, we continued our journey in an extra train. We therefore saw but little of the place which has since become so celebrated.

Atlanta is, or was, a new and thriving city, and had before the war 16,000 inhabitants, though but a few years ago the town and the whole surrounding region was wild unpopulated forest-land. There was a manufactory of small-arms here. Atlanta used to be called the "gate city," because all travellers by railroad from the north-east to the south-west, and from the north-west to the south-east, and *vice versa*, had to pass through here. Now that all communication between the North and the South has been put an end to, it is of very little real consequence in whose hands the "gate" may temporarily be.

The night was very chilly; and, indeed, we found the climate here—and later in camp—very different from what we had left in Charleston and Augusta.

At daylight we came to a stop at Greenwood Mills, near Ringold, the railroad farther on having been broken up. The General immediately rode to the front, and we followed in the course of the morning with the brigade.

This brigade is probably now the finest in the Confederate army. Though belonging to Pickett's division, it was not in the Pennsylvania campaign, being at that time stationed at Petersburg, guarding the railroad communications of Richmond with the South, and holding the Yankees at Norfolk and in North Carolina in check. It has not had much fighting since the seven days around Richmond last year, and has been made exceedingly efficient by drill, discipline, and recruiting. General Jenkins has adopted an ingenious method of

filling his ranks. He gives a two-months' leave to every soldier who procures him a recruit. Of course the soldiers write to their friends, who keep a sharp look out in their neighbourhood for any able-bodied man who may be trying to evade the universal conscription, and very soon manage to catch one and send him up to the army; upon which the soldier in whose interest he has been sent, gets his leave. In this thinly populated country it would require an army of agents to carry out the conscription regularly; but this method of enlisting the sympathy and assistance of the country people works remarkably well.

On our march towards the front we met with many wounded men, who were getting back to the railway-station and the hospitals in the rear. All were in good spirits, as a splendid victory had been gained.

At Ringold, an insignificant little town, the market-place was crowded with Yankee prisoners; there must have been thousands of them.

As we got towards the front, the news of yesterday's battle became more and more favourable. A courier we met gave us the information, which turned out to be incorrect, that the enemy had evacuated Chattanooga. Forrest had dashed in after them with his *calvary*, and captured a whole train of *avalanches*. In this part of the world all army-waggon are called *avalanches* (ambulances), and every mounted soldier is a *calvary*-man.

We reached Longstreet's headquarters, but the General was not there. The negro servants, however, were delighted to see us, and came up and shook hands, and were full of stories of the great success. We had walked a dozen miles, and, not knowing where to find our friends, we "concluded" to stay where we were all night. A tent was pitched for us, and we made ourselves very comfortable, and got plenty to eat.

I had been told a few days before that my horse, which I had left in Virginia with these headquarters, had been stolen; and I was very glad to hear that, though that had been the case, it had escaped from the thieves after twenty-four hours' *mancipation*, and would be at headquarters in a few days.

Next morning Captain Byrne, who is on Cleburne's staff, left us in search of his General, whilst V. and I trudged off in the hope of finding General Longstreet's whereabouts.

We crossed the field of battle, which had been chiefly fought in dense woods; and the trees were barked to a degree which showed that the musketry fire must have been intensely severe. Countless dead bodies still covered the ground, and parties were engaged in burying them. Small-arms were lying scattered about in all directions, though many had been collected, and we passed one place where there were large stacks of them; and we counted, besides, thirty-three cannon. The most horrible sight was outside some hospital tents, where amputations had been performed, and great piles of legs and arms were lying in heaps outside.

We had been very much disappointed at being too late for the battle; but I think what we saw to-day rather moderated our regret. We should have been able to see very little amongst the trees; and, from the way in which the bullets had evidently been flying about, our own legs and arms would have stood a very good chance of adorning the outside of an hospital tent. Coming the day after, we were sure to see and hear and know quite as much about it as if we had been there. It was midnight before we reached Watkin's House, where, after wandering about in many wrong directions, we at last discovered that we should find General Longstreet.

All were asleep except Captain Goree, who welcomed us, and found us a couple of saddles for pillows.

We were very tired, and slept soundly till daylight, when we were roused by a furious shelling. For a quarter of an hour the shells flew about us fast and thick, but only two men of the cavalry escort were hurt by them. One burst in General M'Laws's bed just after the General had left it.

All the negroes, who had built a large fire and were cooking breakfast, "skedaddled," excepting General M'Laws's boy, who continued to prepare his master's morning meal, and afterwards made a cup of coffee for us all, which we found exceedingly refreshing. The boy was very proud of his performance, and spoke contemptuously of "dose d—— niggers running away." Nobody ever calls the negroes here niggers, except themselves; nor are they ever called slaves, but servants, or boys.

In the course of the morning a gigantic Texan brought in twenty-two Yankee prisoners. He had been down scouting with four other men in the woods by the side of the river, when they discovered a boat full of Yankees. They fired into them, and killed several, when the captain in command of the lot, with half-a-dozen others, jumped overboard, and the rest surrendered. The captain reached the opposite shore, but those who had jumped overboard with him were drowned.

The prisoners were halted for a short time at these quarters, and a ring of spectators soon formed round them. Amongst them was a negro lad of about fifteen, who, as soon as he saw himself amongst friends, got away from the other prisoners, and, standing apart, looked at them with most superb disdain.

"I have nothing whatever to do with these Yankees," he said; "I have no use at all for them." On being questioned, he told us he belonged to Billy Buckner, over in Tennessee, and had been kidnapped by the captain who had escaped, and who had made him his servant.

"And what did he give you?"

"Never a cent! Oh the meanascal!—just like a Yankee," &c. &c.

And here I may remark that Southerners are always exceedingly liberal in their largesses to servants, whilst the Yankees have the reputation of being the contrary.

The captured colours of the Yankees are to be sent to Richmond, and men from each corps are being elected to carry them there.

One sergeant, a handsome Mississippian from Vicksburg, had captured no less than three. "I don't take any credit for it, though," he said; "if they had been fifty yards off I should have run like a turkey." With a small party emerging from a thicket of wood he had come close upon a large body of Yankees. "Shall we surrender?" suggested one or two of the party. "By no means," said their gallant leader; and he called on the Yankees to do so, saying there was a brigade in the wood behind him, towards which he beckoned with his hand, calling out, "Don't fire, don't fire, they are going to surrender;" and, sure enough, they did so. The fine young fellow told his story in a modest, straightforward, manly way, and got more credit for his exploit than he claimed.

We had, I am happy to say, found all our old friends safe, except Colonel Manning, who had been badly, but not dangerously, hurt. All attributed the grand success on Sunday to Longstreet. There had been some sharp fighting on Friday, and a pitched battle on Saturday, in which only Hood with five brigades had been engaged. The action had not been decisive, but on Saturday night Longstreet came up with part of M'Laws's division. He took command of the left wing of Bragg's army, worked all night, and, in spite of the hard fighting of the day before in the woods, where naturally brigades and regiments had become excessively entangled, by the morning of Saturday his command was in

perfect order, and when the fight began had it all their own way. Polk and Hardie were repulsed in the morning, and for some hours the right wing of the army was entirely inactive, which enabled the enemy to send reinforcements against Longstreet; but these, too, were caught and scattered almost before they reached those they were to support, and by nightfall—Polk and Hardie advancing again—the whole Yankee army was completely routed. "*They have fought their last man, and he's running,*" said Longstreet.

He was much disappointed that they were not more hotly pursued. Wheeler's cavalry, which Longstreet had sent off for that purpose, were recalled and ordered to pick up the small-arms scattered on the battle-field. Longstreet says that the Yankees were never before so completely routed, not even at the first battle of Manassas (Bull's Run). There was a prevalent idea before this battle that the Yankee Western army fought better than the army of the Potomac; but Longstreet says that such is decidedly not the case: at any rate, his men made as short work of them as ever they did in Virginia. He has not as high an opinion of Rosencranz as General Bragg has, and says he is about equal to Pope of boasting memory.

General Buckner came over in the course of the morning, and he too attributed the victory entirely to Longstreet. His own corps behaved splendidly, and one regiment belonging to it in General Gracie's brigade, of General Preston's division, the second battalion of the Alabama Legion, had its battle-flag shot through eighty-three times. The same man bore it through the whole fight, and was wounded three times. I saw it a few days afterwards and counted the holes. The flag was shown to the President when he visited the army a short time afterwards, and the bearer was promoted.

With General Buckner came his chief engineer, a wicked Frenchman called Noquet, who some time afterwards, just before the battle of Missionary Ridge, absconded to the Yankees at Chattanooga, after robbing the army-chest of 150,000 dollars; and made himself agreeable there by giving valuable information as to Bragg's position and works. He was very loquacious, and abused General Bragg considerably.

In the afternoon Longstreet's headquarters baggage arrived, and his camp was pitched in a clump of trees by the side of Chattanooga Creek, half a mile to the rear of Watkin's House; it was a charming spot as long as the weather remained fine. In the evening General Wheeler came in and had a long consultation with Longstreet. There was a great deal of shelling at night, but we were now out of range. A report came in that the Yankees were evacuating Chattanooga, but it turned out to be untrue. "No matter, it is not like your Charleston," Longstreet said to me, "which there is only one way of getting at. We can go where we want to go without touching Chattanooga." But General Bragg, as it turned out, thought differently. In the mean time the Yankees were strengthening it, and very soon made it impregnable. There was no doubt, too, that they would be reinforced before very long, so that many people were impatient that something should be done. Last year, after a decided victory at Murfreesboro', where many prisoners and guns had been captured, Bragg tried to follow up his advantage, but Rosencranz held on and he did not succeed, but lost very heavily in the attempt. It was on this occasion that Rosencranz is said to have repeated the proverb, "Bragg is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better." The recollection of Murfreesboro', no doubt, had great influence upon General Bragg, and induced him to be more cautious after Chickamauga than the army

expected. Immediately after the battle it had been determined, at a council of war, to march straight upon Knoxville, which would undoubtedly have obliged the Yankees to fall back. Polk's corps had already marched ten miles in that direction, and the rest of the army was following, when General Bragg changed his mind, and countermanded the order. The army was to march directly upon Chattanooga. Longstreet sent M'Laws on with his division, with orders to march straight into the place. M'Laws marched, looked at it, didn't like it, skirmished, and sent back to say the place was too strong; he could not take it; he had already lost a few men wounded. "I wish he had lost a thousand," said Longstreet, impatiently; and, indeed, subsequent events proved that the capture of Chattanooga would have been well worth such a sacrifice. The place could undoubtedly have been taken immediately after the battle, with small loss: the Yankees were then in no humour for fighting, and they would certainly not have made any stand again before they reached Nashville. As it was, a few days sufficed for them to regain their spirits, and make an impregnable stronghold of what had been an almost open place.

A week after the battle of Chickamauga Longstreet still thought it was not too late to make some profit out of the hitherto barren victory by a flank movement; but as the time wore away it became evident that nothing would be done, and that the army had fought and bled in vain. "The battle of Chickamauga," says General P., "was badly planned, splendidly executed, and fruitless in its results." Longstreet, like all favourite generals, is familiarly spoken of by his men by several names with which his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism had nothing to do. He is generally called "Old Peter," sometimes the "Old War-horse." Since the battle of Chickamauga, which

was fought in a dense forest, the men out here have christened him "Bull of the Woods."

Our camp lies at the foot of Lookout Mountain, so called from the magnificent and extensive view one has from the top of it. My horse had not arrived, but General Buckner was so good as to send horses both for myself and V., and we rode half-way up the mountain to a farmhouse, and thence scrambled up to the top of a rock called the Pulpit, where a party of the signal corps were stationed. From thence we had a most splendid panoramic view of the plain and lesser hills beneath us. We could see Chattanooga and the Yankee camps, and, with a good glass, were able clearly to distinguish every individual soldier. We could trace the position of the Confederate camps, though the army was now hidden from our view by trees, which, however, were afterwards pretty well cleared away for fire-wood.

Riding back we visited General Jenkins at his quarters. His brigade had been employed to clear Lookout Mountain of the Yankees, and the General had been struck by a piece of shell just on the bridge of the nose, and had consequently two rather black eyes, but it was providential that it was no worse. The piece of shell had struck with the round smooth part, and so did not penetrate; if a jagged end had hit him it might have been fatal, instead of which, though dreadfully stunned, he got off with a few days' headache.

We rode on to General Buckner's quarters, where we dined. I met here Colonel von Scheliha, the General's Chief of Staff, many of whose relations I had known in Europe, and we had a long chat together. General Buckner is a Kentuckian, and so are most of his Staff: they are all splendidly mounted on Kentuckian horses—a very fine breed. On the whole, the horses here are much finer and

larger than those I saw in Virginia, which are nevertheless excellent. Their docility is extraordinary—I never saw a vicious horse the whole time I was in the South. Every officer or courier coming to a camp will tie his horse's reins to a branch or twig of a tree, and the animal will stand quietly for hours without even attempting to get away. Dr. Morton, of Buckner's Staff, was with the Russians in Sebastopol, and related many interesting incidents of the siege. Among other things he told me that the engineer in charge of building the Malakoff, in spite of Todleben's plan being to the contrary, made it difficult of access behind, to which the Russians attributed their not having been able to retake it as they did the Redan. As it was very dark, we remained the night at General Buckner's quarters. There were no tents, so we all had to camp out. The weather is getting very cold, but we had a roaring fire and plenty of blankets. Next morning we rode with Major Johnstone and Dr. Morton, of General Buckner's Staff, to General Bragg's headquarters, and were presented to the Commander-in-Chief. He told us that the reason he had fallen back from Chattanooga a short time ago was, that he had hoped to capture a Yankee corps of 25,000 men that was trying to flank him, and said that we should advance as soon as his preparations were completed. In the course of the afternoon we met and were introduced to a good many of the generals of this Western army; Breckenridge, Walker, Preston, Gracie, Mackall, Liddell, Cleburne, &c., &c. General Cleburne—Pat Cleburne his soldiers call him—is an Irishman, and was formerly in the British army. He is in high repute as a "fine fighter." Breckenridge, although not a soldier by profession, has established a very good reputation as a general during this war, before which he took a prominent part in politics, and was the Southern candidate for

the Presidency of the United States in opposition to Lincoln. He is a Kentuckian, and so is General Preston, formerly United States Minister to Spain. General Preston, whose camp is on Missionary Ridge, just above Buckner's, and from whence there is a commanding view of Chattanooga and the Yankee camps opposite, pointed out the different positions to us, and explained the conformation of the country beyond. The Yankees were working away at their intrenchments like beavers, and all say their works are getting too strong to be stormed. General Preston's division, though some of his troops were under heavy fire for the first time, distinguished itself very much indeed in the late battle.

We were very fortunate in having tents at our headquarters, though some of them were rather crowded. I am, for instance, in the same tent with Majors Fairfax and Latrobe, and Captain Dunne, each of whom is at least six feet high, and broad in proportion; and as the tent is only intended for two, we have to squeeze. It is universal here to mess in small parties, not more numerous than one servant can cook for, so our headquarters are divided into two messes. The General and my tent-mates form one; and Colonel Sorrel, Major Walton, Captains Goree and Dawson, with V., the other. Captain Dawson is an Englishman, and acts as Chief of Ordnance in the place of Colonel Manning, who was wounded the other day. With his assistance, I made the following note about the artillery in the Confederate armies. The field-piece most generally employed is the 12-pound "Napoleon" (*canon obusier*), which fires solid shot, shell, case, and canister: it is much lighter than the ordinary 12-pounder, and they can give it an elevation of nine to ten degrees. Then there are 10 and 20 pound Parrotts, named after their inventor, or rather manufacturer,

Parrott of New-York; they are rifled guns with a wrought-iron band at the breech; their bore is 2.90. Those in this army are chiefly captured from the Yankees, but some are made at the Tredegar Works at Richmond; they throw solid bolts, shell, case, and canister. The 8-inch rifled gun is very similar; and the best of these, too, are taken from the enemy.

In Northern Virginia 12-pound howitzers and 6-pounder guns are discarded, and Napoleons have been cast from their metal; here there are still a large number, and a few 24-pounder howitzers. Colonel Alexander thinks highly of these last. Opinions are divided as to the merits of Napoleons, Parrotts, and 8-inch rifled guns; but for general use, almost all consider the Napoleon most serviceable. There are a few Whitworth guns, which are very accurate, and of great range, but require much care. The breech has sometimes been blown off or disabled, through carelessness in loading. This was especially the case with breech-loading guns. I understand that the Whitworth guns which are now sent out are muzzle-loading guns. Their field-ammunition the Confederates consider to be far superior to that of the Yankees. Spherical case (shell filled with musket-balls) is the most successful projectile they use.

In the Pennsylvania campaign, General Longstreet had with him

Napoleons, . . .	40
10-lb. Parrotts, . . .	15
8-inch rifled, . . .	15
20-lb. Parrotts, . . .	4
12-lb. howitzers, . . .	5
20-lb. do.	4

—
83 guns.

Considered as good an armament as could be wished for, excepting the 12-pound howitzers, which ought to have been replaced by Napoleons.

The artillery is organised into battalions; five battalions in a corps

of three divisions, one to each division, and two in reserve. They always mass the artillery now, and commanders of battalions say that they lose no more men in a battalion than they formerly did in a single battery. Each battalion is complete in itself, with quartermaster, adjutant, ordnance officer, surgeon, &c. The whole is under the control of the chief of artillery of the army, but assigned at convenience to the corps commanders, one of whose staff-officers is chief of artillery to the corps, and another chief of ordnance.

The duty of the chief of ordnance is to supply the guns and everything for their equipment, with ammunition and stores of every description, excepting horses and provisions.

The chief of artillery places them in action, and commands them there.

Colonel Walton is chief of artillery to General Longstreet's corps; but as he is now at Petersburg with the reserve, his place is occupied by Colonel Alexander.

Colonel Manning is chief of ordnance; and as he is wounded, Captain Dawson supplies his place. The chief of artillery to an army is a brigadier-general; to a corps, a colonel; and to a division, a major.

The chief of ordnance to an army is usually a lieutenant-colonel, and he has two captains as assistants; to a corps, a major, with a lieutenant as assistant; and the divisional ordnance officer is a captain. The ordnance officers of brigades and artillery battalions are lieutenants. The commanders of battalions of artillery are generally majors, but some are lieutenant-colonels.

The principal small-arms in use are the smooth-bore musket, 0.69; the Enfield rifle, bore 0.57; the Springfield (Illinois) rifle, 0.58—the same ammunition does for both the last named; the Mississippi rifle (U. S. make), 0.54; Austrian rifle, 0.24, with foresighted bayonet.

In Pennsylvania, Lee's army, with

the exception of Hood's division, was armed with Enfield and Springfield rifles. The uniform calibre of 0.57 and 0.58 will be adopted in the whole army as soon as possible. Three-fourths of the arms in the armies of the West are smooth-bore muskets and Austrian rifles; and some think smooth-bored muskets for eight companies out of ten, with rifles for the other two, flanking companies, a very good armament.

The Enfield is the best rifle. The Mississippi and Austrian rifle clog very soon—*i.e.*, after twenty rounds.

I may say here that I never saw a breech-loader in the hands of a Southern soldier, nor were ever any large numbers taken from the Yankees. If they had been, they would certainly have been brought and shown at headquarters, as was the case with some Spencer rifles and a good lot of revolving six-shooter rifles, and some excellent breech-loading cavalry carbines.

Attached to each corps were some picked sharpshooters, armed with a telescopic Whitworth rifle, with which they did great execution. I never at any arsenal saw machinery or appliances for turning muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders, or heard that such an operation had ever been performed.

Dr. Cullen was so good as to furnish me with the following note upon medical matters. The medical department is organized thus:—Medical director of the army; medical director of the army corps; chief surgeon of division; senior surgeon of brigade. Each regiment has a surgeon, an assistant-surgeon, two ambulances, and a medical wagon, belonging to it. Two men from each company are detailed to act as litter-bearers and attendants upon the wounded: these follow the troops on the field of battle, and convey men to the hospitals in the rear. The flap operation is generally performed. Resections of the humerus at the elbow and shoulder joints are done hundreds of times with great success.

By the by, Dr. Cullen showed me the returns to his department for the month of August of the year, from which it appears that in the whole of Longstreet's corps in the field there was but one death during that period, and that was a man who had just returned from a Yankee prison, bringing the seeds of disease with him. This month of August was so oppressively hot, that all operations between the opposing armies of Lee and Meade were suspended. This is a very remarkable fact, and shows what good stuff the Confederate soldiers are made of. It must be remembered that the month of August followed immediately after a very severe campaign, where the men had been exposed to many and great hardships from forced marches, bad weather, unequal food, &c.

Thirty-five years ago, the whole country about Chattanooga, down nearly to Atlanta in Georgia, was inhabited by Indians, chiefly Cherokees: and there are a good many still scattered over the mountainous regions of North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, but the majority were induced to emigrate beyond the Mississippi. In the Indian territory set apart for them in the West, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees especially have become quite civilised, and are wonderfully thriving. They have some of the best cotton ground in their territory, and are large slave-owners; and many of them are very wealthy. They have churches and public schools, and their native eloquence having been developed by education, some have become famous preachers. Their greatest bane is whisky; and though the Government makes great efforts to prevent it, the traders still succeed in smuggling it in. In this war they have almost all taken the side of the South.

The chief of the Cherokees is John Ross, whose grandfather emigrated hither from Scotland and

married an Indian squaw. An old gentleman, whom we met at the top of Lookout Mountain, told us that he had known him well some fifty years since; that he was a very clever man, and had had his children well educated at Nashville in Tennessee. His residence was at Rossville, which is in the centre of our present camp, the Cherokees having in his day inhabited this part of the country. The dignity of chief of that nation has now been hereditary for three generations.

After a few sunshiny days we had some pouring wet ones; it was found that our camp was on too low ground to be comfortable, and we removed some distance to the rear.

By this time Dr. Cullen had arrived from Richmond, and with him came L.; and as Dr. Cullen had—besides his own tent and those of the other staff doctors who had not yet arrived—a large hospital tent, large enough to accommodate twenty people, I thought I had crowded my friends long enough, and accepted his kind invitation to move over and take up my old quarters again with him.

Old Jeff, the cook, was rather in a grumbling mood. "This is not like old Virginny, sir; I shall find it very hard to keep up my dignity here, sir:" his dignity consisting in providing us good breakfasts and dinners. And, indeed, provisions are scarce and not very good. Beef is tough, bacon is indifferent, and mutton is rarely to be had: chickens and eggs are almost unheard-of delicacies, and we have to ride ten miles to get a pat of butter.

During anything like a long stay in one camp all energies very soon tend to the point of how to improve the diet, and many long rides are taken with that sole object in view, and with very various success.

If any one can boast of a leg of mutton, he considers it quite a

company dish, to which friends must be invited. One of the most successful caterers is General Preston, and another is his adjutant-general, Major Owens, an old friend, who in Virginia was aide to Colonel Walton. Owens is believed to have a flock of sheep hidden away somewhere. The General gave us a splendid supper one evening, with a profusion of delicate viands, and more than one bowl of hot punch made of some capital peach-brandy.

Our own little camp was particularly well off, as Cullen came pretty well provided, and L. brought a box of good things with him from Richmond. No schoolboys can hail a hamper of prog with more gratification than a hungry lot of campaigners do, especially if they have been *teetotalling* rather more than they like.

After a victory in Virginia there had always been a profusion of delicacies in the Confederate camp for a long time, but from these Western people nothing had been captured but guns and empty waggons, at which there was great disappointment; and many were quite indignant, thinking themselves cheated. "Why, these Yankees are not worth killing," said General —; "they are not a bit better off than ourselves."

L., after having one horse stolen at Richmond, had purchased another at Atlanta, and as mine had arrived with Cullen we had many a ride together. The camp was pretty extensive, and it was a three or four miles' ride to visit many of our friends.

There was a grand bombardment of Chattanooga one day, of which we had a splendid view from the top of Lookout Mountain. Not much harm was done, but it was a grand sight to see the guns blazing away far below us. On the top of the mountain is a large hotel, besides several villas and cottages. This used to be a favourite gathering-place in summer, but now every dwelling-place was deserted.

We made our way into the hotel, and purchased half-a-dozen chairs from an old woman, who said they were not hers and that she had nothing to do with them; but she took our money and made our consciences easy. And the chairs were very useful.

About this time the President came to pay a visit to the camp, and there was a general expectation that a change would take place; but none came, except in the weather, which had been dry and sunshiny, with a storm or a shower now and then, but now settled down to be wet and cold and nasty.

The President remained two days, and on the second day went with a large suite to Lookout Mountain. Homewards, he rode with General Longstreet, a hundred yards in advance of the rest of the party, and they had a long confabulation, and, I believe, not a very satisfactory one. I rode with General Breckenridge, with whom, and General Custis Lee, I dined afterwards at General Gracie's. After dinner we had some capital singing by some young fellows in Gracie's brigade.

Going home, I fell in with a courier who was riding in the same direction. He was a Louisianian, and we had a long chat together. Amongst other things, he told me that if he met a negro in a fight, he should give him no quarter—that they had always treated the negroes well, and if they fought against them now, they deserved no quarter, and he, for one, should give them none. I remonstrated, saying, it was no fault of the negro, that he was forced to fight by the Yankees, and that he never would fight if he could help it, &c. To all which my friend assented, with a "That's so," and I thought that I had made a convert; but when I had exhausted my arguments, although he again repeated his "That's so," he added, "For all that, I shan't give them any quarter."

Our black cook, Jeff, confided to me the other day his idea as to how the war should be carried on.

"Why, sir, why don't they do now as they used formerly to do? The generals used to dine together, and take their wine, and then one would say, 'General, I'll fight you to-morrow at such and such a place,' and then they would shake hands, and the next day they would fight their battle. That's what Napoleon used to do," Jeff concluded, "and why don't they do so now?"

A month after the battle of Chicamauga, we rode over the field of battle, which is seven or eight miles to the rear of our camp. The Yankee dead are still unburied, which is a great shame.

Perhaps General Thomas thinks it beneath his dignity to ask permission to bury them; or perhaps he thinks General Bragg will do it for him. This, however, he has no right to expect, as he is little more than a mile further from the battlefield than Bragg, who, if he sent large details of men eight miles to the rear whilst active operations are going on, would just as much have to demand a truce for the purpose as General Thomas, whose business it is. Besides, these poor fellows' friends will be very anxious that they should be identified, that they may know where to find their graves. If there be one good feeling to be found in the North, it is the respect they show to their dead; and doubtless, if these poor fellows had been identified and properly buried, very many of them would have been brought to their homes after the war, and their bones laid amongst their own kindred. Now the pigs are fattening on them—a disgusting sight to behold.

The rains had become continuous now, and the roads were nearly impassable for waggons, and no movements of importance could therefore be anticipated. The army was in a bad way. Insufficiently

sheltered, and continually drenched with rain, the men were seldom able to dry their clothes; and a great deal of sickness was the natural consequence. Few constitutions can stand being wet through for a week together; and, moreover, the nights were bitterly cold, and the blankets were almost as scarce as tents. There was a great deal of discontent, which was increased by its being well known that General Bragg was on very bad terms with many of his generals.

The weather made it disagreeable to move about, and L., V., and I resolved to leave the army, and on the 22d of October we bade farewell to our friends, and rode over to Chicamauga station, some eight miles off.

The road, over which the army drew all its supplies, was in a horrible state, and it was five o'clock in the evening before the cart with our small amount of luggage arrived.

The trains were running wild—that is to say, at no fixed hours—and nobody could say when, or whether, any more would start that evening, several having just left, crowded with sick soldiers.

We sat down rather disconsolate by the side of a lot of empty cars, which were guarded by a soldier, who was whistling merrily, with his hands in his pockets. Soon we made friends with him, and he promised us his assistance as soon as his guard should be up.

Accordingly, when he was relieved he took me with him, leaving L. and V. to guard our traps, promising to introduce me to the station-master, and "fix everything straight," which he did. He then insisted on my taking supper with him, which I was very glad to do. He told me that he came from Memphis, and that, at the commencement of the war, his regiment had been reviewed by Lord John Russell, whose stately appearance on horseback had impressed

him very favourably. I tried to explain that he might be mistaken, but he was positive, and I only succeeded in so far shaking his belief as to leave him with the idea that the gentleman he had admired was Lord William Russell, a brother to the famous Earl. He was determined not to be balked of his nobleman; but I suppose I need hardly say that the gentleman he alluded to was the well-known William Russell, correspondent of the 'Times.'

He was exceedingly obliging and useful to us; and by eight o'clock we were packed into a luggage-van, and on our way.

It poured with rain, and plenty of water came trickling down through the roof.

One of our fellow-sufferers, a major, had provided himself with a plentiful supper of bread and beef, and offered us some; but L. and V., although they had had no supper, were modest, and declined. After the major had gone to sleep, however, they changed their minds, and picked his pocket, and ate up the last morsel of his provisions.

We travelled a few miles, and reached Cleveland early in the morning. Here the train came to a dead stop, and did not move on till the afternoon. We allayed our hunger during the day with some parched corn and gingerbread, procured from a cottage at hand, and in the evening reached Dalton, where we had supper, and got into the regular train for Atlanta and Augusta.

We were near being stopped by a stupid sentinel, because our passports were signed by Longstreet, and not by Bragg; but Captain Mackall, a nephew and aide of the general of the name, helped us through our difficulty, and we reached Augusta on the evening of the next day without further trouble. Here we thought ourselves entitled to a good rest, and made ourselves comfortable at the Planters' Hotel.

The largest powder-mills in the South are at Augusta. They, as well as the arsenal, are under the superintendence of Colonel Rains, who is inexhaustible in his ingenious contrivances to overcome the want of hundreds of things necessary to his manufacture, and yet hardly to be procured in the South.

The mills turn out 8400 lb. of powder in thirteen hours. In fifteen hours, over 10,000 lb. have been made. They began to work on April the 27th, 1862, and since then one and a half million of pounds of powder have been sent to Richmond alone. At the present time, most of the powder is sent to Charleston, which, with its many heavy guns, consumes an enormous amount.

Percussion-caps used to be imported from the North, and we saw a lot which had been manufactured at some place in Connecticut, but they are already independent of the enemy for this important article. At one time so many were sent from the North that they were absolutely a drug in the market. The charcoal is excellent, being made of cottonwood, a sort of white poplar, which has no knots like the willow. Of sulphur they had large stores when the war commenced; and saltpetre is imported a good deal through the blockade.

The powder-magazines are under ground, and are, moreover, divided above ground by thick brick traverses. The roofs are of zinc, and very light; so that if one magazine blows up, it cannot set fire to its neighbours.

We were much struck with the powder made for the enormous Blakeney guns at Charleston. A charge of this powder looks more like a bag of coals than anything else, each grain being as big as a hen's egg.

The guard duty at the powder-mills is done by lads of from 16 to 18 years of age, of whom there is a battalion of 500 at Augusta.

Another day, Colonel Rains oblig-

ingly lending us his carriage, we visited the old U. S. Arsenal, a couple of miles from the city, where small-arm ammunition, percussion-caps, hand-grenades with sensitive tubes, &c., were being made up under the superintendence of Captain Finny. Small-arms had been made here, but the workshops were being removed to the city for the convenience of transport. We also went over the Government cannon-foundry, which is under the personal superintendence of Colonel Rains. The Colonel informed us that he could turn out a Napoleon a-day here, but at present it was not necessary. In addition to the cannon captured from the enemy, the Confederates had manufactured and imported above a thousand since the war commenced. They were then making Napoleons of Austrian metal—a composition of copper, tin, wrought-iron, and zinc, very strong and very light, and had already turned out seventy.

Colonel Rains uses a polygonal core of sand and clay in manufacturing his hollow projectiles, which, by weakening the iron in regular lines, causes a round shell to burst into eleven, and a conical shell for rifled guns into nineteen, regular sections.

Colonel Rains told us that Colonel Bunford was the real inventor of the Dahlgren, and Captain Blake-

ney of the Parrott gun. One of the big Blakeney guns at Charleston had been seriously damaged at the first discharge, and the Colonel was one of the committee to inquire into the cause, and made the report on it.

It seems that there was an air-chamber to permit the gas, on explosion, to obtain its full force in the gun—a new invention—and this air-chamber having been stuffed full of powder, the misfortune occurred. The gun has, however, been repaired, and the second one worked satisfactorily from the commencement.

The "stores" at Augusta are excellent, and well supplied; but the bookseller was a queer fellow. I wished to buy one of his books, but he refused to sell it. "Can't let you have that, sir: it's my last copy."

There is a very good theatre here, where they play every night. The Planters' Hotel is an excellent one; everything good except the tea, which was so weak, that V. wondered how it could get out of the spout.

So mild was the weather that, on the 1st of November, we followed the example of other inmates of the hotel, and sat in the balcony with our coats off.

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN PORTRAITS.

I.—IN THE ANTECHAMBER OF MONSIEUR DEL FIOCCO.

OUR master will be Cardinal ere long—
 Is he not made for one?—so smooth and plump,
 With those broad jaws, those half-shut peeping eyes,
 Those ankle-heavy legs and knotty feet,
 Which only need red stockings. Even now
 He totters round with the true Cardinal's gait
 Upon his tender toes, while you behind
 Demurely follow, scarce an ear-shot off,
 The pious footsteps of the holy man.
 How many years have you thus stalked along
 Behind that broad-brimmed, purple-tasselled hat,
 In your stiff lace and livery, trained to pause
 Whene'er he pauses, turning half to fix
 His *Fifthly* on his fingers to some dull
 Cringing Abbate shuffling at his side?
 Then, when that point is drilled into his brain
 (Proving the blessedness of poverty,
 Or how the devil has no cursed wiles
 To lure the world to hell like liberty—
 The only one great good being obedience).
 Back go the hands beneath the creased black silk
 That streams behind, and on you march again;
 While the gilt carriage lumbers in the rear
 And the black stallions nod their tufted crests.

Yours is a noble station, clinging there
 Behind it as you clatter through the town,
 Your white calves shaking with the pavement's jar,
 The mark and sneer of half the world you meet.
 Ah, well! 'tis wretched business yours and mine;
 I know not which is worst—but then it pays;
 The cards are dirty, but what matters dirt
 To those who win? Though now the stakes are small.
 We'll hold the court-cards when the suit is red;—
 And so it will be soon; why, even now
 I seem to see red stockings on his legs;—
 And yesterday I said, "Your Eminence,"
 As if I thought he now was Cardinal—
 "Your Eminence," indeed! At that he smiled
 That oily smile of his, and rubbed his hands—
 Those thick fat hands, on which his emerald ring
 Flashes ('tis worth at least a thousand crowns)—
 And said, "Good Giacomo, not 'Eminence,'
 I'm but a Monsignor, and that's too much
 For my deserts." Then I, "Your 'Reverence'
 Ought to be 'Eminence,' and will be soon;
 The tassel's almost old upon your hat."
 "*Sci matto, Giacomo*," he said, and smiled.
 You know those smiles, that glitter falsely o'er
 His smooth broad cheeks, as if he asked of you,

"Am I not kind and good?" and all the while
 Your soul protests, and calls out "Knaves and cheats."
 But, then, how can one call him by such names,
 When, even with that smile upon his face,
 He slips a scudo in one's hand and says,
 "Go, Giacomo, and drink my health with this"?
 What can one do but bow and try to blush?
 "Oh—Eminenza—thanks—you are too good."

Dear man! sweet man! in all those troublous times
 What zeal was his!—how earnestly he worked!
 Who can forget his pure self-sacrifice,
 His virtuous deeds, above this world's reward—
 Done for pure Christian duty—done, of course,
 For Holy Church—all was for Holy Church—
 (Without a notion of this world's reward)—
 All for the good of souls and Holy Church—
 (*Ora pro nobis*, and that sort of thing)—
 All to bring sinners back again to God,
 And from the harvest root the devil's tares—
In omnia sæcula—amen—amen.

We don't forget—well! you know who I mean—
 No need to mention names, though no one's nigh;
 We don't forget him whose anointed hands
 Were flayed by order of his Reverence,
 Ere with his bleeding palms they led him down
 Into the court-yard, and we, peeping through
 The half-closed blind, saw him throw up his hands
 And forward fall upon his face, and writhe,
 When the sharp volley rang against the walls.

Those oily fingers wrote that sentence down!
 That thick voice, with a hypocritic tone,
 While both his palms were raised, decreed that doom.
 Who could help weeping when that pious man,
 Professing horror at his victim's crime,
 And bidding him confess and pray to God,
 And saying, "God would pardon him, perhaps,
 As he himself would, if the power were his,
 But, being the instrument of Church and State,
 No choice was given," with his priestly foot
 Pushed, you know who, into a felon's grave?
 That bloody stain is still upon the walls,
 Of the same colour as the scarlet hat
 Our master soon will wear; and, after all,
 Who more deserves it? If he stained his soul,
 Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?
 He shall be raised who doth abase himself!
 The good and faithful servant shall be made
 The ruler over many! Ah! my friend,
 He nothing lost by all those deeds of his.
 He erred in zeal, but zeal is not a vice—
 'Twas all for Holy Church. His secret life,
 Perhaps, was not quite perfect? Who of you
 Is without sin let him first cast a stone;—
 No one, you see; so let us think no more

Of that. Does any Duchess smile the less
 At all his compliments and unctuous words
 As, leaning o'er her chair, his downcast eyes
 He fixes somewhat lower than her lips,—
 Upon the jewels on her neck, perchance,
 He is so modest,—and with undertone
 Whispers, and, deprecating, lifts his hands,
 While with her fan she covers half her face?
 He knows as well as any man that lives
 How far to venture;—covers his foul jokes
 With honeyed words, so ladies swallow them;—
 Tread on the edge of scandal—not a chance
 He will fall in;—knows all the secret shoals
 Of innuendo;—in pure earnestness
 (O, nothing more) he seizes their soft hands
 And holds them—presses them, as to enforce
 His argument;—for this, our Monsignor,
 Lifted above temptation, with, of course,
 No carnal thought, may do before the world—
 Because it must be done through innocence.
 Fie on his foul mouth who should hint 'twas wrong!
 Who'd be more shocked than he, the pious man?
 He would go home and pray for that lost soul!

And yet, how can a woman pure in heart,
 Without disgust, accept his compliments,
 And let him feed on her his gloating eyes?
 Of course, it's just because she's innocent.
 Yes! I am lean and dry, a servitor,
 Not fat and oily like our Monsignor,
 And so I can't endure his nauseous ways;—
 All right, of course! But yet I sometimes think,
 Did San Pietro talk to Martha thus,
 And every night, wearing his fisherman's ring,
 Show his silk-stockinged legs in soft saloons,
 And fish for women with a net like this?

Those soft fat hands—those sweet anointed hands—
 Those hands that wear the glittering emerald ring—
 Those hands whose palms are pressed so oft in prayer—
 Those hands that fondle high-born ladies' hands—
 Those hands that give their blessing to the poor—
 Those hateful, hideous hands are red with blood!
 Think! Principessa, when you kiss those hands—
 Think! Novice, when those hands upon your head
 Are laid in consecration—think of this!

Stop, Master Giacomo! don't get too warm!
 When Monsignore gave you yesterday,
 With those same hateful, hideous, bloody hands,
 Your scudo, did you take it, sir, or not?
 Yes! I confess! the world will be the world!
 One must not ask too much of mortal man,
 Nor mortal woman neither, Giacomo!
 But yet we cannot always keep a curb
 Upon our feelings, school them as we will;

And I, who bow and cringe and smile all day,
 Detest at times my very self, and grow
 So restive 'neath my rank hypocrisy,
 I must break loose and fling out like a horse
 In useless kicks, or else I should go mad.
 God knows I hate this man, and so at times,
 Rather than take him by the throat, I come
 And pour my pas-sion out in idle words;
 They ease me. You're my friend; but if I thought
 A word of this would reach his ears; but, no!
 We know each other both too well for that.

One or two questions I should like to ask,
 If Monsignor would only answer them,
 As this—what Sora Lisa says to him
 At her confession, once a-week at least
 (For Monsignore, having her soul in charge,
 When she don't come to him, must go to her).
 She used to be so poor, but times are changed,
 And Sora Li-a keeps her carriage now;
 And those old gowns, by some "Hey, presto, change,"
 Have turned to rustling silks; and at her ears
 Diamonds and rubies dangle, which she shows
 When she's the mind, in her own opera box.
 Well! well! that office our good Monsignor
 Gave her poor husband from pure love of him
 May pay for these; and if it don't, why, then,
 It don't—what business is it of ours?
 And then, who knows, some uncle may have died
 (Uncles are always dying for such folk-)
 And made her rich;—why should we peep and pry?
 Her soul is safe at least with Monsignore.

And this reminds me—did you ever know
 Nina, that tall, majestic, fierce-eyed girl,
 With blue-black hair, which, when she loosed it, shook
 Its crimped darkness almost to the floor?—
 She that was friend to Monsignore while yet
 He was a humble Abbé—born in the old
 In the same town and came to live in Rome?
 Not know her? She, I mean, who'd appeared
 Some ten years back, and God knows how or why?
 Well, Nina,—are you sure there's no one near?—
 Nina——

Per Dio! how his stinging bell
 Startled my blood, as if the Monsignor
 Cried out, "You, Giacomo; what, there again
 At your old tricks or talking? Hold your tongue!"
 And so I will, per Bacco, so I will;—
 Who tells no secrets breaks no confidence.
 Nature, as Monsignor has often said,
 Gave us two eyes, two ears, and but one tongue,
 As if to say, "Tell half you see and hear;"
 And I'm an ass to let my tongue run on,
 After such lessons. There he rings again!
 Vengo—per Dio—Vengo subito.

. II.—II *CURATO*.

There's our good curate coming down the lane,
 Taking his evening walk as he is wont :
 'Neath the dark ilexes he pauses now
 And looks across the fields ; then turning round,
 As Spitz salutes me with a sharp high bark,
 Advising him a stranger's near, he stops,
 Nods, makes a friendly gesture, and then waits—
 His head a little bent aside, one hand
 Firm on his cane, the other on his hip—
 And ere I speak he greets me cheerily.

" A lovely evening, and the well-reaped fields
 Have given abundant harvest. All around
 They tell me that the grain is large and full ;
 Peasant and landlord both of them content ;
 And with God's blessing we shall have, they say,
 An ample vintage ; scarcely anywhere
 Are traces of disease among the grapes ;
 The olives promise well, too, as it seems.
 Good grain, good wine, good oil—thanks be to God
 And the Madonna, who give all things good,
 And only ask from us a thankful heart.

" Yes, I have been to take my evening walk
 Down to the Borgo ; for, thank heaven, I still
 Am stout and strong and hearty, as you see.
 I still can walk my three good miles as well
 As when I was but sixty, though, perhaps,
 A little slower than I used ; but then
 I've turned my eightieth year—I have indeed !
 Though you would scarce believe it. More than that,
 I've never lost a tooth—all good and sound—
 Look ! not a single one decayed or loose—
 As good to crack a nut as e'er they were.
 They're the great secret of my health, I think ;
 Like a good mill they grind the food up well,
 And keep the stomach and digestion good.

" Yes, sir ! I've passed the allotted term of man,
 Threescore-and-ten. I'm fourscore years, all told ;
 But, the Lord help us, how we old men boast !
 What are our fourscore years or fivescore years—
 (If I should e'er reach as far as that)
 Compared with the eternity beyond ?
 Yet let us praise God for the good he gives ;
 All are not well and strong at fourscore years.
 There's farmer Lanti with but threescore years,
 See how he's racked with his rheumatic pains ;
 He scarce can crawl along.

Do you take snuff ?

" Yes, sir ! 'tis fifty years since first I came
 As curate to this village—fifty years !

When I look back it scarce seems possible,
And yet 'tis fifty years last May since first
I came to live in yonder little house.
You see its red-tiled roof and loggia there,
Close-barnacled upon the church, that shows
Its belfry tower above the olive trees.
The place is rude and rough, but there I've lived
So long I would not change it if I could.
Old things grow dear to us by constant use ;
Habit is half our nature ; and this house
Fits all my uses, answers all my needs,
Just as an old shoe fits one's foot ; and there
I sleep as sound with its bare floor and walls
As if its bricks were spread with carpets soft,
And all the ceilings were with frescoes gay.

" But what need I of pictures on my walls ?
Out of my window every day I see
Pictures that God hath painted, better far
Than Raffaele or Razzi—these great slopes
Covered with golden grain and waving vines
And rows of olives ; and then far away
Dim purple mountains where cloud shadows drift
Darkening across them ; and beyond, the sky,
Where morning dawns and twilight lingering dies.
And then, again, above my humble roof
The vast night is as deep with all its stars
As o'er the proudest palace of the king.

" So, sir, my house is good enough for me.
I have been happy there for many years,
And there's no better riches than content ;
There I've my little plot of flowers—for flowers
Are God's smile on the earth,—I could not do
Without my flowers ; and there I train my vines,
Just for amusement ; for the people here,
Good, honest creatures, do not let me want
For grapes and wine, howe'er the season be ;
Then I've two trees of apricots, and one
Great fig-tree, that beneath my window struck
Its roots into a rock-cleft years ago,
And of itself, without my care, has grown
And thriven, till now it thrusts its leaves and figs
Into my very room. Sometimes I think
This was a gift of God to me to say,
' Behold ! how out of poverty's scant soil
A life may bravely grow and bear good fruit,
And be a blessing and a help.' May I
Be like this fig-tree, by the grace of God !
I have one peach-tree, but the fruit this year
Is bitter, tasting somewhat of the stone.
Our farmers tell me theirs are all the same ;
I think they may have suffered from the drought,
Or from that hail-storm in the early spring.

" Yes, sir ! 'tis fifty years in this old house
I've lived ; and all these years, day after day,

Have run as even as a ticking clock,
 One like another, summer, winter, spring;
 And ne'er a day I've failed to have my walk
 Down to the Borgo, spite of wind and rain.
 While in the valley low the white mist crawls,
 I'm up to greet the morning's earliest gleam
 Above the hill-tops. After noon I take
 An hour's siesta when the birds are still,
 And the cicale stop, and, as it were,
 All nature falls asleep. As twilight comes,
 I take my walk; and, ere the clock strikes ten,
 Lie snugly in my bed, and sleep as sound
 And dreamless sleep as when I was a boy.
 Why should I not? God has been very good,
 And given me strength and health! Praise be to Him!

"My life is regular and temperate!
 Good wine, sir, never hurts a man; it keeps
 The heart and stomach warm—that is, of course,
 Unless 'tis taken in excess; but then,
 All things are bad, if taken in excess.
 I drink my wine more now than once I did;
 For as old age comes on I need it more—
 But in all things my life is temperate.
 I take my cup of coffee when I rise;
 I dine at mid-day, and I sup at seven;
 I sit upon my loggia, where the vines
 Spread their green shadow to keep off the sun,
 And there I say my offices and prayers,
 And in my well-thumbed breviary read,—
 Now listening the birds that chirp and sing;
 Now reading of the martyrdom of saints;
 Now looking at the peasant in the fields;
 Now pondering on the patriarchs of old.
 Then there are daily masses—sometimes come
 Baptisms, burials, marriages—and so
 Life slips along its peaceable routine.

"My people here are generous and kind;
 Of all good things they own I have my share,
 And I, in turn, do what I can to help,
 And smooth away their cares, compose their strifes,
 Assuage their sorrows. By kind words alone
 One may do much, with the Madonna's aid.
 And then, in my small way, I am of use
 To cure their ailments: scarce a day goes by
 But I must, like a doctor, make my calls,
 And see my patients. After fifty years
 One must be a physician or a fool.
 There's a poor creature now in yonder house
 I've spent an hour beside this afternoon,
 Holding her hands and whispering words of faith,
 And saying what I could to ease her soul.
 I know not if she heard me—haply not,
 For she is gone almost beyond the reach
 Of human language—far, far out alone
 On the dim road we all must tread at last.

“ Antonio Bucci keeps his lands here well !
 An honest, frugal, and industrious man ;
 And his four daughters,—healthy, handsome girls :
 Vittoria is a little wryed, perhaps,
 By the Count's admiration—and, in truth,
 She is a striking creature ; but all that,
 You know, is nonsense, and I told her so.
 Rosa is married, as you know, and makes
 A sturdy wife. She has one little child,
 With cheeks like apples. And Regina, too,
 And Fanny—both are good and honest girls.
 Per Bacco ! take them all in all, I think
 They're better for Antonio than four boys.
 I see them in the early mists of morn
 Going a-field ; and listen ! there they are,
 Down in the vineyard, singing, as they tend
 Those great white oxen at their evening feed.

“ Well, Spitz, we must be going now, or else
 Old Nanna'll scold us both for being late.
 Stop barking ! Better manners, sir, I say !
 He's young, you see ; the old one died last spring,
 And this one's over frisky for my age
 (You are—you are ! you know you are, you scamp !)
 But with his foolishness he makes me smile.
 As he grows older he'll grow more discreet.
 ('Tis time to have your supper ? So it is !)
 And for mine, too, I think—and so, good night ! ”

So the old curate lifts his hat and smiles,
 And shakes his cane at Spitz, and walks away,
 A little stiff with age, but strong and hale,
 While Spitz whirls round and round before his path,
 With volleys of sharp barks, as on they go.
 And so Good night ! you good old man,—good night !
 With your child's heart, despite your eighty years.
 I do not ask or care what is your creed—
 Your heart is simple, honest, without guile,
 Large in its open charity, and prompt
 To help your fellow-men,—on such as you,
 Whatever be your creed, God's blessing lies.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART XII.

THE FIGHT OVER THE WAY.

LUDWIG TIECK has a story of a visit he once made to a madhouse, where he saw two of the inmates engaged at chess. Struck by what he imagined to be a strange instance of intellectual activity in persons so bereaved, he drew nigh to watch the game. What was his surprise, however, to perceive, that though they moved the pieces about the board at random—castles sidling along like bishops, and bishops playing leap-frog over knights—their intentness and eagerness all the while were fully equal to what real players might have exhibited. At last one cried out "Check!" not that there was the slightest ground for the imputation, but he said it boldly and defiantly. The other, in evident trepidation, considered for a while, and moved. "Check!" reiterated the former; and once more did the assailed man attempt to escape. "Check-mate!" exclaimed the first; and held up his hands in triumphant exultation; while the other, overwhelmed by his disaster, tore his hair, and gave way to the most extravagant grief. After a while, however, they replaced the pieces, and began once more, doubtless to renew the same mock struggle and mock victory; the joy of the conqueror, and the sorrow of the conquered, being, however, just as real as though the contest had engaged the highest faculties that ever were employed in the game.

Now, does not this immensely resemble what we are witnessing this moment in America? There are the two madmen engaged in a struggle, not one single rule nor maxim of which they comprehend. Moving cavalry like infantry, artillery like a waggon-train, violating every prin-

ciple of the game, till at length one cries Checkmate; and the other, accepting the defeat that is claimed against him, deploras his mishap, and sets to work for another contest.

At Bull's Run the word "c'eck" almost began the game. Later on they played out a little longer, but now, they usually clear the board of a large number of the pieces before either asserts he has conquered. So far as results go, everything is pretty much the same as if they had been consummate players.

If it were not that the stake on the issue is the greatest that men can play for on earth, I doubt much if War would ever have held that high position men assign it. As a mere game, its inferiority to many other games is striking enough. It is not merely that the moves are few and the combinations limited, but that the varying nature of the material it is played with will always prove a source of difficulty, and a great barrier against all exactitude. Imagine a game of chess where the pieces would have a volition—where your castle might lie down or your pawn refuse to advance—where a panic would seize your knights, or your bishops object to stand their ground—and you have at once an image of actual war.

It is this simplicity in the art of war, doubtless, that has led these people to believe that there is nothing in it at all—that its rules are voluntary, and its laws optional; for how otherwise should we see dry-goods men converted into generals, and country attorneys into brigadiers? There is not one of these men who unhesitatingly assumes the command of a corps or a divi-

sion, who would sit down to a round game, at a high stake, which he had never seen played in his life. He would modestly own that he did not understand it—that he had never even witnessed it before. Not so with war; there, all is so easy, uncomplicated, and simple, that any one who ever mixed a julep can lead an army.

Like Tieck's chess-players, then, they have made a game of their own, and it must be owned there is no lack of earnestness in the way they play it. They sweep off the pieces with a high hand, and they make a clearance on the board just as boldly as though they were all Philidors. Now Tieck remarks, if these men had been playing a real game, wherein certain rules should have been observed, and certain obligations complied with, their weariness would have obliged them to desist long before they did so here. The brain would not have sustained such incessant calls upon it, and the man would have needed rest; and such, I opine, is the reason of the continuance of the struggle we are now witnessing. Each plays as he likes, takes what he likes, and goes where he likes. The game has no laws, and there is nothing to be learned. Any one can cut in that pleases—cut out, too, when he's sick of it.

Looking to this fact, nothing can be more unfair than any preference accorded to this man over that. Why Sherman before Meade, or Grant before McClellan? Surely the game Tieck tells of could have been played by the whole asylum.

Just, however, as I feel assured, nobody who ever played chess would have dignified with that name the strange performance of the madmen, so am I convinced that none would call this struggle a war. It is a fight—a very big fight, if you will, and a very hard fight, too, but not war. They go at it with a will. That pacific creature, Paddy, insures a considerable amount of activity in the pastime. Its very irre-

gularity pleases him. It is a sort of gigantic Donnybrook, with oceans of broken heads and unlimited whisky; and, like Donnybrook, nobody knows what he is fighting for, or cares either.

Such a millennium of mischief poor Pat never dreamed of in his most exalted moments. To have a row ready for him at his landing, and to be paid for fighting, is an amount of beatitude that he can scarcely realise.

I own I attribute a great deal of the persistency with which the conflict is carried on to this element, making a row a career—converting a fight into a livelihood.

Another cause also contributed not a little to the continuance of this struggle—the immense notoriety it has attracted throughout the world to America and the Americans. These people, for the first time in their lives, found themselves an object of European interest. Up to this they had been little known as a people at this side of the Atlantic. A rare ingenuity in mechanical invention, and a very curious taste in drinks, had certainly been associated with their name; but beyond gun-stocks and gin juleps, sherry cobblers and India-rubber boots, they had not been supposed to have conferred much on humanity. To become suddenly famous as a great military nation was then an immense bribe to national vanity. Hitherto it was their boast to consume more *pâté de foie gras*, more champagne, and more Parisian finery, than any other people; but what if they could rival France in glory as well as gluttony.

Their pride was ever in a certain vastness which implied greatness. They had the biggest rivers, the biggest corn-fields, the biggest forests, and why not the biggest battles and the biggest debt?

Now, I am much disposed to believe that these people would have made peace long ago if we had not given them so much of our atten-

tion and our interest. If, instead of sending out our own graphic correspondent to describe, and our artist to draw them, we had treated the whole as a vulgar commonplace row, from which there was no one useful lesson to be learned, moral or military:—had we ignored them in our journals and forgotten them in our leaders—had the public speakers of our platforms omitted all their dreary lamentations over “fratricidal conflict” and “decimating war,” my conviction is, the combatants would have been chewing the cud of peace together two years since.

You made a ring for them, and what could they do but fight? You backed this one against that, and they went in with a will, only too proud to attract so respectable an audience, and be a matter of notoriety to such a well-dressed company. Had you really been sincere you would have turned your backs on the performance. Had you felt half the horror you pretend, you would have gone home and declared the sight too disgusting to look on. You would have had neither words of encouragement nor rebuke—neither carresses nor censures—which could only be provocatives in either case. Had you been simply **HONEST**, you would have said—this is not War, nor are these soldiers; but if these people imagine that their undisciplined valour is to inaugurate a new era in military science, they will go on slaughtering each other for half a century. Let us show them we are not of their mind, and they will come to their senses. Why, the very mockery of the names they apply to their generals discloses the whole nature of the imposition. The young Napoleon McClellan! The Desaix this—the Wellington that—what are all these but the confessions of a rivalry that has long galled them? They would re-enact

with native performers the grand battle-pieces of the First Empire; and just as all their splendour and luxury are an imitation of Old World extravagance, so would they make even their glory a travestie of the French article.

“Ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius;” and so you cannot make marshals of France out of drab-coated Philadelphians or pedantic Bostonians, no more than you can make the very names of their battle-fields ring in verse.

Think of Rancocas, Little Lick, Spottsylvania, and Funksville, and ask a Yankee laureate to commemorate them. What are poets to do with Murfreesborough, and Bull’s Run, and Orange Court-House, redolent as they are of “liquoring up” and the tobacco quid?

In the report of a Mansion-House speech of Lord Palmerston’s, just before me, I see that his Lordship says he “trusts human nature will not long permit the deadly and disastrous strife to continue.” Now I am ready to concede a much larger knowledge to the noble Viscount, as to what human nature is capable of, than any I myself possess; but to what section of human nature he refers, and to what precise action it is to take in the premises, I confess I am ignorant. There is a very considerable element of “human nature” engaged in this same strife, and a much larger one outside even more interested in its continuance. How Lord Palmerston’s other friends in “human nature” are to interfere, I am curious to know. Perhaps, as ladies say about mechanics, “it can be done somehow with a spring;” so his Lordship may vaguely ascribe the same unlimited resources to this agent. If so, I yield the point, and am quite ready to believe that the American conflict will cease whenever “human nature” has had enough of it.

TRAVESTIES.

Travelled reader, have you ever been in the little German city of Hesse-Cassel? If you have, and if you have gone to the theatre there, you could not have failed to be struck by the unusual splendour of the costumes. They are not, it is true, quite so fresh as they once were, but there is in their actual value and richness what more than compensates for a little decline of splendour. The gold is gold, the velvet is of the richest pile of Lyons or Genoa, the lace is Valenciennes or "point de Bruxelles," the tassel that hangs from the sword-hilt is bullion as honest as that worn by a marshal of France. In a word, whatever delusions may be practised elsewhere there are none about the costumes, and the fall of antique *guipure* that covers the cavalier's boot, or the plume that droops from his hat, might have been the wear of the proudest Reichsgraf of the Empire.

I have no desire to torment your ingenuity to explain this strange circumstance. I will tell you at once how it occurred. There was once on a time a certain Emperor of the French called Napoleon, who invented kings pretty much as other monarchs used to cure the evil—by royal touch; and amongst these he once made a king of Westphalia—a kind-hearted, amiable, and rather fanciful sort of gentleman, whose pleasure it was to imagine himself descended from a long line of royal ancestry; and not being exactly able to demonstrate this fact he hit upon an expedient—it almost sounds like a "bull" in action—to appear ancient, by dressing up all his court in medieval style; and as he could not throw his family into antiquity, he put himself and all about him into the clothes they wore; and so, in the century we now live in, he figured about in a slashed doublet and hose, a slouched hat, and a short cloak, that might have

been the pink of fashion in the year 1600.

It was a very harmless folly, and it encouraged trade, and so his subjects liked it; and I have no doubt that it made him then and there a far more popular monarch than if he had passed his nights over a Reform Bill, a Habeas Corpus Act, or any other of these blessings, for the possession of which we deem ourselves models for the imitation of all humanity.

While, therefore, his great brother was making war, this prince masqueraded, and, as the event proved, just as profitably; for the same disaster that robbed the one of his throne, despoiled the other of his wardrobe.

The restored princes were not very remarkable either for generosity or nobility of sentiment; when the tide of fortune had turned in their favour, some of them had short memories, and forgot their friends; but there were others still worse—they had wonderful memories, and recollected all their enemies. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel was one of these; he did a variety of small and spiteful acts, and amongst them he decreed that he would only grant a concession to the proprietor of the Hof-theatre to open his house, on the distinct condition that he dressed his entire company in the costumes of the late court, which were then on sale. Of course it was a very hard bargain to a man who would no more have thought of dressing his characters in real sables and satin, than of actually killing outright the villain of the piece. There was, however, no help for it. Needs must, says the adage, with a certain coachman on the box; and hence it came about, that they who witness Don Carlos, or Cabal und Liebe, on the Cassel stage, may actually imagine themselves at an entertainment given by the King of Westphalia; and that the supernu-

meraries, at fourpence a-night, are all gentlemen of the bedchamber, and sticks, gold or silver.

To such base uses do we come at last! I have seen some very sad and some very strange vicissitudes of this kind: one occurs to me as I write, with a queer, sad significance. There is at this day and this hour, in the lunatic hospital of Dublin—Swift's—a double significance in that fact,—a carved oak bench, massive and portly, on which the madmen sit and chat, and this was one of the Peers' benches in the Irish House of Lords, and on this very bench where these lunatics are now sitting, sat certain predecessors of theirs—I'll not be rude—and voted the "Union."

But so goes the world, and so it ought to go, nor should the lesson be lost upon us; with regard to these things, we make our idols, which become lumber in a second generation, and firewood in a third. What led me to think of these matters was neither the King of Westphalia, nor Swift's hospital. It was an account I read the other day in a newspaper, of a certain clergyman of the Established Church, whose pleasure it is to dress in the most unseemly, unwholesome, and uncleanly of all costumes—the Friar's, and to call himself Father Ignatius. That any man with a dislike to brown Windsor, and a taste for absurdity, should desire to indulge these leanings, is not very important. There are thirty-two millions of us, and we can reasonably spare a few fools. What I object to is, that a nation which assumes to take the lead in modern civilisation, and which, with reason, asserts the claim to the purest form of religious belief, should, at the very moment when all Catholic Europe cries aloud against the iniquities of the Papal system and the corruptions of Rome—should, I say, take that very moment to offer sanctuary to the bigotry of that Church, multiply its religious foundations, circulate

its doctrines, and, worse even than these, standing within the pale of a purer faith, mimic its maquerade absurdities, and imitate its fantastic forms.

Is it probable, I ask, that in an age when chemistry and metallurgy are understood as they now are, a joint-stock company could be formed to discover the philosopher's stone? And it is precisely in the face of all modern investigation, when the treacheries of Rome have met their widest and fullest refutation, her mock miracles been exposed, her cruelties unmasked, that these men come forward with all the mummerly of an absurd dress, to tell us that we must go back centuries for our civilisation, and revert to habits and ways which can only be palliated on the plea of a hard necessity and a rough era.

Is it when Rome will be no longer tolerated by Catholic Europe—is it when kidnapped children and hired assassins are the objects of interest to cardinals and monsignori—when every corruption of all the bad governments on earth are massed into one system—when tyranny is not satisfied with common cruelties, but seeks to sow the poison of distrust, suspicion, and dislike through the channels of private life—when men have come to see, in fact, that with such a Church in action all liberty is vain, all the gains of freedom nugatory,—is it then, I ask, England is to say, "Come to me—you are too cruel for Italy, too coarse for France; your practices outrage even patient and long-enduring Germany; but I'll receive you!"

The countries which have endured you for centuries, and into whose institutions you have wound yourself so craftily, that to detach you from the stones is to threaten the edifice, will endure you no longer; at any sacrifice and at any peril you must be got rid of. No matter, come to us, we are a very tolerant people—we are intensely un-suspicious. Our self-importance, indeed,

disarms our suspicion, for we think ourselves too great and too rich and too powerful to be attacked by any one. "What!" cries John Bull, "am I to be frightened because a few grimy monks and ill-favoured old damsels, in unbecoming head-gear, come and settle here? Let them come, by all means—let them raise their monasteries and build their chapels—what can all their efforts do in the midst of our glorious institutions, our free press, and our ever-coming Reform Bill?" Be it so, with all my heart. But these lazy, lounging humbugs are not so harmless as their sloth, their dirt, and their indolence would bespeak them. They now and then get a footing in families. There is something in their abject humility—I cannot say what—that women like. They insinuate their doctrines in the very act of their mendicancy, and when taking the housewife's potatoes, give back some of their own poison. A very steady, though not strong, propagand is in progress amongst you, and if it give you serious trouble one day, you have but yourselves to blame. At all events—I am here only digressing—but, at all events, suffer no deserters to stand in your ranks, outraging your discipline, and calumniating your organisation.

This Father Ignatius—this man of the ragged raiment and bare feet—assumes to belong to your Church. Now, in what state of discipline does that Church exist if a grotesque mummer is to stand within its pale, and, by his very presence, profane its ordinances? Are these evils incurable, or are bishops only too lax or too indifferent to repress them? With whom the fault? If Lynch law were to

become popular, Barons of the Exchequer would have to look to it. The public would certainly not do the work, and pay others for standing idle. Let the Church take the lesson. If absurd pantomimists of religion are left to be dealt with by the people, there may come the question, what do we want with the bishops?

When the haughty demand was once made to a Pope, on showing him the mailed armour worn by one of his bishops, "Is this your son's coat or not?" the claim to the militant churchman had to be abandoned; and I should much like to ask his Grace of Canterbury since when has dirt become a Protestant ordinance? which of the articles forbids soap? and where is the rubric that enjoins a minister of the Church to make himself the laughing-stock of the gay, and the grief and shame of the serious?

If this man's opinions, his mode of life, his outward show, be in conformity with the Church, say so: it will be matter of great comfort to some unwashed and unkempt thousands abroad, whom foreign Governments are hunting out of their territories as so many vermin, to know that free and enlightened England cherishes and invites them.

Statesmen have often remarked, that the mother country has frequently shown herself more tolerant than the colonies. Here is an instance at once in point:—Australia demurs to receive convicts at the very moment that England offers a welcome to mohaired monks and barefooted Benedictines. If I were a statesman, I'd offer a compromise: I would send the friars to Swan River, and keep our native scoundrels at home.

ABOUT DOCTORS.

I read in the French papers, under the heading "Interesting to Physicians," that a Doctor has been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for

having divulged the malady of a patient, and in this way occasioned him heavy injury.

Without for a moment question-

ing the justice of this conviction, it appears to me a curious trait of our age and manners that such a case should ever have come to trial at all. That we make our revelations to the Doctor under the seal of secrecy, is intelligible enough; but that the law should confirm the bond is, I own, something new to me. In the honourable confidence between the Doctor and his patient I have never recognised anything beyond the truthfulness so essential to a beneficial result. The Doctor seeks to cure, and the patient to be cured, and for this reason all concealment that might mar or impede this end would be foolish and injurious; and it is not easy to imagine any amount of *amour propre* that would peril health—perhaps life—for the mere gratification of its peculiar vanity. The French Code, however, takes care that this question should not be left to a mere mutual understanding, but actually places the Doctor in the position of a Confessor, who is bound under no circumstances to divulge the revelations that are made to him.

It is certainly a proud thought to feel that in the class and status of our medical men in England we have a security far stronger than a statute could confer. I cannot call to mind a single case where a complaint of this kind has been heard,—and all from the simple fact, that with us Doctors were gentlemen before they were physicians, and never forgot to be so after.

It is not perhaps the loftiest, but it is the most practical way to put the point—that in the market-price of any commodity we have the truest estimate of its value. Now, between the Doctor whose fee is a guinea and him whose honorarium is two francs, there is an interval in social position represented by that between the two sums. The one, so far as culture, habits, tone of thought, and manners go, is the equal of any he visits; the other is—

very often at least—about as well bred as your valet.

The one is a gentleman, with whom all intercourse is easy and unconstrained; the other a sort of hybrid very often between cultivation and savagery, with whom it is not easy to say how you are to treat, and who is by no means unlikely to misinterpret every revelation of habits totally unlike all that he is himself accustomed to.

Now there can be no over-estimating the value of a congenial Doctor. Instead of dreading the hour of the visit, picturing it to our minds as the interval of increased suffering and annoyance, to feel it as the sunny spot of our day—the pleasantest break in the long languor of the sick-bed—is a marvellous benefit.

This, I am bold to say, is essentially to be found in England above all other countries. George IV., who was a consummate tactician in conversation,—all the disparaging estimates of him that have been formed—and some of them I firmly believe to have been unfair—have never denied him this gift,—used to say that Doctors were essentially the pleasantest talkers he had ever met. They have that happy blending of knowledge of actual life with book-learning, which makes them thorough men of the world, without the unpleasing asperity that pertains to those who have bought their experiences too dearly. For, be it remembered, few men see more of the best side of human nature than the Doctor; and it is an unspeakable advantage to get an insight into the secrets of the heart, and yet not to have attached any stain to one's self in the pursuit, and even while investigating a moral pestilence, never to have risked the perils of a contagion.

If it were not that I should be incurring in another form the very defect from whose taint I believe Doctors to be exempt, I could tell some curious instances in which the physician obtained knowledge of in-

tentions and projects in the minds of great statesmen, of which they had not at the time fully determined, but were actually canvassing and balancing—weighing the benefit and counting the cost—and one syllable about which they had never dropped to a colleague.

What a benefit is it to have a body of men like this in a country where political action is so easy to discount into gold, and where the certainty of this enactment or the repeal of that could resolve itself into fortune to-morrow! Nor is it small praise to a profession when we can say that what in other lands is guarded by legal enactment, and fenced by the protection of the tribunals, can be, and is, in our country, left to the honourable feeling and right-hearted spirit of true gentlemen.

There is another service Doctors have rendered society, and I declare I have never found it either acknowledged or recognised. Of all men, there are none so vigilantly on the watch to protect the public from that pestilence of humbug and deceit which, whether it call itself spiritualism, mesmeric agency, clairvoyance, or any other fashionable trickery of the day, has now resolved itself into a career, and has assumed all the outward signs and dignities of a profession.

To all these the Doctor is the sworn foe, and very frequently to his personal detriment and loss. Who has not heard at the dinner-table or the fireside the most outrageous assertions of phenomena, alleged to be perfectly in accordance with natural laws, but of which experience only records one instance or two perhaps in five or six centuries, met by the calm wisdom of the physician, the one man present, perhaps, able to explain the apparent miracle, or refute the palpable absurdity? It has been more than once my own fortune to have witnessed such controversy, and I have never done so without a sense of gratitude that

there were disseminated throughout every walk of our social systems these upright and honest guardians of truth.

It would be a very curious and a very subtle subject for inquiry, to investigate the share of the Doctors in the political education of society. The men who go everywhere, mix with all ranks and gradations of men, talk with each of them on the topics of the day, learning how class and condition influence opinions and modify judgment, must gain an immense insight into the applicability of any measure, and of its bearing on the different gradations of society. With this knowledge, too, they must be able to disseminate their own ideas with considerable power, and enforce their own opinions by arguments derived from various sources, doing these things, not through the weight and power of a blind obedience, as the priest might, but by force of reason, by the exercise of a cultivated understanding aided by especial opportunity. If I were a statesman, I would cultivate these men. I say this in no sense that implies corruption, but I would regard them as an immense agency in the government of mankind; and I would take especial pains to learn their sentiments on measures which touch the social relations of the world, and secure, so far as I might, their honourable aid and co-operation.

They have replaced the Priest in that peculiar confidence men accord to those who are theirs, not by blood or kindred, but by the operation of that mysterious relationship that unites relief to suffering.

I say, again, I would cultivate the Doctors. They see more, hear more, and know more than other men, and it would be my task to make them the channels of opinion on the interesting topics of the day, by extending to them the amplest confidence and the freest access to information.

I would open to them every avenue to the truth, every access to

the formation of correct judgment, and leave the working of the system—and leave it with all confidence—to what I believe and assert to be, their unimpeachable honour and integrity.

ON CERTAIN DROLL PEOPLE.

I wish there was a society for the suppression of our droll people. Don't mistake me: I do not mean veritable wits—men of infinite jest, gossip, and humour—but the so-called drolls, who say dry things in a dry voice, relate stories dramatically, give imitations, and occasionally sing songs. Most cities have three or four of these, and drearier adjuncts to social stupidity I know not. First of all, these creatures have their entertainments as "cut and dried" as any stage-player. There is nothing spontaneous, nothing of *à propos*, about them. What they say or sing has been written for them, or by them, it matters not which; and in the very fact that they can go on repeating it for years, you have the measure of their capacity and their taste.

I suspect that the institution is an English one—at least, I cannot at this moment remember having ever met one of these people either German, French, Italian, or Spanish. No other nation, I am certain, would endure the infliction but our own. It must be to a people hopelessly unable to amuse themselves, longing for some pastime without knowing what it should be, and trained to believe the *Adelphi* or the *Strand* amusing, that these insufferable bores could possibly be welcome.

Our English attempts at fun are, like our efforts at statuary, very ungainly and awkward, and only productive of laughter and ridicule. We are a dry, grave, occasionally humorous people, and so intently bent on the practical, that we require an illustration to be as efficient as the thing it typifies—that is, we want the shadow to be as good flesh and bone as the substance. Our droll is therefore a great boon to us; "he makes me

laugh" is an expression compounded of three parts self-esteem and one part contempt. It is the last word of the helplessness of him who never yet amused any one, and has yet an expression of disparagement for the effort made to interest himself. Yet is the droll in request. Without him how is the dreary evening party to be carried through? How is that hour to be reached when it is meet for people to say "good-night," without any show of the weariness that weighs on them?

How are the incongruous elements of society to be amalgamated without this reconciling ingredient, who, at least, inspires one sentiment in common amongst them—a sincere contempt for himself? We have agreed in England that the man who condescends to please us must be more or less of an adventurer. Nobody with any honest calling or decent means of livelihood would think of being amusing. From this axiom it comes that the drolls are ever taken from the hopeless categories of mankind; and thus in the same spirit with which we give all the good music to the devil, we devote the profession of wit to the poorest intelligences amongst us. Drolls are therefore depreciated—depreciated, but cultivated. Our tone is, have them and maltreat them. Now, I wonder what would take place in Great Britain if the drolls were to combine and strike work—declare that they knew their social claims, and felt their own importance—that until some more liberal treatment should be secured them by law, not another joke should be uttered, not the shadow of a *bon mot* be detected. Dinners, *déjeuners*, picnics, and routs, might go on, with what material resources cookery, confection-

ery, and a cellar could provide, but as regards the most ethereal elements there would be a famine. Why, dancing without music would be nothing to it. The company might just as well try to be their own orchestra as their own jester. And is not this a most humiliating avowal! Here you are, a party, let us say, of sixteen souls ranged round a dinner-table. You are well fed and well ministered to, and yet somehow the thing flags. The talk is *per saltum*—broken and in jets; there is no movement, no *ensemble*, for somehow you want the hardihood of a certain social adventurer, who will “go in” recklessly to assert something, contradict something, or explain something, with a dash of indifference as to consequences that will inspire the rest with some of his own hardihood. The great thing is to shock Mrs. Grundy; till that be done, her sway is indisputable. This man is quite prepared for such a service. He has a shot that will startle her; he has a story that will stun her. Now, I ask, where, out of the professional ranks, are you to meet with these qualities? and if you really want them—if they be a requirement of your age and your social system, why—I ask again—why not have them of the best? why not secure the good article, instead of putting up with the poor counterfeit? It is for this reason I say, suppress your present drolls, and make a profession of it.

There may come an age in which lawyers will defend prisoners without a fee, and physicians go forth to cure the sick unrewarded. In such a glorious millennium, droll people will doubtless be found ready to be witty without being fed. Till this blessed time shall arrive, however, let us provide for human wants with human foresight. Our age is a hard-pressed, over-worked age. We come daily to our homes jaded, wearied, and exhausted; our money seeking is a hard fight, and leaves us very tired towards the close of the day's battle. We find, then, that we need a re-

fresher after it—a sort of moral “schnaps”—that may rally us into that condition in which enjoyment becomes possible. To this end, therefore, do I say, let us not destroy our healthy appetite by a corrupted or adulterated liquor. Let, in fact, the wits who are to amuse us be really wits—no amateur performers, no dilettanti “Drolls,” but trained, tried, and approved practitioners—licentiates in humour, duly qualified to practise in the best society—men who would no more repeat a known anecdote than Francatelli would rehearse a cutlet. Trained in all the dialectics of the dinner-table, such men know the exact amount of talk that can be administered during a course; and, in their marvellous tact, are they able to regulate the discursive conversationalists around them, giving time and emphasis and accent, just as Costa imposes these qualities over an unruly orchestra.

It is an inconceivable mistake to commit the task of amusing to the book-writers. Men who are much versed in the world's affairs have really little time for reading—they read hastily, and judge imperfectly; we want, therefore, a society who shall disseminate the popular topics of the day—not carelessly or inaccurately, but neatly, appropriately, and exactly—able to condense a debate into the time of the soup, or give a sketch of a popular novel in the space of an *entrée*. What a savour and relish would such men impart to society! The mass of people talk very ill. They talk loosely—loosely as to fact, and more loosely as to expression. They mistake what they read, mistake what they hear, not from wilfulness, but out of that sloppy insipid carelessness which is assumed to be a feature of good-breeding—accuracy being to the men of fashion about as vulgar an attribute as haste or hurry. Now, the example of a professional talker will have great influence in suppressing this dreary inanity.

I know—I am well aware—that what I propose will be a deathblow to “haw-haw,” and a fatal injury to “you know;” but who regrets them? Is it not a generation which has grieved us long enough? Have they not lowered the national credit for pleantry to the verge of bankruptcy? Are we not come to that pass that we must repudiate our droll people, or consent to be deemed the stupidest nation in Christendom?

Add to the Civil Service Com-

mission, then, an examination for diners-out. Make a pursuit, a regular career, of the practice, and see what abilities and what excellences you will attract to it. Abandoning conversation to pretenders, is like leaving medicine to the quacks or theology to the street-preachers. I have seen a deal of life, and you may take my word for it, amateurs never attain any high excellence, except it be in wickedness!

A HINT TO POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTORS.

The French have an adage, that “*tous les goûts sont respectables*,” which must be a great comfort to many people, but to none that I know of more than that innocent section of mankind who make it their business to collect postage-stamps. What these people of much leisure and little ingenuity mean by it I never could make out! Have they discovered any subtle acid, any cunning process, by which the stamp of disqualification can be effaced, and are they enabled to cheat the Treasury by a reissue? This would be a grave impugment of their honesty, it is true; but while thus accusing their hearts it would vindicate their heads.

They might, perhaps, have heard of that famous Dutch doctor who made a great fortune by buying up all the sick and disabled negroes in the West Indies, and, having cured, resold them, very often to their former masters, who never recognised, in the plump and grinning Sambo, the wretched object he had “cast” a few months before and sold off as a screw. Though the philanthropic portion of this device—and it is the gem of its virtue—could not certainly be applied to the postage-stamp question, all the profitable elements offer a great similarity. With even my very limited knowledge of these collectors, however, I am far from imputing to them such intentions. I am certain that the pursuit is a most

harmless one, and if I cannot vindicate it on higher grounds, I am ready to maintain its innocence.

Let me, however, ask, What is meant by it? Is it the intention to establish a cheap portrait-gallery of living princes and rulers? Is it to obtain, at a minimum cost, the correct face and features of the men who sway the destinies of their fellow-men? If so, the coinage, even in its basest form, would be infinitely preferable. The most battered penny that ever was bartered for a gill of blue ruin is better as a medallion than is the smudged and semi-glutinous bit of dirty stamp as a print. But, I ask, whose face, amongst all the kings and kaisers, do we want to know better or more intimately than we have them in “Punch?”

If you want living resemblances, there is a “Commissioner” every day at Whitehall the very image of Victor Emmanuel; and as for Louis Napoleon, I’ll show you six French Emperors any day you please, within ten minutes, in Holywell Street. Would you desire the Queen of Spain?—but let us not be ungallant. And now, again, I say, what curiosity can any reasonable being have to possess the commonplace effigies of the most commonplace-looking people in Europe?

If this postage-stamp mania were instructive in any way—were it even suggestive—I could understand it; but it seems to me the

very bleakest pursuit that ever engaged dreary heads and gummy fingers.

Had these stamps borne some heraldic device, for instance, it might have been in a certain small way contributory to a knowledge of national distinctions; and on seeing that the Belgian emblem was, like the English, a Lion, one might have appreciated the difference by remembering that the former always carries "his tail between his legs."

In the same way the double-headed eagle of Austria might seem to emblematised a certain duplicity in policy that an ungenerous public is so apt to attribute to that empire. But, I say, there are no such lessons for us. These scraps of blurred and adhesive nastiness display nothing but a gallery of European ugliness, which we are only reconciled to by remembering that they are obliged to intermarry.

But once more: if the object be to have some reminder of mighty potentates and powers, why not hit upon something more characteristic and more distinctive than this? And easy to do so. Is it not certain that all sovereigns, however little use of them they may make, occasionally wear shoes and boots? Why not make a collection of the old ones when they are cast-offs? I take it that even that thrifty prince the ex-Duke of Modena, does not go beyond twice soling and vamping, and that something must remain, which, if not available for a march, might be useful in a museum.

Surely Louis Napoleon must have many pairs besides those he gives to Victor Emmanuel; and imagine what a treasure would be one of the Pope's old slippers, sanctified by the countless kisses of true believers! Think of the pride of a collector in showing the jack-boot with which the Emperor Nicholas kicked one of his marshals; or the shoes in which President Lincoln ran away from Washington when he heard of Lee's advance! And

should we descend to smaller "deer" and extend the collection to great celebrities, it might be curious to have a sight of that pair of Lord Russell's "high-lows" which Mr. Disraeli tried on in '59, and found he couldn't walk in.

In a word, shoes might be eminently suggestive, and there is no end to the speculation one would be led into by a critical examination of the wearer's mode of walking—whether he went gingerly on his toes like the French Emperor, stamped like a Czar, or shuffled like his Holiness.

In the King of Prussia's case we should, I am certain, find that he had occasionally got his "Bluchers" on the wrong foot, and that Victor Emmanuel's progress was considerably impeded by his attempts to wear some pairs that were ordered for the Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples, and even a pair of satin slippers of the Princess of Parma's.

Nor would it be without its lesson to mark that, when in Poland, the Austrian Emperor never wore any but Russia leather.

Interesting, too, to see that pair of strong shoes the King of Italy ordered when he was thinking of walking to Rome, but which he countermanded when he found he should not go farther than Florence.

These, I say, would teach us something; and if there be sermons in stones, there might be homilies in shoes.

It is true every one could not so easily be a collector of these as of postage-stamps, but they could be photographed, and in this way made available to the million. For all purposes of interest, and as matter for conversation, how much better would they be than these shabby and unsuggestive scraps of dirty paper! The Sultan's slippers would be a chapter of the Arabian Nights at once; and I am only withheld, by my characteristic discretion, from hinting at what wondrous interiors we might catch a glimpse of by slipping on that pair of Spanish

boots with the red heels, and letting them lead our steps up certain backstairs in the Escorial.

But I trust I have said enough to show that a great mine of psychological investigation has yet to be

worked, and a most interesting museum to be formed, without entailing any heavy cost or charge, but simply bearing in mind the time-honoured apophthegm, that there is "nothing like leather."

THE PEOPLE WHO COME LATE.

Will any one tell me who are the people who habitually come late to dinner? Are they merely erratic, abnormal instances, or are they, as I opine, a class? Any treatment that we may adopt towards them should mainly depend on to which category they belong.

While Thuggee prevailed in India, it was a considerable time before it was ascertained that men were banded together for assassination. It seemed so horrible, that nothing short of an overwhelming conviction would have induced one to accept it as a fact. At last, however, the whole organisation was revealed, and it was shown that men were led into this fearful compact, not through menace or threat, but of their own free will, and actually, at times, with a zeal and eagerness that savoured of insanity. Now, I am curious to know if our social destroyers be Thugs. Are they members of a secret society banded together to interfere with human happiness, and render what ought to be the pleasantest portion of our lives, periods of anxiety, irritation, and discomfort?

I have given the matter much consideration, for I have been taught some cruel experiences of its hardships, and I incline to believe that these men are really a distinct section of society—that they regard life from the same point of view, take the same estimate of their own social claims, and almost invariably adopt the same tactics in their dealings with the world.

The story of Alcibiades and his dog has another reading from that usually accorded it. When that clever man upon town cut a piece off his dog's tail to divert the scandal-

mongers of Athens from attending to his more serious derelictions, he showed how thoroughly he understood the fact, that men of eminence will ever be exposed to the libellous tongues of the smaller people around them, and that it is a wise policy to throw out for them some bait, in the pursuit of which they may lose sight of more important booty.

But there are folk who have no resemblance whatever to Alcibiades—who are neither clever, nor witty, nor genial, nor amusing; and when *they* cut an inch off their dog's tail, they do it simply and purely that, by this small singularity, they may attract to themselves a degree of notice which nothing in their lives or characters could possibly warrant; they do it that they may be in men's mouths for a passing moment, and enjoy the notoriety they imagine to be fame.

It is to this category your late man belongs. He calculates coolly on the ills his want of punctuality produces—the vexation, the dreariness, the *ennui*. He ponders over the irritation of the host and weariness of the guests; he feels that he has driven a cook to the verge of despair, and made an intended pleasure a positive penalty; he knows well how he will be canvassed by the company, his merits weighed, and his claims discussed, and that the "finding" will not be the decision of an over-favourable jury; and yet is he repaid for all the censure and detraction that await him—for every question as to his status and every doubt of his capacity—by the single fact that he has made himself important. Great crimes have been committed through no other incen-

tive than the insensate passion for notoriety, and it is the self-same desire of small minds that leads to the offence I stigmatise. These creatures, unable to amuse, incapable to interest, without even one of the qualities that have an attraction for society, are still able, by merely interfering with the pleasure of others, to make themselves remembered and noteworthy.

That I am not unwarrantably severe on them, I appeal to all who either give dinners or eat those of their friends. To the former I ask, and ask confidently, Are not the people who keep you waiting almost invariably the least valued of your acquaintance? Is not the man who arrives late, the man who need not arrive at all? Has the creature who has destroyed the fish and ruined the *entrée*, one, even one, quality to indemnify you for the damage?

Take the late men of your acquaintance, and answer me, Have you ever met one of them able, by the charm of his converse or the captivation of his manners, to obliterate the memory of the dreary forty-five minutes your friends sat in the condemned cell of your drawing-room, longing for the last pang to be over?

If your experiences be happy in this respect, *mine* are not. I openly proclaim that my late men are the bores of my acquaintance. Tardy in coming, and drearier when they come, they open the curious question, whether one would be sorrier if they died, or more miserable that they are alive?

If any doubt could be entertained as to the studied intention of this practice, it is at once dispelled by the mode of the late man's *entrée*. It is not in the least like *his* approach whose coming has been delayed by some unfortunate mischance or some unforeseen casualty: there is no confusion, no eager anxiety to explain or apologise. Far from it: he makes a sort of triumphal entry, and, with chest protruded and head erect, declares the pride he feels in being of suffi-

cient consequence to have curdled the milk of human kindness in some dozen natures, and converted a meeting for pleasure into a penalty and a suffering.

Next to these in point of annoyance are they who send you their apologies an hour before your dinner, and they too are a class—a distinctly organised class. These people forget that in all dinners worth the name, the company are apportioned as carefully as the crew of a racing-boat, and you can no more add to than diminish their number. The quality of the "bow oar" cannot be transferred to "the stroke," nor can two be seated on one bench, or one place be left vacant. To destroy the symmetry of your dinner, the "trim," so to say, of the company, is a serious offence, and doubly so when committed with premeditation and malice aforethought; and yet there are people who do this, on the same calculation as the "Late comers," that they may enjoy the importance of being arraigned for their absence, and revel in the consciousness that the company they could not have charmed by their presence has been totally damped and dispirited by their absence—for so is it, nothing short of superhuman geniality can conquer the gloom of an empty place.

I remember once—it was a long time ago—a dinner in an Irish country house, of which an Archbishop was to have formed the great gun. Besides his Episcopal dignity he was a man of weight and influence, which gave him a standing in the country it behoved country members to look to. He was also a great horticulturist, and fond of country life and pursuits. Our host understood well all these varied claims, and took great pains to make his dinner-party of such material as might best consort with his great guest's humour. What, however, was his discomfiture to find that his Grace's chaplain arrived to make the Archbishop's apologies, and convey his sincere regret at some untoward impediment to the pro-

mised pleasure! He brought with him, however, an enormous gourd or pumpkin grown in the Episcopal hothouse; and this, with an air of well-assumed admiration, our host directed should be placed in the chair which his Grace ought to have occupied, directing to the comely vegetable much of his talk during the dinner; and when the time of coffee came, saying as they arose, "In all my experience of his Grace, I never knew him so agreeable as to-day."

We are not, however, all of us able to pay off, by a smart epigram like this, our dreary defaulters; and I own I feel a deep humiliation at the thought of how much pleasure, how much social enjoyment, how much actual happiness, is at the disposal of people who can contribute so wonderfully little to them all.

There is another feature of the case not to be entirely overlooked. In the deference you show by waiting for the late comer, or in your distress at the absence of him who comes not at all, your other guests fancy they detect some deep sense of obligation to the man who usurps so much of authority over you, and they infer at once that he is your patron or your protector, that he has lent you money or dragged you out of some awkward scrape or other, and that you are bound over, under the very heaviest recognisances, to treat him with all deference and respect.

I am certain that I have suffered once or twice in my life, if not oftener, from this unpleasant imputation, and it has obliged me to curtail my madeira at dinner lest I should be seized with an apoplexy.

In England, I believe, there is no hour for dinner. Your eight o'clock may be half-past, may be nine, perhaps ten; but abroad, over the Continent generally, the hour named is the hour really intended, and especially so at Embassies and Legations; so that the London *inconveniences* of arriving within three-quarters of an hour of the time is simply bad manners or ignorance.

I rejoice to say that the impertinence of the late man would meet no toleration there. Short of royalty, or something like its representative, none would be waited for; but still, to be peremptory in such matters, one must be a man of a certain mark or standing. The Minister can do with dignity what in the Secretary would be pedantry or pretension; and, in fact, in small things as well as in great, it is very pleasant to stand on a high rung of the ladder called life.

They who so stand have the law in their own hands; and I own I rejoice whenever I witness its severe administration, and mark the shame and confusion with which a late man shuffles to his place amongst the seated guests, and tries to cover by an apology that which he had planned to execute as a triumph.

We had an old Irish Chief-Baron once, whose practice it was to have the late arrivals shown into a room where a dessert was laid out, and informed that dinner was over, and the company had assembled in the drawing-room. In this way they might reflect over dried figs and filberts, and realise to their own conscience-stricken intelligences the enormity of the offence.

I may close this by a malapropos which once occurred to Lord Ponsonby, at Vienna. He was to dine at Prince Metternich's, but arrived by some mischance very late. There was, however, one more guest yet to come, Baron Seebach, the Saxon Minister, with whom the hostess was very intimate. She was exceedingly shortsighted; and as Lord Ponsonby came forward, not catching his name and believing him to be Seebach, she met him abruptly, and cried out, "Oh! vieux scélérat, pourquoi est-ce que vous venez si tard?" It need not be said what were the shame and confusion on either side.

I conclude now with the hope that if I have not made the late man punctual, I have at least persuaded his host that he ought not to wait for him.

LIFE IN AN ISLAND.

THIS island is not a desolate island, nor far from the boundaries of civilisation; neither is it one of the insulated fortresses which are more of man's making than God's. No position under heaven can be more glorious than that in which this rock reposes—"like a vessel eternally at anchor"—regarding from its lofty heights that bay which once in a lifetime intoxicates every man who looks upon it, and rouses even the most languid soul into a sense of beauty ineffable, and beyond description. It is Naples which lies in the depth of that wonderful bow, radiant in the sunshine. It is Vesuvius which rises in front of us, blue and splendid, now and then exhaling out of his burning bosom a deep breath that shows white against the sky like a man's breath in an English Christmas. That is Posillipo, the first break in the even arch of coast, which afterwards goes wavering out and in, as if, like the spectator, confused with so much loveliness, widening out at Baia, casting forth sweet headlands here and there to secure its possessions, finally stretching into the lower heaven of sea, the lingering Cape of Messina. Even there it seems the admiring earth cannot have enough of it, but, dropping Procida humbly by the shore, like an apology, goes out re-joining to another mountain-head, and there breaks off in a climax, unable to exert herself further. All this we have in daily vision, uninterrupted, except by mists and clouds, which often add more beauty than they take away, from our island at the other arm of the bay. And not only this, but on the other side the noble Sorrento promontory, and the low shadowy coast yonder under Vesuvius, where Pompeii keeps funeral watch over her dead. If there is any nobler combination in the world, imagina-

tion, being overtaken, cannot conceive of it. This is what we contemplate from Capri in the blaze of the early summer, in its fresh morning tints, in its sunset splendours, in a grand apparel of cloud and storm, in ineffable fulness of peace. So that it is no common lot to begin with, to live thus suspended midway between heaven and the sea on this divine island, from which, if one's ears were but sharp enough, one might still hear out to seaward the terrible sweetness of the Siren's song.

The holiday travellers who traverse Switzerland in crowds, or who make an annual rush through Germany, have, in most cases, a different kind of reminiscences to record from those who linger about Italy—sometimes, it is true, out of pure love of the country, but oftener from sadder motives, in the languor that follows a great calamity, or the acuter misery which precedes one. Even the artist in his wanderings is distinct from the tourist—so that there is some excuse for the readiness with which everybody who has crossed the Alps records his experiences. Life is more leisurely over that great boundary-line, if not among the awakened Italians, at least among the English visitors, to whom, even at the utmost stretch of speed, it is impossible to *do* the country of art in a few weeks. The difference, indeed, between the tranquil incidents of Italian journeys, and the breathless bustle into which an astonished traveller drops of a sudden who comes over one of the Alpine passes the wrong way, and drops without any preparation into Zurich or Lucerne, or Geneva, is too remarkable not to strike the most casual observer. The crowd which rushed out of London yesterday, and has to rush back again to-morrow, is constantly thwarting its own endeavours to see everything

by its universal rush and bustle; and even more enlightened and intelligent travellers so far put themselves at a disadvantage that their thoughts and minds are still wholly occupied with their own country, and its news and ways, while they snatch a hurried glimpse of another—especially as that other is for them almost exclusively a “geographical expression,” a mass of mountains, passes, lakes, and glaciers, never made into recognisable human soil by any relationships between the inhabitants and the visitors beyond those of steady extortion on one side and violent oburgation on the other. Were it not that one is deterred from lively ridicule by a certain sense that one is liable in one’s own person to comment of the same amusing description, there is scarcely any exhibition of modern life more absurd than the aspect of an English party in the act of *doing* a famous point of view. Any attempt at enthusiasm under such awful circumstances is enough to compromise the character of the unhappy individual who commits it for half his life—and indeed the orthodox rule of behaviour on such occasions seems to demand that each of the company should confidentially express to some other his sense of the utter bore to which he is being subjected, and his profound conviction that fine scenery is a delusion. These were thy sentiments, dear countryman, on the heights of the Gemmi, on the sweetest August morning—thou whose accent breathed of Edinburgh, and who carriedst “W.S.” stamped all over thy substantial frame and jovial features. But the ineffable sickness which possessed thee for anything in the shape of a mountain by no means impaired thy relish for the distant glacier, which no one else of discreet years had ambition enough to scale; and the austere pathway grew pleasant when it became known to thee that ears not unacquainted with the gossip of thy beloved town were at hand to listen. And the shot is,

that to the critic who writes, the liveliest impression which remains of that marvellous pass is not of the lovely woodland ways in which it commences, nor of the wonderful desolation of the loftier heights, nor even of the dizzy slope of the descent towards Lenkerbad, bewildering to look at, and dangerous to tread, but of the two men who talked and walked and looked Edinburgh, who uttered gossip refreshing to hear, and were as easy to be identified as if they had carried the emblems of their profession, like the number of a regiment, on their dusty tourist-hats. Though the names of our dear compatriots are unknown to us, do not we cherish their cheerful recollection in our hearts? In fact, Switzerland is, as we have already said, a geographical expression to the wandering English—and, in addition, a place where people make acquaintance with their country-folks; for as for human features, unless Alpine horns, black velvet bodices, and wood-carvings may be regarded in that light, the country, as generally seen and understood, has none.

But it is otherwise on the other side of the Alps. There the *cortège* moves more slowly, the traveller lingers longer, and he is self-contained indeed who does not link himself somehow in human association with something Italian. This is all a long digression out of Capri, with which we started, but it is in accordance with the spirit of our argument to take time on the way. Capri lies in the blue Mediterranean, a kind of everlasting sentinel watching at the entrance of the Bay of Naples. The early sun rises upon us in the morning over the wild height of St. Angelo, on the Sorrento side, and Ischia lies full in his way to the west, and arranges for him a magnificent foreground for his final ceremony. But Ischia, and St. Angelo, and even the heights of our own island, though more imposing neighbours, are not nearly so ready

names upon our lips as are the melodious names of a crowd of good-natured, handsome people, who came pouring down the steep roads to give us the *bon viaggio* when we said farewell to Capri; for did not farewell to Capri mean farewell to a host of Marias mainly to be distinguished by secondary names—to Rosina the alert and skilful, to Carminello and Carminello's mother, to ugly Raffael, and honest Luigi, and Feliciello handy and handsome? Such are the kindly ties that link even a passing visitor to the dear Italian soil; and indeed, even to the most careless eye, the race in these regions is worth looking at. Capri is famed for beautiful women; that is to say, a certain number of years ago several English gentlemen, of various degrees, making the plunge in common, abandoned the usages of society and married Capriote girls, possessed of nothing but beauty—not even of those universal faculties which, according to Dogberry, come by nature. The result has been sufficiently successful in one case at least, where the hero has been rewarded by finding a notable and buxom housewife in the nymph of his choice. But since this holocaust of Englishmen occurred, it has been considered right to say that the Capri women are beautiful, an opinion enthusiastically indorsed by a recent traveller,* who describes the Capriote girls as resembling a procession of virgin queens. Such elevated expressions can scarcely be applied to our Marias, though among them ranks a family of three generations, as good an example of race and blood and handsome healthfulness as could be found in any class. Old Maria Frederica is seventy, she says. I fear—I very much fear—that Raffael, who is ugly as Satan, is the youngest of her sons; but the question has not been subjected to rigorous proof. She herself is

as handsome an old witch as any painter could wish for; a witch benevolent—if such a thing could be—a benign sibyl, who has taken divination and prophecy in hand in order to wish with authority all manner of good things to her *clientele*. No tints that can be described by ink, and few that the richer palette boasts, could express the rich ruddy russet brown, all lighted up and sweetened with the crimson of pure blood and perfect health, of this old woman's face; and to see her rushing up the long steep stony stairs—which are the popular substitute for roads in Capri—by the side of her donkey, not sparing to urge that reluctant animal into a trot if the little signorino wills it, is a sight to fill with envy many a man half her age. Next to her comes her daughter, Maria, with a baby in her arms, who is not Maria the third only because that name is already claimed by the smiling woman-girl, with heavy locks of black already twisted round the silver *spadella*, who holds the next place in the family, and wears, after a fresher and softer fashion, the same tints on her cheeks. The head-dress of the old Maria consists of a coloured handkerchief, tied on in a curious but most simple fashion, forming the tiniest twist of turban with three of its corners, and permitting the fourth to hang down behind, and veil her ancient parchment-coloured neck. Maria the second and Maria the third wear nothing but their hair, which is black as night, and reflects the blazing sunshine, of which neither seems to have any fear. This is the kind of beauty common in Capri—large black shining eyes, radiant with fun and good-humour, teeth a great deal whiter than pearls, and complexion such as it brightens one's pallor only to look at. But then such a glow, which is glorious in Capri against the living blue of the sea and the wonderful blaze of the sun,

* 'A Winter in the Two Sicilies,' by Julia Kavanagh.

make a different impression he subdued tones of an Eng-
drawing-room: and, on the
we fear the experiment of
ge is a doubtful one. But
great event of the past has
sen without its effect upon
opinion and female am-
in our island. The girls of
in distinction to those of
pri, the other village, which
w thousand feet nearer head
less liable to the incursions
Franks and Goths, are ma-
Feliciello says, and doubt-
has means of knowing. Ma-
—apt to conduct themselves
a mischievous unwarrantable
tiness, remembering the tri-
of their predecessors over
orestieri, and not unhopeful
h chances in their own per-

The maidens of Anacapri
less ambitious thoughts; and
is to be seen a certain Chiara,
na, little Clara, clearly nota-
mong her peers, with hair of
a colour and a head like an
e Venus, who might in a year
x, granting what is within to
de what is outside, be worth
sacrifice, if any young beauty
as—which is a proposition one
e permitted to doubt.

Capri men are not all like
llo; but out of our affection
r trusty guide we will let him
as their representative, though
mes from the Sorrento side.
llo's capital and stock-in-trade
s of three ponies and a wife.
the first he conducts the Fo-
i all over the island; and by
of the latter, a shrill and
animal of burden, conveys
aggae of the Signori, and
another trifle, up and down
eep and stony ways. If she
ot been singularly ill-favoured,
ght have been possible to feel
ain pity for Mrs. Feliciello;
at softer feeling was lost in
e of indignation to find the
woman in the island, a crea-
uninteresting that we never
earned her name, in lawful

possession of our handsome guide.
Alas! he was not perfect, though
he was charming. It was an inter-
ested marriage, our host informed
us gravely; not that the poor wo-
man possessed anything—but then
look at her arms! none of all her
compeers could carry such weights;
and Felice had done very well for
himself. His other property was
equally serviceable. A little white
pony, the sturdiest of his race, who
came from Ischia, and had doubtless
spent his baby days in that cognate
island, as he spends his maturity in
Capri, going up-stairs and down-
stairs, like the goose in the fable,
was the pride of Feliciello's heart.
Another of his steeds, whether by
means of its saddle, or of something
characteristic and individual in its
physiognomy, bore the most curious
resemblance to a dromedary which
was ever seen out of the Zoological
Gardens. The third was a fiery
courser, which, when—as occurred
at rare but precious intervals—a
level bit of road of twenty paces or
so was to be met with, could be
stimulated out of his ordinary com-
posed pace into a short and hard
trot. It was to this spirited and
majestical animal that Feliciello pre-
ferred his favourites, himself walk-
ing by the stirrup. Whether he
helped himself up the steep bits
of the road by means of the tail
I cannot affirm, but his assistant,
Pascarello, certainly did; and in-
deed, as a general rule, preferred
to direct the good old drome-
dary by means of that appendage.
With this attendance how many
hills have we climbed, and beguiled
how many languid hours!—over
roads narrow and stony, and of im-
perial date—the Roman roads that
once went through the world—but
here all interspersed with stairs,
and mostly hemmed in by walls,
over which came heavy and sweet
the breath of the orange-blossoms
which perfume the entire island;
past cottages all white and window-
less, with flat faintly-rounded roofs
that spoke of the East, and out up-

on the free hillside, where all the slopes were bristling with fantastic apparitions of vegetation, the quaint and hideous prickly pear. But howsoever the road went, it led always to some mount of vision, from which the strangers could look again upon those unparalleled coasts, the landscape which no poet's imagination could surpass, and of which even the guides were to a certain extent sensible, but in a reasonable way. "*Vedi Napoli, e mori*," in humble quotation of the proverb, said an English lady in a moment of enthusiasm. Feliciello stopped short by the stirrup, and Pascorello turned from his horse's tail. "But why, signora?" said the wondering Capriotes; perhaps because, seeing Naples every day, they felt no necessity for dying. With peasants, even when they are Italians, the sentimental stands but little chance. But they were not indifferent like the prosaic Swiss, to whom their mountains are a matter of trade. A gleam of triumph lighted up Feliciello's fine eyes, as he found out another and yet another point of view. He paused to look at it himself with a certain fondness, grateful, no doubt, to the loveliness of nature which got him his living; and the landscape was *morto bella* even to the least susceptible of the train.

It cannot be denied, however, that they speak very bad Italian in our island, if we may pause to say so, and change the *l* into *r* with ruthless roughness, not to speak of other barbarities. It would be vain to attempt to shake the popular conviction that Italian is the most musical and soft of languages, though practically our own opinion and experience go against this amiable fallacy; but the profoundest believer in its beauty would be startled to have a villanous "*Bash!*" thrown at him like a stone, instead of the gentle "*Basta*," which looks so well in print; and would find it hard to identify "*Ashpett*" with the liquid "*As-*

petta," which conveys its meaning in its very sound. Such eccentricities of popular diction are, however, common to all languages; but there is something especially characteristic in the Capriote affirmative, "*Niursi*," which combines respect and decision in one of the contractions dear to all Italians. "*Si, Signore*," sounds soft and yielding; but a woman who says "*Niursi*," is likely to know her mind and keep by her determination. The same abrupt affirmative is to be met with along the Sorrentine coast, but the Capriotes pique themselves a little on it as their own possession, and resent its use by any impertinent stranger. It is, as will be seen, a simple compound of the last syllable of *signor* with the universal *et*, according to the Italian usage of pronouncing the respectful title first; but the result is a response of the most distinct and uncompromising sound, more like a defiant negative than a soft and gentle Yes.

Those kind people of whom we have been speaking are not badly off in their way, though there are not above four or five families in the community, according to Feliciello, who have meat on their table except twice in the year—at Easter and Christmas. Even macaroni in food for festas. The common fare is wholesome brown bread, polenta, beans, and vegetables; but a family table well supplied with these substantial *comestibili* satisfies bountifully the requirements of nature in Capri, where life exists under primitive conditions. Manufacture of any shape has not begun as yet; but there cannot be any doubt as to the patient and painstaking industry which has brought under cultivation, up to the very summits, the steep hillsides. To pass along those terraced heights, where corn and wine and oil are being produced upon tiny shelves of soil sometimes no broader than an ordinary table, gives an impression of cheerful,

steady, well-rewarded labour, which I do not remember to have derived from agriculture on a grander scale. It is impossible to lose your way on these hills, for every little plateau has of necessity its thread of path-way, closely bordered by the bristling wheat or the heavy stalks of the Gran Turco—under which imposing tile maize is grown in Italy—and its communications, more or less practicable, with the shelf above and the shelf below. Here and there precious olives give the sweetest shade—shade which is at once a particular and a general advantage—not only refreshing the wayfarer, but softening with tranquil tones of grey the brilliancy of the landscape; and vines run everywhere like the lizards; and dewy crops of flax, all starred with blue blossoms, wave softly about in the breeze. If anywhere an ambitious landholder covets a hedge for his possessions, he finds the prickly pear ready to his hand, standing about in all kinds of corners, like the grotesque but faithful dwarf of mediæval story. And over homely cabbages and huge artichokes, and the heavy-blossomed spikes of the lupin, from which comes the large white *fava* so popular in these regions, fall abrupt blotches of shadow from the fig-trees, upon which the green figs push out, blunt and shapeless, among the half-developed leaves. As for the oranges, they have gardens to themselves, where they hang all the year round in delicious gradation—the blossoms on one bough, the ripe fruit on another, hanging like golden globes among the shady leaves. As you pull down the richest bough hanging heavy with oranges, you can make a long arm and reach, if you are so wanton, blossoms enough to crown a bride. And there are other perplexities of choice, since the tree at one side of you bears the compact little mandarins, with their peculiar fragrance and invariable sweetness; and on the other hang pale sweet lemons,

which you must eat for the name of the thing, though the produce is less satisfactory; and then there is the citron, with the rind (which is the best of it) an inch thick, filled with a meaningless pulp, which does not count for much. These orange-gardens are walled in, and have careful appliances for irrigation, which indeed are common to all the cultivation of Capri; and some of them still preserve the reservoirs, built large and deep, of the everlasting Roman masonry, which are as old as Tiberius—whose name, by the way, reminds us, *lectors carissima*, that by dint of gossip about our friends and their mode of living, we have delayed as yet our lawful business as cicerone, and have not taken you to see the sights.

There are in Capri four ~~lesser~~ and one greater height, between which lies all the habitable and fertile part of the island. The highest mountain-head is Monte Solaro, a towering mass of limestone, on one side of which, on a larger shelf than usual, lies among the clouds the village of Anacapri, already mentioned; and under the shelter of this great hill, and defended east and west by the lesser heights, occurs the valley, if it can be so called, or rather the lower ridge, saddle-shaped, and sloping down to the sea on both sides, in which Capri proper, with its cathedral, its dismantled convent, and indefensible gates, occupies the centre of the landscape. Seaward, at both ends of the island, great precipices, 1800 feet or more of sheer ascent from the water, rise up in perpendicular austerity, communicating none of the secrets they hold in their bosom; although such secrets as the Blue Grotto, and the scarcely less beautiful Passagio Verde, might be worth bragging of. Between these mighty ramparts, looking towards Naples, appears the soft edge of the Marina, with its fringe of boats, with olives and orange-gardens opening upward to the white line of the village, which

lies like a thread along the ridge. On the other side of the saddle, exactly opposite the Marina Grande, the Piccola Marina, a smaller but lovelier nook of accessible shore, defended by immense corners of rock, and populated by a lesser population of fishing-boats and fisher children, turns its face towards Sicily, opening up, like the other, its gardens and terraces towards the villages. Thus the Capriotes can contemplate the sea on either side of them from their airy position. Of the hills which fence them from the east and the west, the one to which the stranger is first led is that called by the peasants Tiberio, upon which the most articulate relics of the terrible Emperor are to be found. These consist chiefly of certain majestic rounded arches, like those of the Temple of Venus at Rome, which look out from the masses of rubbish, gaunt and vacant, upon the new and alien world; and a careful antiquarian might follow out, if he would, to some extent the plan of the guilty palace, in which were once enacted wickednesses past thinking of. There is even a bit of pavement extant, perfect and clear mosaic, the floor apparently of a passage once leading to the sea, upon which unhappy paramours or trembling victims might have fluttered yesterday, for anything the obdurate perfection of the path can say against it. The topmost height has been consecrated by a little chapel to the glory of Our Lady of Succour—*Santa Maria del Soccorso*—which in its way, if one were disposed to take the world in a mythical aspect and treat the religions and the vices of humanity as equally accidental, would look a very fit poetic justice and revenge of time. Here, where the weak were once ground to powder, to set up over the dead force of pagan Rome that meek image of the suffering woman, the mother pitiful and tender, marks a touching and wonderful revolution. One might even imagine, to

carry fancy a little farther, that the Madonna-worship throughout Italy was intended as a kind of compensation to the ideal type of woman for all the hardship inflicted on her kind. The soft Italian is scarcely more chivalrous than was the hard-hearted Roman. It does not strike him as anomalous that his wife should fetch and carry up and down these flinty stairs like a beast of burden, while he walks unencumbered, or rides the patient donkey as far as the village piazza. Such a division of labour is counted natural—at all events, in Capri; but in compensation to the sex, it is to a deified woman that he addresses his prayers. It would be curious to observe whether the rule holds among the more devoted votaries of Mary throughout the world.

But there are better things to be seen on this Tiberian height. On the highest point in front of the chapel is a grassy platform, upon which the meek hermit who has charge of the little sanctuary places chairs for the accommodation of the Signori and the good of the eleemosina box which hangs against the wall. Niccolo is not by any means an austere or alarming anchorite, but a youth of two or three and twenty, a pensive soul, half frightened at his own temerity in dwelling up here among the winds; who cultivates meekly a little corn and a few vegetables in the ruined chambers of Tiberius, and gets his living painfully, like all the other peasants of Capri, from the produce of his little shelves and boxes of soil. This modest youth, who might almost, with a little idealisation and a fillet in his hair, stand for one of the deacon-angels in an old picture, wisely says nothing about the landscape, but leaves it to his visitors to enjoy for themselves. It is with enlargements and appendices, the same beautiful vision which we have already described. All the curving lip of the bay is traced in sunshine with a continuous line of white towns and

villages, broken here and there by vague promontories, and stretches of shadowy beach—from Torre del Annunziata, which lies perilous on the dark skirts of Vesuvius, to the distant glimmer of human habitations towards Baiæ on the other side. And if the sun is verging towards the west, it is over the mountain-mass of Ischia, towering high out of the dazzling water, that he sends the mist of light which seems to weave itself into a changing tissue of gold and purple upon Mount Epomeneo, and over the low-lying billocks of Procida. To the east, the eye, if it could ever tire of the bay before it, can escape to the open sea, and to the glorious coast towards Amalfi, which scarcely condescends to slope its mountainous sides towards the sea, but yet holds half-way up lines of inaccessible white towns perched among the cliffs and facing the south—or *mezzo-giorno*, as the Italians say, and it is a better word. Not the south, the mere quarter from which the winds blow, but noon in full impersonation, the blazing joyous mid-day, zenith and crown of all the hours. These same towns secure to the landscape here, as in most parts of Italy, that unfailing charm of human interest which, even when historical associations are wanting, gives an additional delight to the scene. The coast of the Gulf of Salerno could not be otherwise than grand under any circumstances, yet but for the glimmer of yonder inaccessible Positano on the further headland, and all the touches of light between which mark the line of human habitations, it would be but a gloomy and silent grandeur. And tragic and terrible are the memories that Poetry has woven about that coast; for yonder lie the tiny islets—detached rocks greened over with deceitful verdure—where the Sirens sang. A little personal experience of such storms as change the face of heaven in a moment, and make the skies darken and the sea rise, gives a reality to the tale, and makes one

hold one's breath. In the sudden tumult, through the sudden gloom, with those vast cliffs looming in the blackness under the lee, it is not difficult to conjure up the broken notes of that song which tempted the mariner to his fate. But no imagination could be more utterly out of accord with the caressing sweetness of this daylight sea.

The humble hermit stands at his chapel door, and takes no heed of one's musings; and unless it were a weary ghost of Tiberius's day, or perhaps a more recent spectre of one's own, there is nothing here to interrupt the silence. The sea comes very softly to the foot of the precipice, sheer down eighteen hundred feet, and breathes upwards a compassionate hush, so soft and oft repeated that one comes to feel as if he meant it, and had woven the observation of ages, the result of all his long spectatorship of human grief, into that one compassionate syllable. Hush! If you listen, you will find that the very air has caught the trick, and breathes it after him in keys as softly varied as the tones of a poet. It is not like the Sirens' song. This still ocean has no thrilling invitation to give, no secret pleasures to offer; but round the storied coasts, where he has seen so much, and where, perhaps, by times, a groan over human misery has rent his great bosom, and driven him to passion, he comes now in his milder mood with a dispassionate but tender pity. Has not he too seen nights of sadness and misery, days of tempest and tribulation, in which the sun went down at noon? But still the morning and the calm returned in their time. The moral is too vast for human life, in which there is neither time nor space for the everlasting renovations of which nature is capable; but there is a certain healing in the sound, impersonal though it is. Few human creatures could pause here on Tiberio without an access of thought. It was here, close by, that the vic-

time of the wicked Emperor were pitched headlong from the terrific *Salto* into the soft remorseful sea. And there, where Niccolo's innocent gourds are growing, the walls that confine the little plot are the walls of the Camarelli, infernal chambers, which even the Roman people, not too scrupulous, razed wellnigh to the ground for horror of the vice once practised there—which has all given place, as we have said, to the meek image of Our Lady of Succour and her lonely little chapel. And was it not yonder, on the cloudy skirts of Vesuvius, that in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a city passed from life to death? The worst of it is that from those big recollections that belong to the world, the solitary muser naturally turns to recollections of his own, which may, heaven knows, be as sad as Pompeii, but are not equally interesting to other men. Wherefore let us take into our heart, as best we may, that soft and abstract compassion of the sea, which is for us and for all. Hush! What more can anything mortal say.

And there are the boats skimming like birds towards Sicily, which lies yonder lost in the blue heavens; and here, at our left hand, the white skiffs from Sorrento linger underneath the cliffs waiting for the Forestieri, who have gone to the Blue Grotto, and stay there so long beyond anybody's patience, that the forlorn boatmen shout "Maccaronii!" to each other as they pass, by way of keeping up their spirits—for is not that a specific for all troubles? "*Coraggio a voi, maccaroni a noi*," says Feliciello, showing a want of refinement in the use of the second person plural which wounds one's feelings. As we come down the hill, it will be worth your while to step aside to the *Salto*, and watch the quick seconds whirling round on your watch, while the attendant there makes the usual experiment on your behalf by pitching down a stone sufficiently

heavy to be heard as it dashes on the rocks below. The seconds pass quickly, to be sure; but the sense of time which grows upon the listener watching that noiseless finger speed round its entire circuit while he waits for the crash below, has something awful in it. How many thoughts might have had time to rush through the doomed brain as it whirled down that awful abyss to be dashed on the hideous rocks!—and from that thought, somehow, one's mind leaps, I cannot tell why, to one of the liveliest of modern controversies, and wonders, in the matter of punishment, what does Lord Westbury think would be a long enough term for such a likely penitent as this same Tiberius—or what could be made of him, if he ever made his way out of the everlasting prisons? This is a matter in respect to which the untrained and arbitrary mind has an advantage over its superiors; but I cannot help thinking it would be a great satisfaction, in respect to the Tiberii of all ages and nations, if one could hope that their spiritual necks were broken over some grand *Salto*, and themselves made a summary end of at once and for ever—which, however, is an expedient which it is to be feared would please neither party in the polemical question. In case his victims by any happy chance should escape the rocks and plunge into the sea, thus gaining a possibility of escape, there were boats waiting underneath, under the awful upright gloom of those noble cliffs, with spears ready for the unfortunates, who surely, if Dante had regulated the business, would have been provided with a red-hot spear or two to receive their murderer upon when he came to join them. But these images are too gruesome for the Capri sunshine, which has nothing to do with murder; and the best thing we can do, when we have descended the hill, is to follow the level road—the only level road in the island—which leads through

the heart of cultivation and civilisation, to the point of Tregara, where, in the full sea which throbs away from this sunny beach to Sicily and Africa and all the southern world, stand the gigantic rocks called the Faraglioni, three mighty limestone towers a stone's throw from the land. From this point all the amateur artists make their first sketches, and doubtless also many artists who are something more than amateurs. The water beats dazzling upon the everlasting foundation of these wonderful landmarks, and sweeps through the chill magnificent arch which pierces the heart of the biggest rock, and above them flutter white flocks of sea-birds, called *monachi* by the natives, which make their nests in the cliffs. Nothing could be more different than the aspect of affairs here and in the scene we have just quitted. On that side so much variety and so many associations; on this, only the absolute and arbitrary sea, with those three gigantic rocks standing out of it, and the quail-nets spread upon the solitary beach. The scene could not be more peaceful if the Faraglioni had been put in harness, as becomes their name, and had grown to be the Pharos of that waste of water, doing human service in the most noble and touching office which Nature can hold for man. But the dark rocks are more congenial than any charitable beacon to the tragic coast of the Sirens, and there they stand, to warn if anybody could see them, to crush to powder if any hapless little vessel swung against their stony masses in the despair and blackness of a storm. And now let us go back along the flowery road, where the figs and the olives throw sweet patches of shadow, and all the hill below, and all the hill above, runs over with luxuriant growth, confusing the lines of the terraces by the profusion of vegetation, and mantling up all the walls and steps in emerald green; the sun has gone down be-

hind Solaro, behind Ischia, if we could but see it; and before we are aware, the bell of the Ave Maria rings out from the old church, and darkness, swift and sudden, falls upon earth and sea.

Next day, with a calm sea and no wind to speak of, we will take you to the *Grotto Azzurro*, which hides round the dark cliffs yonder, in a secrecy so great that it is easy to believe that chance alone rediscovered that wonderful fairy vault. The Mediterranean is sweet, and sweeter still is the Bay of Naples; but that ideal sea, upon which ordinary persons can launch fairy skiffs and float about forever without inconvenience, is still hidden in the clouds, like most other ideal things; and delicious as the sea water is to look at, it would be vain to disguise the fact that those long soft undulations are evidences of a swell anything but agreeable to unpractised travellers. When we have passed the cheerful Marina, and run, alarmingly close, along the base of the great precipices towards the west, it is bewildering to see the Sorrento boats lie waiting opposite a huge dead mass of rock, which looks as impenetrable as an Alp, and shows no opening, unless that tiny pigeon-hole on the level of the sea, three feet high and not much more wide, should happen to be the gateway for which our boatman aims. There is just width enough for a little boat to pass, and you have to crouch down in the bottom, with your head on a level with the seat you have just been occupying, as we shoot through the narrow gloomy arch. Within you open your eyes upon a scene too solemnly and mysteriously beautiful to be adequately described by the wondering exclamation of "Fairyland!" which most people make on entering; denoting by that word that they are altogether perplexed and bewildered for the moment by something beyond what imagination has ever conceived. When you have recovered your senses after the first awe

of that blue twilight, the outlines of this strange temple of nature grow clear—that is, as clear as anything can be through the azure mist, in which your neighbor's face is as the face of a spirit, and flesh and blood grow white and ethereal, sublimated out of all the tints of life. It is the light that never was on sea or land that dwells in this little sanctuary in the bosom of the seas; light not of the sun or the moon, but something mysterious between the two; blue daylight so changed and mysticised by its passage through the blue water, that there is no familiar feature left by which to recognise the well-known morning. It is not that the limestone arch is blue, but that the reflection from the marvellous tint of the water, which is like the blue of a forgotten-not or a child's eyes, floats about it in a magical haze of reflection, shrouding its austere proportions, and making the rugged grot into a mystic chapel. As the boat glides noiseless over the sapphire floor, the soft silence hushes out even the joyous voices that are hushed nowhere else. Nothing less lofty than a *Te Deum* should wake the echoes of that solemn vault. In the gloom at the upper end, the swart boatman, perched on a ledge of a rock, looks like a great white angel, fit to be there; and here, from where the altar should be, to look at the ever-brightening blue, as it opens to the narrow arch, is like looking into some blue doorway in the sky, such as must lead to heaven. Hush! here comes another boat, black and noiseless, with bowing heads, that sink to the level of the sea, and one solemn crouching figure at the prow, guiding the silent voyage. Is it Charon, with his fixed black eyes and helpless passengers? or is it only a ruddy English party from Sorrento, with all the roses quenched out of their cheeks by what looks like awe, but is perhaps only atmosphere? Away before they recover themselves and begin to talk, for here

comes another and another boat; and again we make our obeisances, and steal out like banished souls into the garish sunshine and the unveiled day.

One of the scenes in Hans Christian Andersen's novel of the 'Improvisatore,' a book in which the Swedish sentimentalist has made use of his travels, is laid in this Blue Grotto; and it is, if we recollect rightly, a scene of mystery and passion, in which the hero has a tantalising glimpse of the heroine, and everything ends in throbbing pulses, breaking hearts, and a climax of vague and wordy excitation. But anything less like passion or excitement of any kind than this vault of misty azure can scarcely be conceived. He would be a bold man, and yet a foolish one, who would try love-making in such a scene, much less flirtation. The only feeling in the least like its effect which we can remember, is that sense of subdued sensation, if one might use such an expression, the tranquillising awe that steals over a mind subject to such influences in a Gothic crypt, more especially one from which all the worship and the decoration has departed. If the Catholic Church, always so ready to note and profit by the accidental sanctities of locality, had consecrated the Grotto Azzurro, no one could have been surprised. Stoop down and hold your breath, as we shoot again all darkling through the arch which hangs heavy with salt sea-dew. "It is not true—it is not real—it is a dream," says some one, and Feliciello opens his brown eyes a little wider, and shows his white teeth through his beard. What next will they say, these incredible Forestieri? Not real! and yet how many honest fellows make their living by it, and but for this little stealthy archway and the scene to which it opens, could no more afford to marry and multiply than our guide himself could manage to live without Tiberio! But though Feliciello smiles, he does not con-

descend to any other notice of so ridiculous an exclamation. The Blue Grotto is part of his manor, and of the estate of Antonino of Sorrento, and many another; and as for the nonsense uttered by the Signori Inglesi in their bad Italian, who pays any attention? And now, as the swell has fallen a little, let us pluck up a heart and make our way round the island in Luigi's big boat, with four stout rowers, who take their business very quietly. These four lithe brown figures, who stand to their oars, propelling their boat, not in our English fashion, seated, but standing, and with their faces to the prow, in their red Phrygian caps and scanty white under-garment, bear a character more fitting the place than any decorous British boat's crew, though Luigi himself, in the blue coat he wears on Sundays, looks twenty times more like a Scotch elder than a Neapolitan *marinaro*. Past the softened cliffs, which form a bulwark to the high table-land on which Anacapri lies unseen among the clouds; past the little tower which commands the one accessible point on this iron-bound coast, the little rocky landing-place at Limbo; past the wild bastion that confronts Ischia and the setting sun; and now again we sweep along by the foot of frightful precipices to the south, rocks rising into such a line of rocky needles, sharp and gigantic, as remind one of the Aiguilles farther north among the eternal snows. But it is rare indeed that the snow lies at Capri, and all those peaks of rock burn all day long in the full sun. Down below, at the base of those tremendous cliffs, lies the Grotto Verde, no secret and sacred place like the other, but a wonderful brief passage riven through the rocks, which glow inside with a sulphureous golden green, and throw upon the water deep emerald reflections, strange to behold in the midst of that blue sea; for blue and green are not comparative expressions in

the Bay of Naples, but mean to the fullest extent the colour they represent: and the green of that marvellous opening, as our boat pushes cautiously through it, grinding on the rocks on either side, is greener than any verdure about Capri—green like nothing but the brilliant profound tint of the emerald; though it requires but one long sweep of the oars, one bend of the brown unanimous figures, to carry us over patches of deep indigo into the common heaven of blue, the universal Mediterranean colour. And here now comes the little Marina, and that lovely pool shut in by rocks, and sweet with such bewildering tints and gradations of colour as would drive any painter wild, which we have christened Diana's Bath. Most good things known in the world are to be had in England, but colour is one of the few, the wondrous few, that are wanting. It seems to develop a new sense when the sober British eye begins to take in all this inconceivable wealth. The water itself gradually lightening out of its blueness, as it steals along more and more shallow to the silver sand, coquetting through every charming subterfuge of azure and green and grey before it breaks at last upon the little pebbles, and owns itself only a limpid medium for all reflections, colourless in itself. And then the rocks that have tossed themselves about as if in sport to secure these coy and tender wavelets, throwing a stone or two into the shape of an arch, to be sure, as is the fashion of the island; what cool tones of brown and grey—what wild sulphureous touches—what russet stains that burn red in the sun! The recollections of this day's voyage might suffice to brighten up the leaden shadows for a whole lifetime at home.

It is just possible that on the face of the precipice, as we rounded the rocks this morning from the Marina, you might see some faint zigzag lines scratched with an air

of meaning; and as the days are endless on paper, and fatigue an unknown accident, we will take another direction this time, and show you their signification. Here, for some reason which we cannot explain, perhaps because it lies too much under the shadow of Monte Solaro for great productiveness, the higher slope is left to nature, and has grown into a wild and sweet thicket of myrtle and arbutus, through which the path climbs and winds amid such a flush of cistus-blossoms as were never seen before. A little earlier the wood was starred all over with cyclamens, and earlier still perfumed the very world with violets. You may still have fragrance enough, if you crush under foot as you pass by a handful of those abundant myrtle-leaves. It is here our industrious friends, ever anxious to turn an honest penny, find the walking-sticks which kind Santella sells—but hereafter you shall hear about Santella. In the mean time, let us brush through the fragrant wood as far as the path will take us. All this time have you not been regarding with silent wonder and dismay the path which goes forward so boldly, as if it meant to lead to somewhere, and then all at once stops short before those scratches on the face of the precipice? But do not be afraid! To be sure, the Gemmi itself is less perpendicular; but you may be sure it is a practicable road, by which the Roman engineers of the imperial days scaled the inaccessible height. It is wrong, however, to call it a road, for it is, on the contrary, a great stair, five hundred steps and more, turning from right to left, and from left to right, in an endless series of sharp angles, up which the ponies (without their riders, however) clamber almost as nimbly as the women, who carry up and down all that Anacapri needs of provisions, and all the wood that is used in the lower village. Steadily up and down, without an additional

shade of colour or a quickening respiration, they march with those great bundles on their heads, fagots of woods or bales of "roba," underneath which the faces glance "maliciosa," as Feliciello says; not beautiful faces in general, though sometimes a straight and sullen Grecian profile strikes out against the background of rock, perfect in form, though not so attractive as the commoner type, which, radiant in deep colour, bright eyes, crisp hair, and pearly teeth, goes into developments of nose and chin less regular than the classic ideal. When you have reached the top of the stair, here is the table-land of Anacapri, probably the most fertile part of the island, though, but for that stair, no traveller arriving in a legitimate manner at the Marina could so much as guess at the existence of the soft and fruitful slope which embosoms the white village in foliage more luxuriant than anything below. Here the corn, the wine, and oil grow together, emblems of plenty; and any wild bit of soil that the thrifty cultivators may have suffered to escape them, is blue with rough bright borage dear to the bees. It is difficult to imagine anything more Oriental than our Capri cottages, both above and below, which are almost without exception flat-roofed, and eschew windows to the best of their ability, standing mildly blank in a peaceful whiteness among their luxuriant terraces, admitting little light save by the open door; and the narrow village streets, where there is scarcely room for two people to stand abreast, have something of the same Eastern character. But Italy*re-appears in the little piazza, the universal village centre, where stands the church and the Guardia Nazionale, and the headquarters of the little municipality; and where the entire population unite in directing the eyes of the strangers to a tablet in the wall, where one reads in English words the record of an

English soldier's warfare and death—Major Hamel, if our memory serves, who had charge of the island and its defences the last time war came Capri-wards. The brave Englishman died for the island as used to be our English custom. One wonders what had he to do shedding honest blood for the wondering peasants, who are a great deal too much absorbed, even in this age of enlightenment, in their own primitive business, to care much, now that massacre and cruelty are no longer in fashion on one side or the other, what big kingdom takes little Capri in tow! But, after all, a man with his hands in his pockets looking on at everything, is scarcely so dignified a national ideal as is even this nameless Major, dying like a hero in testimony of a certain wild idea, of which England was possessed once upon a time, that in the face of all big bullies and conquerors it was she against the world. Other ideas have dawned upon the present generation; but still let us be excused if we love our island all the better, because for the sake of its scarce-regarded freedom an English soldier shed his blood.

This same question of freedom appears in a very prosaic light to our peasants, who have, on the whole, a limited understanding of the whole business, and speak with a grotesque familiarity of "Vittorio," whose identity seems altogether doubtful and uncertain to them. Even in Capri the people are aware what the name of Garibaldi means; but Vittorio is altogether an arbitrary sound. And liberty is dear, as somebody says—very dear, costing a great deal more than a paternal government; and its advantages are not so evident to the honest man whose affairs and interests are all limited by the precipices of Capri,

as were the advantages of another exchange of government to the sober Savoyard in Chamouni, who explained that under French rule one could drink as much as one pleased and could pay for, without any tyrannical limit of communal law to stop one's liquor, as under the Italian regime—a sensible sign of liberation, which was plain to the most ordinary capacity. But no such relaxation of tyranny has been felt at Capri, where the only thing quite certain and apparent is that liberty, as we have said, is dear. Nothing can be more apparent indeed, throughout all this region of Italy, than that the political revolution is in no sense a peasant's question. The multitude on the lowest level has been mute except for Garibaldi; and it is only in the class which has attained at least to the beginnings of education, that any real comprehension of the matter is to be found. No distinction could have been more apparent than that between Feliciello's uninstructed peasant-estimate of this question, and the enlightened opinion of the eldest member of that brotherhood of talent which keeps the Cappucini Hotel at Amalfi.* No doubt Melloni, as a more responsible member of the community, paid twice as heavily for his new privileges as an Italian subject as our trusty Felice did. But Melloni belonged to the middle class, and had an eye beyond the present moment, and could see with unquestionable distinctness beyond the pictorial chivalrous figure of the Italian hero that altogether prosaic form of the Italian King, which means not only Victor Emmanuel, but many things unintelligible to the peasant intelligence. The Amalfi innkeeper stands at the lowest level of that class, which embraces all the intelligence and

* The youngest member of this brotherhood, Francesco, who is the cook of the establishment, is not only in that particular an artiste worthy of unqualified approbation, but is the possessor of a tenor such as one seldom hears, with which he does not refuse, on due solicitation, to charm his guests.

enterprise of Italy; and it is by this vast body, a body at once more picturesque and more real than the corresponding class in England, and not by the usual concomitants of revolution, the peasants and the nobles, that Italy has changed hands. Melloni's sentiments on the subject of taxation, the most difficult of all subjects to a people unaccustomed to personal sacrifices, were such as would have filled any Chancellor of the Exchequer with gratitude and admiration; whereas the poor Capriotes groan, not blaming "Vittorio"—rather, on the whole, feeling a kind of pride in him, as in some kind of unknown ogre, who has proved his right to the kingdom in the primitive way, by taking when he had the power—but quite unable to conceive why they should pay so much more for this new article, which, after all, at a level of life so primitive as theirs, is a question important enough to swallow up a good many more visionary considerations.

As we thread the village streets and stairs on our way home, passing various forlorn couples of old soldiers, invalids of the Italian army, who inhabit the lofty chambers of the old Certosa, or Carthusian convent, let us glance into the cathedral in passing, where at this moment, with voices that rend your ears, the village girls are singing the Ave Maria. This voluntary choir, which is huddled up on its knees in a corner of the church, and sings, or rather screams, the Virgin's litany in a voice something between that of a hoarse ballad-singer and a peacock, carries on its devotion unnoticed by any one; but in the body of the church are seated a few old people, principally old men, half at least old soldiers—passive, patient figures, who are always to be found here, as indeed in most Italian churches. The women who come in make their way to pray at some special shrine, and when they have made their reverence to the high altar go away again,

having apparently relieved their minds and made their necessities known. But the old men sit still on chance benches, with their faces towards the altar, some glancing up with dim eyes as the strangers enter, but most keeping quite still. What can they be doing here day after day and hour after hour? Perhaps only taking shelter from the hot sun, and resting their weary old limbs on the convenient benches; but there are numberless seats outside, where there is something going on, and people to see and speak to. Here the dim old twilight souls say nothing to each other. They carry no rosaries or other implements of devotion, but sit in a kind of mild torpor, with their faces to the altar, perhaps going over and over the long lives which are now so near the ending, possibly making a feeble darkling attempt to trace God's guidance in them, and offering a mute thankfulness or a mute complaint to the sole eye which sees; but anyhow, there is something in the spectacle of this pale old age finding peaceful refuge unmolested in the open church, which is very touching to look at. In England, and above all in Scotland, the chances are that somebody would try to teach those torpid old souls, and disturb the unspeakable musings in which they spend their feeble remnants of life; but here they are left to themselves, and take what share they please, or, if they please, no share at all, in the services going on at the altar. And the Ave Maria shrills out from the corner chapel at the present moment, without eliciting the least response from these spectators. They are to be found throughout Italy, wherever one goes; and I cannot but think it a touching and tender office of the ever-open church to afford shelter and silence to these old worn-out souls.

The cathedral itself does not contain anything very remarkable, except a silver bust of St. Costanzo, once bishop of Capri, which the

other day was carried in procession to his chapel, attended by all the priests and half the women of the village. That was the great festa of the island; for St. Costanzo (though some people think St. Antonio of Padua a patron more generally useful) is in right and justice the protector of Capri, having arrested the Saracen boats in the old, old times, which were coming to sack and slaughter, by lifting his episcopal arm, and holding out his hand to ward off the visitation. The Saracens could not, with all their strivings, get a boat's length nearer Capri in face of that gesture, more potent than the uplifted arms of Moses, and were dispersed and dashed to pieces and driven to sea, as happens habitually to the oppressors of the saints. As for St. Costanzo himself, he looks bland but helpless in his silver image, which, being cut short by the breast, conveys naturally an imperfect impression of the beatified bishop; but all the same, the spectators strewed flowers in his path, and crowded his chapel, and lighted up the piazza at night with fireworks in his honour, as is the duty of the faithful. Except these fireworks and the service in the chapel, which was thronged to the very door with kneeling worshippers, and much private performance upon the penny whistle, that most cherished of Italian toys, I am not aware that there were any other means of excitement at the festa; but such as it was, it answered all the requirements of our Capriotes, who are a contented race.

After saying so much, however, of the beauties of Capri, it may be well to warn the unwary traveller of the perils attending the arrival. When the slow little steamer which comes twice a week from Naples (the *maladetto* Vapore, at which Feliciello swears all manner of picturesque oaths) steams into sight, a world of excited people, chiefly women, rush with their donkeys to the Marina. Feliciello comes

but seldom, and by appointment, being a person of pretensions; but his wife, to whom we have already referred, is among the throng. When the little boat which lands the passengers approaches the beach, this crowd rushes upon it like a horde of furies. Nobody thinks twice in Capri of *killin'* such scanty trousers or petticoats as ~~it~~ may possess, and rushing with brown shapely limbs knee-deep into the water on any emergency; and it cannot be denied that it is a little alarming to be dragged head-long out of the boat and fought for by a crowd of nondescript creatures, naked and wet and shining to the knee, and with faces gleaming above these startling flesh-tints with eagerness that looks intent, not upon conveying you safely to the village, but upon tearing you piecemeal—you and your belongings. But there is not the least occasion for alarm. This contending mob has just been gathering, twenty strong, with glowing cheeks and crisp locks, and limbs veiled and decorous, round the two English ladies yonder in the corner of the rocks, who have been taking a lesson in spinning while they waited for the boat. Deft Rosina, who plucked you bodily out of Mrs. Feliciello's hands, rushed with the same instinct of knowing how, like a capable soul as she is, to snatch out of the wondering owner's grasp the ready distaff and give the needful instruction; and the Furies closed around and applauded the learner's unsuccessful attempts to twirl the spindle, with shouts of good-humoured laughter. But I allow they are terrific when, twenty screaming like one, they catch at the prow of the boat and clutch at you before you have left that sanctuary. But all the same I think of thee with a certain regret, Rosina mia, swift and skilful and cheery—as of a lost opportunity; for in good hands what could not have been made of the bright capable creature who knew so well how to

handle her tools? and it requires no such handy serviceable brains as those she carried under her auburn locks to convey blocks of stone up and down the Capri stairs—which was the last occupation we saw her in. It was she who called loudest out, of the benign crowd who watched our departing, the "*Felice viaggio, presto ritorno!*" of primitive kindness. Thus it is that in Capri the Furies, after the first assault, grow into the kindest domestic sprites, genial and frolicsome, ready to enter into your humour, though not without a smile at the odd ideas of the Forestieri, who know no better. The day after your landing they will come round you with their little baskets of coral like old friends; and if you are worthy of visiting Capri, you will not be too particular about a franc or two, but keep the pink morsels of coral from the beach, and the round shells which they call the eyes of Santa Lucia, in memory of one of the loveliest little atoms of stone and space which God has planted in the sea.

Though, to be sure, you might find more substantial memorials—like that sturdy pilgrim-staff, for example, stout as an Irish bludgeon, though made of sentimental myrtle, which the stalwart Scottish Signor, whose length of limb and development of muscle made Feliciello forget his manners in admiration, carries with him across the seas. But these are the private *negozio* of Santella, who is our waiting-maid at the Villa Quisisana—a mild and gentle hunchback, whose face has such a light of goodness in it that it does one more good to look at her than even at little Chiara in Ana-

capri, the little beauty. Gentle deformed creature! noiseless and serviceable, good for everything in the house, how comes it that the common beauty has flowed around her like a perverse stream, and left her such an exception? It is hard to be the exception—to stand whipping-boy for the world, and teach the fair and glad to be thankful for their advantages by the spectacle of one's own deformity or sorrow. But thou and I, good Santella, will shake hands on that; and I wish we all bore our burdens half as meekly and sweetly as does that handmaiden of the good God. It is pleasant at the Villa Qui-si-Sana,* *lectore carissima*, where our host speaks pure Italian with an Edinburgh accent, and knows everybody one knew in the early ages when one was young and lived among one's own people. Go there, and bring us word how the vines are growing, and be good to Santella; and look at the cottage on the hill under the sweetest shade of the olive-trees, from which you can see the sun set, as it were by stealth, in that unthought-of break round the lower shoulder of Monte Solaro. If I were ever rich and secure and happy, and had no longer any dread in my heart of this dearest, saddest, murderous Italy, it is there I would go and build my tower of vision: but that time can only be when Italy and Capri have celestial names, and the City of God has come down out of the skies, and that hard division is done away with which parts heaven and earth; for I cannot think the great Creator, even to outdo it, could destroy, clean out of knowledge, the loveliest labours of His almighty hands.

* We understand that an account of the history and antiquities, indistinct and much effaced as these are, of this most beautiful and interesting island, is being prepared by Dr. Clark of the Villa Quisisana, our kind and careful host.

DAY AND NIGHT.

THE days were once too short for life and me—
 The sunset came too soon—the lingering dawn
 Awoke the world too late; the longest day
 Still lacked that hour supreme, which, flying far
 On the horizon, beckoned as it fled,
 And said, "I come, I come!" yet came not yet,
 Though longed and looked for still from day to day.

Too short for life—too short for hopes that made
 Within the visible form a larger life—
 Too short for all the joys that had to be
 Conceived, and planned, and fathomed in their time.
 And but for glories sweet of stars and moon,
 And dreams that were more sweet than any stars,
 It had been hard to suffer the long night—
 The silent night, that neither spoke nor stirred,
 But with the shadow of its folded wings
 Shut out the ardent eyelids from the day.

Thus was it on the other side of Time;
 While yet the path wound dubious up the heights
 Through mists that flew aside as the winds blew
 Betimes, and opened up, in glimpses sweet,
 A royal road that clomb the very heavens—
 A road divine, that, still ascending, led
 O'er virgin heights by no man trod before,
 And vales of paradise, where vulgar foot
 Had ne'er profaned the flowers: a road for kings,
 Worthy of one who in his right of youth
 Was heir of all things worthy, and was born
 To be all that was possible to man.

And on that path amid the rising mists
 Great figures stood, that, veiled from head to foot,
 Waited the traveller's coming; wondrous shapes,
 On whom hot Fancy rushing forth before,
 Curious of all things, blazoned hasty names.
 Love this, and that one Joy; and one beyond—
 One later come, and of more awful form—
 Grief: but all veiled, the foremost like the last.

And on this road there was no need of night.
 The hours were tedious that detained and sealed
 The curious eyes, and hasty lips, and heart,
 That kept the van, and ever marched before.
 No need of night; but only light, and space,
 And time, to be all, see all, learn and know
 The sweet and bitter of each unknown thing,
 And of all mysteries the soul and heart.

Now it is changed: up to the mountain-head
 Now have we climbed apace, both life and I.
 The mists are all dispersed, the pathway clear,
 And they who waited on the road have laid

Their veils aside, and as they know are known.
The very air that breathes about the height
Has grown articulate, and speaks plain words,
Instead of the dear murmurs of old time,
And of all mysteries there lasts but one.

All things are changed ; but this most changed of all,
That I have learned the busy day by heart,
And lived my hour, and seen the marvels fade,
And all the glooms have oped their hearts to me,
And given their secrets forth. I have withdrawn
The veil from Love's fair face, and Joy has flashed
Upon my soul the sunshine of his eyes,
And Grief has wrapped me in his bitter cloak ;
And, pausing in the midway of my life,
Like him who once scaled heaven and fathomed hell,
The path obscure* and wild has made me fear.

So now, if there be any praise to say,
Or song to sing, 'tis of the tender night—
The night that hushes to her silent breast
All weary heads, and hides all tears, and stills
The outcries of the earth. The watchful days
Gaze in my eyes like spies of fate, and laugh
My poor pretence at patience all to scorn ;
But night comes soft like angels out of heaven,
And hides me from the spying of the light.

And I were glad, if ever glad I were,
To think a day was done, and so could be
No more, by any power in earth or heaven,
Exacted o'er again ; and Night and Sleep
Hold wide the darkling doorways of escape
From life and the hard world : well might it chance
They should shut close behind my flying feet
So fast as never more to ope again,
So might I wake e'er I was half aware
Among the angels in the faithful heavens,
And ope my eyes upon the Master's face,
And, following the dear guidance of his smile,
Find in my arms again what I had lost :
Such are the gentle chances of the night.

But the light morning comes and wakes the world,
And, swift dispersing all the dews and clouds,
Comes to my bed and rouses me once more
To take my burden up : and with keen eyes
Inquisitive, that search into my soul,
Keeps watch upon me while I slowly fit
To my galled neck the aching yoke again—
As curious to behold how souls are moved—
And mocks, and says : " Not yet escaped ? not yet

* " Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
Che la diritta via era smarrita
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura ! "

Escaped ? take up thy cross :” and thus I rise
And bind my cross upon me evermore.

This is the very morn, the selfsame morn,
That was so bright of old ; the gladsome day,
That to my neighbour with a friendly voice
Says sweet, “ Arise ! arise ! the sun is up,
And life waits smiling at the chamber door ;”
For I am not so rapt in my poor woes
As to suppose the cheerful world has grown
Dim with my shadow. ’Tis enough to say,
I am so deep discouraged with my life,
Although I have but thrud the maze half-way,
That the fair daylight smiles and strikes at me
Like one who, learned in all familiar ways
Of love, turns traitor ; and the rapid hours
Have none so sweet as that which brings the dark :
Night, that can blur the boundaries of time,
And open graves, and build the fallen house,
And light the household lamp that burns no more.

’Twas sweet to live when life was fresh and young ;
It would be sweet to live if life was old,
And watch, while the faint current ebbed its last,
With calm dim eyes through softened mists of age,
The heavenly headlands heaving slow in sight.
But, pausing thus upon the mountain-top,
To see the dizzy turnings wind below
All clear and bare, with nought that can be hid ;
To know that Love, fled from the world, can pass
Into a helpless longing after love ;
To know that Joy flashes his angel wings
A moment in the sunshine, and is gone ;
To know—oh heaviest knowledge of the whole !—
That Sorrow kills not, and that life holds fast
Its sordid thread long after murderous blows
Have made of it a very life-in-death.
All this to know ; yet, to the distant west
Turning a steady countenance, to resume
The toilsome way, and bear the bitter cross :
The martyr’s passion were less hard to bear.

And think ye not the darkling night is dear
To one with this chill landscape in his eyes ?
The gloom that blots the weary pathway out,
And the dear sleep, which still ’tis possible
Might steal the traveller unawares to heaven ?

Thus nightly to the tender night I make
A welcome in my heart as sweet as death,
Though sometimes sad as dying. Oh good night !
Beautiful night ! that in thy dewy hand
Dost hold one sweet small blessing like a star ;
By this dear gift I am by times beguiled,
In all my heaviness and weariness,
To hold myself beloved of God ; for God
Gives (He has said it) His beloved sleep.

THE MAN AND THE MONKEY.

WHEN I was at the siege of Gibraltar—

"I say, old fellow——"

I appeal for protection to the chair. (*Hear, hear.*) When I was at the siege of Gibraltar, my post was for some time in the Queen's Battery, which immediately fronted the besiegers' works. It was my special duty to acquire as accurate a knowledge of those works, their armament, position, defences, and progress, as it was possible to obtain by constant observation and a very middling spy-glass, while enveloped in dust and smoke, choked with sulphur, and exposed to incessant compliments of shot and shell. The knowledge thus obtained I had the honour of imparting to our gallant Lieutenant-Governor, General Boyd, when he came out to the front from time to time. This circumstance procured for me the glorious distinction of going out as guide when we made a sortie by night for the purpose of surprising the enemy's works, burning and destroying them.

I am not going to describe the sortie; you will find all about it in Drinkwater. Let me only say that it proved a real surprise to the enemy; their works were ruined, their guns spiked, and their approaches in a corresponding degree retarded, which was just what we wanted.

The affair was nearly over, their gabions along the whole front were in a blaze; but though outnumbered at our point of attack, the enemy fought stoutly, and a good deal of savage skirmishing was still going on. I was in the thick of a regular *mêlée*, hard knocks at close quarters, when my attention was arrested by a diminutive Frenchman, an officer in splendid uniform, who was doing chivalrous deeds, as if he fancied his own arm might yet restore the lost combat. He was a mere pigmy; and his plucki-

ness had so won upon our fellows that they were bent upon effecting an object to which his own valour was the only obstacle—that of taking him alive. Flourishing his sword, he skipped about, facing every point of the compass in succession, and thrusting, with loud cries of defiance, at every one that approached him. "Don't kill him!" the men cried. "Take him alive; don't hurt the little chap;" though the little chap had already disabled a sergeant and a private who had ventured too near him. I shouted, taking off my hat and entreating him for his own sake to surrender: it was clear, indeed, that he had no chance left but either to be taken prisoner or to bite the dust. He returned my salute, but still maintained the defensive, spinning round and round, and lunging at the horizon. As we had done our work, and it was high time to get back to our lines lest the enemy should attack us in force, I began to fear it would be out of my power to save the little Frenchman's life. Our men, too, were beginning to lose patience, and showed a disposition to close upon him with fixed bayonets; in which case, though he might very possibly have set his mark upon one or two more of them, the consequences to himself might have been far from agreeable. At that moment, and just as I was thinking, as a last effort, of trying what I could do by approaching him in person, he seemed to awake suddenly to a consciousness of his own peril, rushed towards me, threw down his sword, clasped his hands, uttered a piercing shriek, and dropped on his knees at my feet.

He was my prisoner;—a very grand capture, to be sure. In an instant he became calm, gentlemanly, and garrulous. Walking with me side by side as our party withdrew, he was kind enough to commence a perpetual stream of talk,

which lasted all the way, and in which he found time to tell me who he was, and all about his own family and history; how he had fought in many battles, and always came off with more glory than all the rest of the combatants together; not forgetting to mention how much sooner Gibraltar would have fallen—it was sure to fall at last—had only *his* suggestions been appreciated as they deserved. He begged to assure me that he was a person of great importance. He bore, as he was pleased to state, the name of Montmaur; and his *nom-de-guerre*, by an inversion of the syllables, was Mormon. He was of noble birth, and turned of thirty; but his distinguished talents and acquirements in the art of war, known throughout Europe and universally recognised in the French service, had so excited the envy of his military superiors that they had succeeded by *finesse* in preventing his rising to a higher grade than that of lieutenant in a regiment of the line.

The next day, when M. de Montmaur was presented before the Governor, his Excellency seemed a little nonplussed. To shut up a diminutive object like that in durance would have looked absurd; one would as soon have thought of imprisoning a tomtit. Formally to enrol him would have been formality in a matter of no importance—always better let alone. The result was that, having far weightier matters to attend to, his Excellency let the business stand over, and ended by doing nothing; so that M. de Montmaur remained a prisoner at large. He rather attached himself to me, as his first English acquaintance, and, so far as garrison regulations permitted, used to follow me about everywhere. The consequence was, that my brother officers were accustomed to speak of him as my “little dog Mormon.”

Among the officers he soon became popular. I had given due publicity to his gallantry when captured, and that was quite sufficient

to place him on a good footing with military men. Besides this, he was good-humoured, clever, and always lively; could take a joke, and repay it with interest. As a musician, both vocal and instrumental, he was decidedly above par; when casualties were brought in from the batteries, he was handy in assisting the surgeons; and in fencing, dancing, and cookery we soon found out that he equalled the most highly educated of his own accomplished countrymen. The consequence was, that M. de Montmaur was a welcome guest at every mess; and whenever an adventurous settler brought us fruit, or vegetables, or fish, or fresh meat, he was specially invited to share the feast. If he sometimes talked big, either about his prowess, his military attainments, his extraordinary adventures, his hairbreadth escapes, his varied accomplishments, or his innumerable conquests among the fair, this only added to our amusement; his vanity was so open-hearted that we liked him all the better. His more extravagant sallies were generally received with cheers, shouts of laughter, and much thumping on the table, all which he took to his own credit, probably unconscious that the said thumping was a grim regimental pun, practically and conventionally signifying “That’s a thumper!” When he had succeeded in eliciting a vociferous demonstration, he always went home to his quarters in a high state of exhilaration.

In the garrison, however, we had one individual, with whom M. de Montmaur, though it was not his own fault, never established amicable relations. This was a foreign officer in our service; he was from the north of Europe—a Captain Schnaub, who, though he wanted neither courage nor capacity, had certainly failed in making himself generally popular amongst us. He was a tall, large, powerful man, his stoutness almost verging on corpulency. His manner was rough, so were his jokes. Unfortunately,

also, he viewed all Frenchmen with hostility, and this feeling he had no opportunity of exhibiting, except towards M. de Montmaur, whom he was in the habit of treating as ignominiously as the general feeling of the garrison would permit. To me our little prisoner had mentioned the subject more than once, pompously remarking that he feared he should be under the painful necessity of teaching "*ce cher Capitaine Se-che-naubbe*" a lesson in "*politesse*."

At length, in M. de Montmaur's opinion, the time for administering this very necessary lesson arrived, and he communicated with me in due form. He commenced the conference by intimating that, "though little in stature, he was as brave as a lion."

To this I merely responded by a bow. He next went on to state that "his sense of honour was not inferior to his bravery."

In short, seeing that he had a communication to make, and was taking a very roundabout way of coming to the point, I brought him to it at once. He then gave me to understand that the moment had at length arrived, when, without appearing either captious or precipitate—he would like to see the individual, present company excepted, whose discretion and amiability came anything next his own—he felt himself free to terminate a long series of insolences. Observing next the seawall, he said, a party of officers in conversation, among them "*ce cher Capitaine Se-che-naubbe*," he had been impelled by that courtesy which so eminently distinguished him to approach and salute them. His salute was politely and smilingly returned by the whole party, with one exception. "*Ce cher Capitaine*" gave no token of recognition; nay, worse, actually held up a key, and looked at him through it, as if it had been an eyeglass, thereby conveying the offensive imputation that he was so diminutive, so insignificant, as not to be discernible by the naked eye. This raised a laugh

among the gentlemen present; and, more offensive still, the laugh was taken up and audibly re-echoed by certain non-commissioned officers and privates who were standing not far off. For this insult M. de Montmaur felt himself entitled to prompt satisfaction.

"Well," said I, "you state the case as a party interested. Before pronouncing on it, I should like to ascertain the impression of one or two of the officers present. Considering that you and I have been so much together, and that it was I, moreover, who had the honour of receiving your surrender, I shall view the insult, if any was intended, as offered to myself. The quarrel in that case will be mine; I am the person to whom the Captain will owe satisfaction." (Such, in those days of duelling, were our notions of honour.)

"Ah," cried the little Frenchman, "that is brave! that is noble! that is just exactly what I knew you would say! But I have anticipated your chivalrous sentiments by equal chivalry on my own part. My challenge is already sent; I despatched it an hour ago; and I have the Captain's acceptance in my pocket. The only favour, therefore, which I now ask, is your obliging company as my friend."

The affair came off;—the weapons rapiers; the time, that same afternoon; the field of slaughter, a retired spot beyond the barracks, and not far from the southern extremity of the Rock. Nevertheless, the business having got wind, a few officers lounged down to see; and several other persons, civilians as well as soldiers, stood looking on at a distance.

The parties being placed, a few thrusts were exchanged without effect. The Captain looked sulky enough. It was evident he keenly felt his ridiculous position; he, the biggest man in the garrison, stuck up *vis-a-vis* in mortal combat with the least. The poor man fenced as if he couldn't help himself. The little Frenchman, on the contrary, was all activity and enterprise. At length, after a brisk passage of

as, the two stood facing each other for a few seconds in perfect stillness, their swords barely touching at their extremities. Suddenly the little Frenchman swelled to twice his natural size, stamped, shouted "Hah!" sprang forward and fell, sprang back again. It was done in the twinkling of an eye. There he stood, just in his former attitude, as though he had never moved. At first I was not aware

of any result; but three inches of his sword had taken effect, just as surely as when a spider, having stung a wasp, jumps at him, nips, and jumps away again. The Captain had got an ugly progue in his sword-arm, between wrist and elbow. The first token was, that he used some shocking bad language; next, he turned deadly pale; then his sword gradually went down, down, down; then the weapon fell from his grasp—he could hold it no longer. M. de Montmaur, scorning to boast by his success, bowed politely to his antagonist, thanked him for the honour of "dis meeting," and expressed himself "perfect satisfy."

The Captain was taken away by a second, growling thunder, and allowed by the doctor. The officers present, with whom he was far more popular, were not sorry that he had got a lesson, and surrounded the victor. A few words of commendatory of M. de Montmaur's pluck and skill took such an effect that the little lieutenant was quite beside himself. He gesticulated, he wept. He called all Olympus to witness that no insult, however gross, should ever induce him henceforth to draw his sword, in single combat, against the British uniform; and in proof of his sincerity he entreated, he implored, that some one present would only give him the kindness to kick him or pull his nose, and see if he wouldn't be like a lamb. To prevent his making a more complete ass of himself, I got him off the field, gave him an early supper, with only a short allowance of grog, and sent him to bed.

Captain Schnaub, who, with all

his little peculiarities of character, was a zealous officer, appeared at his post on the third day with a slung arm, and in a fortnight was well.

So ends the first part of my story. Much obliged; no more wine. I'll trouble you for a little of that. Thanks; only half a tumbler—thank you, thank you. I'll just light another cigar, and proceed.

Meanwhile the siege went on. Compared with their prodigious expenditure of powder and shot, the enemy did us very little damage; and the whole garrison felt convinced that, unless provisions should fail, which they never did entirely, we could keep out our foes from the fortress for whatever time they chose to remain before it. Meanwhile, vainglorious and lively as ever, M. de Mountmaur remained with us; simply, I suppose, because the besiegers had no prisoner of ours to exchange for him; or, if they had a prisoner, preferred exchanging him for some one else.

In process of time, as the siege proceeded, my post and duties were altered. There was reason to suspect that certain residents in Gibraltar, Spaniards, or others who favoured the foe, were in the habit of concealing themselves in the rough ground about the summit of the Rock, and from that elevated position making signals to their friends outside both by day and night. One or two delinquents were caught and hanged. I had it in charge to look after this class of offenders, while taking also the general superintendence of our posts along the summit, and seeing that our men there stationed had their eyes about them. Treachery is easy in a place besieged, simply because everybody takes it for granted that everybody else is on the alert, and therefore gives himself no trouble. It was also my duty to take note of all the enemy's movements, and to report upon them as occasion required. The arrangement, so far as it concerned

myself, was not quite to the liking of M. de Muntmaur, who expressed his regret that so much of my time was occupied on the higher parts of the Rock, which to him, as a prisoner, from prudential considerations, were forbidden ground.

One fine day, when I was making my observations at the Rock Guard, a position which vertically dominated the enemy's lines, I was unexpectedly joined by Captain Schnaub. He was off duty, and had come up to look about him. Learning in the course of conversation that I was on the point of visiting the Signal-House, another station on very high ground, he intimated an intention of going there too. I merely remarked that I should be glad to have the pleasure of his company.

"You will not have that," he replied, in his rough way. "We shall go by different paths."

"How so?" I asked. "I know of but one path that is available from where we are—that along the summit of the ridge. It is not so smooth as a gravel-walk, but it leads from end to end."

"You know of but one?" said he; "but I know of two. Go you by the summit, if you prefer it; I shall go by the back of the Rock."

He spoke in a tone of bravado. Most people are aware that the east side, or "back of the Rock," is a tremendous precipice. Formerly, on the face of this precipice, there were certain narrow paths chiefly frequented by goats, and forming a communication, such as it was, between the eastern base of the Rock and its summit. But one of these paths having at a previous siege been actually made available by the enemy, they were all destroyed by scarping the Rock; and though there still remained one or two similar paths—that is, blind paths, as they might be called—paths which led down from the summit at one point, and up again at another—not a single communication between summit and base had escaped obliteration. Those

remaining paths I well knew, and had occasionally tried; but it was ticklish work. You looked up on the blank wall of a precipice, and down on the Mediterranean; a single false step would be destruction. To the gallant Captain, the very bulk and breadth of his corporeal presence rendered his proposed expedition doubly dangerous. There was every reason to fear, even upon mechanical principles, that his centre of gravity would overlap the line of safety at certain awkward points; and in the mildest manner I ventured to hint that he would find the usual path safer as well as more pleasant.

"To you it may be," he replied, scornfully, "but not to me. Let me tell you, sir, I have scaled mountains to which this Rock is a mole-hill. I have a good head, and I shall go. Take your own way, and give me leave to take mine. I don't ask you to go with me, and I wouldn't advise it."

A boring, boastful man little imagines how disagreeable he makes himself, even to those who wish him well. In this case there was nothing more to be said. The Captain, disappearing over the ridge, looked very much like a man stepping down into vacancy.

Pursuing my course from the Rock Guard towards the Signal-House, I had covered about half the distance when I heard a human voice. At that solitary elevation it sounded odd. Whence did it come? It seemed to proceed from the left or ridge of the Rock. So! it was the Captain. Nothing visible but his head; he spoke in his usual gruff key, somewhat tremulous, though:

"Here! Lend a hand."

I helped him up. He was blowzed, and prodigiously sweated; we won't say frightened, but, to use the mildest term, a little "excited."

He spoke vindictively. "You didn't tell me I should meet anything! Couldn't go forward, couldn't go back; and only the breadth of a knife-board! There I was! Much obliged to you!"

"A goat?" I asked.

It was well known in the garrison, and the Captain must have known it too, that the goats which browse on the Rock, in going from one part of the Rock to the other, do occasionally use those "knife-board" paths along the face of the precipice, and when two of them meet, as there is no room to pass, and the outsider would infallibly be precipitated, one lies down, and the other walks over him. This led me to fancy that a goat had met the Captain, and that either he had laid himself along to be walked over by the goat, or the goat had done as much for him.

"Nonsense goat!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by goat? No, sir! not a goat; a baboon."

"Met you at the back of the Rock? Oh, one of the Gibraltar apes, I suppose. They hide up here among the crags and crevices; but I never met one yet in that path, or in any like it."

When anything disagreeable has occurred, it is quite natural that we should feel thoroughly out of temper with everybody, and just in the humour for wreaking our vengeance on somebody, and so quarrelling with the first person we meet. Such seemed to be the Captain's temper now.

"Sir," said he, fiercely, "I did not say an ape; I said a baboon—and a pretty big one too—full the size of the Governor's wolf-dog. Not so big a baboon, though, as some I have seen," he added, with an insulting glance.

I was on duty, and didn't want to quarrel. "Come," said I, laughing, and eyeing his portly person, "we won't dispute which baboons are the biggest, or which donkeys. I grant it. There is one species of apes on the Rock which is considerably larger than the common sort, and which, therefore, may perhaps be properly called baboons. Well, in passing along that perilous path, one of those baboons met you. It was an interesting meeting to both parties, and a singular adventure.

Now please to tell me all particulars."

The Captain, somewhat toned down by the idea of telling, began to narrate. For some distance he made his way along the path with no obstruction, save only the want of additional space. One arm brushed against a perpendicular wall of lofty rock, the other hung free over the abyss. He owned he didn't like it; but his coolness and determination, not to mention the impossibility of turning back, carried him forward. Just as he had got round a projecting ridge, which, once passed, return was hopeless, what do you think he saw in the path before him? An enormous baboon! yes sir; not an ape, a baboon. What was to be done? He could not go back, and the baboon would not. Passing was impossible. There they stood for some seconds, each looking daggers at the other. It was a question of life and death! Presently the baboon began to grin—grinned menacingly—raised himself erect on his hind-legs, and grinned again, advanced a few steps, and gave another grin! The Captain could easily have pitched the beast over the ledge, but in so doing might he not have lost his balance, and gone over himself? At this moment, a bright idea occurring to the Captain's mind, he made a slight movement downwards with his hand, hoping that the beast would do as goats do under similar circumstances—i. e., lie down upon the path, in order that he, the Captain, might walk over him. The baboon took no notice. What remained? Only that, as the baboon would not, the Captain must. Accordingly (this part of the adventure the Captain narrated with a considerable amount of self-vindication), the Captain laid himself along at full length, and the baboon walked over him. So they parted; each went his own way; and the Captain embraced the earliest opportunity of transferring himself from the face

of the precipice to the summit, where I had the honour of landing him in the blowzed and colliquescient condition already described, getting no thanks for my trouble.

"Very glad to see you safe back again," said I. "Had you missed your footing, the result must——"

Here our conversation was interrupted by a distant bugle. We both knew the note: it sounded for some one escaping to the enemy's lines. Then followed a cannon-shot from the Queen's battery, then a dropping fire of musketry.

In order to see what was in the wind, we both made the best of our way back to the Rock Guard, whence there was a clear view, the whole of the "Neutral Ground," or space between the enemy's lines and our own, lying spread out almost beneath our feet. At first nothing was visible, save the occasional striking of our shot, as they knocked up the sand. Presently, however, we distinguished a little black speck, which was evidently making the best of its way to the hostile lines.

Our glasses were promptly in requisition. The party escaping was at once brought nigh to the Captain's eye as well as mine. The fugitive ran well. No wonder; he ran for his life.

Presently, heedless of the fire, he paused, coolly faced round, laid one hand on his heart, with the other took off his hat, and made a profound semicircular obeisance to the garrison. He then skipped down into the enemy's trenches, and was lost to our view.

But not till he had been recognised both by the Captain and myself.

"That little wretch of a Frenchman!" exclaimed the Captain.

The ludicrous reality broke at once upon my mind. "THE BABOON!" I replied.

Captain Schnaub turned on me like a tiger.

I didn't want to hurt the Captain's feelings; but the whole thing was so unutterably comical, laughter was irrepressible. So I laughed heartily; there was no helping it.

The Captain's rage knew no bounds. It was too clear:—"that little wretch" had again been too much for him; had disguised himself, had taken the path at the back of the Rock, had there met the Captain, and had got off undetected and unsuspected. The Captain, to hide his wrath and mortification, was again disposed to quarrel. Perceiving, however, that I continued far less inclined to wrangle than to laugh, he gradually toned down, and turned sulky. Savage that the "little wretch" had got off, what chiefly stung him was one particular incident. After some minutes' gloomy silence it at length came out:—"To think that I was his bridge, and that he actually walked over me from end to end!"

"Never mind, Captain," said I. "Considering your different amplitudes, he knew very well it would be a much more serious business if *you* walked over *him*; so of two evils he chose the less. And now let me advise you to keep your own counsel. Nobody in the garrison knows of this little affair at the back of the Rock but our two selves; and I shall not mention it."

Somewhat mollified, the Captain awhile remained silent and pensive. At length, growing confidential, and speaking low, "Do you know," said he, "just as he had got his beastly foot on the small of my back, he gave utterance to a strange sort of guttural cry, which I did think rather odd as coming from a baboon; a kind of mixture between a chuckle and the crowing of a cock!"

So, then, the little Frenchman had felt such intense exultation at the rich idea of walking over the Captain, that between crowing and chuckling, he had nearly betrayed himself, and stood detected a man, and no monkey.

However, though the joke would have exhilarated the whole garrison, I kept my promise, and did not tell; so the Captain was not made a laughing-stock. There was a strict examination of the quar-

ters which had been occupied by M. de Montmaur; but the search brought nothing to light which indicated preparations for leaving. He had doubtless been aided in his escape by some party or parties within the garrison. It transpired that he had been wholly absent from his apartment during the four-and-twenty hours which immediately preceded his flight; and for not reporting this, the proprietor, a civilian, had to pay a small pecuniary fine—a far lighter punishment than he deserved.

Whether the baboon carried any important information respecting the state of affairs within the fortress to our enemies without, we never learned. If he did, it mattered little. A few days after came their grand attack. We burnt their floating batteries; and shortly after, the siege was raised.

Passing along the sea-wall the second day after the attack, I noticed a brother officer with his elbows on the parapet, blowing a cloud. I was soon by his side, doing as he did.

Our faces were toward the water. We saw the whole surface of the bay covered with fragments of wreck, the debris of battered galleons. And let me remark, if we had not burnt them we should have sunk them, so steady and overwhelming was the fire of our artillery. True, we fired red-hot balls; but I quite agreed with the remark of an old artillery officer, "Sir, we could have beaten them with cold shot."

Among the wreck that had floated in, my companion and I noticed several human bodies poppling up and down, now visible, now disappearing, as they were rolled and tossed by the waves—the corpses of our enemies who had perished in the attack. Up bobbed a very dark face.

"Ah," said my companion, "that's an Andaluz. How curious! Those fellows always call themselves *Blancos*; and they are only half a shade lighter than the Moors over there on the other side."

"Look there," said I; "alas, a poor priest! Don't you see his shaven crown?"

"See this little one," said he, "close in by the shore."

"A drummer-boy," said I.

"More likely a powder-monkey," said he.

"Military," said I.

"Naval," said he.

Each of us begged leave to assure the other that he was as blind as a bat. The difference, of course, led to a wager; and we walked down together to the shore, in order to ascertain which had won.

The sufferer floated prone, with his head under water. A soldier turned him over for us with the butt-end of his musket. No powder-monkey, no drummer-boy! It was my poor little friend, M. de Montmaur!

On one side of his head and face was a tremendous contusion, enough to have killed a much bigger man. At least, then, he had escaped the horrors of suffocation or slow combustion, the lot of so many Spaniards on the awful night of the attack. Ah, the yells of a thousand *autos-da-fé* seemed all to be concentrated and avenged in the fearful screams that came in to us from the burning ships!

I at once took charge of the corpse, and then and there determined to give my little lamented friend a soldier's funeral according to his rank.

But he had cut and run. Could he receive military honours?

Yes. He had never given his parole; and he had only availed himself of every prisoner's right by all the laws of war, to escape if he can.

The funeral was very generally attended by the officers of the garrison, amongst whom M. de Montmaur had been laughed at and rather liked. It was not altogether to the liking of Captain Schnaub; but that gallant officer also, yielding to my persuasive powers, was present with the rest.

NILE BASINS AND NILE EXPLORERS.

It is a singular feature in the construction of the human mind that the most violent passions should always be excited by the consideration of problems impossible of solution. Plain facts, susceptible of proof, have no charm to dogmatists, for one can only dogmatise where, from the nature of the point at issue, the major proposition must always remain a matter of opinion, or of faith. In theology, controversies of this description have always existed; in science, though taking the form of moral rather than physical violence, the most bitter animosities are perpetually being engendered. Silurian and Cambrian have been the under-strata of many a dispute; there is hardly an instance of an officer ever having tried to get to the north pole without being put under arrest. "The species" can't discuss its "own origin," without becoming so violently excited as to endanger its peace of mind; and if it is any satisfaction to those who are still maintaining a bitter controversy as to "the source of the Nile" to hear it, we can assure them that they may fight about it for ever, for it is as impossible to discover in a precise form the source of a mighty river as the origin of a race. We are quite prepared to maintain that no man knows the source of the Thames, or ever will know it; that the seven wells in which it is popularly supposed to take its rise are not as far by water from the mouth of the river as another spring we know of, but decline to mention; and we have great pleasure in throwing down to the querulous company of African geographers old Father Thames as a much more exciting bone of contention than old Father Nile, as it will have the advantage of enabling a much larger number of

persons to take an active share in the dispute. If that eminent geographer, Mr. Macqueen, would lead an expedition, with his friend Captain Richard Burton as second in command, into the interior of the Cotswold Hills, how entertained we should all be with their quarrel when they got back, for we should be able to enter into their arguments, and appreciate their little personalities, whereas now the subject is so involved that we fail sometimes to see the point of the opprobrious epithet, or to estimate at its full value the covert sneer. The prospect of what this Nile controversy may lead to socially is too horrible to contemplate. Is the fact of being interested in the source of the Nile synonymous with being unscrupulous in one's hatreds? Are we to go about the world saying, on a first introduction to a man, "Do you care about the Nile, or do you not agree with me that Africa is a bore rather than otherwise? for unless you do, I really cannot venture to cultivate your acquaintance;" or is the fact that we entertain a certain curiosity about unsolved African problems to justify us not only in libelling our living foes, but in holding up to contempt the memories of those who were lately with us and are now no more?

Here, for instance, is a specimen of the ingenious way in which Captain Burton drags into the light of day a gentleman against whom he entertains a grudge, wraps him up in a mystery of wickedness by inuendo, and borrows, probably because he is afraid of being libellous, Mr. Disraeli's sarcasm with which to impale his enemy upon the Nile controversy. The immediate sin of which his victim is guilty is in having combined with the civic authorities at Southampton to pay Captain

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Nile Basins and Nile Explorers.

Speke the compliment of receiving him on his arrival in England, an honour which his jealous rival had apparently coveted in vain. "At Southampton," he says,* bitterly, "Captain Speke was received by the civic authorities and sundry supporters, including a Colonel Rigby of the Bombay army, ex-Consul of Zanzibar, who had taken a peculiar part in promoting, for purely private reasons, the proposed Nyanza expedition of Captain Speke *versus* the Mombas Nile expedition proposed by myself." Then comes the quotation in a neat and appropriate footnote:—

"Ah, that harsh voice, that arrogant style, that saucy superficiality which decided on everything—that insolent arrogance that contradicted everybody! it was impossible to mistake them; and Coningsby had the pleasure of seeing reproduced before him the guardian of his youth, Nicholas Rigby."

Although we could not go down to Southampton, we share the fate of the gallant Colonel for the same reason. "A welcome to Captain Speke was put forward, in August 1863, by 'Blackwood's Magazine,' a periodical from which, for reasons best known to myself, and wholly unworthy of being put before the public, I have never of late years expected to receive justice." That Captain Burton should allow us to infer that he felt regret at poor Captain Speke's ever emerging alive from the interior of Africa, does not astonish us, considering the manner in which he attacks his memory in the work before us; but that he should consider it a personal insult in others that they did not share his sentiment upon the occasion, is surely pushing partisanship beyond the limits even of African controversy; while the singular tendency which he is not ashamed to exhibit, to "stab in the dark," partakes somewhat of the character of Asia-

tic vindictiveness. Fortunately the weapons which Captain Burton might use with effect against those he wished to injure in a savage country, will only cut the hands of their employer in a civilised land, and we cannot defend ourselves more completely than by giving all possible publicity to his sentiments.

Had he confined himself to attacking the living, however, we should not have thought it worth while to pay him even this compliment; but the decencies of society may not be outraged with impunity beyond a certain point, and we can only put Captain Burton in his true light before the public, by showing that his real object in publishing the work before us, and calling it the 'Nile Basin,' is, not to discredit the discoveries of an explorer, but the memory of a deceased fellow-traveller. Would it not have been the instinct of a generous mind to have allowed the very controversy to slumber, rather than to excite it by allusions indulged in to the disparagement of one who was no longer alive to defend himself? Can it now possibly afford satisfaction to any one, to be told that "Captain Speke's mind could not grasp a fact," or that "he did not know the use of words;" or that at the special meeting held by the Geographical Society to receive Captain Speke, "the windows were broken in by an eager crowd, who witnessed, it is said, a somewhat disenchanting exhibition." Still less was there any occasion to republish in a collected form the articles which appeared in the 'Morning Advertiser' from the pen of Mr. Macqueen during the lifetime of Captain Speke; and which contain expressions written during the heat of controversy which we feel sure their author would not have penned now. We will spare our readers more quotations than are

* 'The Nile Basin.' By Richard F. Burton, F.R.G.S. London, 1864.

absolutely necessary from this part of the volume, as neither arguments nor abuse of Captain Speke personally, throw any light upon the Nile question, merely remarking, that if the contents of the Nile basin, which has yet to be discovered, are half as offensive as the contents of that basin which Captain Burton has here presented to us, we do not envy the discoverer. There is only one more announcement we would make in connection with this very disagreeable topic, but it is one for which our readers will be so little prepared that we have reserved it until now: in the preface to the work of which we have shown the scope and tendency, Captain Burton says, that "he does not stand forth as an enemy of the departed," as he "knew him for so many years, and travelled with him as a brother." In other words, our author wishes us to understand that he is writing of Captain Speke as he would of a departed friend and brother. Our imagination fails to convey any idea of how he would under these circumstances deal with the memory of his enemy. But we cannot give Captain Burton a better illustration of how a man ought to write of his friend and fellow-traveller than by quoting a page from the simple narrative of Captain Grant:—

"My acquaintance with Captain Speke commenced as far back as 1847, when he was serving in India with his regiment. We were both Indian officers, of the same age, and equally fond of field-sports, and our friendship continued unbroken. After his return from discovering the Victoria Nyanza, he was, as is well known, commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute his discovery, and to ascertain, if possible, the truth of his conjecture—that the Nile had its source in that gigantic lake, the Nyanza. I volunteered to accompany him; my offer was at once accepted; and it is now a melancholy

satisfaction to think that not a shade of jealousy or distrust, or even ill-temper, ever came between us during our wanderings and intercourse."

With an intuitive shrinking from the very semblance of a controversial title, Captain Grant calls his book '*A Walk Across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal*,'* and from the beginning of it to the end no word of bitterness escapes him; with a tenderness which only a really brave man can feel does he touch upon the memory of his lost friend, and in these few lines of deep sentiment does he give us the key to the gentle spirit which pervades the book, and which more effectively silences his adversaries than the bitterest retort:—

"At this point of my narrative I was arrested by startling intelligence; the first dark cloud connected with our African journey had suddenly appeared. In a moment, without warning, the devoted leader of the expedition was cut off in his prime, and just as he had told the wondrous tale of his adventurous life! On the 17th of September, when engaged as usual in transcribing from my Journal, my apartment was entered by my brother-in-law, the Rev. Peter Mackenzie, whose countenance wore an unusual expression of grief. It was to break to me the sad news that my fellow-traveller—poor Speke—had been shot by the accidental discharge of his own gun. I could not realise the fact. Could he possibly be dead? Was there no hope? The telegraph gave us none. A few days only had elapsed since he and his brother invited me to their home in Somersetshire to be present at the meeting of the British Association at Bath, and had I gone thither and been with my friend, this calamity might have been averted. Innumerable such thoughts hurried through my mind on the first shock of the melancholy tidings. It was hard to believe that one who had braved so much had thus fallen, and that his career of usefulness was run! I reproached myself for having silently borne all the taunts and doubts

* '*A Walk Across Africa; or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal*.' By James Augustus Grant, Captain H.M. Bengal Army. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

thrown upon his great discovery, the truth of which will ultimately be acknowledged by all but those determined to cavil. We had corresponded on the subject, and agreed that controversy on my part was to be avoided. Any attempt of the kind might only weaken his cause, and I felt that no assertions of mine were necessary to bear out the facts which he had recorded. Truth in time would conquer, and bear down all gainsayers, while that grand reservoir of twenty thousand miles—the Victoria Nyanza, with its fountains and tributaries—would speak for itself. Knowing that on our travels my attention was more directed to the habits of the people than to the geography of the country, he expressed a wish that I should write an account of our camp life in Africa. I complied, and part of this narrative lay on his table on the day of his death. It now goes forth without his revision or suggestions—a public loss; for my fellow-traveller had a thorough knowledge of the country, loved its inhabitants, was a practical ornithologist, and would have aided me with his views on all topographical questions. Added to a singular adaptation for the work he had made choice of,—arising partly from his imperturbable temper and great patience,—Captain Speke was, in private life, pure-minded, honorable, regardless of self, and equally self-denying, with a mind always aiming at great things, and above every littleness. He was gentle and pleasing in manner, with almost childlike simplicity, but at the same time extremely tenacious of purpose. This was strikingly displayed in his recent efforts to prosecute his work in Africa, which, had he lived, he would ultimately have accomplished. But God has ordained it otherwise. His will be done! To Captain Speke's mourning relatives and friends, there remains the consolation that though he died in the prime of life, he had attained to immortal fame, and now rests in his own beautiful native district, lamented by all who knew him, and a brilliant example to the youth of future generations. His remains were laid with those of his ancestors in the family vault of the parish church; and had the toll of the funeral bells reached the shores of the Nyanza as it touched the hearts of those in the valley of Ilminster, there is one at least—the King of Uganda—who would have shed a tear for the untimely death of the far-distant traveller who had

sought and found his protection. I must now resume the course of my narrative, which has been so painfully interrupted."

Wisely has Captain Grant judged that such a tribute to his friend's memory was the best answer to those who still continue to assail it, nor can he honour it more highly, or defend it more successfully, than by adhering to Captain Speke's request, that his companion should not become involved in this painful controversy. On all occasions, therefore, Captain Grant has avoided alluding to Captain Burton, a fact which the latter, who is as indignant at being let alone as dissented from, cannot allow to pass unnoticed. "Captain Grant," he says, "has not (I refer to his printed paper on the native tribes visited by Captains Speke and Grant in Equatorial Africa, read before the Ethnological Society, June 30, 1863) owned the vast benefit which the second expedition derived from the first."

To the general reader the absence of the controversial element in the work before us is its greatest recommendation. It would seem that "the source of the Nile" has a tendency to produce a species of monomania in the mind when it is long dwelt upon, and it is an absolute relief to find that Captain Grant has escaped the disease. We shall not enter upon the controversy sufficiently to show that the arguments contained in the 'Nile Basin' are based entirely upon the strong personal animus which its authors entertained towards Captain Speke.

Forasmuch as there is no general rule by which the source of a river can ever be determined, there is nothing easier than to deny that it has been discovered, or more impossible than to prove that it has. In some rivers the source of the river is derived from its direction, and not either from its length or its volume, as in the case of the Mississippi, which is neither so long nor so large as its tributary the

Missouri. In others it is derived from volume alone, and in others from its length; there can be no doubt that the Nile has a great many sources, and there will be a great deal to be said in favor of each of them. Captain Burton and Mr. Macqueen will probably be able to choose one a-piece.

When rivers run out of large lakes, which are supplied by numerous streams of various sizes running into them, and conscientious geographers insist upon calling one of them the source of the river that flows from the lake, they may squabble for ever. For ourselves, we think it a most remarkable achievement that two men should have entered Africa at Zanzibar, discovered an enormous lake, the shores of which are inhabited by most singular and interesting races, heretofore totally unknown, and found that it was emptied by a large river flowing in a northerly direction, which, though they cannot follow it throughout every mile of its course, they presume to be the Nile, and that after an absence of upwards of nearly three years, these adventurous explorers should emerge from Africa at Alexandria. Captain Burton, whose journey to Tanganyika with Captain Speke was a mere holiday pastime in comparison to the one achieved by his companion without him, and which he is now engaged in disparaging, cannot resist publishing the opinion of Macqueen upon the subject. "Finally," says this gentleman, "we deeply regret the miserable termination which this great African exploration has had. We regret it on the part of the public, and we deeply lament the result on account of Captain Speke himself. It might, it ought to have been different; but the only person to blame for the poor results is Captain Speke himself."

We can understand a feeling of petty jealousy seeking to detract from the merit of the most brilliant exploratory exploit of the

century by diverting attention from its magnitude to an insignificant detail, which Captain Burton call "a gigantic *ignis fatuus*," and which can never be settled; but it is difficult to imagine that an one should exist with a judgment so biassed by the above unworthy sentiment as to pronounce so great an achievement a miserable failure!

In 'The Nile Basin,' Captain Burton gives us two maps—one of his own projection, and one of Captain Speke's. In the former the Nyanza Lake is indicated in patches, as Captain Burton denies its existence, and insists that Captain Speke knows nothing more of the lake than what he actually saw. But exactly the same may be said of the "so-called Tanganyika" Lake, discovered by Captain Burton and Speke, which is nevertheless carefully defined in his own map all round, with one river running into it and another running out of it, neither of which either he or any one else has ever seen, but which he has in the most unblushing and barefaced way altered from his own original map, published in his 'Lake Regions of Central Africa,' where a river called the Rusizi is made to run *into* the Lake *from* the northward. In the map before us, this river is made to run out of the lake *to* the northward, and ultimately to become the Nile. It is only due to Captain Burton to say that the theory making Lake Tanganyika the Source of the Nile did not originate with him but with Mr. Findlay—a fact however, which did not prevent Captain Burton from deliberately adopting it as his own, without acknowledgment, for the first time in a paper read a few weeks ago at a meeting of the Geographical Society. His opinions when he was on the spot were very different from the wild theory he has constructed more than five years after he has left it. In his 'Lake Regions' he describes having arrived to within ten miles of the northern

end of the lake Tanganyika. Here, he and Speke were stopped, but he made the fullest inquiries from the natives. "The subject of the mysterious river issuing from the lake was at once brought forward. They all declared they had visited it; they offered to forward me, but they unanimously asserted, and every man in the host of bystanders confirmed their words, that the Ruzizi flows *into* and does not flow *out of* the Tanganyika. I felt sick at heart." Why did he feel sick at heart, if it was not that he felt certain that this river was *not* the source of the Nile? and what has happened since to restore the action of his heart? Is it the fact that the only man who was with him, and could speak to the point at issue, is no longer alive to do so? Fortunately, we have his own book written before the new theory, the whole tendency and evidence of which goes to upset it. "The general formation of the Tanganyika," he says, "suggests, as in the case of the Dead Sea, the idea of a volcano of depression,—not like the Nyanza, a *vast reservoir* formed by the drainage of the mountains." This was before he had an idea that he would one day write a book to prove that the "*vast reservoir*" called the Nyanza did not exist at all. In his first book Captain Burton devotes a chapter to maintain his then theory "that the Tanganyika has no effluents;" these are his own words. Five years after he writes a book to prove that his first book is wrong in every detail, that the Tanganyika has effluents, that the range of mountains at the head of the lake, which he thus describes—"opposite us still rose, in a high broken line, the mountains of the inhospitable Urundi apparently prolonged beyond the head of the waters"—do not exist at all. The very idea of their existence at last excites his indignation. Two papers, he complains, were published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' by Captain Speke, in September and October

1859, "and accompanied by a sketch-map, in which, to my astonishment, appeared, for the first time in print, a huge range estimated to rise 6000 to 8000 feet, and dubbed the Mountains of the Moon. At first the segment of a circle, it gradually shaped itself into a colt's foot, or a Lord Chancellor's wig, and it very effectually cut off all access from the Tanganyika to the Nile." Poor Captain Speke had as little idea as Captain Burton himself at that time that the latter would ever endeavour to ignore the mountains he said he saw, to turn "*affluents*" into "*effluents*," and "*vast reservoirs*" into "*sundry lagoons*," all to suit a new theory, based not upon a geographical conviction, but a sentiment of envy.

After all, supposing even that Captain Burton is right, and that Lake Nyanza is two or three lakes, the worst that can be said of Captain Speke is that he discovered two or three lakes instead of one; and supposing that Captain Burton is right, and that the river running out of the lake which Captain Speke followed for miles is not the Nile, then the worst that can be said of Captain Speke is, that he has discovered the most remarkable river in the globe; for if the Nile rises in Tanganyika, passing through the Luta Nzige, according to this new hypothesis, then this river of Captain Speke's has no choice but to cross Captain Burton's river, take no notice of it whatever, just as one street crosses another, and run away into the heart of Africa and be never more heard of. The man who has discovered such a river deserves immortality; and we can only hope, for Captain Speke's sake, that this singular hypothesis of Captain Burton may turn out correct. At the risk of calling down on our own devoted heads the wrath of this dangerous class of men, whose anger we deprecate, and whose vengeance we feel will be terrific, we hazard a conjecture,

but we are not the least wedded to it, and will set the example if need be, hitherto unknown to African geographers, of admitting we are mistaken, should Mr. Baker or any one else so determine. Our theory—we call it ours, because it is the correct thing in African matters to have your own theory, and be very positive about it; but the truth is, it is not original, indeed very much the reverse, rather commonly entertained, still we will venture to state it, and call it ours. Our theory, then, is, that there are three principal sources of the Nile rising out of three large lakes—one discovered by Captain Speke, and flowing out of the Lake Nyanza, which joins a small one flowing out of the Lake Luta Nzige, the existence of which we hope Mr. Baker may determine, and one called the Asuan or Eastern branch, flowing out of the Lake Bahari Ngo, the size of which we know from Captain Speke's personal observation. Of these three the one discovered by Captain Speke is unquestionably the longest and the largest; but which of the innumerable rivers that run into this lake is to be considered the river that runs out of it will, as we have already remarked, probably remain a subject open to discussion in all ages.

But we have lingered over "the basin" longer than we intended, or than has been at all pleasant, though we shall have to return to it. What we really desire to do is to congratulate Captain Grant on the production of a more than usually readable African book. We can best describe it in the words of Captain Speke, who asked him to write it, and whose wishes in this respect have been most admirably fulfilled—

"79 ECCESTON SQUARE,
1st June 1864.

"MY DEAR GRANT,—I really wish you would write your experiences in Central Africa, from Kaze to Gondokoro. In doing so, try as much as

possible to give, relatively, a corresponding valuation to each succeeding country, in the order in which you passed through them—I mean, as regards the products and the capabilities of the countries, the density of their populations, and the different natures of the people, as well as the causes affecting them. Personal anecdotes, especially illustrative of the superstitious inclinations of the people, will be most interesting. But nothing can be of such permanent value to the work as a well-defined account of the rainy system and its operation upon vegetable life, showing why the first three degrees of north latitude are richer than the first three in the south, and how it happens that the further one goes from the equator, the poorer the countries become from want of moisture. I maintain that all true rivers in Africa—not nullahs—which do not rise in the flanking coast ranges, can only have their fountains on the equator; but the people of this country have not learned to see it yet.—Yours ever sincerely,

"J. H. SPEKE."

Captain Grant's style is easy and natural; he neither wears one out with long African names and expressions, nor bores one with uninteresting details of disputes and quarrels, but describes in a lively graphic manner the habits and customs of the people, while his minute observation of both animate and inanimate nature renders his work a really valuable addition to the stock of knowledge we had already obtained through the publications of Captain Speke about this part of Africa. The man who writes his travels in a collected narrative has always an immense advantage over him who feels bound to convey the result of his experiences in the disjointed form of a personal diary. In cases like the present, it was scarcely possible for Captain Speke to do otherwise than adopt the latter plan, as he felt it his duty to render an account of each day's proceedings to those who had sent him out, and his object was rather to convey precise information and instruction than mere amusement. Captain

Grant feels that this has now been done, and that he was free to write as pleasant and amusing a book as he could, leaving out all dry details, and confining himself to the novel and the graphic incidents of his journey; but even he finds that sometimes a better idea is conveyed of the nature of their mode of life by quotations from his diary, than from mere descriptions, and he makes these selections with good judgment. Here, for instance, is a picture of life, as enjoyed by the African traveller:—

"8th Nov. '60.—Peters reported ill yesterday; teeth clenched, eyes rolling, body rigid, pulse 120; wouldn't speak; had been asleep in the sun. I recommended bleeding. To-day he had ridden the march on a donkey, but could not sit up; had to be lashed to the beast. He now lay on the ground seemingly unconscious, his stomach violently heaving. At 3 p.m. the caravan was under way again. Lashed Peters on the saddle like a Mazeppa! Fever still upon me." "November 9th.—'The man is dead,' said the corporal, while we were busy painting. We were all shocked. He had died calmly without the knowledge of his comrades. I had fever to-day." "November 10th.—Funeral, 5 a.m. The body sewed up in an American cloth; carried in a blanket, four Tots with a corner each. The corporal, Speke, and myself formed the procession, the corporal carrying a hatchet and two sword-bayonets to extend the grave if necessary. Found only a grave one foot deep, and partly filled in with grass. Hatchets and bayonets were used, and we got a place large enough. I read the service, and afterwards returned to camp. Sketched a 'Goodæ' tree. Had fever, no ague, but mind wandering; very drowsy; disturbed rest. All the niggers exceedingly jolly—singing, playing bells, horns, drums, &c."

Captain Grant gives an amusing and graphic account of his two months' residence at Kazeh as a guest of Moosah, an Indian trader, whose mode of life, occupations, and domestic arrangements seem to have been extremely original:—

"The harem department presented a domestic scene. At dawn, women in

robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro in their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons—two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone. Children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long."

This seems rather odd as applied to the two women chained by the neck, but the African race is remarkable for its buoyancy of temperament, its indifference to physical suffering, or even to the approach of death. Captain Grant gives an account of an execution, over which he was obliged to preside, at Zanzibar, of two of the natives concerned in the murder of Dr. Roscher. The two prisoners squatted outside the fort-wall with perfect composure, naked from head to foot, except a waist-cloth, neither tied nor handcuffed, and guarded carelessly by a few jesting soldiers. These men manifested no emotion when led to the place of execution, and waited with unconcern for the final sentence.

"A twig of grass pinioned each man, and they were made to sit on the ground, speaking calmly, while the crowd, all crushing around, joked as if at a holiday-rout. Another delay occurred, no one had given the order. On being asked might it commence? I replied, 'Yes, certainly, proceed.' The executioner at once took his place, drew his sword, weighed it in one hand, threw up his sleeves, and slipped his feet out of his shoes, while the dense mass all seemed breathless. The executioner was a small man, respectably dressed, looking like an Indian Nubbeebux. The prisoners sat three yards apart, one slightly in advance of the other. The foremost was then ordered to bend his head, when with one stroke the back of his neck was cut to the vertebrae. He fell forward, and lay breathing steadily, with his right cheek in his own blood, without a sound or struggle.

The executioner, after wiping his sword on the loin-cloth of the dying man, coolly felt its edge. The other victim had seen all, and never moved nor spoke. The same horrible scene was again enacted, but with a different result; the man jerked upwards from his squatting position, and fell back on his left side, with no sound nor after struggle. Both appeared as if in a sweet sleep. Two chickens hopped on the still quivering bodies, and the cows in the open space lay undisturbed."

As this scene was enacted within a few days after our author's arrival in Africa, he was evidently struck with it. His subsequent experiences, however, rendered him familiar with African indifference to pain and the infliction of it, and had the above episode occurred at Gondokoro instead of Zanzibar, the picture here presented to us would probably have lost some of its vivid colouring. It is a singular thing that the British public should waste so much of its sympathy upon the slaves in the Southern States of America, and reserve so little for those who are in Africa. No one who has visited the two countries can doubt in which the negro enjoys the greatest happiness. Unfortunately for him, we have pronounced slavery to be inadmissible in practice in the west; and there cannot be the slightest doubt in principle that we were bound to do so, but our well-meaning philanthropy sacrifices the happiness of millions. We deprive the negro of all chance of getting a civilised and humane Englishman for a master, and condemn him either to the horrors of the middle passage to evade our cruisers—to the most cruel sufferings in barracoons on his own coast—or to the tender mercies of captors in his own country, whose cruelty and barbarism know no limits, and in comparison with whom Legree would have been an angel of light. Our author's evidence is very strong on this point:—"Mohinna," he says, "took offence at us, probably because he was requested not to beat so brutally his

women-slaves, who one day came weeping and wailing to us at Kazeh for protection. The result of our good-natured advice was that though he promised that he should not again offend, the poor women got another and more severe beating, and were put in the stocks to prevent their coming near us to complain." The gangs of slaves frequently seen by our travellers were all chained together, and the chains were never unfastened day or night. One day, a woman-slave, on seeing their cook cast away the head of a fowl he had just killed, picked it up and gave it to a poor convalescent slave, who grasped it with the eagerness of a dog. On another occasion, Speke procured the liberation of a man who had been five years in chains:—"His chains were struck off with a hammer while he lay calmly with his head on a block. His life had been hazardous, as proved by the spear-wounds in his body; he had been captured by the Watuta, who had cut off several of his toes, and also some of his toe nails. This man never deserted us the whole journey. It was his good fortune to reach Cairo with the character of a faithful servant." If he is wise this lucky individual will avoid Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Rev. Ward Beecher, as those charitable negrophilists, to preserve him from the risk of being kidnapped in their own country, would ship him back, if they had their own way, to the Watuta without loss of time. In Karague Captain Grant makes friends with a slave-merchant, whom he endeavours to turn from the error of his ways:—

"On reading the ten commandments," he says, "to my friend Jumab, who dealt in slaves, ivory, &c., often complaining that his slaves were under no control, he shook hands with me after each commandment, saying how true and excellent they were; he believed in them all. 'But do you practise them,' I asked. Read, Honour thy father and thy mother, and tell

me how can the slaves honour their fathers and mothers if you tear them away from their families? 'Oh I am a father to them!' 'How can you be a father? Are the affections of a parent not as strong in Africa as elsewhere?' He felt the force of the argument, asked me to desist from pressing the matter, as it was not convenient to adopt these sentiments at present. He would return to Zanzibar, never again keep slaves, study the Bible, and go to England."

While Captain Speke was indefatigably engaged in endeavouring to overcome the obstacles to their progress by the most unremitting personal exertion—now walking sixty miles to carry his own message in one direction, now walking a hundred and eighty in another to look for porters, Captain Grant was necessarily left in charge of the material of the expedition; this obliged him to reside for a considerable period in different countries on the route, and furnished him with opportunities of narrowly observing the manners and customs of those with whom he dwelt, as well as the natural productions of their country. Evidently impressed with a sense of his duties in this respect, our author enters with minute and curious detail into all he saw and heard, never for a moment ceasing to interest, eschewing anything like embellishment or exaggeration, without ever becoming formal or precise.

Thus, he gives us the result of a four months' residence at Ukuni, as the guest of its Sultan, in a most entertaining form, where life seems to have passed agreeably enough, until the time came for him to leave his entertainer, whose hospitality was to be measured by the number of presents he received. Among other curious customs, it seems that this potentate never makes a royal speech without a most singular accompaniment:—"For an hour the Sultan addressed the crowd, sometimes stopping to think, and pulling out hairs from his face with iron tongs. There were bursts

of laughter at his jokes, and when he had finished, a general conversation began." The natives of Unyanyembe, where Captain Grant now was, seem a cheerful jovial race, much given to dancing and festivity, and not unskilled in witchcraft—indeed, they have the traditional respect for a broomstick in connection with the black art that prevails among ourselves. It seems that when a person is possessed, an old woman is appointed to wrestle with her for a broomstick which she carries, and, finally, the stick is left in her hand. Late in the afternoon a change is wrought; she appears as in ordinary, but with her face curiously painted, her followers being also painted in the same way. She sits, without smiling, to receive offerings of grain, with beads or anklets placed on twigs of the broomstick, which she holds upright; and this over, she walks among the women, who shout out Gnombe! or some other ridiculous expression, to create a laugh. This winds up the ceremony on the first day; but two days afterwards, the now emancipated woman is seen parading about with the broomstick hung with beads and rings, and looking herself again, being completely cured. The vanquished spirit has been forced to fly. Query on the broomstick, because if so, this is a most remarkable instance of the analogy of popular superstitions, and an argument that it is no superstition at all, but that in consequence of our want of faith, witches are no longer seen, as of old, careering through the air, astride the bosom. Perhaps this is as well, or we should deal with professors of the black art, after the manner of our ancestors, or as they do now in Unyanyembe. Captain Grant says that a cowherd, who had sold him some fish, died very suddenly. One of his two wives was suspected of having poisoned him; and being tried, she was convicted and condemned:—"She was taken to the

dry bed of a stream, and was killed, by having her throat cut from ear to ear." As no hyena touched the body, the belief was confirmed that she was guilty. He also saw a lad and woman apprehended on suspicion of having bewitched the Sultan's brother. The woman escaped, but when our author went to see the body of the lad, nothing remained but blood and the ashes of some hair by a fire.

Captain Grant at last escaped from the clutches of the rapacious Sultan with whom he had been so long staying, and in company with Captain Speke reached Karague. Here he lived from the 25th of November 1861, to the 14th of April 1862, and though laid up for five months with a bad leg, has managed to give us an equally full and interesting account of its population of milk-bibbers, of fat women, the flesh of whose arms hung down "like the sleeves of a fashionable dress," and of Rumanika, their amiable ruler. His account of the medical treatment he underwent, of the agonies he endured, of the charms which were tried without avail, and of the different remedies applied, are harrowing and wonderful to read: first he endeavoured, in vain, to extract what was supposed to be venom from his leg, by putting on "a poultice made of cowdung, salt, and mud from the lake," then "a mild gentle peasant of the Wanyambo race came with his wife, a young, pleasant person," and made small cuts all over the limb with a penknife, while the wife moistened some black paste in her mouth and rubbed it into the cuts, and a piece of lava was dangled against his leg, and tied as a charm round his ankle; all these producing no effect, new charms of wood and goat's flesh were tied on, and "paste very like gunpowder was rubbed into fresh cuts." All this, says our author, naïvely, "was repeated without any result, though the charms had been on for two days." Still he was not discour-

aged, but showed an amount of faith in the native doctors worthy of a disciple of the Davenport Brothers; "M'nanagee, seeing his medical adviser had failed, sent an herb to soak in water and rub over the part; it had a very soothing effect, but did not allay the pain. He had seen me apply the leaves of the castor-oil plant as a hot bandage, and forbade their use a second time as being injurious, having given me a delirious fever, and causing a counteraction of profuse discharge of water from the limb." The wonder is that "the limb" ever pulled through at all. "By the fifth month," says our author, "the complaint had exhausted itself,"—small thanks to M'nanagee or the "mild gentle peasant,"—and Captain Grant is carried in a litter to Uganda, whither his companion had preceded him; and lest any blame should attach to Captain Speke, his friend hastens to apologise for the seeming heartlessness of having left him behind.

"At first sight," says Grant, "this appears to some persons at home as an unkind proceeding, leaving a helpless brother in the heart of Africa, but my companion was not the man to be daunted; he was offered an escort to the North, and all tender feelings must yield to the stern necessities of the case; strike while the iron is hot, applies more appropriately to Africa than to any other country I know; another such opportunity might never occur, and had the traveller's determination of character been softened, and had he not proceeded without me at that time, we might never again—so little upsets the mind of an African chief—have had the road open to us." Bright exception to the general rule of African explorers! Whatever may have happened to Captain Grant's legs, he has come out of Africa with a heart as large, and as sound, and as healthy as when he went in; and we most earnestly hope he will let the Nile Basin alone in all future

time: he is too good for it. Not that we would wish to disparage his kind entertainers at Karague or Uganda—they are worthy of him—or that we should fear for him the spear of the African Watuta; it is the envenomed shaft of the British Watuta which will be his greatest annoyance, and we cannot wish our greatest enemy a harder fate than to risk life and limb, to endure an intermittent fever every second day at 10 A.M. for “eleven hundred and forty-six days,” to have your legs cut open with pen-knives, to pass weeks in a state of gentle delirium, to be robbed, cuffed, and ill-used in Africa, and at last, after having borne all, accomplished wonders, and reached home safely, to be cuffed and ill-used here too, for no other reason than for having achieved a success where others had encountered failure.

We cannot resist, by way of illustrating the truth of these remarks, quoting Captain Burton's account of Captain Speke's discovery of the great river flowing out of the lake as compared with that of Captain Grant:—“On July 19, 1862,” says Burton, “Captain Grant, without valid apparent reason, was sent to the headquarters of King Kam-rasi, of Unyoro, lying in 1° 37' N. lat. to the N. W. and away from the lakes. Captain Speke, apparently determined alone to do the work, marched from Urondogani southwards to the place where the river, which he believed to be the White Nile, issued from the Nyanza lake.” Then follows, as usual, the footnote with the sting. The ‘Westminster Review’ remarks of this feat:—“But Grant will have little to regret, and Burton will be more than avenged, should Tanganyika and not Nyanza prove to be the head of the Nile.”

We must differ from the ‘Westminster Review,’ and doubt if Captain Burton would even then feel himself sufficiently avenged, since the death of his rival had failed to satisfy him. Now, let us hear what account this much ill-used Grant

gives of his bad treatment by Speke:—“Speke asked me whether I was able to make a flying march of it with him, while the baggage might be sent on towards Unyoro. At that time I was positively unable to walk twenty miles a-day, especially miles of Uganda marching, through bogs and over rough ground. I therefore yielded reluctantly to the necessity of our parting; and I am anxious to be explicit on this point, as some have hastily inferred that my companion did not wish me to share in the gratification of seeing the river. Nothing could be more contrary to fact. My state of health alone prevented me from accompanying Speke, to set at rest for geographers the latitude of the interesting locality, as to which we were perfectly satisfied from native report.” So the ill-natured attempts of their enemies at home to set these two sterling friends by the ears, has signally failed, and resulted only in their own discomfiture. Here is another very instructive parallel between Captain Grant's description of the lake Nyanza as it is, and Captain Burton's internal perceptions of what it can't possibly be, because Speke discovered it:—“The now famous Victoria Nyanza—(this is Grant)—when seen, for the first time, expanding in all its majesty, excited our wonder and admiration. Even the listless Wanyamuezi came to have a look at its waters stretching over ninety degrees of the horizon. The Seedees were in raptures with it, fancying themselves looking upon the ocean which surrounds their island home of Zanzibar, and I made a sketch, dotting it with imaginary steamers and ships riding at anchor in the bay.” In another place he says that, according to Arab information, this lake has never been crossed, and he skirted its margin for 100 miles without ever seeing an opposite shore. “In the sketch map prefixed to these pages—(this is Captain Burton)—I have shown all that is actually known of

the so-called Victoria Nyanza. The result is a blank space covering nearly 29,000 miles, and containing possibly half-a-dozen waters. The disappearance is startling, but it has not been made to disappear without ample reason." Not the least startling. We are not all surprised at Captain Burton rubbing a lake out of the map for "the ample reason" that he did not discover it. Captain Speke never pretended to lay down, except from report, the shores which he never visited. Nothing will satisfy his adversary except to deny that it has any shores at all. But in endeavouring to establish this position a certain amount of accuracy is very essential. Here, for instance, Captain Burton says of Speke, "His actual inspection of the Nyanza was about 50 out of the 450 miles; all the rest was hearsay. He travelled with the conviction that the lake was on his right, but he never verified that conviction." What is Grant's evidence upon this point? "The country between the Kitangule (where Captain Grant first struck the lake) and the Katonga, a distance of 100 miles, is a parallel series of grassy spurs tapering down to the lake's shores on the east. There are many beautiful spots on the route; high grounds from which, for a quarter of the horizon, *are seen the waters of the lake*," and when at last he reaches Katonga Bay, "he descends to the edge of the bay, where our men were amusing themselves, and where five or six canoes were ready for the party." These canoes had been sent by the King of Uganda to convey him by water to Murchison Creek, which had already been visited by Speke, and which was about fifty miles distant; but a counter order, obliging him to make the journey by land, prevented him from verifying this piece of coast. Still we think, in the face of all this evidence, it is a greater stretch of imagination on the part of Captain Burton to say that "the Victoria

Nyanza Lake consists of sundry lagoons," than that it is a large lake. Probably if Captain Grant had known that any doubt was going to be cast upon such an indisputable fact, he would have given us at greater length his personal evidence upon the matter. But perhaps the most curious reason that Captain Burton gives for not believing in the existence of this lake is "the native report that the Mwerengo River rises from the hills in the centre of the so-called lake." Now Captain Speke says on this subject—

"I drew Bombay's attention to the current, and collecting all the men in the country, inquired of them where the river sprung from. Some of them said from the hills to the southward, but most of them said from the lake. I argued the point with them, for I felt quite sure so large a body of flowing water could not be collected in any place but the lake. They then all agreed to this view, and further assured me it went to Kamrasi's palace in Unyoro, where it joined the Nyanza, meaning the Nile."

To Captain Grant they reverted to their original statement, and told him that it rose "from rocks one day's journey to the S. S. W. of Namagoma," the place at which Speke was when he made his inquiries. Upon what "native report" Captain Burton relies, or why his should be accurate when the travellers themselves admit the difficulty of finding out the truth on the spot, or what the Mwerengo River, which after all is only twelve yards broad by six or seven feet deep, has to do with it more than any other river, with reference to which there may be absurd native rumours, we fail to discover,—we only quote these arguments as a specimen of numerous others upon which he bases his skepticism of the existence of Lake Nyanza, but which we will not inflict upon our readers.

Captain Speke's account of Uganda, the most interesting of all the countries visited by our travellers,

was so very full, that Captain Grant only devotes a few pages to it, but these are among the most curious in the book. It is difficult to realise the extraordinary combination of civilisation with barbarism which prevails here. For instance, Captain Grant was not allowed to appear at court in the costume invariably worn by an original friend of ours on the moors, and who, considering that he has as much right to show one part of his leg as another, wears instead of a kilt knickerbockers and socks. The King of Uganda's propriety was shocked at this display of calf; and yet in some respects his Majesty does not seem particular. One day, when four of his women were going to execution, at an audience given to the travellers, some maidens, with nothing on but grease and beads, were offered to his harem. "As was customary, the king sat on the knees of the matron-like women who had presented the maidens," &c. The royal brothers run about as well as they can in handkerchiefs; and a royal page told Captain Grant, who inquired one day what sport the King had, "that as his Highness could not get any game to shoot at, he shot down many people." Captain Grant bears testimony to the great influence which Captain Speke had acquired, and which he used to good purpose, having succeeded in saving the lives of many victims. Mutilation prevails to a great extent; Captain Grant says that men whose ears have been closely shaved off "have the sharp look of pug dogs."

At last our travellers start from Uganda, and while Captain Speke is satisfying himself by personal inspection that a large river which, to spare the feelings of his opponents we will not call the Nile, was issuing from some stagnant water, which, for the same reason, we will not call the Great Lake, Captain Grant was endeavouring to push through with the heavy baggage to the capital of the country

of Unyoro, and the residence of its sovereign, Kamra-i. In this he failed on that occasion, but succeeded in rejoining Speke, who had been absent a month, and whose account of what he saw we will quote from his own book, in order to do proper justice to Mr. Macqueen:—"We were well rewarded; for the 'stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing; and even my sketch-book was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the water, the thousands of passenger fish, leaping at the falls with all their might—the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking up their position on all the rocks with rod and hook—hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water—the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the Lake," all combined to make up what Mr. Macqueen calls "the absurd result of finding the source of the great river Nile placed in a narrow ravine, where not a drop of water is to be found, except that which drops from the clouds during the periodical rains, nay chiefly the fresh water which rushes into this ravine from the flooding of the lake to the northward, and which flows in an opposite direction to the current of the true Nile stream." Why Mr. Macqueen should call a sheet of water 500 feet wide a narrow ravine; why, if it was a narrow ravine, there should be anything "absurd" in the Nile rising in it, though in point of fact it does no such thing, but only flows through it; what he means by

there not being a drop of water to be found except that which drops from the clouds, considering that there is both a lake and a river; and what conceivable idea he wishes to be conveyed in the curiously constructed passage beginning "nay chiefly" and ending "Nile stream," are all an additional series of "Nile problems" which we present to our readers for solution. But if the great river looks absurd to Mr. Macqueen, who never saw it, even in its "narrow ravine," it produced a very different impression on Captain Grant, who, with his companion, finds himself, some days later, floating down its stream:—

"We were upon a river a thousand yards wide, and in certain parts so large that we had a sea-horizon. The waters struggling past myriads of moving and stationary islands made the navigation very exciting, particularly when a strong head-wind blew, and hippopotami reared their heads in the water. Having passed these, there was no perceptible current; but by watching the floating islands rolling round and round like a tub in the water, we saw that the stream moved about a mile an hour. During a smart breeze, and with all their vegetation yielding, and lying over to the wind, they looked like a fleet of felucca-rigged vessels racing and continually changing their relative positions. No sight could have been more striking, as the crests of the waves dashed against them, and the sky looked black and stormy."

If Mr. Macqueen objects to narrow ravines as being absurd, here is the great river, in the most obliging way, doing the dignified thing almost immediately after leaving its ravine. True, it narrows again at the lovely falls of Karuma, at which, after a nine days' voyage from Kamrasi's, our travellers arrived. At this point they left the river, and struck across to Faloro, the ivory station of the trader Debono, where they came once more into contact with the evidences of civilised life. After a most annoying detention here, they succeeded in once more pushing on, and

reached the banks of the Nile again. The impression which their second view of the great river makes upon Captain Grant is important, as differing in some degree from that conveyed by his companion, who tells us that the river "was not as full as when we crossed it at the Karuma falls." But our travellers having no means of gauging the volume of water, this estimate was merely one of eye; and we may judge of the impossibility of arriving at anything like accuracy from the account of Captain Grant:—"We heard from the heights on which we stood the White Nile sounding below us like the ocean." And again—"Looking across, an island covered with grass and aquatic vegetation hid the other branch of the river. For a quarter of a mile at this point no boat could live at any season; it would be dashed to pieces on the bed and sides of the sunken rock, and the immense body of water is so strong that no boat could sail up it." From Captain Grant's description of the Nile at the Falls of Karuma, we should not have imagined it to have been a larger stream than the one he is now looking on, and it is evident that the possibility of these being separate rivers never occurred to our travellers, the principal reason being that the one they had left could be no other than the one they now struck; it could not have turned sharp round to the left, and flowed to the southward, upon Captain Burton's hypothesis, without getting so much entangled in the lakes Luta Nzige and Tanganyka, that it would of necessity become Captain Burton's river. It is difficult to imagine what the state of that gentleman's feelings would be if it should turn out that Captain Speke's river should flow into and out of Captain Burton's pet lake Tanganyka. But we need not contemplate such a horrible contingency. No one would be more ready to pronounce such a catastrophe physically impossible than

Captain Burton himself; and if it does not go there where else can it go, except where Captains Speke and Grant found it. In order further to depreciate the river discovered by our explorers, Captain Burton gives the following account of the Asuan branch:—"The Bahari Gno drains the mass of high lands between the equator and 3° S. latitude, and sends forth what M. Miani, the discoverer, calls the Ascia, or Acoia, Captain Grant the Aswa, and Captain Speke the Usua, or Asua. I believe it to be the real White Nile, the so-called Nyanza effluents being of minor importance." Captain Grant says of it:—"At the ninth mile of this march we suddenly dropped into the bed of the A-ua river, and crossed to its right bank. Our first remark was, Is this the Asua we have heard so much of. The fording was fifty yards across, waist-deep in the strong middle current, over sharp, slippery rocks. During December this river, judging from the appearance of sand lying above its present water-mark, must be a wild torrent, impossible to cross; but we were disappointed with its small appearance when we came to cross it." And Captain Speke says, "No vessel could ever have gone up it, and it bore no comparison with the Nile itself. The exaggerated accounts of its volume given by the expedition sent up the Nile by Mehemet Ali did not surprise me, since they had mistaken its position; for we were now $3^{\circ} 42'$ north, and therefore had passed their furthest point twenty miles."

Though we might multiply instances of this tendency both on the part of Captain Burton and Mr. Macqueen to colour facts—to put it in the mildest form—for the purpose of supporting their own lately formed views, we will content ourselves with one more specimen, and then leave the characters of the living and the dead, as well as their discoveries, with perfect confidence in the hands of our readers.

"A little beyond Apuddo, in lat. $3^{\circ} 34' 33''$, near the confluence of the Asua and the White Nile, Captain Speke went to see the tree said to have been cut by an Englishman some time before, and he found something like the letters M I. In the map it seems placed to the west of the Nile. M. Miani, an Italian traveller who has lately organized a fresh expedition for exploring the Asua River, marked his extreme point $1^{\circ} 34' 33''$ or 94.5 miles further south. He says distinctly (Commercio d'Egitto of Cairo, September 22d and 24th).—"My name as marked upon Captain Speke's chart does not occur at the position assigned to it, but much further to the south, in fact at the 2d degree of N. latitude, on the eastern bank of the river, in the country of the Galuffi, whereas they (Captains Speke and Grant) place it on the left or western bank, without naming any adjacent city."

M. Miani further declares that some envious person pointed out to the explorers the tree where it was not. Fortunately Captain Grant is extremely precise upon this point, and gives us the following description of the tree in question:—

"Within sight of Apuddo stands a tamarind tree, three or four miles from the right bank of the Nile, at $3^{\circ} 34\frac{1}{2}'$ N. lat. and 32° E. long. The Turks informed us that a European had, two years previously, accompanied them from Gondokoro as far as this point, and had returned to Egypt from hence, because the rains were heavy, and he had not sufficient escort to push further south. They did not know his name, but they described him as having a long beard, and said we should find his name cut upon the tree. My notes on the 1st February 1863 are as follows regarding it: 'I visited the tree on which a European had cut some letters, but they were so indistinct, that I walked twice round it before I could distinguish them,—they were grown over with a thorny creeper and bark, and had been merely scratched in the wood. They appeared like—AIAA; the centre letters were I and A, and the outer ones either A *without the stroke*, or part of W. Nails seem to have been extracted, and to read it properly, I had to stand upon some lower branches.' I at once concluded that

the traveller was not English, because his letters were not deeply cut into the tree as an Englishman would have done it, and also because the letters were curiously formed. The illegible letters without strokes were scored in thus—

M.—as a foreigner writes the capital letter M. Not until we reached the Khartoom did we find out for certain who this traveller must have been. His name was **MIANI** (Miani), a native of Venice, who has protested against our Nile being the proper Nile, because we have placed his tree in a position of latitude and longitude (obtained by daily observations) different to what he made it, without scientific instruments. His assertion is bold, considering the above evidence; but as M. Miani is trying to organise another expedition, I have no doubt he will discover, and perhaps ultimately acknowledge his error. In the mean time, Mr. S. Baker will in all likelihood have passed the spot, and taken the exact position of the tree and river."

A case must be bad indeed when it is sought to discredit a great achievement and the veracity of those who accomplished it by resorting for a champion to this unknown Italian, and making the dispute turn upon the exact position of a tree upon which he had cut his name.

We have now brought our travellers to within a week's march of their immediate destination, Gondokoro, where they were cheered by finding Baker waiting with open arms to receive them. Captain Grant devotes three or four lines to defending the memory of his friend against the violent attack made upon him with reference to his complaint of Petherick's conduct, which it is quite unnecessary for us to allude to farther than to say, that in this book of Captain Burton's no less than forty pages are devoted, not so much to defending Mr. Petherick for not having succoured Speke and Grant, as to abusing Speke for having represented in England the failure on the part of Petherick to adhere to his engagements with the subscribers to the Speke and Grant relief fund. As to the money question between Mr. Petherick and the Geogra-

phical Society, which is also fully discussed in "The Nile Basin," with which it has nothing to do, we have no doubt that that learned body is quite capable of taking care of itself, and we have no desire to prejudice the opinion of the public upon the matter. Our only object has been to contrast the spirit in which Captain Grant's book is written with that which pervades Captain Burton's, and to assure our readers that they will find nothing in the former to offend their sense of propriety; while the ill-natured tone of the latter is certainly not compensated for by its logic. "I will conclude," says Captain Burton, "with a statement which to some may seem paradoxical, namely, that the real sources of the Nile—the great Nile problem—so far from being settled for ever by the late exploration, are thrown farther from discovery than ever." Now we will conclude with a statement which to Captain Burton may seem paradoxical—that he could not possibly have written a book more conclusively settling the great Nile problem in exactly the opposite way to the one he intends, than that which he has now placed before us. Before it was written there was just a possibility that the river Captain Speke had discovered might flow away to the westward or southward into the heart of Africa; but, with a degree of simplicity which we should have scarcely thought compatible with Captain Burton's character, he brings a river of his own down from the southward and westward, cutting off all escape for Captain Speke's river in that direction, and positively compelling it to be one of the main sources of the Nile. We challenge him to take the map and produce any other alternative, except that of forcing it to disappear altogether in a tunnel. We confess to feeling but little pity for Captain Burton when we take our last look at him impaled upon the horns of that dilemma which, with the assistance of Mr. Macqueen, he has so ingeniously contrived.

Finally, it is a satisfaction to receive, in closing Captain Grant's book, the same impression of the thorough honesty and veracity of the author, which was so striking a feature of the wishes of his lamented companion. It may be that the books of both these gentlemen are open to literary criticism, and it is more than probable that some of these hypotheses which have been based upon their discoveries may turn out to be erroneous. Nay, more, we are ready to admit that, with every desire to be accurate, some of their observations, made with imperfect instruments, and under great difficulties, may be faulty, but the highest qualities, not merely of explorers, but of valuable public servants, both these gentlemen possess; and it is impossible to read the record of their experiences without feeling that it is the reflection of minds singularly pure and guileless, that they have performed their duty with unflinching courage and endurance, and with the conscientious desire scrupulously to present to their countrymen, on their return, an exact and true picture of the unknown countries they had visited. It is this strict accuracy which imparts to their works their highest value, and constitutes their authors' strongest claim to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE year 1864, which opened somewhat stormily, has come to a peaceful close; nor, so far as outward appearances would seem to indicate to the superficial observer, is there any reason to suppose that the year 1865 will be even so pregnant with events of political interest as the one which has departed. Croakers are always ready to call a calm, the lull which precedes the storm; and it must be admitted, that if the period of the duration of the lull is not specified, they are always right, for without the repose which forms the contrast, we should not know what a storm was. So for the last three years we have been having the lull, and if the force of the storm, when it comes, is to be calculated by the time it takes brewing, it will be more of the nature of a typhoon than a squall. Meantime, in order to form some estimate of the elements at work, and of the dangers which are likely to trouble the peace of Europe, it will be necessary to take a political retrospect of the year which will bring us up to the latest phase of politics, as connected with the principal countries of Europe. On the first of last January, the two biggest clouds upon the political horizon were the Polish and the Schleswig-Holstein questions—the one was in its last, the other in its first (active) stage. The only Government which really understood how to utilise these two questions, was that of which Herr Von Bismarck is not merely the head, but the body and soul. In the autumn of the year before last, the first-class Power lowest in the scale of political estimation in Europe was Prussia; that we should in so short a space of time have been able to change places and occupy the position which Prussia has abdicated, shows almost as much ingenuity on the part

of Lord Russell as of Herr Von Bismarck. To succeed in a few short months in seriously depreciating an influence and a prestige which it has been the labour of our ablest statesmen for years to cherish and confirm, and yet to retain himself at the head of the foreign affairs of the country while it is placidly contemplating its own political decadence, is a more wonderful "*tour de force*" on the part of our Foreign Minister than any which even his illustrious rival at Berlin has yet achieved. Had these remarkable talents only been exerted in a different direction, that greatness which has been forced upon him might have been forced upon the country. Herr Von Bismarck, however, seeing the opening, passed up, while we went down to the bottom of the class.

The political state of Germany at this time was fully described in our columns; and we pointed out how, in order to thwart the policy of the Prussian Minister, we might have allied ourselves with his political enemies at home, and thus have averted the Schleswig-Holstein war which was then impending, secured the greater part of Schleswig to Denmark, and paralysed the policy of the Berlin Cabinet. As this, however, involved a certain knowledge of the state of parties in Germany, a very limited amount of foresight, and the immediate recognition of Prince Frederick of Augustenbourg as Duke of Holstein, our views were not shared in by any, either of those writers or orators who proclaimed in the same breath their incapacity to understand the question, and their decided opinion upon its merits.

The consequence is, that now, exactly twelve months too late, our Government is exerting what little influence and diplomatic skill it possesses to secure the throne of

the Duchies to the very man whose claims they derided, whose political honour they impugned, and whose private character they attacked. We are taking the greatest possible trouble to lock the door, now that the steed is stolen—a proceeding doubly imbecile, as we actually encouraged the thief to break in, and were gulled into believing he was not a burglar, simply because he assured us he did not mean to steal anything; but it is useless now to cry over spilt milk, so we will revert from what we might have done to what M. Von Bismarck did, and why he did it. Finding himself in an extremely precarious position at home, and much despised abroad, these two questions came, as we have said, most opportunely, for it gave him the chance of securing two allies in the moment of his utmost need. These two allies were Russia and Austria. Each country found suddenly a common ground of union in a separate danger, and each found itself absolutely necessary to the other. These three Northern Powers did, in fact, ally themselves against Denmark, Poland, and Italy; but the merit of the combination at the moment lies with the Prussian Minister. The jealousy which existed between the three Powers was extremely difficult to overcome, and, as events have proved, could not last long; but the bait held out to each was sufficient at the time to overcome all other considerations. To Russia Bismarck said, "You will never put down the Polish insurrection unless you get a state of siege put on in Galicia"—a fact which was perfectly true; but the Russian Cabinet was too proud and sore at the recent conduct of Austria in the question to apply to the Cabinet of Vienna in this sense. "Never mind," says Bismarck, "I'll save your dignity and arrange this little affair for you, only, if I do, what will you give for my trouble?" "Nothing for nothing in this world." Says the astute Gortschakoff, "I

might, if I liked, give you immense trouble in your Danish policy—remember the treaty of 1852 was our making—one of those innocent oriental ruses by which we occasionally gull John Bull—by which we meant to exclude the Augustenbourg line, and skip over thirteen successors to the Danish throne, and it is just possible we may yet get the English Government to fight for us. We should not object to their sending a fleet to the Baltic under these circumstances. Imagine the British fleet blazing away for our rights while we were looking quietly on. The prospect of this delightful spectacle I will abandon, nay, I will support you secretly, while I condemn you openly, if you will arrange that Galician affair." "So," Bismarck to Rechberg, through the *entremise* of Mantoufel, "I want you to place Galicia under a state of siege; you are committed with me in Denmark, and England will certainly abandon you,—you need not expect a friend there. The British Government intends to let you take care of Venice if it is attacked the best way you can. What will you put on a state of siege in Galicia for?" Says Rechberg—"Ever since we used to fight together in Frankfort, you used to get the better of me, so I suppose it is of no use my struggling now: don't beat about the bush—say what you are driving at." Says Bismarck, "A tripartite alliance, a meeting of the sovereigns, and a general guarantee of territory all round; but as a preliminary you must put on a state of siege in Galicia, then we will see about a guarantee for your Venetian territory." After this came Carlsbad and Kissingen as a matter of course, the Polish insurrection was stifled, the Danish war drivelled on, so did the ridiculous conference of London; the Prince Frederick Charles told his army in a fog at Missunde that they were the finest artillerymen in the world, and Lord Russell informed an astounded audience

at the Mansion-House, that he had raised the prestige of England to a higher pitch than it had ever achieved. A sort of epidemic of swagger seemed to have invaded those who had least excuse for it. The whole German nation became intolerable about their military achievements; even the fact that neither the Prussian nor the Danish armies had ever seen a shot fired in anger in their lives before the war, was scarcely enough to account for the extraordinary ignorance displayed on both sides—on the part of the Dunes of the art of war, on the part of the Prussians of the experiences of it. These latter managed, with the greatest difficulty, in a campaign lasting five months, to lose nearly three thousand men in killed and wounded—an ordinary morning's amusement to Generals Grant and Lee. And to hear them talk now, one would imagine they knew what fighting meant. All which would not matter if it were confined to the army alone; but the effect of these military successes upon the German mind has been, to intoxicate those sober classes who formed the constitutional and Liberal party in the country. The consequence is, that for a time the movement of the liberal opposition has been utterly crushed. Bismarck has surrounded himself with a halo of glory, which has temporarily blinded his opponents. He took the bit between his teeth, in this Schleswig-Holstein affair, and carried out the national programme with a vengeance. There is no denying it, the Germans wanted the duchies taken from Denmark, and it has been done, but not in the way they wanted; and there is nothing left for them but to "boulder" and manifest a sort of sullen gratitude to their enemy. Had they voted the money for the Schleswig-Holstein war, and said "Herr von Bismarck, go and make war, and take the duchies," they would have had a *vantage* ground; but they refused

him the money, and protested against his making the war after his own fashion, so he made it in spite of them, and has dazzled them with military glory. Not contented with this, success has rendered him bold. He finds many of his old antagonists softened and conciliatory, and rather disposed to abandon their strict German principles for a more selfish policy. The vanity of some of the Prussian Liberals has been tickled by the idea of the annexation of the duchies, and ever since the conclusion of the war, the one object of Mr. Von Bismarck has been to bring this annexation about. With this view he has caused the negotiations, which only terminated the other day at Vienna, to be prolonged to an extent trying even to German patience; with this view he has staved off all consideration by the Diet at Frankfort of the Duke of Augustenbourg's claims, though they have been waiting the decision of that body for many months. With this view he intrigued with Russia to put forward the Duke of Oldenburg as a paper candidate, whose claims will be found, as Mr. Von Bismarck very well knows, not worth the paper they are written on. With this view the Prussian Minister caused it to be inserted in the preamble of the treaty with Denmark just concluded, that the King of Denmark conceded all those rights over the Duchies which he had never possessed, so determined was he to ignore the rights of the Augustenbourg line. In a word, though some months have elapsed since the Duchies have been conquered from Denmark, their fate remains still unsettled, because Bismarck has not relinquished the hope of wearing out the patience of the Duke of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, and of the political section of Germany which is identified with his cause. There can be little doubt that if the fate of the Duchies depended only upon their German sympathisers, their chances of indepen-

dence would be small indeed. We have had a notable illustration in this question of the value of the moral support of Liberal Germany. If it has become the fashion abroad to taunt England with professing a great deal and doing very little for anybody, the same may be said to a very great extent of the Germans. They have shown themselves completely "cowed" by the arrogance and audacity of the Prussian Prime Minister. In spite of the vehemence with which they protested in favour of Duke Frederick and the Schleswig-Holstein nationality, they would now stand tamely by and see his Highness expelled the country, and the population subjected to the military despotism of Prussia without lifting a finger in their defence. No one knows better than Bismarck himself, for he has pushed his experiences to an extreme limit,—the extent to which he can ride roughshod over his countrymen. So far as they are concerned, then, he might have annexed the Duchies with impunity. Nor had he anything to fear on the part of the Emperor of France; that sagacious monarch gave him to understand, so long ago as April last, that he would entertain only two solutions of the Schleswig-Holstein question; either the recognition of the Duke, or the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia. Never for an instant has it been the policy of the Emperor to tolerate the idea of a personal union, not even at the moment it was so innocently put forward by our statesmen at the Conference, much less of the Duke of Oldenburg. Although, therefore, the claims of the latter are at length before the Diet, and are about to be referred to a tribunal specially named for their investigation, we may be quite sure what their decision will be, and dismiss the Duke of Oldenburg and his pretensions from our minds henceforward and for ever. Practically, the final solution of this much-vexed question is to be found

in one or other of those alternatives in favour of which the Emperor Napoleon pronounced from the first. His inclinations lead him to lean rather towards the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia, though he would naturally guard himself from expressing himself openly in a sense which might fairly warrant the suspicion that he was actuated by sinister designs. Ostensibly, therefore, he is a supporter of the Duke of Augustenbourg, and probably really does not care very much for whom the card finally plays. It is not from France that Bismarck looks to encounter opposition to his designs. It need scarcely be said that such a measure as the annexation of these provinces would be an extremely popular one with the army, who consider they have performed prodigies of valour in acquiring them, and who have no sympathies with the Duke of Augustenbourg. The whole *junker* aristocracy would hail with delight so triumphant a proof of the genius of their leader, while, as we have already remarked, even among the masses of the people the national vanity would be flattered. Bismarck, therefore, has a good many elements of strength in his favour; but he has one or two insurmountable obstacles to contend with at home. One is the perfect good faith—ill-natured persons would call it obstinacy; perhaps it is a mixture of both—of the King of Prussia. This Sovereign has been impressed with the justice of Duke Frederick's claims from the first, and has pledged himself to support them, and to place him sooner or later upon the Schleswig-Holstein throne. In vain does his principal adviser endeavour to overcome his scruples, and appeal to his vanity to induce him to annex what does not belong to him; the old King remains firm, and is not now likely to change. Another very serious obstacle in the way of Herr Von Bismarck's project, is the indignation

of Austria at the bare idea of such a thing. Is it not enough to have been made a catpaw of from the beginning, to have been dragged into a profitless and inglorious war, without putting a climax to the imbroglio by helping to strengthen her greatest rival and traditional enemy? So Austria becomes the supporter of the Duke of Angustenburg and the Schleswig-Holstein nationality. Altogether, if we come fairly to weigh the chances, we cannot doubt that they are in favour of Duke Frederick. We are the more entitled to this opinion, as we committed ourselves to it at the beginning of the year, at a time when he was never called anything but Pretender, and the notion of any such solution was scouted. Meantime, it may not be generally known that ever since the month of January last, the Duke has remained in Holstein virtually administering the government of the country. Although there were commissioners appointed for the purpose, they merely exercised a nominal power. The Council of Government appointed by them were all nominees of the Duke. Nor was the smallest appointment made without his approval, or any public work undertaken without his sanction. As the wisdom of his administration has become recognised, and his personal popularity is increased, the difficulty of expelling him has become greater. So strong is the popular feeling upon this subject that it is certain that the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia would lead to a popular demonstration, and probably to armed resistance. We may, indeed, look forward very shortly to the exhibition of some expressions of discontent from the Duchies, as within the last month a very serious change has come over the aspect of their affairs. The Diet of Frankfort, as usual, has proved utterly worthless in the hour of need, first carrying, by a majority of one vote, the refusal to comply with the demand of Prussia

to consent to the withdrawal of General Hake and the Federal troops, and then submitting to the added pressure of Austria, and succumbing to the dictation of the two powers in a manner at once abject and contemptible. The Federal Commissioners, who have heretofore governed the Duchies in the manner we have described, tacitly accepting the supreme authority of Duke Frederick, have been replaced by a pair of Prusso-Austrian Commissioners, who evidently mean to inaugurate a very different system. The following paragraph, from an address which they have just issued to the population they are about to govern, is highly significant:—"In order," they say, "to be able to fulfil the task of carrying on the chief direction of the collective administration of the Duchies in their own interests, and so to act that the decision respecting their future may in no degree be prejudiced, we must, in the first place, be assured of the willing subordination and ready support of all the authorities and officials in the country." From which it is not difficult to infer that this support, if given at all, will only be accorded under protest, and that an antagonism will very soon be created between the new rulers of the Duchies and the people. Meantime, Duke Frederick will naturally resist, by every means in his power, this unjust encroachment on his rights, but cannot, unfortunately, expect support from those on whom he would have a right to rely. It seems hard that the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race should be doomed to a foreign yoke, and that we, of all nations in the world, should have exerted all our influence,—first, to retain Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, and now regard with equanimity the possibility of their illegal transference to Prussia. It is only due to Herr Von Bismarck to say that he has made proposals to the Duke which, if the latter had accepted, would have secured him his throne

ere this; but it reflects the highest credit upon him that he has consistently refused to buy the Duchies by any concession. He will not modify their own liberal constitution at the Prussian Minister's bidding; neither will he be dictated to as to who shall or who shall not be his advisers; nor will he consent to derogatory conditions with reference to the relations in which he is for the future to stand towards Prussia. It is evident that the next best thing to annexing the Duchies would be, in the opinion of Herr von Bismarck, to reduce them to a condition of vassalage. With this view, he has proposed that Rendsburg should be a Federal fortress, Kiel a Prussian harbour, and the canal projected to connect the North Sea and the Baltic should be protected by Prussian troops; in addition, the Schleswig-Holstein troops to form a contingent of the Prussian army, with other minor stipulations. It need hardly be pointed out that our policy should be to support a Prince who is struggling to retain his liberty of action, and to govern constitutionally against the arbitrary conditions of the most reactionary minister in Europe.

Upon the whole we are rather disposed to think that the delay which has been interposed by the Prussian Cabinet to the final settlement of this question, arises not from any fixed intention of absolutely annexing the Duchies, but from the idea that by protracting the affair as much as possible, appearing to favour the Duke of Oldenburg's claims, and throwing difficulties in the way of those of Duke Frederick, the latter may at last be driven into accepting conditions more humiliating to himself and more favourable to Prussia than he has hitherto entertained. Nor can the firmness, moderation, and patience of this Prince, during the long and trying period of suspense to which he has been subjected, be too highly commended. Meantime, the attention of Germany has been distracted

from the question of Schleswig-Holstein to those complicated considerations connected with the Zollverein, which has at last been brought to embrace every German State except Austria, a result which has helped to cause some dissension among the political parties of the country.

A recent meeting of the National Verein showed how great a change they had undergone since last year—how wretchedly, in a word, the tactics of the German Liberals have been managed. It has been proved to them how utterly powerless they are when Austria and Prussia choose to combine against their liberties; and they recognise in the combination of the two great German Powers no other bond of union but a common hatred to the spread of the "national idea." So soon as the immediate danger is past, their mutual jealousy breaks out again; but the mischief is done, and the national party is paralysed for an indefinite period. So Prussia, having most dexterously made use of Austria in her Schleswig-Holstein policy, discredits her before all Germany in the matter of the Zollverein; and Austria, still suffering under the disgrace of that fiasco which she perpetrated in the name of liberty at Frankfort the year before last, is more utterly ruined in the estimation of the Germans than she has ever been. It is now seen that when she makes liberal professions, she only does so to cause momentary embarrassment to her rival, not in the least with any sincere intention of carrying them out: the consequence is, that in spite of the contemptuous way in which they are treated by Prussia, there is a very general instinct among Germans that that country must be the ultimate foundation of German unity. They hope and trust that they will arrive at this consummation not by violence and revolution, but by a consistent adherence to their constitutional rights, and by an improved organisation in

their political parties. They hold that the strongest bond of union is to be found in their common commercial interests, and they believe the frontier which will conduce most to their political cohesion is to be found in their Customs line; at the same time, they are alive to the importance of devising some definite system by which they may carry their point, and they are beginning to perceive that the defect of the only system they have hitherto pursued, consisted in the unlimited "jaw"—to use a slang term—by which it was characterised.

No one can look at the thirty-six little states dotted over the Fatherland without recognising the extraordinary difficulties with which any attempt at unity of action must be attended. When we remember that no two are influenced by the same conditions—that in some the rulers are bound by ties of various descriptions to Prussia, in others to Austria; that some are liberal and others reactionary; that some are aggressive and others timid; some Catholic and others Protestant; that even the populations are what tradition, position, and circumstances have made them;—we see why Herr Von Bismarck is not far wrong when he laughs at the efforts of what is called Liberal Germany. One of the chief causes of weakness is the distrust of the people for their rulers. With four or five notable exceptions, the small prince is generally regarded as the natural enemy of his subjects. Hence, when it comes to forming a combination for the protection of their rights against Prussia and Austria, the people and their princes are seldom found together. Both may regard a union of the two great Powers as their greatest danger, but they hate them for different reasons, and fight them upon different battle-fields. The consequence is, that they paralyse one another, mutually for the benefit of the common enemy. Princes like the Dukes of Baden, Weimar, and Coburg,

who see that their only safety is in an alliance with their people, are looked upon with the utmost distrust and suspicion by unhappy little sovereigns like the Elector of Hesse or the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg, who are in perpetual dread of being absorbed by a rapacious neighbour, or torn to pieces by an exasperated populace. It is not too much to predict that one or other of these fates is in store for every German Prince who is unable to appreciate the exigencies of his situation, and to provide for them in time. The whole country, with its big states, and all its little ones, seems going down an incline, at present gently, but the velocity is not the less steadily increasing. Whether—when it gathers way, and dashes itself upon the rocks at the bottom—it will split upon the rock of absolutism or of democracy, it is impossible now to determine; but one thing is certain—the smash will extinguish most of the little princes for ever.

To return, however, from the future to the present: we have shown the effect of the events of the spring and summer upon the German people. By the time the Berlin Chambers meet, they will have recovered their political tone a little; and we may, doubtless, expect some interesting discussions which, however, will fail to exercise any influence upon the policy of the Prime Minister. That policy has somewhat changed since we left him plotting in watering-places to cement that alliance between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, which, as we showed, was necessary to the prosecution of his designs upon the Duchies. There was one sovereign in Europe to whom, above all others, this alliance was especially distasteful. It recalled sundry unpleasant reminiscences, and was besides inconvenient in many ways to his policy. During the whole progress of the conference of London and the Danish war, this monarch had maintained a remarkable

reserve,—he was looking on at the game, and waiting to cut in. He was not directly interested, but a turn of the cards might at any moment involve him. We in England had taken especial pains to alienate him during the whole of our policy last year, and he was not sorry to see us planted in the mud, and struggling to reach the bank upon which he was standing a dry spectator. That instead of asking him civilly to help us out, we should have abused him for being less covered with dirt than we were, was characteristic. But the result was that the Emperor Napoleon remained torpid, until he was roused by certain indisputable proofs with which he was favoured of the existence of the Holy Alliance. Then he awoke, and with that remarkable aptitude for letting off political fireworks at the most critical moment, he threw a cracker into the middle of the alliance in the shape of the Franco-Italian Convention—upon which great consternation everywhere, but especially of course at Vienna; the statesmen there were not very comfortable at any rate. They were suffering from the unpleasant consciousness of having been in Bismarck's pocket for a disagreeably long time; they felt sore about the matter of the Zollverein. They did not like the overbearing way in which Bismarck took all the credit and wanted to take all the spoils of the Dano-German war; and now, just when they were in a bad temper,—off goes the Franco-Italian Convention. Then again Russia had not been behaving at all well, or shown half-gratitude enough for the service rendered in Galicia. The German party had been replaced by the Russian, hostile to an *entente* with Austria. Altogether, the only thing that seemed left for Austria to do, was to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, back out of the Holy Alliance, and come submissively to the feet of the great Emperor. Then there were thoughts of recog-

nising Italy and obtaining in return a guarantee from the Western Powers of Venetia, and then a promise of reducing the Austrian army as a proof of good faith, and a visit on the part of Lord Clarendon, which we are assured had nothing whatever to do with any of these things, or had any political objects whatever. So Austria became uneasy and restive; she wanted to escape from the fangs of Bismarck, so she offered to put her head between the jaws of that roaring lion the Emperor Napoleon. It was a choice of evils; vainly she struggled in the toils which the Prussian Minister had thrown over her; she was in the position of a snared rabbit that sees the keeper coming in the distance. "You need not try to cling to my coat-tails," says the Emperor to the now truly wretched Rechberg, "only if I do let Italy loose at you, do you think your Holy Alliance will prove a reed to trust to?"—"There is no use your coming cringing and fawning to me," says Bismarck; "do what I tell you, and don't make a row. Do you suppose that I am going to help you when the Emperor sets Italy at you, if you don't behave yourself properly?" No wonder; poor Count Rechberg was overwhelmed by the dilemma in which he found himself. Imagine the unhappy condition of a man who has to choose between Bismarck and Louis Napoleon as his friend for life. The alternative was too horrible to contemplate. So Count Rechberg declined to face it, and Count Mensdorff Pouilly reigned in his stead. But there was no reason why Bismarck should not adopt the course which was impossible for Austria. His very object in frightening Austria out of any project she might entertain of making friends with the Emperor Napoleon was that he wanted to do it himself. After all, the Emperor Napoleon had behaved very well during the spring; why should not he and the King of

Prussia have a meeting at a watering place, and arrange a little programme, projected by the fertile brain of the said Bismarck? So he proposed the meeting, which the Emperor, having achieved the object he had in view, and frightened both the German Powers into abject civility, quietly declined. Still there remains of the three Russia. It is quite clear that when two of the parties to a tripartite alliance cease to belong to it, there remains very little option for the third; but the fact is, that the alliance had become as inconvenient to Russia as to the other two. The Polish insurrection had been stifled, and neither Austria nor Prussia could be of the slightest use to her; so she considerably told the former that she might do what she liked with Oldenburg, but that, as for Russia, she considered the Schleswig-Holstein question a bore from beginning to end, and she washed her hands of the whole concern. Prior to this time, there had been a good many tender passages passing between the Courts of Copenhagen and St. Petersburg, so the event came rather *à propos*. Then Gortschakoff, whose love for Rechberg has never been ardent, found the moment propitious for a judicial separation; and, like the other two, he too came hat in hand to the Tuileries to propose an interview between its illustrious occupant and his august master. As the Ozar actually came to Nice, the Emperor could not, as in the case of the King of Prussia, decline altogether to pay him a visit; but it was a long way to go to talk about the weather and kindred topics. Still he did the civil thing, and came away from Nice leaving the Ozar as far advanced as if he had never seen the Emperor at all. But the Franco-Italian Convention had another effect beyond breaking up the alliance of the northern powers,—it produced a *rapprochement* between England and France. Our Polish policy, and abrupt re-

fnal of the Emperor's Congress, which had produced the temporary estrangement last year to which we have alluded, are now to be forgotten. In other words (say, the Emperor's), "It was very inconvenient having anything to do with England while she was in the Schleswig-Holstein mess, but now that that is over, let us be good friends again. The English nation never object to a dig at the Pope, and the prospect of the evacuation of Rome by my troops will be a pleasant vision to them." So spake our ally, and all our newspapers went off on the scent, like a pack of hounds on a red herring. There is something truly edifying in the unanimity which has for some time past pervaded the press upon questions of foreign policy. The reckless way in which they have taken to pronouncing the verdict before they have heard the evidence, is as remarkable as the monotony with which they all repeat each other's sentiments. Take the Franco-Italian Convention for instance. It may be shown to be a very admirable stroke of policy for France, a very beneficial measure even for Europe generally, perfectly innocuous to England; but why on earth we should have no patience with Italians who doubt about the advantages of the measure in so far as their own country is concerned, it is hard to comprehend. In the first place they are likely to be better judges than we are of what is best for their own interest. It is true that a majority is in favour of the Convention, but the minority is important and intelligent, and it is, to say the least of it, curious, that not only are their opinions unrepresented in England, but universally held up to ridicule and contempt. It was the same thing in the Danish question: it was as much as a man's social peace was worth to maintain the Augustenbourg solution at its commencement; and now who will have the courage to hold up his head before the world and say he believes the

Convention to be a very doubtful boon to Italy. It will probably take a year or even two to prove that one is right. Under this tyranny of public opinion, then, we will not venture to say what our opinions are upon the subject, but confine ourselves to repeating what people say in Italy when discussing its merits.

It is not usual to find a large and powerful majority more eager and loud-tongued in defending a measure they are sure to carry than the minority which oppose it, yet such is the case with the advocates of the Franco-Italian Convention. One would almost imagine, from the intense anxiety they manifest to justify this stroke of policy, that they have some doubts of its expediency. The minority, on the other hand, are feeble, partly from political cowardice, which prevents them boldly expressing their feelings under the circumstances, partly from the entirely opposite grounds upon which the extreme opponents condemn the Convention, and partly because in many cases they consider that the interests of the country will be best served by bowing silently to the will of the majority, though they do not make any secret of their disapproval of the Convention itself. It would be interesting to know how many deputies in the Chamber of Turin who have voted for the Convention will tell you that had they been ministers they never would have signed it. More interesting would be an analysis of the diverse motives which have actuated the individuals who have gone to swell the majority. We will give the Tuscans the credit of voting in favour of the transfer of the capital to Florence, from love of country; but we are afraid that the greater number of those who represent the other portions of Italy have been actuated, in the first instance, by hatred of Piedmont. Others there are who really believe that the Convention will lead to the evacuation of Rome

by the French troops, and the ultimate realisation of the national aspiration of Rome for a capital. But this has dwindled down to a very small section since the publication of Mr. Drouyn de L'huys's last despatch. We are afraid that one ground of the general satisfaction lies in the consolation which all Italy feels at seeing Piedmont snubbed. In a word, Italy loves Rome much, but hates Piedmont more. Whether this is a description of sentiment upon which a united Italy can ever be based is another question, or whether a convention which has excited the worst passions is likely to improve the condition of matters, the future will reveal to us. Those who are opposed to it say that there is no evidence of its necessity. If a change of capital was desirable, why have it forced upon Italy as a humiliating condition in a convention with France? The choice of a capital is eminently a matter of internal arrangement, and one upon which foreign dictation should not be tolerated. If the French troops would not evacuate Rome without this stipulation, they certainly will not evacuate Rome with it, the object of the stipulation being to guarantee Rome against Italy—a point which Italy, whose only excuse for making the Convention is that it is to lead to Rome, refuses to see. Either the occupation of Rome is inconvenient to the Emperor or it is not. If it is, then whether the capital was transferred to Florence or not, he would have gone when he felt inclined; if it is not, then he will stay there wherever the capital may be. Either the Convention is to lead to Rome, in which case the Pope has been egregiously humbugged, or it is not, in which case the Italian people have been entirely deceived. The whole thing has been a game of finesse, in which the Italians have been beaten. The Emperor wanted them to evacuate Turin for certain good reasons of his own, and they wanted him to evacuate Rome. He

said I will do the one if you will do the other; but with you the evacuation must be unconditional, with me it will be contingent. Cavour tried just the other way, and wanted to make the evacuation of Rome precede anything he did; but this did not suit the Emperor, and negotiations were broken off. There was something barefaced after this in the unblushing way in which the last cabinet took to themselves the credit of following the policy of Cavour in agreeing to a convention which that distinguished statesman would never have signed to his dying day. The grounds chiefly relied on by the defenders of the Convention when it was first discussed, were precisely those which the French Foreign Minister carefully cut from under the feet of the Italian Government. They said, "The clauses of the Convention are elastic. Our programme under it is this: our troops will guard the Pope's frontier for him. But it will be impossible for them in such a *long* line of frontier to prevent volunteers from creeping in; besides, how are you to know that he is a volunteer, and the patrol may be looking the other way. Then, when there are enough in, and the French have all left, of a sudden the insurrection will break out, which will have previously been combined, and Rome will become the capital of Italy, to which Florence is only the first stage:" which unguarded language, finding its way to Paris, and penetrating indeed through official despatches, the French Minister takes occasion to show exactly what the Convention has done for Italy. "Formerly," he implies, "you might have hoped to get Rome through the chapter of accidents, now you are solemnly bound to acquire that coveted city 'solely by the force of civilisation and of progress.'" A convention binding a Government to the use only of the moral means which civilisation and progress supply, does not seem to have conferred any

great obligation upon it. Further, says the French Minister, "you are bound by this Convention not to employ the manoeuvres of revolutionary agents in Pontifical territory;" to which he might have added, "it is true, before you made this Convention, you were free to do this as much as you liked." Formerly the national aspiration was, Rome for the Italians, and à bas Pio Nono; "but," says Monsieur Dronyn de L'hays, "by this Convention the only aspirations which the court of Turin considers legitimate are those which have for their object the reconciliation of Italy with the Papacy." Without this Convention the Italians might have gone to Florence, or anywhere else they liked, temporarily, on their way to Rome, now they are bound to go to Florence, and stay there for ever. "This," naïvely says Monsieur Dronyn de L'hays, "was the very reason we ever took the trouble to make a convention with you at all. Don't rest your hopes upon an internal revolution in Rome; in that case France reserves to herself her liberty of action;" and he might have added, "in every other." "Above all," concludes the French Minister, with a sneer, "don't quote Cavour against yourselves. That illustrious man declared Rome could be united to Italy, and become its capital, only with the consent of France." France having decided the contrary, the thing is at an end; but why the whole of Italy should go into raptures about a convention binding them to abandon their most cherished illusions, one fails to perceive. It is an empty boast for Italy to talk about "her reserving her liberty of action." Any convention made between France and Italy must be to the disadvantage of the latter, for this simple reason, that Italy *must* keep her engagements, and France need not, unless she finds it convenient.

It is now pretty generally understood that the Pope intends to dis-

band his army, so that at the end of two years, he may be left unprotected if the French abandon him. He knows perfectly well, that neither Catholic Europe nor Catholic France would see him left in that plight, and that France will reserve her liberty of action in his favour. The whole scope of the Convention, then is, to make an end of the Roman question in the anti-national sense. The Marquess Pepoli in his recent speech in the Chambers, defending the Convention which he was chiefly instrumental in negotiating, said very justly, that up to this time Italy had been agitated by two questions, the question of Rome and the question of Venice—and that the effect of the Convention was to leave only this question of Venice still for solution. The answer which might have been made to this indisputable truism was, that Italy has only to make a convention with Austria, binding herself never to acquire Venetia except by “the moral forces of civilisation and progress,” to put an end equally to the question of Venice. The fact is, that the Italians under-estimate the force of the Catholic sentiment in Europe. The idea propounded by Cavour of “a free Church in a free state” is chimerical, because the Catholic Church is not free. Rome never can be the capital of Catholic Europe and of constitutional Italy at one and the same time, a fact which is dawning upon many of the Italians, who are beginning to find out that Rome would be too feverish for a permanent capital. If the transfer to Florence does not produce revolution, and the organic change to which the administration is to be subjected does not produce confusion, there cannot be the slightest doubt that for the reasons eloquently stated by General Cialdini Florence is far better adapted to be the future capital of Italy than either Rome, Turin, or Naples. It is as inconvenient to have the capital of the country within a day’s march of the French

frontier as upon the sea-coast. Topographically and strategically the advantages are all with Florence; but whether there may not be danger attending the experiment sufficient to counterbalance its advantages, we shall only know after it is made. The most turbulent and democratic population in Italy is to be found in Leghorn and Florence. The present dynasty has no traditions to bind the monarch to the people of Tuscany; and he is now for the first time in his life hissed and hooted in the streets of Turin by a population which adored him. Piedmont, with its loyalty, its calmness, its practice of self-government, its somewhat too elaborate but methodical administrative system, formed the ballast of Italy: the effect of going to Florence will be to lighten the ship. If there comes any rough weather at that critical moment, we shall probably see the gallant bark “United Italy” on her beam ends. As a singular preliminary for the troubles in store for her, the intention of the Government is immediately to reduce her present standing army. It is said that we have secured from Austria the promise of a like peaceful demonstration, and that it turns out that the reduction amounts to just fifteen hundred men; but the other day it was found necessary to place eighteen districts in the province of Friuli under a state of siege. The measures of the Italian Government in suppressing any active manifestation of sympathy for any insurrectionary movement in Venetia, present or to come, is likely to precipitate the Italian crisis which is impending, and to bring about the very catastrophe they are designed to avert. The object of the promoters of these movements is to excite the people against the government, and to drive the latter to the alternative of an open rupture with Austria, or the risk of a revolution at home. Aspromonte was a dangerous experiment, and one which it would be unwise to repeat too often. The

eccentric and ill-judged dash which Garibaldi made at Rome has been succeeded by an insidious attack upon Venice, devised upon the Polish model; the small scattered bands hoped to hold themselves in the mountains, as centres of attraction to deserters from the Austrian army, and ardent spirits from Italy. They did not expect to achieve the independence of Venetia by their military efforts, but they endeavoured to embroil the Cabinet of Turin either with Austria or with Italy,—and it is not impossible that these tactics may, some day or other, succeed. Altogether we are disposed to think that this Franco-Italian Convention may turn out to be the cloud not bigger than a man's hand which is now appearing upon the political horizon, and that the lull, to which we have already alluded, may really be drawing to a close. Two years hence it is possible that the members of the late Cabinet may still be among the most prominent statesmen of Italy. We do not feel that we hazard much when we predict that they will find it more difficult to defend the Convention than than they do now.

The rumours of troubles brewing in various disaffected nationalities, which are generally to be traced to the party of action, and have been more or less in connection with those in Venetia, are too vague to be worthy of notice; for the moment the East

is singularly quiet, the only question of importance is one which has been explained at some length in our pages, and which involves the appropriation by Prince Couza of the revenues of the dedicated convents in the Danubian Principalities. Our Government, it would seem, though by degrees acquiring some knowledge of the subject, was rather disposed at the outset to take the Russian view of the question, and support the claims of the Greek hierarchy as against the Prince. As even the Porte is alive to the dangers of a powerful Fanariot influence based upon the enormous wealth derived from these convents, and used for purposes of intrigue against its own authority, the sweeping act of Prince Couza met with more approval from the government of the Sultan than from ours. During the absence of Sir Henry Bulwer and M. de Moustier, General Ignatief, of Pekin notoriety, succeeded in reopening the question to some extent, and the Greek Church refused to receive the indemnity proposed by Prince Couza. It is not impossible that Russia may yet find in this dispute a pretext for carrying out her designs upon these provinces. The Eastern Question is a very important chamber in the European powder-magazine; but if we are to believe the signs of the times, the train by which it is to be fired is not laid from that quarter.



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MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

MISS MARJORIBANKS lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear maunma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event: but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which, in reality, have but little, if any, existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her

sofa—except for the mere physical fact that she was no longer there—no one, except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had, somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organisation the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he re-entered the house from which she had gone away for ever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment. His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy—for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of 'Friends in Council,' and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin—so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind on her journey to a great many virtuous resolutions;

for, in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus, between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it became apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household—changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage, with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and charming everybody by her good-humour, and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always heroic, ready to go down-stairs and assist at dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients. Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and, considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the unobservant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not, however, exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to their friends—for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant—the most common description they gave of her was, that she was "a large girl," and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl—which conveys an altogether different idea—but she was large in all particulars, full and well developed, with somewhat large features, not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become "grandiose," for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain; but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hairbreadth broader than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped; and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean rudimentary school-girl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not, however, float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously, unmanageably thick, to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks. These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind, a good deal occupied with itself. First, she meant to fall into her

father's arms — forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter — and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself, with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come down-stairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, as such cases had been known, Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the Doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined, but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the Doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribank's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good

friend in this world, they're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light. "Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!"

With this end Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded Doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the Doctor returned, serious enough, heaven knows, to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often, but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed, but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world, and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough — perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter. It was May, and the weather was warm for the season; but Lucilla had caused the fire

to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and, for the same reason, she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the Doctor went in to his favourite seclusion, tired and heated and sad—for even on the day of his wife's funeral the favourite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of—the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire, in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows wide open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea-service. "Let me know when dinner is ready," he said, in a voice like thunder, "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room." Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted, as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed up-stairs, where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'elth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the Doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark. About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart. Though, indeed, she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the Doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the Doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the 'Lancet,' and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at all addicted to demonstrations of feeling; consequently, he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that, by so doing, he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said; "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to

tea as a man flies to a dram. It's a more innocent stimulant, but it's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire; it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the Doctor; "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school; occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions——"

"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervour, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be—all—that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions—nor—nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. Oh, papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lu-

cilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the Doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room. "It is only for this once—I can—cannot help it," she cried. When her father found that he could neither soothe her, nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother, too, had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded Doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognise, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the Doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the mean time, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something—but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from

school just now; wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and, when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the Doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another; and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me——"

"But, oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady Doctor; "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons interrupted, would not neutralise any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort—— I will——go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the Doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father; "I never had any

doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something—or I'll see to that when I go down-stairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room, and swallowed her negus with a sense, not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary school-girl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter—for that is a knowledge slowly acquired—but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honours of war. She had already re-arranged all the details, and settled upon all the means possible of preparing

herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants; but, dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma

is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in 'Friends in Council,' and to direct the future tenor of her own education; while, at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Marjoribanks was so far from feeling the lack of his daughter's powers of consolation, that he kept her at Mount Pleasant for three years longer, during which time it is to be supposed he managed to be comfortable after a benighted fashion—good enough for a man of fifty, who had come to an end of his illusions. To be sure, there were in the world, and even in Carlingford, kind women, who would not have objected to take charge of the Doctor and his "establishment," and be a comfort to him; but, on the whole, it was undeniable that he managed tolerably well in external matters, and gave very good men's dinners, and kept everything in perfect order, so far as it went. Naturally the fairer part of existence was left out altogether in that grim, though well-ordered, house; but then he was only a man and a doctor, and knew no better; and while the feminine part of Grange Lane regarded him with natural pity, not only for what he lacked, but for a still more sad defect, his total want of perception on the subject, their husbands and fathers rather liked to dine with the Doctor, and brought home accounts of sauces which were enough to drive any woman to despair. Some of the ladies of Grange Lane—Mrs. Chiley, for example, who was fond of good living herself, and liked, as she said, "a little variety"—laid siege to the Doctor,

and did their best to coax his receipts out of him; but Dr. Marjoribanks knew better than that. He gave all the credit to his cook, like a man of sense; and as that functionary was known in Carlingford to be utterly regardless and unprincipled in respect to gravy beef, and the materials for "stock," or "consommé," as some people called it, society was disinclined to exert its ordinary arts to seduce so great an artiste from the kitchen of her indulgent master. And then there were other ladies who took a different tone. "Dr. Marjoribanks, poor man, has nothing but his table to take up his mind," said Mrs. Centum, who had six children; "I never heard that the heart could be nourished upon sauces, for my part; and for a man who has his children's future to think of, I must say I am surprised at you, Mr. Centum." As for young Mrs. Woodburn, her reply was still more decisive, though milder in its tone. "Poor cook, I am so sorry for her," said the gentle young matron. "You know you always like something for breakfast, Charles; and then there is the children's dinner, and our lunch, and the servants' dinner, so that the poor thing is worn out before she comes to what *you* call the great event of the day; and you know how angry you were when I asked for a kitchen-maid for her, poor soul." The consequence of all

this was, that Dr. Marjoribanks remained unrivalled in Grange Lane in this respect at least. When rumours arose in Carlingford of a possible second marriage for the Doctor—and such rumours naturally arose three or four times in the course of the three years—the men of Grange Lane said, “Heaven forbid!” “No wife in the world could replace Nancy,” said Colonel Chiley, after that fervent aspiration, “and none could put up with her;” while, on the other side, there were curious speculations afloat as to the effect upon the house, and especially the table, of the daughter’s return. When a young woman comes to be eighteen it is difficult to keep her at school; and though the Doctor had staved off the danger for the moment, by sending Lucilla off along with one of her schoolfellows, whose family was going abroad, to make orthodox acquaintance with all the Swiss mountains, and all the Italian capitals, still that was plainly an expedient for the moment; and a new mistress to the house, which had got along so well without any mistress, was inevitable. So that it cannot be denied Miss Marjoribanks’s advent was regarded in Carlingford with as much interest and curiosity as she could have wished. For it was already known that the Doctor’s daughter was not a mild young lady, easy to be controlled; but, on the contrary, had all the energy and determination to have her own way, which naturally belonged to a girl who possessed a considerable chin, and a mouth which could shut, and tightly curling tawny tresses, which were still more determined than she was to be arranged only according to their inclination. It was even vaguely reported that some passages-of-arms had occurred between Miss Marjoribanks and the redoubtable Nancy during the short and uncertain opportunities which were afforded by holidays; and the community, accordingly, regarded as an affair of almost municipal

importance Lucilla’s final return home.

As for the young lady herself, though she was at school, she was conscious of having had a career not without importance, even during these three years of pupilage. Since the day when she began to read political economy with Miss Martha Blount, who, though the second sister, was the directing spirit of the establishment, Lucilla had exercised a certain influence upon the school itself which was very satisfactory. Perhaps her course might be a little deficient in grace, but grace, after all, is but a secondary quality; and, at all events, Miss Marjoribanks went straight forward, leaving an unquestionable wake behind her, and running down with indifference the little skiffs in her way. She was possessed by nature of that kind of egotism or rather egoism, which is predestined to impress itself, by its perfect reality and good faith, upon the surrounding world. There are people who talk of themselves, and think of themselves, as it were, under protest, and with deprecation, not actually able to convince themselves that anybody cares; but Lucilla, for her part, had the calmest and most profound conviction that, when she discussed her own doings and plans and clevernesses, she was bringing forward the subject most interesting to her audience as well as to herself. Such a conviction is never without its fruits. To be sure there were always one or two independent spirits who revolted; but for the crowd, it soon became impressed with a profound belief in the creed which Miss Marjoribanks supported so firmly. This conviction of the importance and value of her own proceedings made Lucilla, as she grew older, a copious and amusing conversationalist—a rank which few people who are indifferent to, or do not believe in, themselves can attain to. One thing she had made up her mind to as soon as she should return home, and that was to revolu-

tionise society in Carlingford. On the whole, she was pleased with the success of the Doctor's dinners, though a little piqued to think that they owed nothing to herself; but Lucilla, whose instinct of government was of the true despotic order, and who had no objection to stoop, if by that means she could conquer, had no such designs against Nancy as were attributed to her by the expectant audience in Carlingford. On the contrary, she was quite as much disposed as her father was to take Nancy for prime-minister; for Miss Marjoribanks, though too much occupied with herself to divine the characteristic points of other people, had a sensible and thorough belief in those superficial general truths which most minds acquiesce in, without taking the trouble to believe. She knew, for example, that there was a great difference between the brilliant society of London, or of Paris, which appears in books, where women have generally the best of it, and can rule in their own right; and even the very best society of a country town, where husbands are very commonly unmanageable, and have a great deal more of their own way in respect to the houses they will or will not go to, than is good for that inferior branch of the human family. Miss Marjoribanks had the good sense to see and appreciate these details; and she knew that a good dinner was a great attraction to a man, and that, in Carlingford at least, when these refractory mortals were secured, the wives and daughters would necessarily follow. Besides, as is not uncommon with women who are clever women, and aware of the fact, Miss Marjoribanks preferred the society of men, and rather liked to say so. With all these intentions in her mind, it may be imagined that she received coolly enough the invitation of her friend to join in the grand tour, and the ready consent given by her father when he heard of it. But even the grand tour was a tool which Lucilla saw how to

make use of. Nowadays, when people go everywhere, an untravelled woman would find it so much the harder to keep up the rôle of a leader of society to which she had devoted herself; and she felt to the depth of her heart the endless advantage to her future conversation of the experiences to be acquired in Switzerland and Italy. But she rejected with scorn the insinuation of other accidents that might occur on the way.

"You will never come back again, Lucilla," said one of her companions; "you will marry some enchanting Italian with a beautiful black beard, and a voice like an angel; and he'll sing serenades to you, and do all sorts of things: oh, how I wish I was you!"

"That may be," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I shall never marry an Italian, my dear. I don't think I shall marry anybody for a long time. I want to amuse myself. I wonder, by the way, if it would improve my voice to take lessons in Italy. Did I ever tell you of the Italian nobleman that was so very attentive to me that Christmas I spent at Sissy Vernon's? He was very handsome. I suppose they really are all very handsome—except, of course, the Italian masters; but I did not pay any attention to him. My object, dear, and you know it, is to return home as well educated as possible, to be a comfort to dear papa."

"Yes, dear Lucilla," said the sympathetic girl, "and it is so good of you; but do tell me about the Italian nobleman—what did he look like—and what did he say?"

"Oh, as for what he said, that is quite a different matter," said Lucilla; "but it is not what they say, but the way they say it, that is the fun. I did not give him the least encouragement. As for that, I think, a girl can always stop a man when she does not care for him. It depends on whether you intend him to commit himself or not," Miss Marjoribanks continued, and

fixed her eyes meditatively, but intently, upon her friend's face.

"Whether I intend?—oh goodness, Lucilla! how can you speak so? as if I ever intended anything," said her companion, confused, yet flattered, by the possibility; to which the elder sage answered calmly, with all the composure in the world.

"No, I never supposed you did; I was thinking of myself," said Lucilla, as if, indeed, that was the only reasonable subject of thought. "You know I have seen a good deal of the world, one way and another, with going to spend the holidays, and I could tell you quantities of things. It is quite astonishing how much experience one gets. When I was at Midhurst, at Easter, there was my cousin Tom, who was quite ridiculous; I declare he nearly brought things to an explanation, Fanny—which, of course, of all things in the world I most wanted to avoid."

"Oh, but why, Lucilla?" cried Fanny, full of delight and wonder; "I do so want to know what they say when they make—explanations, as you call them. Oh, do tell me, Lucilla, why?"

"My dear," said Miss Marjoribanks, "a cousin of my own! and only twenty-one, and reading for the bar! In the first place, my aunt would never have forgiven me, and I am very fond of my aunt. It's so nice to like all one's relations. I know some girls who can't bear theirs; and then a boy not much older than myself, with nothing but what his mother pleases! Fortunately he did not just say the words, so I escaped that time; but, of course, I could understand perfectly what he meant."

"But oh, Lucilla, tell me the words," cried the persistent questioner, "do, there's a darling! I am quite sure you have heard them—and I should so like to know exactly what they say;—do they go down on their knees?—or do they

try to take your hand as they always do in novels?—or what do they do?—Oh, Lucilla, tell me, there's a dear."

"Nonsense," said Lucilla, "I only want you to understand that I am not likely to fall into any danger of that sort. My only ambition, Fanny, as I have told you often, is to go home to Carlingford and be a comfort to dear papa."

"Yes," said Fanny, kissing her devoted companion, "and it is so good of you, dear; but then you cannot go on all your life being a comfort to dear papa," said the intelligent girl, bethinking herself, and looking again with some curiosity in Lucilla's face.

"We must leave that to Providence," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sense of paying a compliment to Providence in intrusting it with such a responsibility. "I have always been guided for the best hitherto," she continued, with an innocent and unintentional profanity, which sounded solemn to her equally innocent companion, "and I don't doubt I shall be so till the end."

From which it will be perceived that Miss Marjoribanks was of the numerous class of religionists who keep up civilities with heaven, and pay all the proper attentions, and show their respect for the divine government in a manner befitting persons who know the value of their own approbation. The conversation dropped at this point; for Lucilla was too important a person to be left to the undivided possession of an inquisitive innocent like Fanny Middleton, who was only sixteen, and had never had even a flirtation in her own person. There were no Carlingford girls at Mount Pleasant, except poor little Rose Lake, the drawing-master's second daughter, who had been received on Dr. Marjoribanks's recommendation, and who heard the little children their geography and reading, and gave them little lessons in drawing, by way of paying for her

own education; but then Rose was entirely out of Miss Marjoribanks's way, and could never count for anything in her designs for the future. The girls at Mount Pleasant were good girls on the whole, and were rather improved by the influence of Lucilla, who was extremely good-natured, and, so long as her superiority was duly acknowledged, was ready to do anything for anybody—so that Rose Lake was not at all badly off in her inferior position. She could be made useful too, which was a great point in her favour; and Miss Marjoribanks, who possessed by nature some of the finest qualities of a ruler, instinctively understood and appreciated the instruments that came to her hand. As for Rose, she had been brought up at the school of design in Carlingford, of which, under the supervision of the authorities who, in those days, inhabited Marlborough House, Mr. Lake was the master. Rose was the pride of the school in the peaceful days before her mother died; she did not know much else, poor child, except novels, but her copies, "from the round," filled her father with admiration, and her design for a Honiton-lace flounce, a spirited composition of dragons' tails and the striking plant called teasle, which flourishes in the neighbourhood of Carlingford (for Mr. Lake had leanings towards Preraphaelitism), was thought by the best judges to show a wonderful amount of feeling for art, and just missed being selected for the prize. A girl with such a talent was naturally much appreciated in Mount Pleasant. She

made the most charming design for Miss Marjoribanks's handkerchief—"Lucilla," in Gothic characters, enclosed in a wreath of forget-me-nots, skilfully combined with thistle-leaves, which Rose took great pains to explain were so much better adapted to ornamentation than foliage of a less distinct character—and the young draughtswoman was so charmed by Lucilla's enthusiastic admiration, that she volunteered to work the design in the cambric, which was a much more serious matter. This was on the eve of Miss Marjoribanks's final departure from school. She was to spend a year abroad, to the envy of all whom she left behind; but for herself, Lucilla was not elated. She thought it very probable that she would ascend Mont Blanc as far as the Grands Mulets at least, and, of course, in spring, go up Vesuvius, having got through the Carnival and Miserere and all the balls in Rome; but none of these things moved her out of her usual composure. She took it all in the way of business, as she had taken her French and her German and her singing and her political economy. As she stepped into the steamboat at Dover which was to convey her to scenes so new, Lucilla felt more and more that she who held the reorganization of society in Carlingford in her hands was a woman with a mission. She was going abroad as the heir-apparent went to America and the Holy Land, to complete her education, and fit herself, by an examination of the peculiarities of other nations, for an illustrious and glorious reign at home.

CHAPTER III.

It may be well to seize the opportunity of Miss Marjoribanks's travels, through which it is unnecessary to follow her, as they have nothing particular to do with the legitimate history of her great undertaking, to explain a little the

state of affairs in Carlingford before this distinguished revolutionary began her labours. It is something like going back into the prehistoric period—those ages of the flint, which only ingenious quarrymen and learned geologists can eluci-

date—to recall the social condition of the town before Miss Marjoribanks began her Thursday evenings, before St. Roque's Chapel was built or thought of, while Mr. Bury, the Evangelical Rector, was still in full activity, and before old Mr. Tufton, at Salem Chapel (who sometimes drank tea at the Rectory, and thus had a kind of clandestine entrance into the dim outskirts of that chaos which was then called society), had his first "stroke." From this latter circumstance alone the entirely disorganised condition of affairs will be visible at a glance. It is true, Mr. Vincent, who succeeded Mr. Tufton, was received by Lady Western, in days when public opinion had made great advances; but then Lady Western was the most good-natured creature in the world, and gave an invitation, when it happened to come into her head, without the least regard for the consequences; and, after all, Mr. Vincent was very nice-looking and clever, and quite presentable. Fortunately, however, the period to which we allude was prior to the entrance of Lady Western into Grange Lane. She was a very pretty woman, and knew how to look like a lady of fashion, which is always of importance; but she was terribly inconsequent, as Miss Marjoribanks said, and her introductions were not in the least to be depended upon. She was indeed quite capable of inviting a family of retired drapers to meet the best people in Grange Lane, for no better reason than to gratify her *protégés*, which, of course, was a proceeding calculated to strike at the roots of all society. Fortunately for Carlingford, its reorganisation was in abler hands. Affairs were in an utterly chaotic state at the period when this record commences. There was nothing which could be properly called a centre in the entire town. To be sure, Grange Lane was inhabited, as at present, by the best families in Carlingford; but then, without organisation, what good does it do

to have a number of people together? For example, Mr. Bury was utterly unqualified to take any lead. Mrs. Bury had been dead a long time, and the daughters were married, and the Rector's maiden sister, who lived with him, was entirely of his own way of thinking, and asked people to tea-parties, which were like Methodists' class-meetings, and where Mr. Tufton was to be met with, and sometimes other Dissenters, to whom the Rector gave what he called the right hand of fellowship. But he never gave anything else to society, except weak tea and thin bread-and-butter, which was fare, the ladies said, which the gentlemen did not relish. "I never can induce Charles to go out to tea," said young Mrs. Woodburn, piteously; "he won't, and there is an end of it. After dinner he thinks of nothing but an easy-chair and the papers; and, my dear Miss Bury, what can I do?" "It is a great pity, my dear, that your husband's carelessness should deprive you of the benefit of Christian conversation; but, to be sure, it is your duty to stay with him, and I hope it will be made up to you at home," Miss Bury would say. As for the Rector, his favourites were devoted to him; and as he always saw enough of familiar faces at his sister's tea-parties, he took no account of the defaulters. Then there was Dr. Marjoribanks, who gave only dinners, to which naturally, as there was no lady in the house, ladies could not be invited, and who, besides, was rather a drawback than a benefit to society, since he made the men quite intolerable, and filled them with such expectations, in the way of cookery, that they never were properly content with a good family dinner after. Then the ladies, from whom something might justly have been expected in the way of making society pleasant—such as Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, for example, who had everything they could desire, and the most liberal housekeeping allow-

ances—were either incapacitated by circumstances (which was a polite term in use at Carlingford, and meant babies) or by character. Mrs. Woodburn liked nothing so well as to sit by the fire and read novels, and “take off” her neighbours, when any one called on her; and, of course, the lady who was her audience on one occasion, left with the comfortable conviction that next time she would be the victim; a circumstance which, indeed, did not make the offender unpopular—for there were very few people in Carlingford who could be amusing, even at the expense of their neighbours—but made it quite impossible that she should ever do anything in the way of knitting people together, and making a harmonious whole out of the scraps and fragments of society. As for Mrs. Chiley, she was old, and had not energy enough for such an undertaking; and, besides, she had no children, and disliked bustle and trouble, and was of opinion that the Colonel never enjoyed his dinner if he had more than four people to help him to eat it; and, in short, you might have gone over Grange Lane, house by house, finding a great deal of capital material, but without encountering a single individual capable of making anything out of it. Such was the lamentable condition, at the moment this history commences, of society in Carlingford.

And yet nobody could say that there were not very good elements to make society with. When you add to a man capable of giving excellent dinners, like Dr. Marjoribanks, another man like young Mr. Cavendish, Mrs. Woodburn's brother, who was a wit and a man of fashion, and belonged to one of the best clubs in town, and brought down gossip with the bloom on it to Grange Lane: and when you join to Mrs. Centum, who was always so good and so much out of temper that it was safe to calculate on something amusing from her,

the languid but trenchant humour of Mrs. Woodburn—not to speak of their husbands, who were perfectly available for the background, and all the nephews and cousins and grandchildren, who constantly paid visits to old Mr. Western and Colonel Chiley; and the Browns, when they were at home, with their floating suite of admirers; and the young ladies who sang, and the young ladies who sketched, and the men who went out with the hounds, when business permitted them; and the people who came about the town when there was an election; and the barristers who made the circuit; and the gay people who came to the races; not to speak of the varying chances of curates, who could talk or play the piano, with which Mr. Bury favoured his parishioners—for he changed his curates very often; and the occasional visits of the lesser country people, and the country clergymen;—it will be plainly apparent that all that was wanting to Carlingford was a master-hand to blend these different elements. There had even been a few feeble preliminary attempts at this great work, which had failed, as such attempts always fail when they are premature, and when the real agent of the change is already on the way; but preparations and presentiments had taken vague possession of the mind of the town, as has always been observed to be the case before a great revolution, or when a man destined to put his mark on his generation, as the newspapers say, is about to appear. To be sure, it was not a man this time, but Miss Marjoribanks; but the atmosphere thrilled and trembled to the advent of the new luminary all the same.

Yet, at the same time, the world of Carlingford had not the least idea of the real quarter from which the sovereign intelligence which was to develop it from chaos into order and harmony was, *effectivement*, to come. Some people had hoped in Mrs. Woodburn before she fell

into her present languor of appearance and expression; and a great many people hoped in Mr. Cavendish's wife, if he married, as he was said to intend to do; for this gentleman, who was in the habit of describing himself, no doubt, very truthfully, as one of the Cavendishes, was a person of great consideration in Grange Lane; and some hoped in a new Rector, for it was apparent that Mr. Bury could not last very long. Thus, with the ordinary short-sightedness of the human species, Carlingford blinded itself, and turned its eyes in every direction in the world rather than in that of the Swiss mountains, which were being climbed at that moment by a large and blooming young woman, with tawny short curls and alert decided movements; so little do we know what momentous issues may hang upon the most possible accident! Had that energetic traveller slipped but an inch further upon the *mer de glace*—had she taken that other step which she was with difficulty persuaded not to take on the Wengern Alp—there would have been an end of all the hopes of social importance for Carlingford. But the good fairies took

care of Lucilla and her mission, and saved her from the precipice and the crevasses—and instinctively the air at home got note of what was coming, and whispered the news mysteriously through the keyholes. "Miss Marjoribanks is coming home," the unsuspecting male public said to itself as it returned from Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners with a certain distressing, but mistaken presentiment, that these delights were to come to an end; and the ladies repeated the same piece of news, conjoining with it benevolent intimations of their intention to call upon her, and make the poor thing feel herself at home. "Perhaps she may be amusing," Mrs. Woodburn was good enough to add; but these words meant only that perhaps Lucilla, who was coming to set them all right, was worthy of being placed in the satirist's collection along with Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Chiley. Thus, while the town ripened more and more for her great mission, and the ignorant human creatures, who were to be her subjects, showed their usual blindness and ignorance, the time drew nearer and nearer for Miss Marjoribanks's return.

CHAPTER IV.

"My daughter is coming home, Nancy," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "You will have to make preparations for her immediately. So far as I can make out from this letter, she will arrive to-morrow by the half-past five train."

"Well, sir," said Nancy, with the tone of a woman who makes the best of a misfortune, "it ain't every young lady as would have the sense to fix an hour like that. Ladies is terrible tiresome in that way; they'll come in the middle o' the day, when a body don't know in the world what to have for them; or they'll come at night, when a body's tired, and ain't got the heart to go into a supper. There was

always a deal of sense in Miss Lucilla, when she hadn't got nothing in her head."

"Just so," said Dr. Marjoribanks, who was rather relieved to have got through the announcement so easily. "You will see that her room is ready, and everything comfortable; and, of course, to-morrow she and I will dine alone."

"Yes, sir," said Nancy; but this assent was not given in the decisive tone of a woman whose audience was over; and then she was seized with a desire to arrange in a more satisfactory manner the cold beef on the sideboard. When she had secured this little interval for thought, she returned again to the table

where her master ate his breakfast, with a presentiment. "If you please, sir," said Nancy, "not to give you no vexation nor trouble, which every one knows as it has been the aim o' my life to spare you, as has so much on your mind. But it's best to settle afore commencing, and then we needn't have no heartburning. If you please, am I to take my orders of Miss Lucilla, or of you, as I've always been used to? In the missus's time," said Nancy, with modest confidence, "as was a good missus, and never gave no trouble as long as she had her soup and her jelly comfortable, it was always you as said what there was to be for dinner, I don't make no objection to doing up a nice little luncheon for Miss Lucilla, and giving a little more thought now and again to the sweets; but it ain't my part to tell you, sir, as a lady's taste, and more special a young lady's, ain't to be expected to be the same as yours and mine as has been cultivated like. I'm not one as likes contention," continued the domestic oracle, "but I couldn't abear to see a good master put upon; and if it should be as Miss Lucilla sets her mind upon messes as ain't got no taste in them, and milk-puddings and stuff, like the most of the ladies, I'd just like to know out of your own mouth, afore the commencement, what I'm to do?"

Dr. Marjoribanks was so moved by this appeal that he laid down his knife and contemplated the alarming future with some dismay. "It is to be hoped Miss Lucilla will know better," he said. "She has a great deal of good sense, and it is to be hoped that she will be wise enough to consult the tastes of the house."

But the Doctor was not to be let off so easily. "As you say, sir, everything's to be hoped," said Nancy, steadily; "but there's a-many ladies as don't seem to me to have got no taste to their mouths; and it ain't as if it was

a thing that could be left to hopes. Supposin' as it comes to that, sir, what am I to do?"

"Well," said the Doctor, who was himself a little puzzled, "you know Miss Lucilla is nineteen, Nancy, and my only child, and the natural mistress of the house."

"Sir," said Nancy, austere, "them is things as it ain't needful to name; that ain't the question as I was asking. Supposin' as things come to such a point, what am I to do?"

"Bless me! it's half-past nine," said the Doctor, "and I have an appointment. You can come just as usual when we are at breakfast, that will be the best way," he said as he went out at the door, and chuckled a little to himself when he felt he had escaped. "Lucilla is her mother's daughter, it is true," he said to himself when he had got into the safe seclusion of his brougham, with a degree of doubt in his tone which was startling, to say the least of it, from the lips of a medical man; "but she is my child all the same," he added, briskly, with returning confidence; and in this conviction there was something which reassured the Doctor. He rubbed his hands as he bowed along to his appointment, and thought within himself that if she turned out a girl of spirit, as he expected, it would be good fun to see Lucilla's struggle with Nancy for the veritable reins of government. If Dr. Marjoribanks had entertained any positive apprehensions that his dinners would be spoiled in consequence, his amusement would have come to an abrupt conclusion; but he trusted entirely in Nancy and a little in Lucilla, and suffered his long upperlip to relax at the thought without much fear.

Her father had not returned from the labours of his long day when Lucilla arrived, but he made his last visits on foot in order to be able to send the brougham for her, which was a great thing for the

Doctor to do. There was, indeed, a mutual respect between the two, who were not necessary to each other's comfort, it is true, as such near relations sometimes are; but who at the same time, except on the sole occasion of Mrs. Marjoribanks's death, had never misunderstood each other, as sometimes happens. This time Miss Marjoribanks was rather pleased, on the whole, that the Doctor did not come to meet her. At other times she had been a visitor; now she had come into her kingdom, and had no desire to be received like a guest. A sense of coming home, warmer than she remembered to have felt before, came into Lucilla's active mind as she stepped into the brougham. Not that the words bore any special tender meaning, notwithstanding that it was the desire of her heart, well known to all her friends, to live henceforward as a comfort to dear papa, but that now at last she was coming into her kingdom, and entering the domain in which she intended her will to be law. After living for a year with friends whose arrangements (much inferior to those which she could have made had she had the power) she had to acquiesce in, and whose domestic economy could only be criticised up to a certain point, it was naturally a pleasure to Miss Marjoribanks, to feel that now at length she was emancipated, and at liberty to exercise her faculty. There were times during the past year when Lucilla had with difficulty restrained herself from snatching the reins out of the hands of her hosts, and showing them how to manage. But, impatient as she was, she had to restrain herself, and make the best of it. Now all that bondage was over. She felt like a young king entering in secret a capital which awaits him with acclamations. Before she presented herself to the rejoicing public, there were arrangements to be made and things to be done; and Miss Marjoribanks gave a rapid

glance at the shops in George Street as she drove past, and decided which of them she meant to honour with her patronage. When she entered the garden it was with the same rapid glance of reorganising genius that she cast her eyes around it; and still more decided was the look with which she regarded her own room, where she was guided by the new housemaid, who did not know Miss Lucilla. Nancy, who knew no better (being, like most gifted persons, a woman of one idea), had established her young mistress in the little chamber which had been Lucilla's when she was a child; but Miss Marjoribanks, who had no sentimental notions about white dimity, shook her head at the frigid little apartment, where, however, she was not at all sorry to be placed at present; for if Dr. Marjoribanks had been a man of the *prevénant* class, disposed to make all the preparations possible for his daughter, and arrange elegant surprises for her, he would have thoroughly disgusted Lucilla, who was bent on making all the necessary improvements in her own person. When she went down to the drawing-room to await her father, Miss Marjoribanks's look of disapprobation was mingled with so much satisfaction and content in herself that it was pleasant to behold. She shook her head and shrugged her shoulders as she paused in the centre of the large faded room, where there was no light but that of the fire, which burned brightly, and kept up a lively play of glimmer and shadow in the tall glass over the fire-place, and even twinkled dimly in the three long windows, where the curtains hung stiff and solemn in their daylight form. It was not an uncomfortable sort of big, dull, faded, respectable drawing-room; and if there had been a family in it, with recollections attached to every old ottoman and easy-chair, no doubt it would have been charming; but it was only a waste and howling wilderness to Lucilla. When she

had walked from one end to the other, and verified all the plans she had already long ago conceived for the embellishment of this inner court and centre of her kingdom, Lucilla walked with her unhesitating step to the fire, and took a match and lighted all the candles in the large old-fashioned candlesticks, which had been flickering in grotesque shadows all over the roof. This proceeding threw a flood of light on the subject of her considerations, and gave Miss Marjoribanks an idea, in passing, about the best mode of lighting, which she afterwards acted upon with great success. She was standing in this flood of light, regarding everything around her with the eye of an enlightened critic and reformer, when Dr. Marjoribanks came in. Perhaps there arose in the soul of the Doctor a momentary thought that the startling amount of *eclairage* which he witnessed was scarcely necessary, for it is certain that he gave a momentary glance at the candles as he went up to greet his daughter; but he was far too well-bred a man to suggest such an idea at the moment. On the contrary, he kissed her with a sentiment of real pleasure, and owned to himself that, if she was not a fool, and could keep to her own department, it might be rather agreeable on the whole to have a woman in the house. The sentiment was not enthusiastic, and neither were the words of his salutation—"Well, Lucilla; so this is you!" said the moderate and unexcited father. "Yes, papa, it is me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "and very glad to get home;" and so the two sat down and discussed the journey—whether she had been cold, and what state the railway was in—till the Doctor bethought himself that he had to prepare for dinner. "Nancy is always very punctual, and I am sure you are hungry," he said; "so I'll go upstairs, with your permission, Lucilla, and change my coat;" and with this the actual arrival ter-

minated, and the new reign began.

But it was only next morning that the young sovereign gave any intimation of her future policy. She had naturally a great deal to tell that first night; and though it was exclusively herself, and her own adventures and achievements, which Miss Marjoribanks related, the occasion of her return made that sufficiently natural; and the Doctor was not altogether superior to the natural prejudice which makes a man interested, even when they are not in themselves particularly interesting, in the doings of his children. She succeeded in doing what is certainly one of the first duties of a woman—she amused her father. He followed her to the drawing-room for a marvel, and took a cup of tea, though it was against his principles; and, on the whole, Lucilla had the satisfaction of feeling that she had made a conquest of the Doctor, which, of course, was the grand and most essential preliminary. In the little interval which he spent over his claret, Miss Marjoribanks had succeeded in effecting another fundamental duty of woman—she had, as she herself expressed it, harmonised the rooms, by the simple method of rearranging half the chairs and covering the tables with trifles of her own—a proceeding which converted the apartment from an abstract English drawing-room of the old school into Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room, an individual spot of ground revealing something of the character of its mistress. The Doctor himself was so moved by this, that he looked vaguely round when he came in, as if a little doubtful where he was—but that might only be the effect of the sparkling mass of candles on the mantelpiece, which he was too well-bred to remark upon the first night. But it was only in the morning that Lucilla unfolded her standard. She was down to break-

fast, ready to pour out the coffee, before the Doctor had left his room. He found her, to his intense amazement, seated at the foot of the table, in the place which he usually occupied himself, before the urn and the coffee-pot. Dr. Marjoribanks hesitated for one momentous instant, stricken dumb by this unparalleled audacity; but so great was the effect of his daughter's courage and steadiness, that after that moment of fate he accepted the seat by the side where everything was arranged for him, and to which Lucilla invited him sweetly, though not without a touch of mental perturbation. The moment he had seated himself, the Doctor's eyes were opened to the importance of the step he had taken. "I am afraid I have taken your seat, papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, with ingenuous sweetness. "But then I should have had to move the urn, and all the things, and I thought you would not mind." The Doctor said nothing but "Humph!" and even that in an under-tone; but he became aware all the same that he had abdicated, without knowing it, and that the reins of state had been smilingly withdrawn from his unconscious hands.

When Nancy made her appearance the fact became still more apparent, though still in the sweetest way. "It is so dreadful to think papa should have been bothered with all these things so long," said Miss Marjoribanks. "After this I am sure you and I, Nancy, can arrange it all without giving him the trouble. Perhaps this morning, papa, as I am a stranger, you will say if there is anything you would like, and then I shall have time to talk it all over with Nancy, and find out what is best," and Lucilla smiled so sweetly upon her two amazed subjects that the humour of the situation caught the fancy of the Doctor, who had a keen perception of the ridiculous.

He laughed out, much to Nancy's

consternation, who was standing by in open-eyed dismay. "Very well, Lucilla," he said; "you shall try what you can do. I daresay Nancy will be glad to have me back again before long; but in the mean time I am quite content that you should try," and he went off laughing to his brougham, but came back again before Lucilla could take Nancy in hand, who was an antagonist more formidable. "I forgot to tell you," said the Doctor, "that Tom Marjoribanks is coming on Circuit, and that I have asked him to stay here, as a matter of course. I suppose he'll arrive to-morrow. Good-bye till the evening."

This, though Dr. Marjoribanks did not in the least intend it, struck Lucilla like a Parthian arrow, and brought her down for the moment. "Tom Marjoribanks!" she ejaculated in a kind of horror. "Of all people in the world, and at this moment!" but when she saw the open eyes and rising colour of Nancy the young dictator recovered herself—for a conqueror in the first moment of his victory has need to be wary. She called Nancy to her in her most affectionate tones as she finished her breakfast. "I sent papa away," said Miss Marjoribanks, "because I wanted to have a good talk with you, Nancy. I want to tell you my object in life. It is to be a comfort to papa. Ever since poor mamma died that is what I have been thinking of; and now I have come home, and I have made up my mind that he is not to be troubled about anything. I know what a good, faithful, valuable woman you are, I assure you. You need not think me a foolish girl who is not able to appreciate you. The dinner was charming last night, Nancy," said Lucilla, with much feeling; "and I never saw anything more beautifully cooked than papa's cutlets to-day."

"Miss Lucilla, I may say as I am very glad I have pleased you," said Nancy, who was not quite conquer-

ed as yet. She stood very stiffly upright by the table, and maintained her integrity. "Master is particular, I don't deny," continued the prime minister, who felt herself dethroned. "I've always done my best to go in with his little fancies, and I don't mean to say as it isn't right and natural as you should be the missis. But I ain't used to have ado with ladies, and that's the truth. Ladies is stingy in a-many things as is the soul of a good dinner to them as knows. I may be valleyable or not, it ain't for me to say; but I'm not one as can always be kept to a set figger in my gravy-beef, and my bacon, and them sorts of things. As for the butter, I don't know as I could give nobody an idea. I ain't one as likes changes, but I can't abide to be kept to a set figger; and that's the chief thing, Miss Lucilla, as I've got to say."

"And quite reasonable too," said Miss Marjoribanks; "you and I will work perfectly well together, Nancy. I am sure we have both the same meaning; and I hope you don't think I am less concerned about dear papa than about the gravy-beef. He must have been very desolate, with no one to talk to, though he has been so good and kind and self-sacrificing in leaving me to get every advantage; but I mean to make it up to him, now I've come home."

"Yes, miss," said Nancy, somewhat mystified; "not but what master has had his little parties now and again, to cheer him up a bit; and I make bold to say, miss, as I have heard compliments, which it was Thomas that brought 'em down-stairs, as might go nigh to turn a body's head, if it was vanity as I was thinking of; but I ain't one as thinks of anything but the comfort of the family," said Nancy, yielding in spite of herself to follow the leadings of the higher will in presence of which she found herself, "and I'm always one as does my best, Miss Lucilla, if I ain't

worried nor kept to a set figger with my gravy-beef."

"I have heard of papa's dinners," said Lucilla, graciously, "and I don't mean to let down your reputation, Nancy. Now we are two women to manage everything, we ought to do still better. I have two or three things in my head that I will tell you after; but in the mean time I want you to know that the object of my life is to be a comfort to poor papa; and now let us think what we had better have for dinner," said the new sovereign. Nancy was so totally unprepared for this manner of dethronement, that she gave in like her master. She followed Miss Marjoribanks humbly into those details in which Lucilla speedily proved herself a woman of original mind, and powers quite equal to her undertaking. The Doctor's formidable house-keeper conducted her young mistress down-stairs afterwards, and showed her everything with the meekness of a saint. Lucilla had won a second victory still more exhilarating and satisfactory than the first; for, to be sure, it is no great credit to a woman of nineteen to make a man of any age throw down his arms; but to conquer a woman is a different matter, and Lucilla was thoroughly sensible of the difference. Now, indeed, she could feel with a sense of reality that her foundations were laid.

Miss Marjoribanks had enough of occupation for that day, and for many days. But her mind was a little distracted by her father's parting intelligence, and she had, besides, a natural desire to view the country she had come to conquer. When she had made a careful supervision of the house, and shifted her own quarters into the pleasantest of the two best bedrooms, and concluded that the little bare dimity chamber she had occupied the previous night was quite good enough for Tom Marjoribanks, Lucilla put on her hat and went out to make a little *reconnaissance*. She walked

down to the spot where St. Roque's now stands, on her own side of Grange Lane, and up on the other side into George Street, surveying all the capabilities of the place with a rapid but penetrating glance. Dr. Marjoribanks's house could not have been better placed as a strategic position, commanding as it did all Grange Lane, of which it was, so to speak, the key, and yet affording a base of communication with the profaner public which Miss Marjoribanks was wise enough to know a leader of society should never ignore completely; for, indeed, one of the great advantages of that brilliant position is, that it gives a woman a right to be arbitrary, and to select her materials according to her judgment. It was more from a disinclination to repeat herself than any other motive that Lucilla, when she had concluded this preliminary survey, went up into Grove Street, meaning to return home that way. At that hour in the morning the sun was shining on the little gardens on the north side of the street, which was the plebeian side; and as it was the end of October, and by no means warm, Lucilla was glad to cross over and continue her walk by the side of those little enclosures where the straggling chrysanthemums propped each other up, and the cheerful Michaelmas daisies made the best of it in the sunshine that remained to them. Miss Marjoribanks had nearly reached Salem Chapel, which pushed itself forward amid the cosy little line of houses, pondering in her mind the unexpected hindrance which was about to be placed in her triumphant path, in the shape of Tom Marjoribanks, when that singular piece of good fortune occurred to her which had so much effect upon her career in Carlingford. Such happy accidents rarely happen, except to great generals or heroes of romance; and it would have been, perhaps, a presumption on the part of Lucilla to place herself conspicuously in either of these cate-

gories. The fact is, however, that at this eventful moment she was walking along under the shade of her pretty parasol, not expecting anything, but absorbed in many thoughts, and a little cast down in her expectations of success by a consciousness that this unlucky cousin would insist upon making love to her, and perhaps, even as she herself expressed it, *saying the words* which it had taken all her skill to prevent him from saying before. Not that we would have any one believe that love-making in the abstract was disagreeable to Miss Marjoribanks; but she was only nineteen, well off and good-looking, and with plenty of time for all that; and at the present moment she had other matters of more importance in hand. It was while occupied with these reflections, and within three doors of Salem Chapel, in front of a little garden where a great deal of mignonette had run to seed, and where the Michaelmas daisies had taken full possession, that Lucilla was roused suddenly out of her musings. The surprise was so great that she stopped short and stood still before the house in the extremity of her astonishment and delight. Who could it be that possessed that voice which Miss Marjoribanks felt by instinct was the very one thing wanting—a round, full, delicious *contralto*, precisely adapted to supplement without supplanting her own high-pitched and much cultivated organ? She stopped short before the door and made a rapid observation even in the first moment of her surprise. The house was not exactly like the other humble houses in Grove Street. Two little blank squares hung in the centre of each of the lower windows, revealed to Lucilla's educated eye the existence of so much "feeling" for art as can be satisfied with a transparent porcelain version of a famous Madonna; and she could even catch a glimpse, through the curtains of the best room—which, contrary to the wont

of humble gentility in Carlingford, were well drawn back, and allowed the light to enter fully—of the glimmer of gilt picture-frames. And in the little garden in front, half-buried among the mignonette, were some remains of plaster-casts, originally placed there for ornament, but long since cast down by rain and neglect. Lucilla made her observations with the promptitude of an accomplished warrior, and before the second bar of the melody indoors was finished,

had knocked very energetically. "Is Miss Lake at home?" she asked, with confidence, of the little maid-servant who opened the door to her. And it was thus that Lucilla made her first bold step out of the limits of Grange Lane for the good of society, and secured at once several important personal advantages, and the great charm of those Thursday evenings which made so entire a revolution in the taste and ideas of Carlingford.

A VISIT TO THE CITIES AND CAMPS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, 1863-64.

PART III.—CHAPTER X.

We spent a full week at Augusta, and then L. left us, going straight to Richmond, and V. and I went to Charleston.

We found the city unchanged, except that, since the occupation of the whole of Morris Island by the Yankees, blockade-running had pretty well come to an end, though it recommenced somewhat later.

There had been some intermission in the shelling of the city, and the Yankees had been engaged in turning Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg to their own account, and were now from thence pounding away at Sumter. I made an excursion to this place one night with Major Pringle, the quartermaster, who had to furnish its supplies. It happened that the Yankees were particularly attentive that night, and shelled us considerably. They had got a calcium light on the point of Morris Island nearest the fort, which threw such a brilliant glare all around it that we could not approach in a steamer, but had to take to a row-boat. As we neared the fort and got within the range of the calcium light, where it was as clear as day, they fired at us furiously—being about three-quarters of a mile distant; but we made good haste to reach the fort, and

scrambled into it as fast as we could, without any accident.

Here, in the bomb-proof, we were of course perfectly safe; and indeed casualties now seldom occur except through heedlessness on the part of the men. To-day, however, two men were killed and a few wounded. One poor fellow was brought in with half his head shot off; and going out into the area with Major Elliot, the commandant, a man met us coming in with his jaw broken.

This night they were firing chiefly with mortar shells, which look magnificent as they soar majestically up in air to a great height, and then slowly descend.

N. B.—If you are anywhere near, and look up, they appear as if they were coming straight towards you, and must inevitably hit the very spot where you are standing.

In the fort there is always plenty of time to get out of the way, and whenever one is seen coming the sentinels give warning to "look out." The sentinels themselves generally have a place to dodge into; but on dark nights many have to be posted in insecure places to guard against an assault.

The bomb-proofs at Sumter are lofty, well ventilated, and perfectly

secure. The shot from the Parrott guns have brass "fixings," and the men make little fortunes by collecting and selling it for a dollar the pound.

We made an excursion to Summerville, some twenty miles from Charleston, where there is a large hotel, and a number of country residences. Standing in the midst of a magnificent pine forest, Summerville was always a favourite resort of the Charlestonians during the hot season, and at present it is crowded with refugees. It is said to be remarkably healthy.

From hence we visited Middleton Place, on the Ashley river, a good specimen of a gentleman's country-seat in South Carolina. The residences of the gentry in the South cannot, of course, compare with the "stately homes of England," as property here is usually divided on the death of the owner; and however wealthy a man may be, he cannot reckon upon his grandchildren being able to inhabit a house which may be suitable for his own establishment and style of living. But they are very pleasant abodes, and at Middleton Place the gardens were beautiful. There were tea-trees and coffee-plants, avenues of immense camellias—japonicas, as they insist on calling them here—besides magnificent live oaks in the meadows by the river-side. The owner was not at home, but we were entertained by his servants (slaves), who did the honours remarkably well, brought us luncheon, and showed us all over the place, of which they were as proud as if it belonged to them. Evidently they were much attached to their home, as well as to their master; and, indeed, they are a warm-hearted and affectionate race, and deserve to be as happy as they are under the present system, which requires but few alterations to be as beneficial to both parties as any that can be imagined.

The possible division of families, and disregard of marital rights, which are repugnant to the feelings

of every Southerner, would have been prevented by law long ago but for the irritation caused by the interference of the Abolitionists of the North, and the conviction that cases of the sort were exceedingly rare—much more rare, they maintain, than cases of brutal murder in England—and were already punished by such universal ignominy, that it has been thought better to rely on moral restraint than to enact laws which the Abolitionists would claim the credit of having forced them to make. The few cases where plantations have been broken up and the negro families sold without regard to marital and human rights, have almost invariably taken place when *Northern creditors*, some of them members of H. W. Beecher's congregation (I could name instances), have insisted upon their *pound of flesh*. In South Carolina negroes are as well protected by the laws as white men, and in some cases better. In criminal cases, for instance, a negro is tried before a court of three judges, the jury being composed of five white men, who must themselves be owners of negroes, and he can only be convicted by a unanimous verdict of this jury, with which one of the judges at least must agree. Apropos of the laws of South Carolina, I believe it is not generally known that at the settlement of the colony in 1670 the constitution was framed by John Locke, the famous philosopher, after the pattern of that of Plato's model republic.

During our sojourn at Charleston we stayed at the house of Mr. Ch. who is celebrated for his little dinners, and who almost daily invited some friends to meet us; and we had "a good time of it," as they say in this country.

Charleston is celebrated for its madeira, which is always kept in the garrets at the top of the house to ripen, and never in the cellar. It is hardly considered drinkable until it has been twenty years in bottle, but then it is delicious.

At Mr. Ch.'s we often met Mr. Timrod, a gentleman whose name has not yet spread as widely as it undoubtedly will do; but he writes beautiful poetry, which no one who has read it can fail to admire. I believe a collection of his poems is soon to be published in England.

We had some capital music at this time, as well as when we were here before, at a Mr. Walker's, whose musical friends used to assemble at his house every Wednesday.

We left Charleston for Wilmington in the afternoon of November the 12th, and got seats in the "ladies' car." At two o'clock next morning there was a sudden smash, and we found ourselves bumping along on the sleepers. Our car had evidently got off the rails. Fortunately the engine with the baggage-car broke loose from us, and we stopped; but when we alighted we found we had been in a critical position. The two passenger-cars were piled up against each other in a most extraordinary way, and if we had gone on a few yards farther we must inevitably have toppled over the embankment. No one was damaged; and the only two ladies in the car behaved admirably. "I am so glad no one is hurt," was all that one of them said: "Yes, I'm so glad," said the other. And they quietly got out with the rest, and we waited for assistance. Presently the locomotive and baggage-cars came back, and the passengers and traps were picked up and squeezed in amongst the luggage and firewood.

Whilst the transit was taking place, V. facetiously asked the conductor what they intended to charge for the extra performance. "Oh, nothing at all, sir: we make no charge; we break people's bones and bury them for nothing, sir, on this road." And so I believe they do, now and then.

V. had been upset several times before, but it was my first adventure of the kind, and I rather congratulated myself upon the occurrence,

as travelling in America would be incomplete without a railroad accident.

We were not far from Wilmington when our mishap occurred, and arrived there early in the morning. We were shown into a very dirty room, with one bed for us both: the hotel was crowded; but happily we were not obliged to remain there, as we found our blockade-running friends, from whom we had parted at Augusta, established at Wilmington in a fine large house, to which they invited us, and made us cordially welcome.

In the morning we paid our respects to General Whiting, who is in command here, and called upon several other gentlemen to whom we had letters of introduction.

Wilmington is at present the most important port of entry in the South, and the custom-house receipts, both here and at Charleston, last year, far exceeded anything they had ever been during a similar period before the war. There were about a dozen blockade-running steamers lying at the wharves, loading cotton, and unloading all manner of stores brought from Bermuda and Nassau. Besides cotton, the chief exports are tobacco and rosin. One great treat we had here was to find English newspapers in abundance, and of dates little more than a month old.

A day or two after our arrival we went down to Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear river, the Commandant, Colonel Lamb, taking us down in his boat. Going down we met three steamers coming up the river, having successfully run the blockade, the Hansa, the Lucy, and the Bendigo. We exchanged cheers as they passed us; but the great sight is when they come up to the wharves. They all dress up with flags as if for a victory; and as the ships which belong to the same company do the same, the spectacle is very gay. The cheering, too, is vociferous, and all those who have

any interest in the vessel must, no doubt, feel extremely comfortable, as every successful trip brings an enormous profit. The moon is the blockade-runner's greatest enemy; but these vessels to-day had come in, notwithstanding the moon, which did not set till three o'clock in the morning. Fort Fisher consists of a long line of forts and batteries of all sorts and sizes. The most peculiar one is an artificial hill mounted with two guns, in order to give a plunging fire upon any vessel that may attempt to pass. A fleet trying to get into the river would have to run the gauntlet of these batteries for more than a mile, and would most assuredly suffer very severely in the attempt. There are two inlets to Cape Fear river. Fort Fisher is the chief defence of the northern, and Fort Caswell of the southern one. Although very formidable, the fortifications were still being strengthened, and large numbers of negroes were at work.

In the far distance we could see two Federal men-of-war keeping up a nominal blockade. They always remain at a respectful distance, for if they come within three or four miles, Colonel Lamb is apt to make targets of them, and his gun practice is very accurate.* They seldom catch a blockade-runner going in or out, but if on the high seas they can capture a ship laden with a suspicious cargo, they condemn her as a prize without more ado, and as the vessels all sail under the supposed protection of the British flag, the owners never have any redress.

Sometimes a vessel gets "beached," as in a dark night it is very difficult exactly to hit the point for which they are steering. This accident happened to the *Ceres*, a noble double screw steamer, that was making her first voyage. The Yankees

coming up in the morning, the ship had to be set on fire; her mail and a small portion of passengers' luggage was saved, but the cargo was lost. Some of the passengers had had a narrow escape, the ebbing tide having carried their boat far out to sea, but eventually all got safe to land.

Mr. C., a brother of the head of the firm with whose agents at Wilmington we were staying, after getting to the shore, walked off the wharf again into the sea in the twilight, but being exceedingly tall, the water only reached his neck, and he quietly returned to the dry land.

While we were at Wilmington the news arrived of the disastrous battle of Missionary Ridge. The Yankees had been very heavily reinforced after the battle of Chancellorsville, and Bragg had detached Longstreet to lay siege to Knoxville in Eastern Tennessee. The Confederate lines extended to an enormous length; the men were more or less ill and dispirited, having suffered severely from the effects of the inclement weather, and unaccustomed cold climate. Upon the whole, it was a matter of congratulation that affairs turned out no worse than they did.

Bragg gave up the command of the army, and his successor, Joe Johnston, took up a position only a few miles to the rear of the one evacuated, and maintained it during the whole winter. The Yankees turned their victory of Missionary Ridge to no better account than the Confederates had done that of Olmstead.

The following is a letter I received from an officer who was engaged on the right wing of Bragg's army:—

"Headquarters, Cleburne's Division,
Army of Tennessee,
Tunnel Hill, Ga., 7th Dec. 1863.

"... I will do my best to relate

* The U. S. ship *Connecticut*, 11 guns, can tell of some extraordinarily accurate practice she experienced from a "Whitworth" at the distance of full five miles, much to the astonishment of both captain and crew. I heard this lately through a Northern source.

to you some of the events past since your departure from this army.

"Shortly after you left, Longstreet, as you may know, received a separate command, and was sent to Eastern Tennessee. There, luck did not altogether favour him before Knoxville, and he has had to beat a retreat into Virginia. Now in regard to our own division: For a long time after you left, the only movements we made were to continually shift our position along the old line of breastworks. However, at last, on the 24th (I think it was), General Cleburne was ordered to assume command of an expedition going to East Tennessee, consisting of Buckner's and his own divisions.

"On the 24th most of Buckner's command managed to get away on the cars from Chicamauga. That evening we received orders to march back at once to Missionary Ridge. The cause for thus suddenly ordering us back to the Ridge was, that the enemy had attacked our pickets and driven them in, and that a general engagement was expected next day.

"Next day, the 25th, we received orders to act as the reserve of the army, and were at once sent over to the extreme right of Missionary Ridge, to defeat a movement of the enemy in that direction. The enemy had been crossing the river on a pontoon, with the aid of two steamers. That day we had no fighting to speak of, only a little skirmishing, which showed the enemy that we were inclined to dispute their advance. On the left, however, the case was different. The whole day along, and a great part of the night, a battle had been raging on Lookout Mountain, which ended in the enemy driving Major-General Stevenson, together with his division, from their position, with a loss on their side, as they admit, of 5000 killed and wounded. The next day the ball opened pretty briskly on the right. Three times did they charge our position, and three times were they repulsed. General Stevenson was

ordered to report to General Cleburne, who made use of one of the regiments of Cumming's brigade. The third charge was the most determined of the lot. They managed to reach the crest of the hill, and there they fought us for about two hours, at a distance varying from twenty to thirty paces;—so close were they that our officers threw stones. Our men fought behind some breastworks, which had been hastily constructed during the night. General Cleburne ended this prolonged fight by ordering a charge to be made on the enemy, both in front and in flank: by this gallant movement, we captured about 400 or 500 prisoners, and seven stand of colours. General Sherman's corps was the one we fought on the right. It must have numbered about 28,000 muskets. Sherman had promised his men a furlough if they took the Ridge, which, thank God, they never did. During the second charge my horse was shot in the neck, and I was ordered to change my horse, which I was unable to do, so I had to foot it for the rest of the fight. When we took the prisoners, some 400 of them were put in my charge, 333 I turned over to the Provost Marshal, the rest to the surgery, and returned to my post. By this time General Cleburne had heard of the sad catastrophe on the left and centre of our line, and that he was expected to cover our retreat. He ordered me at once to send the prisoners to Chicamauga, which I did, footing it all the way. I shall never forget the sight which I witnessed next morning, when I joined General Cleburne again. He was in Chicamauga with the division in the best spirits possible, and in excellent order, whilst the most of the army resembled more the miserable crowds you would behold gathering around some gallows. Greedy for loot, they were to be seen eagerly ransacking all the burning stores. At last we managed to bundle these useless fellows out, and the retreat commenced in a more regular man-

ner. On the 26th the enemy's advance came upon us at Ringold. General Cleburne ambushed his men, and waited quietly for them to drive our cavalry in. You know the name the cavalry have out here, so you may judge he had not long to wait. The enemy evidently expected to meet some opposition in and on Taylor's Gap and Ridge, for they dismounted their cavalry and sent them forward to feel us. General Cleburne sent me round the skirmishers on our left to tell them not to fire a shot till the enemy should get up close on us, and then to let them have it. They obeyed the order well, and, together with the only two cannon we had, which had been double-shotted with grape, we gave the enemy 'what for.' All the rest of our cannon had been pushed on to the rear. You may readily guess that the enemy's cavalry did not stop long to consider what to do; they just broke and ran. Thus their first line was broken. Their infantry, then in heavy masses, tried to dislodge us. Every advance of theirs was boldly met by us, and always ended in their being badly repulsed and roughly handled. I was hit on the right arm by a Minié ball whilst carrying one of the enemy's colours that we had just captured. Joe Hooker was the man we had the pleasure of fighting there. We retired from there, carrying with us about fifty prisoners and two stands of colours. You may see my arm was not very badly hurt, as I am writing to you now. The army now is, for the most part, around Dalton, Ga.; and we, the advance guard, are stationed at Tunnel Hill, Ga.; General Cleburne commands the cavalry in our front as well as his own division. It is generally supposed that he will be made lieutenant-general for having saved the army. The enemy's loss on the right at Missionary Ridge must have been very heavy; at Ringold they left 505 graves, besides carrying off with them two cartloads of dead. Our loss in the two engagements was comparatively small;

600, I think, will cover it all. They burnt the town of Ringold only for revenge; also the pretty little village of Greenville, and have left the population without food. Grant and Hooker and Casey were the three major-generals before us at Ringold. At the end of our last fight we got up two more cannons to help us.—I remain," &c.

Early in December we proceeded to Richmond, accompanied by Captain Fearn. We had been introduced to the conductor of the train, who secured us comfortable seats, and our hospital friends at Wilmington had provided us with a large hamper of provisions of all sorts—a very useful precaution before a long railroad journey in the present state of affairs. Thus our travels were not so unpleasant as they might otherwise have been. Thirty hours of railway brought us to our destination, and we took up our old quarters at the Ballard House. Richmond now presented a very different aspect from what it had done in summer. Congress, as well as the State Legislature of Virginia, was in session; the shops were full of stores, and crowded with purchasers; hosts of furloughed officers and soldiers perambulated the streets; hotels, restaurants, and bar-rooms were crowded with guests, and the whole city presented a lively appearance.

There was some outcry, even from the pulpits, against the gaieties that were going on, but General Lee was reported to have said that the young ladies were quite right to afford the officers and soldiers on furlough as much amusement as possible; and balls, tableaux vivants, and all kinds of social gatherings were the order of the day.

Gambling, however, as an unmitigated vice, has lately been checked by the Virginia Legislature. They debated a little whether to legalise gambling, and by making it a public amusement to check gamblers by public opinion, or whether to put it down by severe measures,

and decided for the latter. All gamblers caught in the fact were to be heavily fined, and the banker to be flogged. Corporal punishment is not otherwise generally popular in this country, and has been abolished even in the army, where it is so necessary for the protection of the good soldiers, who under the lock-up and imprisonment system are punished by extra duty for the faults of unworthy comrades, to whom a term of imprisonment is generally a matter of indifference, if not of positive satisfaction. Good soldiers are never flogged, and there is no more hardship to them in bad ones being thus punished than there is to good people in murderers being hanged. And there is another

consideration with regard to flogging, namely, that in time of war many men have to be shot for offences for which otherwise a sound flogging would be an adequate punishment, and, as an example, a sufficient preventive.

Colonel Brien and Major Von Boreke met us at the hotel, and carried us off to the "Oriental Saloon," when we had a capital supper, and sat talking till a late hour.

As the South is supposed just now to be in a starving condition, I will insert here the bill of fare of the Oriental Saloon, together with a little bill or two for meals partaken at that establishment:—

ORIENTAL, 8TH JANUARY 1864.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.		MEATS.		Roasted oysters, ..5.00		Cup	
	per plate		Plates	Raw oysters,.....3.00		Pure coffee,.....	3.00
	Dols.					Pure tea,.....	2.00
Beef.....	1.50	Roast beef,.....	3.00	BIRDS.		Fresh milk,.....	2.00
Chicken.....		Roast mutton,	3.00			WINES.	
Macaroni.....		Roast pork,.....	3.00	Partridge,	3.50		Bottle
Vegetable.....		Roast lamb.....		Sora.....		Champagne,	50.00
Clam.....		Roast veal,	3.00	Robin.....		Madeira,	50.00
Oyster.....		STEAKS.		Snipe.....		Port,	25.00
Terrapin.....			Dish	Plover.....		Claret,	30.00
Turtle.....		Beef steaks,	3.50	Woodcock.....		Sherry,	35.00
Mock turtle.....		Pork steaks,	3.50	VEGETABLES.		LIQUORS.	
FOWLS.		Mutton chops,	3.50				Drink
Roast turkey,	8.50	Veal cutlets,	3.50	Cabbage,.....	1.00	French brandy,	3.00
Roast geese.....		Venison steaks,	3.50	Tomato.....		Apple brandy,	2.00
Roast ducks.....		SUNDRIES.		Green peas.....		Peach brandy,	2.00
Roast chickens,	8.50	Ham and eggs,	3.50	Black-eyed pease.....		Holland gin,	2.00
FISH.		Boiled eggs,.....	2.00	Cucumbers.....		Rye whisky,	3.00
Rock fish,	5.00	Poached eggs,	2.00	Onions,	1.00	MALT LIQUORS.	
Chub.....		Scrambled eggs,	3.00	Lettuce.....			Bottle
Shad.....		Fried eggs,	3.00	Squashes.....		Porter,	12.00
Perch.....		Omelette,.....	3.00	Snaps.....		Ale,.....	12.00
Herrings.....		OYSTERS.		Lima beans.....		Half a bottle, ...	6.00
Crabs and lobsters.....		Fried oysters,.....	5.00	Irish potatoes, ...	1.00	CIGARS.	
		Scalloped oysters,	5.00	Sweet potatoes, ...	1.00		Bottle
				Salad,	2.00	Fine havana,	1.00
				Asparagus.....		Other brands of a fine	quality.
				Celery,	2.00		

Bread, 50 cents—Butter, 1 dol.—Hot rolls, 1 dol. 50 cents.

GAME OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

Terrapins served up in every style.

PETER K. MORGAN, Sen., *Proprietor.*

ORIENTAL SALOON, 15th Jan. 1864.

	Dols.		Dols.
Soup for nine,	13.50	5 bottles of madeira,	250.00
Venison steak, nine,	31.50	6 bottles claret,	120.00
Fried potatoes,	9.00	1 urn cocktail,	65.00
7 birds,	24.00	Jelly,	20.00
Baked potatoes,	9.00	Cake,	20.00
Celery,	13.50	1 dozen cigars,	12.00
Bread and butter,	14.00		
Coffee,	18.00	Wines and desserts,	487.00
Apples,	12.00	Dinner,	141.50
Dinner,	144.50	Total,	631.50

These, it is true, are most remarkable for the nominal high prices of everything, but it must be remembered that the reason the paper money here is worth so little is that there is such a profusion of it. Indeed, the country has been swamped with bank-notes. For a time, such was the confidence of the people that they would eventually pay their debt, that paper was only at a small discount; but in the spring of this year (1863) Congress passed a measure enabling the Government to issue fifty millions of dollars a-month in paper money, without pledging any material guarantee for its eventual redemption, and since then the currency has naturally become more and more worthless. At present Congress is engaged in passing a measure to correct all this; the whole floating debt is to be funded, and a new currency issued on sounder principles.

But to return to the question of starvation in the Southern States, for it is true that many people here apprehended such a misfortune. I have no opportunity of seeing much of what goes on in the private houses of the poorer people, and can only judge from what I see at hotels, and eating and boarding houses. Here, not hundreds, but thousands upon thousands of people take their meals, and one may fairly conclude that what is set before them is what they are accustomed to expect at their own homes.

I confess I never saw such universal profusion, and, I may say, waste. Hot meats and cold meats, venison pies, fish, oysters (prepared in half-a-dozen different ways), eggs, boiled, poached, "scrambled," and in omelettes, hot rolls and cakes, several kinds of bread, fruit in the season, &c., &c., are served up for breakfast, with "confederate" (*i. e.*, artificial) coffee and tea, at hotels and boarding-houses, in quantities sufficient to satisfy an army of hungry soldiers.

At three o'clock a proportionate amount of food is served up for dinner, and the supper at eight is

little less abundant. And for lodging and this board, a sum about equivalent to two shillings or half-a-crown has to be paid. At the eating-houses on the railroad, where the trains stop for meals, the supply is similar.

Accustomed to this extraordinary plenty, many families may now complain at having to content themselves with less than their former profusion, and yet the country is evidently very far from the starvation which the Yankees so charitably reckon upon as one of their chief auxiliaries in destroying the population of the South.

I never happened to see the official order for rations to soldiers, but the following order shows the ample allowance made to the negro labourers when I was at Mobile:—

"Engineer Office, Department of the Gulf.
Mobile, Ala., December 9, 1863.

"General Orders, No. 2.

"I. The rations furnished by the Government to negroes employed on public works will, in accordance with General Order No. 138, A. & I. G. O., consist of:—

Beef—1 lb. to the ration, daily issue.

Pumpkins—1 lb. to the ration, daily issue.

Meal—1½ lb. to the ration, daily issue.

Rice—10 lb. per 100 rations, 8 days in 15.

Pease—15 lb. per 100 rations, 7 days in 15.

Vinegar—¼ gallon per 100 rations, daily issue.

Soap—4½ lb. per 100 rations, daily issue.

Salt—4½ lb. per 100 rations, daily issue.

"II. Yard-masters will see that their Commissaries and Overseers are furnished with the necessary scales, weights, and measures to weigh and measure the issues of rations made for each yard.

"III. The attention of Overseers is again called to Par. I. of General Rules and Regulations, ordered Nov. 11, '63. They will see that the negroes in their charge receive not only full rations, but also that they be properly prepared and justly distributed.

"They will report to the Yard-master any deficiency in the issue of rations, and in all cases in which the Overseer shall have neglected to observe this rule, rations shall be purchased by the Yard-commissary, and their price be deducted from the wages of the delinquent Overseer.

"V. SHELLEA, Lieut.-Colonel."

I have alluded before to the visit we now paid to the Libby Prison, where 970 Yankee officers were confined. As I then said, their quarters were remarkably clean and comfortable. At Belle Isle we found 7000 Yankee prisoners in tents. They had only thirteen sick at the time.

Amongst the prisoners General Neil Dow, the Maine-liquor-law man, was pointed out to us. He was caught in Louisiana, where he used to be subject to very severe attacks of kleptomania, and it was a matter of surprise and indignation to some that he had not been called to account here for some of his misdoings; but I suppose the authorities thought it better that some good Southerner in captivity should be liberated by an exchange for him, which was soon afterwards done.

For a long time all prisoners taken on either side were immediately paroled and sent home to their own country till an exchange could be effected, which was done by the heads of the Bureaux of Exchange on either side, to whom the written paroles of the prisoners had been forwarded. Now, however, on different pretexts, the Yankees refuse to exchange, as from obvious reasons it is more worth their while to keep 40,000 Southerners in prison than to release an equal number of their own men. That the poor fellows on both sides suffer and die, is not the kind of thing to influence the Washington Administration.

We visited the Tredegar Iron-works, the largest establishment of the kind in the Southern States. Heavy guns, rails, and railroad-car

wheels are made here, and every kind of manufacture in iron.

We met several friends who had come on furlough to Richmond from Longstreet's army in Eastern Tennessee. They all said that Knoxville would have been certainly taken if they had had two days more to spare, as the key to the position was already in their hands; but Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga enabled the Yankees to send reinforcements to Burnside, and Longstreet was forced to give it up.

One day, at Major Norris's, I met a gentleman from Maryland who has lately been obliged to take refuge in the South. Colonel Sothorn had a large plantation on the Patuxent, in St. Mary's county, Maryland. One day a steamer came up the river and landed some twenty-five or thirty negro soldiers, with two officers, at a wharf near to Colonel Sothorn's house. It soon became evident that they were on a recruiting expedition—i. e., bent on kidnapping darkies for substitutes. One of the officers, Lieutenant Ebenezer White of Massachusetts, with two men, came up to the plantation where the negroes were at work in the fields, and without further ado laid hands upon some forty of them, and was carrying them off to the steamer. Upon this Colonel Sothorn, seizing his fowling-piece, which was loaded, and followed by his son, sallied out to protect his servants and his property, and on reaching the party called to his negroes to return to him. Reassured by the appearance of their master, they immediately did so, and in spite of the threats and menaces of the officer refused to proceed any farther with him. An altercation ensued, and the lieutenant, furious at his disappointment, seized a musket from one of his men, and, pointing it at young Sothorn, pulled the trigger. Fortunately the cap exploded without discharging the piece; the lieutenant then rushed at Mr. Sothorn with fixed bayonet,

which was within an inch of his son's breast when Colonel Sothern fired and shot the ruffian dead.

The two soldiers ran off as fast as they could, and the other lieutenant with his party of soldiers immediately got on board the steamer and made off.

Although no homicide could be

more justifiable than that committed on this occasion by Colonel Sothern, who acted entirely in defence of his son's life, yet, under the present circumstances, he could not hope for an impartial judgment; so, returning home, he and his son at once saddled their horses and escaped across the lines to the South.

CHAPTER XI.

General Stuart had invited L., V., and myself to spend Christmas with him at his headquarters near Orange Court-House. L. was prevented, but V. and I "took the cars" in that direction on December the 24th, a bitterly cold day.

We found an ambulance waiting for us at the station, and Pearson, the driver, took us up and down hill to the camp, over two miles of frozen road, as hard as his mules could scamper. We had a race with a soldier on horseback, and we beat him hollow. All the time we had to hold on tightly, or the jolting of the springless waggon would have pitched us out.

Stuart and the officers of his Staff gave us a hearty welcome, and before long we were seated around a roaring fire in the General's tent. The two Sweenies played the banjo and violin; a quartett of young fellows, couriers of the General, sang some capital songs, in the choruses of which we all joined; V., who is a great favourite of the General's, told some of his best stories; and altogether we passed as merry a Christmas eve as we could desire.

One of the songs sung was written by Captain Blackford, one of General Stuart's Staff-officers. Here it is:—

THE CAVALIER'S GLEE.

Air—"The Pirate's Glee."

"Spur on! spur on! we love the bounding
Of barbs that bear us to the fray:

"The charge! our bugles now are sounding,

And our bold Stuart leads the way.

Chorus.

"The path to honour lies before us,
Our hated foemen gather fast;
At home bright eyes are sparkling for us;

We will defend them to the last.
At home, &c.

"Spur on! spur on! we love the rushing
Of steeds that spurn the turf they tread;
We'll through the Northern ranks go crushing,
With our proud battle-flag o'erhead.
The path of honour, &c.

"Spur on! spur on! we love the flashing
Of blades that battle to be free;
'Tis for our Sunny South their clashing—
For household gods and liberty.
The path of honour, &c."

Stuart's camp is always one of the jolliest; as the General is very fond of music and singing, and is always gay and in good spirits himself, and when he laughs heartily, as frequently happens, he winds up with a shout very cheering to hear. One of his couriers, Grant, has a magnificent voice.

The couriers, a certain number of whom are attached to every general's staff, do not rank as officers, though they perform pretty much the same duty as is done in European armies by aides-de-camp and galopins. They are usually young fellows of good family, and, of course, provide their own horses.

Stuart gave up his tent and blankets to me when we retired to rest, and the next morning we paid our respects to Mrs. Stuart, who was staying at a gentleman's house not far off. Here we were also introduced

to "General Jimmy J. E. B. Stuart, junior," as he calls himself, a sturdy young four-year-old, very fond of visiting his father's camp, and running about amongst the horses' legs. Horses never kick in this country, but the same cannot be said of the mules, so this propensity of the young gentleman causes some anxiety.

We went on to visit General Lee. The General, who was just returning from church, welcomed us very kindly, and we sat in his tent and conversed for some time.

General Lee lamented the suffering caused by the war, especially to the poor country-people in this neighbourhood. They have been stripped of everything, he told us, by the Yankees, and their houses often burnt down, for no practical purpose, as this part of the country was far too much exhausted to extract any supplies from. But it appeared to be part of the war policy of the enemy to devastate the whole country wherever they occupied it.

When I began to mention the way his own property had been treated at Arlington, he interrupted me at once, saying, "That I can easily understand, and for that I don't care; but I do feel sorry for the poor creatures I see here starved and driven from their homes for no reason whatever."

General Lee pressed us to remain and partake of his Christmas fare, but we were obliged to decline the honour, as we were already engaged to General Stuart. Just as we had started on our return, however, a messenger came galloping up to advise us, if we were invited to dinner, to accept by all means, as the turkey and ducks and other delicacies had not arrived. But it was too late. We got a pretty good dinner notwithstanding.

The amount of good cheer that has been sent up to the army this Christmas by their friends at home is something wonderful. One North Carolina regiment is said to

have received two hundred turkeys. Stuart had an enormous box of oysters sent him. They were all hard frozen. In the evening our amusement was to throw them into the burning embers of our roaring fire, and pick them out roasted. Oysters in this country are rather too large to eat raw, but roasted they are delicious.

A story has gone abroad and been widely circulated that the General had been in the habit last summer of always decking his horse with garlands of flowers, &c. Stuart had been rather annoyed by it, as not only had all the newspapers abused him for his levity, but many persons had remonstrated with him by letter on the subject, so that he had had no end of worry.

It seems that the only foundation for the story is that one day, as Stuart was riding through a village, a young lady came out and hung a chaplet of flowers over his horse's neck. Of course the General was too polite to take it off as long as the lady was within sight; but although he did so immediately afterwards, several persons had seen him riding with it, and rumour, with her thousand tongues, got hold of the story. So much was this absurd affair exaggerated, that at one time it was seriously injuring his reputation.

A deserter was brought in in the course of the evening. He had entered the old army seven years ago, but had never bargained upon fighting against his own countrymen, he said. Till very lately he had been stationed in the Far West, and his company had only just joined the army of the Potomac, where they were very much disgusted with everything they saw—the officers were always drunk—none of them knew their duty. He and all his comrades had made up their minds to quit at the first opportunity, and here he was.

General Stuart is an absolute teetotaler, and never drinks anything

stronger than lemonade. He says that if he were to drink any strong liquors at all, he is sure he should be too fond of it, and therefore prefers total abstinence. Nor does he ever smoke. It was, however, imperative that V. and I should have some egg-nogg, a compound which is universally partaken of in Virginia at this season of the year. Accordingly, next morning, we walked over, about a mile, to the Quartermaster's camp, where some of this beverage had been prepared. It is a very nice mixture of rum, sugar, and eggs.

Captain Grattan, the General's ordnance officer, who was with us, told us an anecdote of his political life before the war. He had been a candidate for some county office, for which a number of others had competed. All had to make a stump speech, and when Grattan's turn came his competitors had exhausted most subjects; he thought one piece of spouting would do as well as another, and he gave his audience "My name's McGregor, on my mountain heath," &c., and treated them to a fine piece of ranting. All were delighted, except one old farmer, who had promised him his vote. "What does he say is his name?" he complained. "I thought his name was Grattan; I'm not going to vote for McGregor."

The camps in these winter quarters are more regularly laid out than I have seen them before. Each tent has a large chimney, the lower part of stones and brick, with a flue constructed of logs of wood, the interstices filled up with turf or moss.

Colonel St. Leger Grenfell's tent and stable are a model to be studied, and worthy of such an old campaigner. The Colonel, who is inspector-general of cavalry, has only lately been transferred to this army, and looks back with regret to the stirring and fighting time when he was with Morgan in the West.

He told us some capital stories

of his various adventures. Few men can have seen and done more fighting than he has. He at one time commanded the body-guard of Abd-el-Kader. At another he fitted out a privateer, and cruised on his own account against the Riff pirates. He has served in Turkey, India, South America, and I know not how many other places. Morgan's men in the West adored their "fighting old Colonel," and would have followed him anywhere.

Few young men of twenty are as active and full of life as Colonel Grenfell, who is now not far from sixty. One day I rode with the General and Blackford to Clarke's Mountain, whence we could see the position of both armies very clearly. Coming back we went into a farmhouse for some milk. A crazy gentleman sat by the fire apparently in his second childhood, but when we said something about his being old, they exclaimed, "Oh no! he's not old at all; he's only seventy-seven." "Time to lose his body as well as his mind," Stuart remarked after we had left.

Enlivened by our symposium, we galloped home merrily, singing the 'Cavalier's Glee,' and many other songs as we rode through the night.

Of course all the scouts report to Stuart, and their adventures were often the theme of conversation in camp. The scouts here are generally young Virginians, who are intimately acquainted with every hole and corner in the country, for Virginians are fond of field-sports, and their old-fashioned slow style of hunting gives them a perfect knowledge of the country.

The other day, or rather night, three young fellows who were reconnoitring had lain down in a wood to sleep under their blankets. Amongst them was one of Stuart's most famous scouts, but I must not mention names. In the night, which was rainy, they were discovered by a party of some half-dozen Yankees. Bringing a lantern to bear upon the sleepers,

"Hollo! Rebs," one of them called out—"hollo! Rebs; come along with us, and we'll give you better quarters." "Oh Frank, I do wish you would leave me alone," said —, pretending to be half asleep; but all the time he was fumbling about under his blanket for his six-shooter, and when he had got it ready he let fly, and shot the Yankee stone dead. Singularly enough, the musket of the man discharged itself as he was falling, and killed one of —'s companions. The remaining two were on their feet in a trice—bang, bang—bang, bang—went the six-shooters on either side, and in half a second three more of the Yankees were dead, and the others were off.

The headquarters of the generals, both on the Federal and the Confederate side, are distinguished by a large flag, which is always guarded by a sentinel, and the scout I have been speaking of once brought in the very flag which had been floating before the headquarters of Meade, the Yankee commander-in-chief.

An amusing story was told of his disappointment on one occasion when he hoped to capture a Yankee quartermaster, who he knew had a hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks about his person. He rode with him for a long while, pretending to be himself a Yankee, and saying he knew the gentlemen in the neighbourhood were a set of rebel scoundrels whom it would be meritorious to rob, and pointing to one house and another declared there was capital whisky to be found there, and dwelt on the advantage it would be to his quartermaster stores to prig some of it; but it was all in vain. Either the quartermaster was not thirsty, or he had a private bottle, or perhaps he was an honest man; at any rate he resisted every temptation, and thus saved his bacon and his greenbacks.

Stuart accompanied us back to Richmond on the last day of December.

On New Year's Day we paid our respects at court like everybody else. The President looked, and I have no doubt was, very much fatigued with the exertion of shaking hands and exchanging compliments with the multitude of visitors who called upon him on the occasion. Of generals at present in Richmond there are, as they say here, "quite a number,"—Hood, who is fast recovering from the severe wound he received at Chancellorsville, A. P. Hill, Buckner, Preston, Williams, Gordon, and others; but the hero of the day is John Morgan. He lately made his escape from prison, having been captured last July during a raid in Ohio. On his coming to Richmond a grand reception was given to him by the city.

I met him often, and one evening had a long conversation with him. He is a very fine fellow, tall and handsome, and his men are devoted to him.

As soon as it was known that he was to take the field again with a separate command, every one was anxious to join him, and his adjutant-general told me afterwards that within three weeks he had answered above fourteen thousand applications. But none are allowed to join Morgan except native Kentuckians.

As Morgan's men are always called guerillas by the Yankees, it may be as well to say here that they are regular soldiers.

Guerillas are civilians who take up arms on an emergency to defend their homes and property, but who resume their peaceful pursuits as soon as the enemy has left their own immediate neighbourhood.

Morgan's command consists, and always did consist, almost exclusively of young Kentuckians, sons of country gentlemen in that State, who have voluntarily taken up arms and regularly enlisted in the Confederate service. Kentucky being still nominally a Yankee State,

they could not now, if they wished it, return to their home.

That the Yankees, when they captured Morgan and a large part of his command last summer, should have confined them in a penitentiary, and subjected them to all manner of indignities, is a disgrace to them and not to Morgan and his brave followers. If they had been accused of anything contrary to the rules of war, they ought to have been tried by a court-martial, but such a pretence was never set up. They simply treated them as malefactors because they chose to do so, and when the Confederate authorities demanded an explanation and threatened them with retaliation, it was found that no one was responsible for the outrage.

Nothing would be easier than for the Confederates to confine an equal number of prisoners in a penitentiary and shave their heads in retaliation, but they have not done so.

Congress, in both houses, has been voting thanks to the generals and armies, and, what we all thought an especially graceful act, both houses gave a particular vote of thanks to Major Von Borcke, a Prussian officer who has done gallant service under General Stuart, and was very severely wounded during the Pennsylvania campaign. A similar compliment was paid during the revolutionary war to Lafayette.

There are very few foreigners in the Confederate service. As President Davis said to Captain Feilden at Charleston a short time ago—"Our service offers but little inducement to the soldier of fortune, but a great deal to the man of principle." The few who have entered the Confederate service have, almost without exception, distinguished themselves highly.

The Yankee service, on the other hand, is crowded with adventurers. Not only was the North easy of access, but from having been for a long time the receptacle of the

"scum and refuse of Europe," most of the revolutionary heroes of 1848 and later, such as Blenker, were there already.

In European armies numberless officers are obliged to quit their profession, mostly from having been extravagant; and to these "soldiers of fortune" the American war has been a perfect godsend. They have all espoused the Northern cause, not because it was dearest, but because it was nearest to them. Many of them are excellent officers. The Southern Confederacy being very difficult of access, the foreigners who have taken service here have all been impelled to do so by their sympathy with the cause, which is in truth a noble one. Very few foreign officers even visit the Southern States now, which surprises me, for nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness with which strangers are received; and so interesting a period of seeing the country can hardly be expected to occur again. At present, there is a young English officer of engineers here, who, with but a very short leave of absence, crossed the lines on foot with a small kit, saw the army in Northern Virginia, visited Charleston, Wilmington, &c., and is now going to walk across the lines again on his return. With the exception of Colonel F., no other "tourist," as far as I am aware, has visited the country since I have been here. I attended the sittings of Congress on several occasions, and was struck with the fluency of the members and the general excellence of the speeches made.

I was surprised to find from conversation with politicians here, how very little it had been expected in the South that secession would have been followed by war. When South Carolina, thirty years ago, "nullified"—that is, refused to carry out a law which had been passed by the Federal Congress—the argument against her was that

she had *no right to remain in the Union* if she would not accept the laws passed in Congress. When Texas was received into the Union as a slave State, the Legislature of Massachusetts actually passed an ordinance of secession; but as no other State followed the example, no further action was taken in the matter. No one would have dreamt of coercion if Massachusetts had persisted in her resolution. At the election of Buchanan there was a great outcry in the North for secession; but when Hill of New Hampshire introduced a motion into the Senate that the Union should be dissolved, he found only two supporters. Their names were Seward and Chase, both now the most prominent supporters of the Union. As to the doctrine of sovereign states rights, the Northern States were formerly the great supporters of it. During the war of 1812, the New England States refused to allow their troops to be used beyond the borders of their own respective States, on the ground that the Federal Government had no business to interfere with their sovereign rights; and it is not thirty years now since the State of New York very nearly engaged in a war with England upon her own responsibility, by refusing, at the demand of the Federal Government, to release a British subject who had been arrested by the New York State authorities on suspicion of having been concerned in the destruction of the *Caroline*, a steamer fitted out by American sympathisers in aid of the rebellion in Canada.

On the 9th of January I accompanied General Stuart on a tour of inspection to see some of his brigades near Fredericksburg. We got out of the cars at Hamilton's Crossing, and visited General Young's brigade, and then proceeded to Fredericksburg. The two Generals drove in a sledge, whilst I rode with an orderly, who was to take care of my horse, and

who was a very communicative fellow. He gave me lots of information on their cavalry matters, which I need not repeat.

The Mayor of Fredericksburg—who possesses, what is remarkable since the battles last year, an entire house, with furniture in it—entertained us hospitably, and in the evening we went to a ball.

Fredericksburg, which, before the war, is said to have been a delightful residence, has undergone manifold misfortunes in the last two years. After having been in Yankee hands in the summer of 1862, it suffered a terrible ordeal in December of that year when the battle took place to which it gives its name. It was bombarded for hours together, after which the Yankees took possession; and finally, before leaving, they totally pillaged it. Again, during the battle of Chancellorsville, the enemy got possession, and again they pillaged it. It is still so near the Yankee lines that, although safe at present, it may at any moment be subjected to the tender mercies of their armies. Consequently, although the inhabitants have returned to their homes, they are by no means as particular as they used to be about having good furniture, and everything nice and stylish about them. In the ball-room, at the private house where we danced, there was very little furniture besides the piano, and it was illuminated by tallow-candles stuck into empty black bottles. Perhaps some of the ladies may have been dressed in homespun instead of silks and satins—but it was too dark to see. For all that, we had as pleasant a party as could possibly be; and were very sorry when twelve o'clock came and put an end to the ball, as the next day was Sunday.

On leaving—there had been none but young ladies there, no chaperones—every young lady paired off with a gentleman who accompanied her to her home. Unacquainted with the customs of

the country, I was left out in the cold without a partner, much to Stuart's amusement. This was a new experience, although I had seen and admired before the independence which young ladies are allowed in America.

I rode over the battle-field of Fredericksburg with General Stuart, who described the battle and pointed out the different positions to me. Fredericksburg is on the right bank of the Rappahannock close to the river. The Stafford Heights, which Burnside occupied, rise immediately on the other side. They were covered with heavy guns, which not only commanded the city, which they bombarded for several hours to clear it of the Confederates, but could also sweep the plains beyond; and it was under cover of these guns that, after effecting the passage of the river, the Federals advanced against the position occupied by Lee. This was by no means as formidable a one as I had always before imagined.

About three-quarters of a mile from the city there are some low hills. Marye's Height, on Lee's left centre, is in itself very insignificant; but it happened that just below it there was a road, which for a few hundred yards was sunk about five feet lower than the open plain which intervenes between Fredericksburg and the hills.

Thus a most formidable natural breastwork was formed, out of which, even if there had been faint hearts amongst the gallant troops who lined it, no one could retreat without exchanging comparative safety for great exposure and danger.

It struck me, as I looked at this, that a line of defence might be made much more formidable by digging deep ditches, than by throwing up breastworks, from which men are often driven by a panic. Two lines, a hundred yards apart, like this sunken road—they of course need not be made so

broad—would be an awkward thing to storm.

Meagher's Irish brigade attacked Marye's Hill with a gallantry which was the admiration of all who beheld it, but they were literally annihilated by the Confederates lining the road, who themselves suffered hardly any loss. Fourteen hundred and sixty Irish were buried, who in this attack had fallen on a piece of ground about forty yards deep and three hundred broad. 'As is well known, the Yankees were everywhere repulsed, and next day retired across the river under cover of the guns on the Stafford Heights.

Some surprise, I remember, was expressed when the news of Burnside's defeat reached Europe that Lee had not pressed his retreat; but as any advance of the Confederates over the open plain which intervened between them and the Rappahannock would have exposed them to the sweep of the Federal artillery on the high hills which rise abruptly on the northern bank, it would not have been easy to do so.

A more favourable place for crossing a river in the face of the enemy than at Fredericksburg could not well be found; that is to say, by an army coming from the north, and being consequently in possession of the Stafford Heights. To force a passage there from the south in the face of those heights would be simply out of the question. The position on the northern bank of the river is entirely impregnable; and in comparing it with that on the southern side in the early part of the war, and long before the battle, one of the Southern Generals—I think, Joe Johnstone—is reported to have said that there was as much difference between the two positions as between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse.

We returned in time for church, where Dr. Moore of Richmond, a celebrated preacher, gave us an excellent sermon. The clergyman was a Presbyterian, but the congrega-

tion was almost entirely Episcopalian. In Virginia all the old families are Episcopalians, and it seemed to me that the higher classes were universally so in the South. In country places, I understand that many, though professing themselves Christians, and attending some service regularly, are of no particular denomination, but frequent any church that may be most convenient to them.

The next day we drove to Hamilton's Crossing, and met there General Wade Hampton,* who commands one of Stuart's divisions of cavalry. General Hampton is a gentleman of very large landed property in South Carolina, and was not a professional soldier before the war. At its commencement, however, he raised a "legion," and equipped it at his own expense, and is now very highly thought of as a cavalry general.

He was severely wounded at

Gettysburg both by sabre and bullet, but seems to have perfectly recovered. From Hamilton's Crossing we took the cars to Guinea Station, whence we proceeded to General Gordon's camp, and reviewed his brigade of North Carolinians. It was too cold for the men to turn out regularly, but we rode and walked about through the camp, and saw how they were getting on. The horses were in good condition in spite of the severe weather; of course they were as shaggy as bears.

We spent a pleasant evening at the house of a Mr. Coleman, where we slept, and next day we returned to Richmond.

On the 14th of January a grand dinner was given at the Oriental to L., who is returning to England, much to the regret of his many friends here. Some excellent speeches were made on the occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

After spending six weeks very pleasantly at Richmond, I decided to visit Mobile and the army of the Mississippi. A journey of such length by rail in the present state of the cars is rather an undertaking, but I was fortunate in having two very pleasant travelling companions, Colonel Walton and Colonel Deas.

We started about the end of January, and slept the first night at Petersburg. Here we spent the evening with Captain Dunne, aide-de-camp to General Longstreet, who having been wounded at Knoxville, was now staying with his wife and family at his home in the city. Here too we met Captain Winthrop again, an Englishman, who was badly wounded at Bean's Station, where he distinguished himself very highly.

At Wilmington we made a longer stay. V. left us, going by the Hansa to Nassau, and thence to Europe. General Whiting took us down one day, and we went over all the fortifications at the mouth of the river. Fort Caswell, and the other works at the south outlet of the river, I had not seen before. They are exceedingly strong. "Not fortifications," says Colonel Deas, but "fiftyfications at least."

Another day there was a review. The garrison here is numerous, and the regiments more complete than is usual. They were more uniformly dressed, too, than I had seen any Confederate troops before. The men—chiefly North Carolinians—are a fine-looking race, and went through their evolutions unexceptionably. General Whiting, who, at West Point, graduated No.

* He is the general who made the successful cavalry raid lately, capturing 3,000 head of cattle.

1 in everything, is an excellent soldier, and had evidently taken a great deal of pains with his division. A brigade of his about this time went on an expedition against the Yankees, near Newbern, in this State, North Carolina, and gained much success and credit. As we were not pressed for time, we determined to avoid the main thoroughfare by Atlanta, which was sure to be excessively crowded, and to travel by Charleston and Savannah.

Colonel Gordon, an Englishman in the Confederate service, and C., accompanied us as far as Savannah, so we were "quite a party."

At Charleston we remained for two days. The Yankees had recommenced shelling the city some time before, but comparatively little mischief was being done. Few shells fall beyond the part of the town which was destroyed by a fire previous to the first bombardment, and the houses of Charleston, as in most cities of the Southern States, are very much scattered, except in two or three business streets, each one standing in a large courtyard, and having besides a garden of shrubs and "shade trees." Thus nine out of ten shells fall harmless; and the hope of the Yankees to set fire to the city or to batter it down has been hitherto entirely disappointed.

The district nearest the bay, which is most exposed to the shelling, is nearly deserted by the inhabitants, but still ladies enter it without hesitation to visit their houses; and a friend of mine, Captain Mordecai, told me that he had in vain attempted to prevail on his old negro housekeeper to evacuate his premises. "Them shells never do nobody any harm," she argued.

In walking through this part of the city, the only observable results of the bombardment are the broken windows in houses where shells have exploded; and General Jordan never even hinted the possibility of its being an objection to

our visiting the Battery and other exposed places to have a look at Fort Sumter, the Blakeney guns, and other objects of curiosity, and he and several of his fellow officers accompanied us on the expedition.

Various individuals were lounging about in the streets, and on the Battery, which Battery, I think I have mentioned before, is not a battery, but a promenade from whence there is a beautiful view of the harbour and bay. Of the row of fine houses here—the best in Charleston—fronting the bay, only one has been struck by a shell.

In the "safe district" we visited the "Soldiers' Home," where every soldier, whether wounded or sick, or travelling on furlough to visit his friends, is provided with board and lodging. Everything was admirably clean and well kept, and the dinner, which was just being served, appeared excellent. In almost every town in the South there is an establishment of the same description, generally close to the railway station. They are supported by the surrounding country, and in many of them the ladies of the neighbourhood take it by turns to wait upon their guests.

The establishment at Charleston is extensive, and we were shown over it by Mr. Gibbs, a wealthy Charlestonian, who has remained in the beleaguered city, determined to abide by his native place in its dark hour; and he makes this "Home" an object of his chief care and solicitude.

We had a very pleasant journey to Savannah. The weather was delightful; indeed, from the time we reached Wilmington we had found the climate entirely different from that we had left at Richmond. A Mr. B——n had joined our party, —a New Orleans gentleman, and a friend of Colonel Deas, who was very amusing.

Savannah is the largest city of Georgia, on the south bank of the Savannah river, eighteen miles from the sea, and has a population of

about 16,000 whites and 12,000 blacks.

A city with less than 30,000 inhabitants in the Northern and North-Western States of America is at the utmost considered a rising and promising young place; but it is different in the South, where population does not congregate at commercial centres, and the comparatively ancient town of Savannah is an important city. It was founded by General Oglethorpe in 1732, and, like most of the seaboard towns, was in the hands of the British during almost the whole of the Revolutionary War. It is a beautiful place, and, to quote an American guide-book, "regularly built, with streets so wide and so unpaved, so densely shaded with trees, and so full of little parks, that but for the extent and elegance of its public edifices, it might seem to be a score of villages rolled into one. There are no less than twenty-four little green squares scattered through the city, and most of the streets are lined with the fragrant flowering China tree, or the Pride of India, while some of them have four grand rows of trees, there being a double carriage-way, with broad walks on the outer sides, and a promenade between." The neighbourhood is exceedingly pretty, with drives on the banks of the river, and avenues of live oaks, bay-trees, magnolias, and orange-trees. A favourite drive is to the Cemetery of Bonaventure, which was originally a private estate, laid out in broad avenues; and these avenues of live oak, now grown to an immense size, with their huge branches sweeping the ground, and carrying heavy festoons of the hanging Spanish moss, are magnificent. We were at the Pulaski House, which is a capital hotel. General Beauregard was staying there, and we paid our respects to him the morning after our arrival.

He was looking remarkably well, and said he had never in his life been in better health, which was

the more gratifying to hear, as it was from ill health that the General had been obliged to give up his command in the field two years ago.

General Beauregard repeated what General Jordan had told us at Charleston, that he considered Fort Sumter stronger now for internal defence than it had ever been before.

At the railway station we parted with our friends Gordon and C., and proceeded on our journey to Mobile. It was long and tedious, but we got on pretty well. Some time before this we had discovered the dodge of fraternising with the conductor as soon as he came round to collect tickets, and the result was that we were generally introduced by him to his private box or to the mail-room, where there were always chairs and plenty of space for making ourselves comfortable.

Between Columbus and Montgomery General Bragg entered the cars and travelled with us some distance. He told us that he had just been all through south-western Georgia and eastern Alabama, and had found surprising abundance everywhere. The tax in kind which was now being levied by the Government was working exceedingly well, and provisions had already been collected amply sufficient to supply the armies in the West till the next harvest.

An old farmer in the car became intensely excited when he heard what an illustrious passenger he was travelling with, and rushed up saying, "Are you Mr. Bragg? are you General Bragg? Give us your paw!" and the General very good-naturedly shook hands with him. Then he sat down and stared in mute admiration; but when the General had left he attacked Colonel Deas: "What big ears you've got! Why, you've got ears like a mule?—haw! haw! haw! You mustn't mind me,—I'm an old fool,—haw! haw! But I've shook hands with Mr. Bragg anyhow,—

haw! haw! haw!" And so he went on like a maniac, much to our amusement.

We stopped a few hours at Mont-

gomery, and reached Mobile after a journey from Savannah of a little more than two days and two nights.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mobile had suffered very little from the war, and still carried on a brisk commerce with the outer world in spite of the blockade. It is pleasantly situated on a broad plain, and has a beautiful prospect of the bay, from which it receives refreshing breezes. Large vessels cannot come directly to the city, but pass up Spanish River six miles round a marshy island into Mobile river, and then drop down to Mobile.

We took up our quarters at the Battle House, an enormous caravanserai; and after a refreshing bath, and a capital breakfast at a French restaurant, we sallied forth for a walk in the city.

Colonels Walton and Deas, who are well known here, were greeted by friends almost at every step, and we presently adjourned to the Manassas Club, where our arrival was celebrated with a "cocktail." We then paid our respects to Admiral Buchanan and to General Maury, who commands the military department of the Gulf.

In the evening we went to a grand wedding-party and ball, where all the beauty of Mobile was assembled; and the reports I had heard of the charms of the fair sex at Mobile I found to be not at all exaggerated. This was the last ball of the season, as Lent was about to commence, but they had been very gay here during the carnival. There is always a great deal of social intercourse at Mobile, and I shall ever cherish amongst my most agreeable recollections of the South the pleasant hours spent with the genial inhabitants of that city. It is usual to pay visits in the evening between seven and ten o'clock.

We were not much pleased with

our accommodation at the hotel, and were removing to a boarding-house; but Colonel Scheliha, now chief engineer of the Department of the Gulf, whom I had met in the West, insisted upon my taking up my quarters with him, which I accordingly did. He also placed his horses at my disposal, and we had many rides together. The Colonel is engaged in erecting a new line of forts round Mobile, which are perfect models of strength and judicious arrangement. They are built entirely of sand, with revetments of turf alone. The turf on the embankments is fastened down to the sand by slips of the Cherokee rose, an exceedingly prickly shrub, which when grown will become a very disagreeable obstacle to a storming party. Though I must not say much more about them, I may mention, as a proof of the solidity of these works, that the parapets are 25 feet wide, the traverses against splinters of shell are 18 feet wide, against enfilading fire, 32 feet wide. Besides these forts there are two other lines of defence at Mobile, which will soon be one of the most strongly fortified places in the world. The forts in the harbour, which are built on artificial islands, were being much strengthened; and everything was being done now with great energy, as it was reported that the Yankees designed to attack the city.

Sherman had advanced upon Jackson, but it was not supposed that an attack by land would be made from that quarter, as the country through which the Yankees would have to pass was poor and thinly populated, so that they would find it difficult to obtain supplies.

To attack Mobile by land they would have to make Pascagoula their base.

One day we went down the bay to visit the outer defences in a magnificent river- steamer. The Governor of Alabama, Admiral Buchanan, General Maury, and other gentlemen and ladies, were of the party. A very good band of music from one of the regiments of the garrison played, and dancing was soon got up in the splendid saloon. They dance the "finale" of the quadrille here with all sorts of figures—one of them like the last figure in the Lancers, walking round and giving the right and left hand alternately. Admiral Buchanan, who was looking on, joined in this, and naturally by doing so created a great deal of confusion and merriment, at which he was in high glee. He is immensely popular, and the young ladies all call him a charming old gentleman, although he is at least ten years too young to be an admiral in England.

We landed at Fort Morgan and went over the place. I confess I did not like it at all. It is built in the old style, with bricks here, there, and everywhere.

Now when bricks begin to fly about violently by tons' weight at a time, which is the case when they come in contact with 15-inch shells, they make themselves very unpleasant to those who have trusted to them for protection. This was conclusively shown at Fort Sumter.

Fort Gaines, which we did not visit, was, they told me, a much better place, lately finished and strengthened on newer principles; but all agreed that these two forts were a very inadequate defence for the bay, into which the Yankees might enter whenever they chose to make the attempt.

Governor Ward made a speech to the garrison, and complimented the men who had lately re-enlisted for the war. At the commencement of the present struggle the

soldiers only enlisted for three years, and in the whole army the term of enlistment was now drawing to a close. This was very awkward, as these men could not be dispensed with, and Congress would have been obliged to pass some law on the subject. But it was spared all trouble. The men knew as well as the Government that they were "bound to fight it out," and came forward voluntarily, re-enlisting with great enthusiasm for "ten years," "forty years," some even for "ninety-nine years," or "the war." The alacrity with which the army has come forward on this occasion has caused much good feeling, and the few who before were inclined to croak and despond are now again as confident as ever of ultimate success.

From Fort Morgan we went on to Fort Powell, a beautiful little sandwork in Grant's Pass. This is an inlet to the bay, through which, in former days, steamers used to take a short cut to New Orleans, paying a toll to a Mr. Grant, who had deepened the channel for them, and who was rewarded by a large fortune for his enterprise. Fort Powell, which was only just being completed, had six guns, Fort Morgan about fifty. There were still strong rumours of a contemplated attack upon Mobile, but General Maury told me he did not believe in them. A gentleman on board the steamer gave the General and myself a touching description of a melancholy journey he had made to the battle-field of Chicamanga, in search of the body of his son who was killed there. Ultimately, after great trouble and difficulty, he had succeeded in his object. The General suggested that after all a soldier could hardly find a better resting-place than where he had fallen in battle, and the father said, "Yes, he had always thought and said so himself, and his wife had agreed with him; but when the blow really came they had both felt that they could never be happy again,

until their son's body had been found and laid near the place where they themselves would one day rest." I could not help thinking of the heartless indifference to similar feelings in the North which had been shown by the Yankee commander after Chicamanga, and I shuddered at the recollection of what I had seen on the battle-field there.

The tide was low at the Dog River bar when we returned, and although our river-steamer drew but little water, we were detained a couple of hours.

Whilst at Mobile we visited the men-of-war in the harbour, of which the Tennessee was the most formidable. The great difficulty is how to get this ship over the Dog River bar, which has never more than nine feet of water, whilst the Tennessee draws full thirteen. They have therefore to raise her four feet by "*camels*," which with the dearth of mechanical appliances in the South is a very difficult operation, and Admiral Buchanan almost despaired of succeeding.

Apropos of the detention of the rams in England, Admiral Buchanan told me that during the war between the Brazils and Buenos Ayres, some sixteen years ago, he himself commanded and took out to Rio Janeiro one of two ships of war which were built at Baltimore for the Brazilians. He had given a grand dinner—I think he said to 500 persons—before leaving Baltimore, and no secret was made of his destination. The Minister of Buenos Ayres at Washington was perfectly aware of what was going on, but never dreamed of making a complaint to the United States Government, and had he done so it would most certainly have been disregarded.

Another American of the name of Chase, was in the service of Buenos Ayres, and in command of a little fleet of smaller vessels than the one Buchanan took out, and he

told Buchanan afterwards that he had been on the look-out for him, and had orders to capture him on the way if he could; in which case, the Admiral said, there would very likely have been a row between Buenos Ayres and Uncle Sam.

Again, during the insurrection of Texas against Mexico, ships of war were openly built, and sent to the assistance of the insurgents, yet the Mexican Minister never thought of complaining, and if he had it would have been of no avail.

Were it not for the friendly neutrality of the British Government towards the North, the Confederates would have had a fleet, and the war in consequence would have been over long ago.

Although the Confederates think that they have been very unhand-somely and unfairly treated by the British Government, and comment freely upon the "extraordinary conduct" of Earl Russell, I may say here that they appreciate very highly the sympathy of Englishmen, which they believe to be entirely with them; and I never in the South heard an unpleasant remark made about the people of England, whom they believe to be misrepresented by their present Foreign Secretary.

A few days after our excursion down the bay, Fort Powell was attacked by a fleet of gunboats, and underwent some shelling; but after a day or two, finding they could make no impression, the Yankees retired.

There is a capital hard "shell road," so called from being made of oyster-shells, which runs alongside the bay for some seven miles. It is the favourite drive for carriages at Mobile. At the end is a house where refreshments are taken. We drove there one day, and were in the house whilst the firing at Fort Powell was going on. When the heavy Brooks gun in the fort was fired, it shook the windows so as to make them jingle, although the distance was near thirty miles.

Owing to scarcity of stone, there are very few good roads in the Southern States, except near the mountains. The sand is often so deep that horses can hardly get along. For traffic they have railways, and as Southerners, male and female, prefer riding to driving, they care little for their roads. The shell road at Mobile, however, is excellent, and at New Orleans I am told they have some equally good made of the shell of the coquille.

I met a gentleman here, the fidelity of whose negro servant (slave) deserves to be put on record. He had had to fly in haste from Natchez on the Mississippi, when that place was occupied by the Yankees, and had left very important papers and a large sum of money securely hidden at his house there. Not being able to return himself to his home, he sent his negro servant, who, with a good deal of trouble, dodged his way in and out of the Federal lines, and brought his master all his important papers and ten thousand dollars in gold (two thousand pounds). How many white servants could be trusted with a similar mission?

I have said before that Southerners are the reverse of severe with their servants. Sometimes, however, they show a refinement of ingenuity in correcting them which is remarkable.

A lady here told me of a little boy about ten years old, whom I saw about the house, that he had been an incorrigibly wicked little rascal, whom no correction could improve, till she hit on the following mode of punishing him. She got another child of about the same age, and treated him to sweetmeats, whilst the naughty boy had to look on and got none. The moral affliction was intense, but it proved "a perfect cure."

I was present at Mobile at two weddings; one was that of General Tom Taylor, and the other of my friend Colonel Von Schellha with

Miss Williams, upon which occasion I officiated as groomsman. On the day this ceremony took place, we heard that nine other couples had been wedded. The happy men were all officers in the army. They say that marriages were never more frequent in the South than now. General Stuart was a great promoter of matches. He used to tell his officers that now was their time; they could marry without any questions being asked as to how they could support their wives, who would naturally remain at their homes and be taken care of by their parents. If they waited till the war was over it would be different. It was, to be sure, shockingly improvident, but seeing difficulties far ahead was not a foible of Stuart's. I believe his advice was frequently acted upon.

I was disappointed of my trip to the army in Mississippi, as it had fallen back from Meridian, and Sherman, advancing, had cut the railroad. I did not know exactly where I should find General Polk's headquarters, and delayed my excursion till it was too late to undertake it at all.

We had decided to return by steamer up the Alabama river as far as Montgomery, as it was a much pleasanter mode of travelling than by rail. The steamers all over this continent are splendid vessels, and we were very comfortable on board our boat. The country through which we passed was fertile and cultivated, and produces much cotton.

The cultivation of cotton in America is of comparatively recent date. Colonel Deas told me, that in 1774 his grandfather, who then resided in England, wrote out to his agents in Charleston, and directed them to attempt the cultivation of a sufficient amount of cotton to supply the negroes on his plantation with homespun. At that time the great staple in the Southern States was indigo, the cultivation of which is now so entirely discontinued that

they were not able to make the naval uniform in the Confederacy blue, as every one knows a naval uniform ought to be. It is now the same colour as the military uniform. I believe the reason that seamen dress in blue, is because it is the only colour which is not stained by salt water.

At Selma a large body of soldiers came on board our boat, and for the rest of our journey to Montgomery we were crowded. However, the colonels and myself took refuge in "Texas," a glass shed built high over the centre of every river-steamer, whence the vessel is piloted. The cabins below this, and above the grand saloon, where the officers of the vessel are accommodated, also belong to "Texas." Here we had chairs, plenty of room, and a fine view.

The soldiers belonged to Hardee's corps, which had been sent to reinforce General Polk, but they were now no longer required, as Sherman had retreated. He fortunately never reached the rich country about Demopolis, but the already desolate country his army passed through he devastated in the most frightful manner, both coming and going, and everybody says he deserves to be hanged.

After a short stay at Montgomery we proceeded on our journey and reached Macon the next morning. There is a magnificent railroad station here and a capital hotel, the Brown House, where we breakfasted. At the station there were a large number of Yankee prisoners, who had been picked up during Sherman's retreat.

We slept that night at Savannah and went on to Charleston next morning. Here we made a two days' rest, and I took up my quarters with Mr. Ch., finding a dinner-party assembled as usual, and old friends among the guests. One of them, as a parting gift, made me a present of an enormous cigar-case full of Havannah cigars, a princely

benefaction under present circumstances in Dixie, when Havannah cigars are not to be purchased at any price.

Soon after we reached Wilmington my two friends and travelling companions returned to Richmond, their leave of absence having expired, whilst I with much regret prepared to say farewell to "the sunny South." A few pleasant days flew quickly by, and then with C., whose business called him to Nassau, I embarked in the *Hansa*, a noble ship, which was now to run the blockade for the eighteenth time.

It was exhilarating enough when, the moon having set at midnight, we slipped out of Cape Fear river, and dashed at full speed through the blockading fleet. It was pitch dark, and not even a cigar was allowed to be alight on deck. For nearly an hour we kept peering through the night to discover whether any Yankee ship lay in our way, but we passed unobserved, and then all immediate danger was over.

The next day we saw a large number of cotton-bales floating in the sea, and on arriving at Nassau we heard that they had been thrown overboard by the *Alice*, which had left the night before us, and had been chased for a whole day by a Yankee cruiser. A little schooner was engaged in picking them up, and as a single bale is worth £40 she was no doubt making a good thing of it. We performed our voyage to Nassau in about sixty hours, and were loudly cheered as we steamed into the harbour.

Nassau, which before the war was rather an insignificant place, is now a flourishing town, large amounts of money being made and spent there. The island of Providence, of which Nassau is the capital, is very fertile, and used to be a great place for cotton cultivation. It still grows weeds in profusion, but nothing else. Every ounce of butcher-meat, every potato or other

vegetable, milk—which comes in tins—cases—in short, every necessary of life, is imported from New York or Havana. Blockade-running has made everything very dear, and the natives complain of being reduced to live upon turtle and pineapples.

The sponges which are picked up near the island are said to be superior to those in the Mediterranean, and conch-shells used in the manufacture of cameos are also an article of export. These shells have given a name to the natives of the Bahamas, who are known in this part of the world as Conchs.

We were invited to a picnic and fishing party on the island, about ten miles from Nassau, and spent a pleasant day. Our party was a large one, and consisted of most of the officers

of the garrison and a good many gentlemen from Nassau.

We commenced fishing early in the morning and dragged a creek, and we caught amongst other fish a small shark. But the most curious things were the balloon fish; they are very small, but if you tickle them on the stomach they blow themselves up to the size of a football, and I am sorry to say that some of our party were so cruel as to use them as balls. It did them no harm, however. I put several back into the water after they had been flying about in the air, propelled by the boots of some of the company, and they immediately collapsed and swam away merrily.

From Nassau I proceeded to Havana.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

If there is one sentiment that one hears more constantly repeated than another by the British tourist nowadays, it is that he "hates to travel without an object." He begins well enough, but in the course of time the objects become exhausted, and he wanders about the world *blasé* and discontented, or ceases to wander at all. I found myself fast approaching this stage, when I encountered a series of adventures which have provided me with an interest for life, and suggested to me an occupation which has enabled me to prove a blessing to a large and yearly-increasing class of my fellow-creatures.

I remarked that in almost every country I had visited, I had been preceded by some unprotected female tourist, who had inspired terror and dismay by the sternness of her aspect, her thirst for information, and her invincible determination to engage in impracticable or dangerous enterprises. I had frequently witnessed the panic produced in a foreign community by the announcement that a literary spinster was expected to arrive, and perceived that the prejudices excited against her were so strong that when she did make her appearance she would be without a friend. When I came calmly to consider this state of affairs, all the chivalrous instincts of my nature became aroused, and I determined to travel about the world, as the professed protector and champion of this strong-minded but misunderstood class of persons. When I say that I am not afraid to face one of them quite alone in a savage country, I am aware that I lay claim to a very high order of courage; and if I go on to assert that I would even go out of my way to meet such an individual—that I extremely enjoy as much of her society as she will condescend to bestow upon me—the

fact that most of my readers will consider this mere empty swagger shall not deter me from describing the qualities which so eminently adapt me for my present noble mission. I need scarcely say, in passing, that I am totally indifferent to all considerations connected with personal appearance. There is no greater delusion than to imagine that these ladies can take care of themselves; circumstances are of necessity constantly arising in which they are utterly helpless, and all the consolation they then get is, "Serve them right! what business has a woman to go poking her nose into such places by herself? of course she will get into sorapes." Decidedly, thought I, I will become a Knight-errant of the Nineteenth Century; and immediately I started off in chase of poor Ida Pfeiffer. I followed her to India, Ceylon, and the Straits, till she finally beat me in Borneo. Then I turned my attention to the authoress who writes a book about a country and calls herself "The Englishwoman." And here again I would remark casually, that, from my constant association with these remarkable and interesting specimens of their sex, many of the most striking features of my own style have been derived. For instance, now and then I find it has a tendency towards egotism. Frequently I enter into very profound disquisitions upon subjects I don't the least understand, nor do I think it necessary to dive very deeply into questions which present themselves for consideration, or to verify the accuracy of statements furnished to me by good-natured informants. Thus, even when I am profound I am amusing, and those who most thoroughly appreciate my descriptions of the countries I have visited are the inhabitants themselves.

There is hardly a country now

left for the Englishwoman to write about. There is 'The Englishwoman in America,' 'The Englishwoman in Italy,' 'The Englishwoman in Turkey,' 'The Englishwoman in Russia'—not the same Englishwoman of course, though of the same genus. Nor must it be supposed that because I am devoted to their service I am blind to their faults and peculiarities. From long experience I know them now at a glance. They all sketch, most of them are short-sighted, and wear thick boots and spectacles, very little crinoline, with what there is of it rather long. The younger ones are reserved, the older ones gushing. Their desire for knowledge is alarming to the slenderly-educated peoples among whom they travel, and who, rather than appear ignorant, invent copiously. They are constantly guilty of perpetrating acts which, in the opposite sex, would be accounted "cool;" and a certain faculty of taking people by storm, and putting them at once into servitude, insures them the best possible letters of introduction to the next place. The victim, in order to achieve his freedom, overwhelms his fair guest with these epistolary recommendations, and chuckles, as he waves his hand to her in final adieu, over the sufferings he has prepared for his unsuspecting friend. The Englishwoman's strong point is society; this she generally describes graphically and well; nothing escapes her, except that she is considered a bore. Her weak point is science, and consequently she is devoted to it, and goes about with a geological hammer and a botanical dictionary. For many weeks my vocation obliged me to attach myself to "The Englishwoman in Venezuela." She has written a charming book since, in which I am honourably mentioned by the first letter of my name as authority for her statement that "in this country the woods are infested by a peculiar sort of serpent who milk the cows, which accounts

for the scarcity of this article." It is now some years ago. As nearly as I can calculate, she was fifty-one; I was twenty-four. She was my second "Englishwoman." We were in a very out-of-the-way part of the world, driving in a cart of the country, discussing the origin of species. This was many years before Darwin's book, and I have no doubt now where he got his ideas from. She had her sketch-book, her umbrella, her hammer, and her botany-book with her. We were alone in the cart. In fact, it was our habit to take these *tête-à-tête* drives, and when we came to a pretty view she would scramble out, adjust her spectacles, cut her pencils, perch herself on the smoothest point of stone she could find, and set to work. When it rained I stood near, holding the horse with one hand and the umbrella over her with the other. Then she would finish her sketch, chip off the point of rock upon which she had been sitting with her hammer, and put it into a bag full of stones which she used to pick up and I used to carry, and then we would jog home—she to an entertainer upon whom she had quartered herself; I to a miserable inn. Well, upon the occasion to which I allude, I parted from her rather abruptly. We were skirting the edge of a vast forest, when suddenly she saw a fern. As usual she dived into the wood after the "specimen." Then calling to me that she saw another further on, she vanished in its gloomy recesses. In about half an hour it came on to rain heavily. I could not leave the cart and horse to go in search of her, so I shouted violently. This exercise I continued for half an hour more, and then, feeling damp, got under the cart, and squatted within six inches of the horse's heels for another hour; then it got dark. I felt she had been lost in the wood, and wrung my hands in despair. It was not so much that I thought her host would miss her,

as the dreadful fate I pictured would overtake her. The forest abounded in wild animals. It was almost pathless; there were no habitations nearer than a village, from which we were separated by a river. As the country sloped down into a valley, I thought it not impossible she might endeavour to find her way by following the watercourse, and so I despondingly struggled along a muddy track towards the stream. It had become swollen by the rain, and the rushing of the torrent in the dusk was not an encouraging sound. Tying up the horse to a tree, I followed down the bank of the stream, through wet tangled brushwood, giving periodically the shrill yell known to Indians by clapping my hand rapidly before my open mouth. To my intense relief I heard it answered by a plaintive cry, and following the sound I discovered Miss Smith—the Englishwoman is almost invariably unmarried—seated on a prostrate log, clinging tenaciously to a bundle of ferns, with her face marked with broad streaks of black loam, the result of rain, tears, and muddy fingers. When she threw herself into my arms with a cry of gratitude and relief, and burst into an agony of tears on my shoulder, I felt a glow of chivalrous enthusiasm. I was accomplishing my mission to protect the unprotected; to be the stay and solace of that “Englishwoman” who created terror and dismay in society, but who was clinging to me now like a girl of sixteen; and I felt it was not “gushing”—it was genuine downright emotion. Tenderly I bore her along, for she was scratched and torn by struggling through brambles, and even the thick woollen petticoat and stout laced boots had suffered. For years, probably, this strong-minded woman had vanquished weakness. No other man, since that early history which I suppose she had in common with all of us, had ever seen her break

down but myself; but to me, in a thousand little acts, she revealed her womanhood. We gave up talking philosophy and science; indeed, she did little else but sob; and I revelled in the triumph of a situation I had hardly earned. When we reached the cart we pushed the old horse into the stream, but it was rapid, and I missed the ford in the dark, so he was carried off his legs, and the cart was upset. Fortunately, though deep, the river was narrow, and after whirling round two or three times I brought up on the shelving bank of shingle, one hand tightly clutching a handful of petticoat that I had seized at the critical moment. Our bath had the effect of washing my fair companion's face, and subduing her even more than she had been before the last episode. Meekly she dragged and stumbled after me, weighed down with the burden of her drenched habiliments. Geological collection, sketch-book, ferns, all had gone down the stream, with the horse and cart, and nothing was ever found after, except the vehicle and the drowned animal in the shafts. At last, after more than an hour's wandering along a barely discernible foot-path, from which we often strayed, and to find which I was sometimes obliged to feel with my hands, we heard the cheering sound of a dog's bark, and soon after saw the welcome glimmer of a light. It was a small native hut; and never did wattle and dab walls, a thatch of leaves, and a floor of cow-dung, offer a more grateful sight to benighted and famished mortals. An old man and woman were its sole tenants, and the accommodation consisted but of one apartment, one side of which was occupied by the fire—the smoke curled about over our heads, and found its way out between the leaves of the thatch as best it could. There were overhanging leaves so deep as almost to form a verandah

all round to protect the walls. The costume of our entertainers consisted of nothing but petticoats reaching from the waist to the ankles; the man's was drawn up between his legs, and the end tucked in at the small of his back. The old woman's hung down. She wore nothing above her waist. It was absolutely necessary that we should get rid of our drenched garments; but the difficulty was what to put on, and how to put it on. It was evident that we were destined to pass the night here. The black darkness, the fearful storms that threatened to carry away the little cottage bodily, our own exhaustion, rendered the idea of going farther impossible; besides, we might fare worse. What we wanted was, first to dry ourselves; second, to fill ourselves; third, to rest ourselves. Some bruised Indian corn was being kneaded with milk into a paste; some chickens running about suggested the idea of a boiled fowl and eggs. I also espied some honey in a honeycomb, so I mixed the milk, eggs, Indian corn, and honey in one pot, and put the fowl into some hot water in another, and then recurred to the difficult subject of attire; for by this time our teeth were chattering, and fever and ague were becoming imminent. In spite of my companion being strong-minded, I had some difficulty in inducing her to entertain the idea of divesting herself entirely of her dripping clothing, and of appearing in a costume improvised out of the materials which our semi-civilised entertainers could supply. At last she consented to judge of the nature of the experiment by the result as illustrated by myself. I therefore retired from the interior of the cabin, and, standing under the dripping eaves, took off my wet raiment. I found that the old man's petticoat, which was not unlike what the Malays call a sarong, only reached a little below my knee; the second petticoat I

threw round my shoulders, somewhat after the fashion of a plaid, leaving the arms free. Thus attired, and feeling I represented a pretty fair combination of the Scotch shepherd and the Roman gladiator, I re-entered the cabin with as much dignity as circumstances permitted me to assume. Miss Smith had taken off her spectacles in anticipation of too great a shock, and I was thus enabled, so to speak, to break myself to her gradually. So much encouraged was she by the modesty of my aspect, and so wretchedly uncomfortable did she feel in her then plight, that she requested me to take the old man back with me under the eaves, while she performed her toilet under the supervision of his wife. It was like a game where you are told to go out of a room and come back when they are all ready. In a quarter of an hour the old woman summoned me, and I found my fair friend swaddled like a mummy; not a vestige of her skin, except her face, was visible anywhere. So clumsily had she arranged it that both her hands were occupied holding her things together from the inside; thus the appearance she presented was irreproachable so long as she remained still, but the slightest movement was attended with the most frightful risk. One of the most delightful sensations I ever experienced was feeling this dear creature with mouthfuls of tough boiled chicken and Indian-corn pudding, and then holding to her lips a huge can of water, the only drinking utensil in the establishment, and supporting her head with one hand as she tilted it gently back. Then I put on her spectacles for her, and finally tied a line in front of the fire, upon which I strung all her garments as well as my own. Once I had to scratch her ear, and ultimately to help her to bed. This, however, is a figure of speech. I should more properly say to "hammock." The task of hoisting her gracefully into it without dis-

arranging her wrappers, was one of the most difficult operations I ever performed. We slung her in a corner by herself, near the fire, and the old man and his wife and I huddled together on the floor, in the other utmost extremity. In spite of an airy feeling about the legs, and a virulent attack from fleas, I slept so soundly and so far on into the morning, that I found my friend dressed in her own garments and looking quite blooming; but there was an expression of shy timidity on her face which was quite foreign to it. I, on the contrary, who am constitutionally modest, swaggered about in my short petticoat, and felt every inch a true errant knight.

I have frequently met Miss Smith in society since then. She is as learned and strong-minded as ever, except when I appear; but she quails before a single glance from me. She is now considerably over sixty; but I alone possess the secret of calling into those somewhat thin cheeks a roseate hue, and of causing those sharp gray eyes to disappear temporarily beneath their lids. Dear Miss Smith! she never travelled in savage countries by herself after that; but she will tell you unending stories about her adventures and experiences. The only one her friends don't know, and never will know—for I have never betrayed our secret to a living soul—is the one I have now recounted. Nor would I have told it now, did I not feel sure that it would be impossible for any one to recognise in my "Englishwoman in Venezuela" the heroine of the adventure.

Besides the Englishwomen who travel in quest of information, are those who are actuated by motives of philanthropy or political enthusiasm. Oppressed nationalities act as a powerful stimulus to the formation of this class. No sooner do Italy, or Poland, or Hungary rise, than your Englishwoman packs up her portmanteau, furnishes her-

self with letters of introduction of the most compromising character, and starts off on a mission to suffering humanity. With unreasoning impulse she flings herself heart and soul into the cause she has espoused, and induces the unfortunate people to whom she has accredited herself to believe that the whole British nation is as wildly enthusiastic in their behalf as she is. She probably makes her *début* by two or three indiscretions; for she is totally unused in her own country to act under the ever-present consciousness that all her movements are watched. When, however, she is once initiated into the mysteries of a national conspiracy, it cannot be charged against her that she is wanting in resource. On the whole, it is my conviction that your philanthropic-political Englishwoman does more good than harm, and is a credit to the country that produces her. By such experiences do they fit themselves to become the mothers of heroes—only, as I said before, they so rarely marry. There are, however, brilliant exceptions to this rule. I remember, during the recent insurrection in Poland, attending as knight-errant upon two Miss Browns at Cracow. I don't know which created most sensation—*Mademoiselle Pustovoytov*, Langiewicz's female aide-de-camp, who was captured on the day of their arrival, or my two charming compatriots themselves. It was a refreshing sight to watch them, in little pork-pie hats and tucked-up skirts, paddling about the muddy streets of Cracow, and one that cheered the hearts of the poor people they came to comfort. And then to go with them through wards of wounded youths, and see how the presence of the "Englishwoman" would cause the wasted features to light up with a glow of gratitude and pleasure, and how the poor lads would look with wonder and astonishment at these two unprotected beings who had come all the way from England for no

other purpose than to minister to their necessities. Depend upon it "the Englishwoman abroad" is a glorious institution. Why, she even sometimes penetrates to places where the Englishman has not been seen, and then, what is the impression she leaves on the inhabitants? They say, of course, "If England produces this sort of woman, what splendid fellows the men must be!" She does more to maintain the prestige of the British empire than all our iron-clads put together, for she is clad in the triple panoply of virtue, benevolence, and pluck. I was knight-errant to the Miss Browns when they were in the middle of a forest surrounded by Cossacks, distributing provisions to an insurgent band, which they were visiting at the peril of their lives; and their presence so affected the rugged chief of the band, and the presence of the rugged chief of the band so affected them, that they all wept together, and in the energy of their enthusiasm they distributed among his men every disposable ornament they had about them down to their hair-pins. Don't you suppose, as I stood looking on with glistening eyes, that I felt proud of my countrywomen? and don't you suppose that the remnant of those two hundred reckless spirits, who are now in exile in Siberia or elsewhere, when they hear the name of England, will associate that country in their minds with two *rather* young women in pork-pie hats, such as they had never seen before, who fed them and wept with them, and, perchance, tended them when they were wounded? Mayhap a stray Briton, pushing his explorations years hence into Asiatic Russia, will be astonished at the overwhelming civility of some poor lonely exiles, and little think he owes it all to the Miss Browns. It was some satisfaction, too, to know that they obliged the whole police of Austria and Russia to keep on the *qui vive*. Sheltered under the protecting *egis* of that Foreign

Office which guards so jealously the honour of the British subject, and, above all, of the female British subject, the Miss Browns used to defy the Government. Knowing well the chivalrous nature of their countrymen, they moved about in the happy consciousness that, though England would not go to war for Poland, or for any other oppressed race, the nation would rise like one man in defence of the Miss Browns. The truth is, that no country without this magnificent sense of honour could produce Miss Browns. It was amusing to see them receive a Government spy disguised as a patriot, and, knowing what his real character was, to hear them express their political views, with the intention of the conversation being immediately reported to the head of the police. Think, again, what an opinion that functionary must have had of the "Englishwoman." No wonder that the authorities ended by dreading, and the insurgents by adoring, them. Their rooms used to be a sort of nest of conspirators from morning till night, and the confidence they inspired was unbounded. Among the most frequent visitors was a certain ex-general of the Garibaldian army, who, with his aide-de-camp, had come to seek service in the insurgent ranks. The general was English, the aide-de-camp Italian. The latter was a man of *farouche* aspect—a grey grizzled mustache, pointed savagely, and a grey grizzled chin-tuft, pointed too. He had wild gleaming eyes, high cheek-bones, sallowness, sunken cheeks, a gash over the temple, and a stern military bearing. We used to call him *Sacripanti*, as the nearest approach we could make to his name. He spoke no language but Italian, and his usual mode of procedure was to sit in a corner and silently smoke cigarettes, which Miss Brown the younger rolled for him. From beneath the overhanging brow those fiery Italian eyes used to gleam upon her like a basilisk's; but the Miss Browns

were impervious to attacks of this description—all travelling Englishwomen are—and used to shower attentions upon him by pantomime—as they were unable to respond to his Italian. One day the Miss Browns went to Lemberg, to see what was to be done in the hospitals there, and the General and Sacripanti went to Lemberg, and, of course, the knight-errant went to Lemberg; and all of a sudden there came a warning that the police were on the track of the General and Sacripanti, and that, if they did not at once vanish from the scene, they might be detained in it longer than agreeable. This was more easily said than done, as their passports were not, so to say, *quite* in order. When the news was broken to us that we were to part thus abruptly, and Sacripanti put the last cigarette he could ever hope to see rolled expressly for him into his mouth, his eye gleamed more fearfully than ever. Suddenly he burst forth in a loud military tone of voice, as if he was making a report on the state of his company to his general. The nature of the communication evidently embarrassed that gentleman, and as I had understood it I was not surprised. It was couched in the following words:—"General, I have the honour to announce through your excellency, that I have a communication to make to the youngest Miss Brown. I request that you will state to that most beautiful lady that you are empowered to offer her my hand. You will also, General, inform her precisely what my means and position in my own country are, which you will be able to confirm from your own knowledge. My annual income derived from private sources amounts to two thousand francs (£80), and my rank is captain of the army of the most illustrious Garibaldi. This fortune and this rank I request the most gentle Miss to share with me in my own country so soon as I shall surreptitiously have succeeded in reaching

it." It was with no little hesitation and difficulty that the worthy General conveyed to the astounded ears of both the Miss Browns, and of one Miss Brown in particular, the startling nature of Sacripanti's communication. As there were three casual visitors in the room at the time, and as the General became as confused as if he was proposing for himself instead of for his friend, and as the visitors sat in open-mouthed astonishment, and the Miss Browns, though not easily taken aback, seemed for once disconcerted, my impulse to burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter was only checked by the fearful aspect of Sacripanti's countenance. I am not ashamed to say that for a moment it inspired me with such terror that I suffered acute agonies from my desire to laugh and my fear of doing so. I saw drops of perspiration standing out on the General's forehead, and the points of Sacripanti's grizzled mustache were finding their way into the corners of his eyes. What, in my capacity of knight-errant, ought I to do under the circumstances? Miss Brown rescued me from the difficulty, and emerged triumphant from the trying ordeal. With infinite presence of mind she seized the only thing which was on the table near her, and which happened to be a saline draught, mixed it with an unshaking hand, and in the most silvery tone said to the General as she handed it to him fizzing and bubbling, "Ask dear Captain Sacripanti to take this saline draught for my sake," accompanying it with a most expressive glance. While Sacripanti was losing his breath in the effervescing fluid—for he was too much taken aback to refuse it—we were all regaining ours. Conscientiously he drained it to its last drop. "Now," said Miss Brown, with a beaming face, "tell the Captain that I think we quite understand each other." The Captain looked radiant. Whe-

ther he thought that the English way of accepting a proposal was to drink off a saline draught, or whether he was pledging in it his future wedded happiness, or what his idea, we have never discovered; but he bade us all an affectionate adieu, left his card and Italian address for Miss Brown, and is probably waiting on his paternal acre—for he can't have much more—for the arrival of the bellissima Signorina Brown. The two ladies once caught sight afterwards of these two heroes at a railway station in Austria; they were hurrying across the platform, Sacripanti disguised as a courier, the General as a milord Anglais. Sacripanti gave a long thirsty glance, which spoke volumes, and then bounded obsequiously to his master's side, hat in hand, as he recognised an approaching police functionary. Poor Sacripanti! his chance is for ever gone, as the youngest Miss Brown is the brilliant exception of whom I spoke—she belongs to another; and I would never have told Sacripanti's love had I not received the permission of her husband.

While in troublous times these political Englishwomen may be frequently met with, it not uncommonly happens that an unprotected female of this description gets the credit of being a political emissary, when, in fact, she is only seeking a refuge from the gnawing of her blighted affections, or some other equally justifiable cause.

A remarkable illustration of this came to my notice some years ago, prior to the Crimean war, when I chanced to touch at a small port on the Circassian coast. An exceedingly pretty young woman, accompanied by a burly *sous-officier* of a Cossack regiment, came on board the steamboat which was to take us on to Kertch. The devotion of the Russian to this young person was so marked that he evidently was not her husband; and as they seemed to converse entirely by signs, it was equally

clear that either she was dumb or could not speak a word of Russian or any other language current in those parts. They had got a long box among their luggage that she wanted to have sent below, and he wished should remain on deck; so, seeing the difficulties under which their intercourse was being carried on, with that eagerness which has always characterised the true spirit of knight-errantry, I hazarded the remark in French that I would be glad to interpret for her to the best of my ability. Judge of my surprise when I received the somewhat pettish reply of "Hout, man, gae wa' wi' ye!" Said I, determined not to be outdone, though so staggered by the shock that you might have knocked me down with a feather, "And what brings a bonny Scotch lassie like you to siccan pairts?" I did not know much Scotch, but I had a strong recollection of having looked out "siccan" in the glossary at the end of the 'Antiquary,' and found it to mean "such." It was her turn to be astounded now, for I forgot to mention that I was in full Circassian costume, having just returned from paying a longish visit to Prince Michael of Abkhasia. On my head was a pointed cap, trimmed with fur eighteen inches high; on my breast two rows of cartridges with ivory tips; at my back a rifle in a sheepskin; in my waist three knives, the smallest somewhat larger than an ordinary dirk; baggy red trousers, like knickerbockers, surmounted handsomely embroidered gaiters; and my well-formed feet were encased in thin leather boots without soles, so tight that they caused me agony when I got them wet. I was a young knight in those days, and my chief delight was to rush into the costume of whatever country I happened to be visiting.

While she was recovering herself I was wondering what on earth she was. Never before, and for that matter I may say since, had I ever

seen the Englishwoman, or rather the Scotchwoman, abroad in such a guise. In the first place, she was clearly not a lady; then, so young and pretty, and alone: what could she be doing at Souchoum Kaleh with this burly *sous-officier*? While thus speculating, the young person had undergone a revulsion of feeling; she first threw her arms round my neck, and then burst into a paroxysm of tears. The *sous-officier* looked puzzled and, I thought, a little jealous; but he muttered something about a compatriot, and busied himself about the luggage. Then, to my surprise, he came back before she had done sobbing, and, bidding her a somewhat curt adieu, disappeared over the side just as the steamer's paddles began to turn. Here was a pretty predicament for a young man with knight-errant principles and a full Circassian costume to find himself in—the after part of the steamer all to himself, and a fair compatriot sobbing in his arms—a most brilliant moon just showing over the magnificent ranges of the snowy Caucasus, tinging distant ice-peaks, throwing masses of forest into gloom, and setting the bay in a blaze of glittering ripples. I had not met Miss Smith at this time, but the last two lines are quite in her style. I regret that it is not in my power, as is clear from the attempt at Scotch which I have already made, to give her history in the pure Doric in which it was conveyed to me; but, so far as I am able, I will tell the singular story, which I have no doubt still survives in those regions, and will long be narrated among the Russians as an illustration of the eccentricity of Britons generally, and of British women in particular; also of the perfidy and Machiavellican tactics of our present Premier. Jenny—she told me her other name, but I have forgotten it—was, it appears, the maidservant of a certain Scotch lady, whom we will therefore call Miss Mactavish, who, for some reason which Jenny never

could penetrate, decided upon investigating the progress which Russia was making in the Caucasus. With this view she furnished herself with letters of introduction at St. Petersburg, and never stopped travelling till she reached Stavropol. This was the headquarters of the army at that time; and her arrival at that remote garrison during a period of active operations created, as may be imagined, no little wonder and comment. Who could Miss Mactavish be? What had she come for? Why did she want to accompany a reconnaissance into the Kabardas? How were you to accommodate a woman and her maid on a rough campaign along the southern shore of the Kuban? The Commander-in-Chief felt uneasy; he was therefore more polite than usual—Russians always are when they suspect you. He surrounded Miss Mactavish with attendants, overwhelmed her with attention, and found that whenever she proposed to go anywhere some insuperable difficulty interposed. But Miss Mactavish had not got Celtic blood in her veins for nothing. She was a stern, determined woman, it appears, “near six feet high, awful muckle-jinted, and with red hair,” so said Jenny. So she bought two steeds and a guide—they cost about the same in those parts—and started off one morning. Jenny did not know where they were bound to, as they were almost immediately caught and brought back. But the General's suspicions were still more roused, and he and his officers came to the startling conclusion that Miss Mactavish was a man in disguise, and a secret agent of Lord Pawmerston, as Jenny called him. The state of her *chevelure* went to confirm this hypothesis, as Miss Mactavish had had a fever not long before, when her head had been shaved, and her golden locks were now about three inches long. Having arrived at the conviction that she was a man, the next link in the chain was evi-

dent; Jenny was clearly the wife. No sooner does the General arrive at this conclusion than he tells off two handsome young officers on special service—one to make love to the pretended Miss Mactavish, the other to Jenny. "By these means," thinks His Excellency General Blazesky, who judged Scotchwomen by a Russian standard, "I must arrive at the truth; for if this emissary of Palmerston's be really a female, she will never resist the fascinations of the seductive Hititoff; no unmarried woman of forty—if she be a woman—could resist Hititoff. He must be sacrificed at the shrine of elderly spinsterhood in the service of his country. If, on the other hand, she resents his attentions, it will be strong presumptive evidence of her belonging to the male sex; and if she is jealous of this pretty little Miss, it will be beyond doubt that she is really *he*. Tickeleff speaks English like a native. I will order him at once to open the campaign with the maid. Lucky dog, Tickeleff!" So spake and plotted this immoral old Russian General, as if he could possibly know anything about Scotchwomen.

"Eh man," said Jenny, "ye suld ha' seen my leddy dingin' awa' at the lugs o' the puir bairn Hititoff, and him tryin' to get up frae his knees, and she just giein' him such bangs that I had to come atwixt them—and then she went off screechin' and sobbin' in my arms; but I ken weel the laddie's een were fuller o' tears than Miss Mactavish's, and he couldna tak his handkerchief frae his nose, but was just aff without ance lookin' ahint him." So far, then, General Blazesky was satisfied. Hititoff reported that no woman could have inflicted the punishment he had received; while the arts which he had frequently proved were infallible with the sex, had in this case been tried with exactly the opposite result to the one desired: ergo, Miss Mactavish was clearly a man. There only

remained the confirmation to be obtained by Tickeleff. Ha! ha! laughs Tickeleff, no fear of my ears and nose getting such treatment as Hititoff's, and boldly he opens the siege.

"Weel, sir," went on Jenny, "this Tickeleff was aye glowerin' at me, and squeezin' o' my haund, so I jist glowered at him, and whiles I squeezed his haund—what for no?—there's nae harm, and there was sae little to do at Stavropol; and one day he fumbled away at my fingers wi' his lips. Thinks I, ye gowk, what are ye at wi' my haunds when my face is no that far aff? and then down he plumps on his hunkers, just the same queer fashion as the ither ane, and maks what he ca's his declaration. Weel, he was workin' awa' wi' my haund, and hawering on wi' his declaration, and I was wearyin', when wha suld look in but my mistress; and she jist come doon upon the hair o' his heed like a hawk. 'Ye unprincipled loons,' says she, 'are ye no content wi' attackin' me, but ye must assaut my maid? Gae wa' wi' ye;' but he couldna do that, for she had a firm grip o' him by the hair, and was shakin' him maist awfu', and I fit to split my sides. 'Ye ca' yersells members o' the Greek Church,' says she, 'and I can weel believe it—there's naebody but pagans would do the like;' an' wi' that she gied him a cuff, and he went aff wi' his heed hangin' doon for a' the warld like Hititoff."

Proof conclusive; what more could Blazesky want? Reports to his Government important discovery. Spy of Lord Palmerston's in female disguise, with wife passing as maid—desires instructions. Great commotion in the Foreign Office—probable meeting of the Council to consider what shall be done; decision finally arrived at; send Lord Palmerston's spy wherever he wants to go; let him always be accompanied by an officer, ostensibly for the protection of the virtue of Miss

Mactavish in these savage countries; order arrives at Stavropol, and is instantly put into execution. *Sous-officier* of Cossacks told off to accompany Miss Mactavish everywhere. So the lady, her maid, and her escort cross by the Darjel Pass to Tiflis, and then skirt the southern Caucasus and come down into Mingrelia. But Miss Mactavish's reputation has preceded her. Nobody doubts for a moment that she is a man, but all admit she plays her part well. Innumerable are the traps set to catch her, but always ending in the discomfiture of those who devise them. "Knowing old fox that Palmerston," say the authorities; "how well he chooses his agents!" To talk to that red-haired man in petticoats, you would suppose he had no ideas beyond the conversion of the heathen and the preservation of the feminine honour; and how well he disguises his voice! Clever little woman his wife is, too; took two hundred rubles, and told us nothing. Wonder whether she is his wife, or only another agent of Palmerston's, and if he shifts them about in couples as he thinks they suit; wonder how many male and how many female spies he has got. How well she took us in about her correspondence, too — that long letter to her brother the Presbyterian minister! Suppose that in Palmerston's cypher Presbyterian stands for foreign. Then that curious phrase about "justification," and "adoption," and "the Assembly's Shorter Catechism," — wish we could hit off the key. The Assembly is probably the House of Commons, and the Shorter Catechism questions to be asked Palmerston on foreign policy; "justification" perhaps means "casus belli," and "adoption" "annexation."

So completely had the idea of Miss Mactavish's real character taken possession of the public mind, that when she arrived at Sugdidi she got into a serious scrape with a certain Prince D — for having, in

the fulness of her emotion, wound up a religious discussion with his wife by clasping her round the neck and kissing her warmly. She thought she detected signs of conversion, and thus naturally did she give vent to her feelings. Prince D — entering at the moment, finding his wife in this questionable embrace, was furious, and sent a formal challenge to Miss Mactavish, who doubtless would have gladly fought him, so far as her pluck was concerned, but who entertained a conscientious objection to all duelling. Time would fail me to tell of all her remarkable adventures with the different escorts which conducted her through the country under this erroneous impression — how they insisted on making the most marked distinction between her and her maid, reserving all that was best in the way of night accommodation for the latter. "Deed, sir," said Jenny, "it was nae use my telling them that the puir leddy wasna a man; but the time came when a' doubts were at an end. An' a richt gude and kind mistress she aye was to me, and me a giddy thing that was fu' o' a' kinds o' cantrips. But I tended her a' through her last illness, and for seven nights did I never sleep one wink, amang savages as we were too, awa' up i' the mountains, and me no able to speak a word o' their gibberish, and she in a raging fever, and they all thinking she was telling a' her political secrets in her wandering speech. And the way she went on about the Free Kirk, and would keep telling me her experiences, and putting a' kinds o' maist awfu' difficult questions to me, thinking I was Dr. Candlish; and a chiel they had there, who knew English, taking notes o' a' she said, and making out that Candlish was Pawmerston, and that the Free Kirk meant revolution, and the Establishment meant the Rooshian Government; and they threatenin' to whip me if I didna explain to them what 'sittin' under a minis-

ter' was, and wadna believe me when I said I didna ken wha sat under Pawmerston; and they said I lee'd, and that they knew well 'the auld man' sat upon a' the ithers. They just seemed clean demented about it; and at last, wae's me, t'ie puir ledly sank a'thegither, and there I was my lane amang them; and they rummaged a' our boxes and copied a' her letters and notes, headed, 'The Caucasus a field for Free Church enterprise.' But the Cossack body was no that bad, and, if he hadna been a wee too fameel-iar, would have done weel enough. But it gar'd me greet to hear my ain mither tongue frae you, sir—hoping ye'll pardon the liberty I took wi' kissin' ye, sir; for I am sure ye're a real gentleman, though dressed like ane o' thae savages." Jenny's penetration pleased me, and even had I not been bound by my knightly duty, I should have felt more drawn towards her and disposed to befriend her from that moment. "My good girl," said I, endeavouring to discard as much as possible anything like condescension from my tone, "rely upon me—tell me if there is anything I can do for you." "'Deed is there," said she; "wad ye just ask them to put my puir mistress below." I now discovered what the long box contained, and asked Jenny how she had managed to perform this last act of devotion. "It wasna my doing, sir," she said. "When thae Rooshians found that the poor ledly wasna a man at a', they got a wee scared like, and said Pawmerston might say that they had killed her, and declare war immediately with Rooshia,—and me in the country—it was awfu' to think o'; so they would send her home just as she was. And first they thoct o' embawming her, but they couldna get the materials, and so they just stuffed her with strae." "Did what?" said I, almost in a shriek. "Ah, ye may weel cry out," said Jenny; "for me, I couldna bide near; but it is a' true. I just took

a peep mysel' at the last, and it seemed gae well dunc. An' I hae gotten stric' charge to tak' it to a place in London they ca' the Foreign Office; here's the address, see—Downing Street."

Now, I am well aware that my readers will find some difficulty in swallowing this little anecdote. Miss Smith was all well enough; even the Miss Browns' history was not improbable; but our chivalrous friend is coming it rather too strong, with his Scotch maid and her stuffed mistress. I am aware that I have a constitutional tendency to romance; who could lead the knight-errant existence which I have without it? but my romantic vein is kept within the most strict limits. I know how to deal with facts so artistically that they scarcely seem to be facts—just as a good cook can disguise mutton to an extent which renders it impossible to know what you are eating—but the mutton is nevertheless there; so with these interesting personal experiences—they are all true, and the truest is just the least credible. Now, candidly, do you think I could ever have invented such a wonderful finale to Miss Mactavish? I am always reluctant to admit any inferiority where matters of imagination are concerned; but I fairly own I was quite incompetent to have conceived anything half so strange as the adventure which I have just described. If anybody is still in doubt, and is sufficiently interested, in verifying the details, to go as far as Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, they will see a charming country, and the very Princess who received the kiss, and the husband who has never yet got over the banter of his friends for having called out a lady. But Miss Mactavish was by no means a specimen of the active propagandist. She was a dear good soul, who merely carried her theological views into everything, but did not travel for the express purpose of proselytising. There is your female colporteur, a very serious person to meet

in more senses than one, a bugbear to every Catholic government in Europe, and to every British minister accredited to every such government. Trust her for knowing how to smuggle. She is as skilful in disguising truth in every form which may render it impossible of detection as I am. First, she smuggles a host of tracts written by herself, and calculated to bring the whole Papal fabric down by the run, in the double lining of a crinoline, and then she smuggles her doctrine into the tracts; then she is a match for Antonelli himself in dogged pertinacity of purpose. She rather glories in going to prison than otherwise, and knows everything about every version of the Bible that exists, and has tried the point with the Douay with more governments than one. Nor does she confine her teaching to the heterodox,—she is down upon a stray Protestant unprotected male tourist in a way terrible to behold. She generally goes about with a secretary, a weak pale creature, who is constantly engaged in copying despatches to foreign governments, British ministers, and “our dear Christian friends” at home. There is a style in the way she puts her name after “having the honour to be, my Lord,” which stamps her at once as “a sister with a work.” Has it never occurred to this good creature, that as she has never been successful, and never will be, there must be something radically wrong in the way she sets about it? My heart warms towards her as I see her honestly striving to accomplish the impossible, in that cold, stern, conscientious manner of hers, which frightens Italians, I think, more than any other race to whom she preaches. She always seems to me to have no heart; perhaps that is the reason I should like to give her some of mine. Ah! if she only knew how converts are made. If the best way of inducing a man to give is by appealing to his stomach, depend upon it the best way of getting him to believe is through

the heart. But your female missionary is so full of hate for the system which degrades him, that she has no love or softness to waste on the victim; and as he has probably more brains than she has, she can't appeal to his intellect. So she goes on leading a life of warfare with custom-house officers, which sours her temper, and practises petty deceits upon them, which she thinks justifiable, and becomes so bigoted in her views by perpetually looking at the most exaggerated development of those she differs from, that she ends by being a very disagreeable person to all except the few who, like myself, appreciate the good points in her character. I remember once—“He's off again,” you'll say; “now look out for a bouncer!” Not at all; this is strictly true, and if you only knew me, you would not wonder at what I am going to tell you. Well, I remember once falling in with a Miss Jones, and her secretary, Miss Robinson, at a fronder. They declined to point out the keys of their trunks to the custom-house officers, on the ground that the Government had no moral right to search for Bibles for the purpose of sequestrating them, and that they could not afford any facilities to its agents. On which the inspector comes—stern, military, and polite. “Madame,” he says, “must expect to have her boxes broken open if she will not help in unlocking them.” Delighted crowd of passengers, who are assisting at the altercation with the English “Mees”—guard, who says the train can't wait—porter, who goes for chisel and hammer—Miss Robinson, trembling and anxious to give up the keys—Miss Jones professing her readiness to go to prison, or incur any other species of martyrdom, but in the mean time declares she will appeal to the British Minister. “Surrounded by such sights and sounds, could I remain one instant longer a calm spectator? Was not the British Minister my most

particular friend and the unprotected female my special mission? Could I do either of them a greater favour than preserve them from each other? With that readiness of invention which characterises me, I pulled a white pocket-handkerchief from my pocket, and tying it rapidly round my neck, I said in those melodious accents which I know so well how to assume, and with an expression of resigned deliberation, if I may so style it, "Excuse me, dear madam, for interposing at such a moment; but as a clergyman of the Church of England"—here I coughed, rather at a loss how to go on—"as a clergyman of the Church, dear madam, deeply interested in the work——" Here I stopped suddenly. "Surely we must have met before. It can't be, yet it is; oh, Miss Jones!"—having just deciphered her name on her box—"how truly grateful I am to be permitted to come to your rescue. Perhaps your friend will show me the key." Poor Miss Robinson, who held the bunch in her shaking fingers, was only too glad to hand it to me, and, while Miss Jones was still trying to recognise me, and was too much impressed by the ecclesiastical authority which I brought to bear upon her to remonstrate, I had revealed to the authorities a row of neatly-bound "Donays" which caused their eyes to glisten as they pounced upon them and carried them off. "Never mind, Miss Jones," I said; "it will give us a stronger case. Trust me not to give Lord——or any of his *attachés* a moment's peace of mind." "Oh, thank you, Mr.——" "Wilkins, madam—the Rev. F. Wilkins; only I am travelling anonymously, if I may use the term, on behalf of the Jews, and do not wish it known that I am in the Church." Then she tried to remember where she had ever seen me before, which, of course, she found difficult; and after we had journeyed together in the same carriage for fifteen hours, I found that it would be quite impos-

sible to undeceive her as to my real character, so I invested in a stock of stiff white neckcloths, and a black waistcoat buttoning to the throat; this gave me the moral ascendancy by which alone I could secure tranquillity, and enabled me to assume the right of preaching to her; if one of us was to preach, I thought it had better be me. I had not been two days in her company before I had reason to congratulate myself on having adopted this line. I have seen her attack a retired general of the Indian army in an omnibus, while driving from the station to the hotel, in a way which caused me the most acute pain. He was looking forward to meeting a maiden sister after a twenty years' separation; and when he found she was a friend and correspondent of Miss Jones, I fully expected he would have turned back Overland, without ever getting home at all. Then I saw her torture a young widow who was hurrying from Palermo, where she had just buried her husband. Oh the mockery of that consolation which Miss Jones gave! "Dear Miss Jones," I would say, "after a scene of this sort, let us improve the occasion; I should like to have a little serious conversation with you." Then Miss Robinson, timidly—"may I be allowed to share the privilege?" "Dear sisters," I would say, "I wish to call your attention to two or three points in which I see room for improvement, and I address myself especially to Miss Jones. Believe me, dear lady, you show too great humility, and, if I may venture to say it, timidity, in your intercourse with the unconverted. You seem, when pointing out the shortcomings of another, to be constantly burdened with the consciousness of having sins of your own. Then you make too great allowances for the circumstances under which perhaps others have been brought up; your delicacy and tact are so excessive, that you often allow opportunities of doing good to slip.

There is such a thing as righteous indignation, and if you can occasionally infuse a little bitterness into your discussions upon doctrinal points, you will be more likely to carry conviction; above all things, never try to be popular and loved. Remember you must expect persecution in this world, and if you get it, don't attribute it to your disagreeable manner, and your presumption in assuming that everybody you meet is a sinner, but to your being so faithful in telling them the truth. More particularly try and find out the weak points in their harness. You scarcely expressed in sufficiently strong language, the horror and disgust with which that wicked old general's maiden sister will receive him, when she enters into an investigation of his moral nature; nor did you press the widow enough as to the exact condition of her husband's mind immediately prior to his death. It is so very important, that she should not be buoyed up by any false hope of his having been penitent at last. Then your mode of dealing with the officials in foreign countries is faulty. You do not give half trouble enough. You do not sufficiently consider the moral effect you may produce by defying authority, and by setting at nought all rules and regulations established by despots and bigots, and holding them up to contempt and scorn, in your intercourse with their agents. You are too scrupulous in the means you employ, considering that your end is to propagate a religion of love, charity, and tolerance. Of course you should endeavour to create as much discontent as possible in the minds of these poor ignorant people, with their present system of religion. If you are engaged in collecting subscriptions for a Protestant church for instance, follow the example of those good Christians at Naples who have specially chosen to erect theirs at the door of a monastery of the strictest Catholic order. Thus the

truth is brought into very strong contrast with error; and if you cannot conciliate, you may at least annoy those who differ from you. By these means your zeal will become apparent, and men will say that a woman who wears herself out in attempting to wear out other people must be in the right, and your motives will in the end be appreciated and your religion respected. These are a few of the observations I would wish to make before parting with you, in the hope that they may help to serve you both for your future guidance; and if it is any comfort or satisfaction to you to hear it, dear Miss Jones, believe me that, during my intercourse with you, I have learnt many valuable lessons. We can all learn from each other, dear sister; indeed, I am not sure whether you have not done me more good than you have to any of those numerous privileged persons to whom you have spoken seriously." Their difficulties with the officials were at an end, and the services of the knight-errant were no longer required, so I shook hands cordially with both ladies, and was about to wipe away something from the neighbourhood of my eye, when Miss Jones took me aside. "I cannot resist," she said, "indeed I feel it my solemn duty to give you a piece of advice before parting. You know the deep interest I take in you, the strong affection I feel for you." "Indeed, madam, no one can be more sensible of both." "Then," said Miss Jones, abruptly, "why don't you marry?" A charge straight up to the batteries, thought I, worthy of General Grant. My breath was quite gone. I had vague thoughts of precipitate flight, but Miss Robinson had executed a flank movement, and cut off all access to the door. "Wilkins," said Miss Jones again, "I ask you solemnly and seriously, why don't you marry?" So this, then, had been the result

of all my preaching. Surely a just Nemesis had overtaken me at last, for I felt I had not been strictly true to my knight-errant vow. That extraordinary fertility of resource, to which I have before alluded, did not however fail me at this critical moment. "Madam," said I, sternly, "I am no more Wilkins than you are. I am an officer on leave from the fastest cavalry regiment in the service, but I have shaved off my moustache to complete the disguise necessary to enable me to escape from my creditors." Then suddenly changing my tone, and dropping on one knee, "But, lovely Jemima, I will sacrifice my prospects and attach myself to you for life, if, dearest, you will only pay my debts." Miss Jones did not scream, she uttered no word of reproach, but sank slowly into a heap on the floor. I propped her up with a footstool at her back, and left Miss Robinson sitting on it administering sal volatile.

I am not ashamed to say that when I look calmly back upon this episode, I feel a certain satisfaction. Of course I am not a cavalry officer, and have not a debt in the world, but I am sure Miss Jones is a wiser and a better woman in consequence of having known me. She has been what she would call "chastened," and I have been the rod. Poor dear! with a very little encouragement she would have kissed it. So, perhaps, I did her an injustice, and she has a heart after all.

Now, I know you will say what an unprincipled scoundrel this is, going about under false pretences, and calling himself a knight-errant. Don Quixote, indeed! How differently would that pink of chivalry have behaved under the circumstances? Not so, dear friends: I appeal confidently to Miss Smith, the Miss Browns, Jenny, and even Miss Jones herself. My object has been to show these good creatures how far they benefit the human species, and how far they bore it. Not for the world would I throw ridicule on the sublime religion to which I have had to allude in the case of the last. Miss Jones monopolises this task, and what I could I did to neutralise her influence—I am afraid, to judge by a letter which I saw from her the other day in the 'Record,' with very little effect. Still there is no reason why others should not be more successful than I have been. My simple motive for narrating these experiences of my knight-errantry is to suggest an object to my male readers who are fond of travelling, and who little know the satisfaction they will receive from protecting, befriending, and assisting these excellent ladies in the trials and dangers which their mode of life must necessarily involve. In a word, to the Englishman I leave it "to point the moral;" for has not "the Englishwoman" sufficiently "adorned the tale?"

MODERN DEMONOLOGY.

If King James of pious memory, the first who swayed the double sceptre of Britain, could revisit this terrestrial sphere, great would be his exultation at finding that, in the present year of grace, his original theories upon the subject of witchcraft and demonology have, after the neglect of centuries, obtained a wide recognition and acceptance. Well indeed might he exult; for the doctrine which he so strenuously maintained has, in our days, not only been enforced by argument, but illustrated by positive demonstration. Wizards, and men who are served by familiar spirits, make open avowal of their powers, and exhibit their cantrips before the public at a fixed money-tribute for admittance. The necromancer of the olden time was a sneaking fellow, who hid himself in dingy garrets or fetid cellars, practising his occult arts with as much secrecy and precaution as are observed by the coiner and the forger. The witch who molested our ancestors by her incantations—torturing them by virtue of pins thrust into waxen images, or subjecting those sympathetic effigies to the slow action of a fire fed with wolfsbane and the fat of murderers—avoided the public ken, and admitted no spectators to that mysterious *séance*, where her *succubi* hopped around her in the semblance of toads, and Beelzebub himself, in the figure of a satyr, preached blasphemous sermons to the beldames. Our modern sorcerers are fellows of a different kidney. They affect publicity, exhibit before Imperial Courts, claim acquaintance with and become the instructors of men of rank and science, and are hand-in-glove with the spirits of departed heroes, who most obligingly obey their summons, impart communications, and playfully condescend to pinch the legs of the

incredulous spectators. Let but the Yankee Prospero command, and the ghost of Washington will play on the banjo, Socrates jingle the tambourine, and Byron perform with the bones. Realised to the full extent, and sworn to as an undoubted fact by a whole cloud of Cockney witnesses, is the vaunt of Faustus, as told by Christopher Marlowe:—

"Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love, and Cæon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of
Thebes
With ravishing sounds of his melodious
harp,
Made music with my Mephistophiles?"

Nay more. To prove the unrivalled and still undecayed vigour of the ancient athletes, Milo of Crotona will bind the Brothers Davenport with ropes, and the indomitable Achilles will sustain Mr. Home while sprawling, like a gigantic spider, at the ceiling!

We suspect, however, that King James, if included in the troop of *revenants*, would feel both indignant and disgusted at the laxity of the civil magistrate, in permitting witchcraft and sorcery to be openly practised as a branch of lucrative traffic. Upon this head our British Solomon entertained very decided opinions, not mincing the matter as regards either the principals or their abettors. Touching magicians and witches, he says—"They ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal law of all Christian nations." As also—"All them that are of the counsel of such crafts; for, as I said, speaking of *Magie*, the consulters, trusters-in, overseers, entertainers, or stirrers-up of these craft-folks, are equally guilty with themselves that are the practisers." And this infliction of punishment he held to be so paramount a duty, that any leniency

shown by the magistrate was equivalent to participation in the crime. "The prince or magistrate, for farther trial's cause, may continue the punishing of them such a certain space as he thinks convenient: but in the end to spare the life, and not to strike when God bids strike, and so severely punish in so odious a fault and treason against God, it is not only unlawful, but doubtless no less sin in that magistrate nor it was in Saul's sparing of Agag; and so comparable to the sin of witchcraft itself, as Samuel alleged at that time." It was in accordance with such views that the celebrated statute entitled 'An Act against Conjururation, Witchcraft, and dealing with evil and wicked Spirits,' had been framed by Parliament; and re-enacted with even more stringency in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Multitudes of convictions ensued; but in process of time the British public sickened at the spectacle of wretched old women consumed to ashes at the stake, on the accusation of having bewitched their neighbours' cows, diabolically abstracted their milk, or terrified their children into fits by nocturnal visitations under the form of enormous cats; and some philosophers ventured even to hint a doubt whether the Prince of Darkness had so much spare time as to permit of his indulging in familiar intercourse with the dregs and offscourings of society. So, by chapter fifth of 9th George II. it was enacted, that thereafter "no prosecution, suit, or proceeding shall be commenced or carried on against any person or persons for witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration, or for charging another with any such offence, in any court whatsoever in Great Britain." This humane statute put an end to the atrocities of the faggot and the tar-barrel; but it neither gave full licence and immunity to the professors of the occult sciences, inasmuch as it provided that, "if any person shall

pretend to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration, or undertake to tell fortunes," &c., he or she shall for such offences suffer imprisonment for the space of a whole year, and shall be exposed once every quarter in the pillory, at a public market-place. Though modern squeamishness has led to the disuse of that fine old English institution, the pillory—an engine which we venture to think was especially suited for the exposure and chastisement of villanous quacks, impostors, and other detestable miscreants—there can be no doubt that wizards, real or pretended, may still be punished by imprisonment; and it is high time that the penalties of the law should be enforced. We write this in sober earnest; for the insolent and blasphemous pretensions of those mountebanks, made bold by impunity, have now swollen to such an extent, and have so affected the minds of many weak and credulous people, that a strong example has become necessary. Nay more—if equal-handed justice is to be administered in the British Islands, the officers of the law have no excuse for allowing those audacious quacksalvers to escape. Every now and then we learn, from the newspapers, that some tattered gypsy-woman or prowling mendicant has been sent to the treadmill for cozening an unfortunate servant-girl of her hoarded silver, under the pretext of telling her fortune; and such paragraphs usually contain an expression of pity for the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower orders which render them a prey to such impostors. Whereas, in London, the better-clad pretenders to witchcraft openly advertise their *séances*, at which spirits of the illustrious departed will favour the company with manifestations, and perform diverse miracles; they inveigle crowds of noodles and ninny-hammers to pay down their money at the door—exhibit some hocus-pocus of a kind so ineffably

childish, that the weakest imp of Erebus would be ashamed of participating in the game — and, instead of being sent to join the gypsy in her wholesome exercise and diet of diluted gruel, are fed, pampered, and puffed by crazy enthusiasts, who believe that they have had communication with the ghosts of their grandfathers, and that the Bounding Brothers, whom no network of ropes can fetter, are, upon the whole, much deeper adepts in necromancy than the celebrated Witch of Endor!

If, however, we are to believe the statements of their disciples, the imprisoning of these eminent magicians would be of very little use, seeing that the spirits, who are their familiars, and constantly wait upon them, are able to set them free. Perhaps the most revolting feature in the books of pseudo-magic and spiritualism which have recently issued from the press, is the reiterated assertion that miracles, similar to those recorded in the New Testament, are wrought by, or in favour of, the fellows who, like Simon Magus, use sorcery and bewitch the people. Those of our readers who are fortunately ignorant of the tone, nay, possibly of the very existence of this corrupted literature, will be slow to credit that such daring impiety could be committed without meeting with immediate reprobation. Yet such is the fact. One of the books before us, purporting to be a biography of the Brothers Davenport — a book, by the way, containing more absolute rubbish than any volume of a similar size which it ever was our fate to encounter — contains an account of a pretended miracle, which is neither more nor less than a deliberate parody of Saint Peter's deliverance from prison, as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles. These Davenports, who have recently been exhibiting in London, claim to be attended by spirits, the most potent of whom announced himself

to be the ghost of Henry Morgan the buccaneer. In some respects those spirits had not altogether divested themselves of their former attributes of humanity. They, according to Mr. Rand, who acted as the Davenports' showman, and doubtless took the money at the doors, "have spoken with audible voices, in the light, without a trumpet, as we have rode or walked by the way, and exhibited hands, placing them upon our persons, and handling us freely" — (had Mr. Rand been a fellow of any pluck, he would have resented such a scandalous liberty by tweaking the nose of the apparition). "Spirits have also *eaten food* in our presence; cake, fish, boiled corn, pineapple, and other fruits!!" Did they not also partake of mint-juleps, brandy cock-tails, phlegm-cutters, and other approved Yankee restoratives for the delectation of the inner spirit? Why not? Spirits are often afflicted by thirst — a phenomenon which undoubtedly leads to a most melancholy conclusion. Honest William Howitt, who is more intimately acquainted with Pandemonium than any of his literary compeers, gives us, in his 'History of the Supernatural,' a singular instance of this, which occurred at the Castle of Slawensick, in Silesia. It seems that venerable fortalice (the existence of which we are content to assume) was haunted by divers frolicsome spirits, who persisted in pitching knives, spoons, candlesticks, snuffers, and padlocks at the worshipful company present. "What was strangest of all, the terror-stricken inhabitants saw a jug of beer raise itself, pour beer into a glass, and the beer drunk off; on seeing which John, the servant, exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus! it swallows!'" On which anecdote, and his implicit belief in its authenticity, we congratulate friend William, and dismiss him with a hearty wish that *his* swallow may never be less.

To the economic mind such phe-

nomena must suggest topics of considerable alarm. According to the modern doctrine, we are surrounded by the disembodied spirits of the whole progeny of Adam; and as the number of the dead is infinitely greater than that of the living, such symptoms of unearthly appetite, sharpened doubtless by long-continued fast, are, to say the least of it, sufficiently alarming. The Red Indians were wont to provide some small *viaticum* for a deceased brother, in the shape of a handful or so of maize and a little dried venison, to sustain him on his way to the happy hunting-grounds; but it never entered into the head of either Cherokee or Choctaw that the defunct Bald Eagle or Snapping Turtle of their tribe would haunt, for all time to come, the wigwams of themselves and their children, laying violent invisible hands on their stock of buffalo-meat and beaver-tail, and causing it to disappear as swiftly as though it had been engulfed in the maw of some monstrous anaconda! If this new manifestation should become general, and Lar and Lemur should take possession of our Järders, we must look for a universal famine. In the natural course of events it is not unusual that the substance of the parents should be devoured by the children; but what is that to the curse of being compelled to find food for countless generations of ancestors, whose sharp-set spirits crowd ravenously into the dining-room at the cheerful summons of the bell, prepared to do fuller justice to the comestibles than any horde of aldermen that ever flocked to a City banquet? Upon one point alone we require further information. According to Howitt and Rand, the spirits have a decided predilection for articles of food and drink. As many of them have admitted their Yankee origin, it would be interesting to know whether they continue to chew tobacco.

But to recur to the parody of the
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miracle. It appears that the Masters Davenport, accompanied by their showman Rand, arrived in the course of their peregrinations at Oswego, and as usual advertised an exhibition, with the view of extracting some dollars from the pockets of the soft-heads. "At this place," says our ridiculous Plutarch, "while giving a private *séance*, they were arrested at the instigation of some persons whom Mr. Rand describes as 'legal bigots and persecutors,' who, 'with fiendish exultation,' conducted them before the village magistrate, where they were charged with violating a municipal law, which provides that persons exhibiting shows, circuses, menageries, &c., should procure a licence." Rand, who seems, like his compatriot Barnum, to be an adept in stump oratory, undertook his own defence and that of his interesting protégés. "He made a speech filled with scriptural quotations, and resting upon the facts of the case." But his eloquence was of no avail. The Rhadamanthus of Oswego found the charge proven, and imposed a fine of thirteen dollars thirty-nine cents; or in default, one month's imprisonment at the county jail.

Martyrs, as a matter of course, resist payment of fines. That they act wisely in preferring imprisonment to divorce from their dollars, is evidenced by the notorious fact that the consolations which they receive from friends, not merely in the shape of empty sympathy, but in the more substantial form of silver teapots and donations, amply recompense them for their sufferings, and far exceed the amount they could have earned by honest industry within the period of their durances. Such resistance is a favourite device of Dissenters when called upon in any legal form to contribute to the maintenance of the Established Churches; and not a few pigheaded shopkeepers have been rewarded for their contumacy by a large measure of notoriety, increased custom, and a handsome

subscription among the brethren. Beyond this general principle the Davenports and their bear-leader had an additional reason for standing out, inasmuch as "the intelligences who directed their movements told them not to pay a farthing!" Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, was not the kind of ghost to counsel pusillanimous submission. So to jail they went, where "they were met by their friends; and the first thing done after entering the prison, was to give a *scance for the benefit of the jailer*, who was as curious as the rest of the world to witness the manifestations." The amount of the sum which thus accrued to the American M'Guffog is not stated, but it must have been considerable, for we are presently told that "the jailer became interested, and inquired why the mysterious forces, so worthy of 'scientific investigation,' did not unlock their prison doors? He had not long to wait for a practical answer to the question."

Mark what follows: "The last night came." They were all together in the room, Mr. Rand and the two brothers Davenport, and he took the boys by the hand, and talked like a father to them. The jailer came to the door at the usual locking-up time, and asked if they were all there. "We answered promptly to the call that we were." He put on a new lock, which they had never seen. "Then," says Mr. Rand, "immediately, sooner than we expected, a voice spake in the room, and said that I was to go out that night. I was told to put on my coat and hat, and be ready. It was oppressively warm in our small room, with the window and door both closed, and I asked if I could be allowed to sit with my coat off, as I did not expect that we should be released for more than an hour; but the answer was: 'Put on thy coat and hat—be ready.' Immediately, not more than twenty minutes from the time we were locked

up, the door was thrown open, and a voice said, 'Now, go quickly; take with you the rope (one which had been in the room), go to yonder garret window, and let thyself down and flee from this place; we will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks.' The boys came out with me into the hall, took up the lock which lay on the floor, and for the first time examined it, and spoke of its being warm. They were told (by the voice) to return to the room, and the door was closed and locked again." Mr. Rand, having made his way out of the jail, expected the boys to follow him. He told a friend whom he met that they were coming, and wrote the same to his wife, who was then in Massachusetts. It never occurred to him that the door was relocked. He says, solemnly: "It matters not to me what force these statements may have on the minds of others; I make them because they are true. Before God and man I make them, and shall make them while I exist; and ——" but we omit the remainder of his blasphemous assertion.

We are not inclined to be over-strict in our estimate of the morals of showmen. Their calling is of a kind which justifies—if anything can do so—a deviation into the realms of Munchausen; and, in point of fact, they are in the aggregate a pack of undaunted liars. Barnum, the chief of the tribe, piques himself upon his utter contempt of truth; and with a fine but inconsistent honesty admits that he has been at once the most daring and the most successful impostor of the age. Without presuming to impugn the high estimate which that distinguished practitioner has set upon his own abilities, we venture to think that his countryman, Lyman, who introduced the Aztec children to the notice of Europe, was no unworthy competitor; for his splendid story of the abduction of the princely dwarfs from the long-hidden city of the Incas, was as fine a

specimen of romance as has been woven since the days of Heliodorus. But this Raud is simply an irreverent and sacrilegious rascal, who, if he received his deserts, should have been tarred and feathered. It is stated as a fact that this man, in conjunction with the Davenports, emitted a solemn deposition *on oath* to the verity of this miraculous deliverance, on the narrative that they were imprisoned in the common jail, in the city of Oswego, New York, "*on account of propagating our RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES!*" Religious principles! Why, if their own story were true—if it were not as pitiful a falsehood as was ever coined by three illiterate and brazen-faced impostors—it proves that they had far less sense of religion than the most benighted African who worships his clumsy fetish: for *he* has at least some dim faith in the divinity of Mumbo-Jumbo, whilst the others implicitly obeyed the dictation of the ghost of a murderous pirate! Oath indeed! Oaths are the last resource of crawling imitators, whose credit is so utterly bankrupt that no one will put faith in their assertion. There is something in the sublime audacity of the perjuries of Titus Oates and Bedloe, the original hatches of a plot, which redeems them from entire oblivion; but for secondary scoundrels, such as Dangerfield and Everett, no man can entertain any other feeling than perfect loathing and contempt. We shall not so far dishonour the names of Barnum and Lyman as to place them in the same category with those of the Davenports and Rand.

But Saint Peter is not the only apostle whom the Davenports affect to rival. They claim to have been, on one occasion at least, miraculously transported through the air, in imitation, we presume, of Saint Philip. We feel a positive reluctance in obtruding such impious nonsense on our readers, but the craze for spiritualistic excitement has become so prevalent that exposure is an absolute duty; and we

feel assured that a statement of the actual pretensions of these mountebanks will open the eyes of many who have been bewildered by the exhibitions of their jugglery. Come we then to the miraculous translation, merely premising that at this time the familiar spirit of the Davenports answered to the name of "John King," and had desired Davenport senior to send his sons away from Buffalo, because it was dangerous for them to stay there, and they were needed elsewhere. But old Davenport, though a believer in the spirits, had no idea of incurring any extra expense. He thought, reasonably enough, that the spirits who insisted on the journey might contrive the means to defray the charges. Not one stiver would he advance; so there was dissension between the seer and the invisible world. Let us again recur to the pages of the gentleman who has assumed the office of Plutarch:—

"The strange event which took place as the result, apparently, of this conversation, is variously vouched for; but I have preferred to take the facts from the lips of Mr. Ira Davenport, the elder of the two brothers. He says that he was walking one evening, at about nine o'clock, in the streets of Buffalo with his brother William, this being the winter of 1863-4, and the boys in their twelfth and fourteenth years.

"Here Ira's recollection ceases. The next thing he knew was that he found himself and his brother in a snow-bank, in a field, with no tracks near him, near his grandfather's house, at Mayville, Chautauque County, New York, *sixty miles from Buffalo*. On waking up William, who had returned to consciousness, they made their way to their grandfather's house, where they were received with surprise, and their story heard with astonishment. Their father was immediately informed by telegraph of their safety and whereabouts; and he, good obstinate man, set himself to find out how they got to Mayville. On inquiry, he found that no railway train could have taken them after the hour they left home more than a portion of the distance, and the conductors on the road knew the boys, and had not seen them. 'John' de-

clared, through the trumpet, after their return home, that he had transported them, or caused them to be transported, simply to show Mr. Davenport that they could be taken to any distance as easily as they could be carried about the room, and to show him that it was useless for him to try to keep them in Buffalo."

Having discovered this cheap mode of locomotion, we are rather surprised to find that the Bounding Brothers did not succeed in persuading "John King" or "Henry Morgan" to effect a considerable saving in the expenditure both of time and money, by wafting them through the air from New York to Liverpool, instead of allowing them to perform the usual transit by the steamer. Often have we regretted the disappearance—past all hope of recovery—of the wonderful seven-langued boots, last worn by the late lamented Peter Schlemil. Often have we sighed for a loan of that flexible carpet, gifted whilome by the Fairy Paribanou to her princely lover, seated on which you could be wafted, by the mere formation of a wish, as luxuriously as though you were reclining on an imperial divan, from Astracan to Serendib, or from royal Bagdad to the distant island of Taprobane. These were the aspirations of our boyhood—fondly cherished, and reluctantly abandoned, when a more intimate knowledge of the practical world forced upon us the painful conviction that we were doomed to wander outside of the gorgeous realms of enchantment. Now, however, thanks to the spiritualists, the old faith is reviving in our bosom—there is at all events a possibility that our early aspirations may be realised. Could we but persuade some spirit whose terrestrial career resembled those of John King or Henry Morgan—let us say, for example, Dick Turpin, David Haggart, Courvoisier, or Franz Muller—to take a posthumous interest in our welfare, we might be whisked, like those Davenports, from one region to another, put a girdle round the earth in less than forty min-

utes, and be for evermore independent and free from the exaction of railway fares, and the impositions of the thousand vagabonds who beset travellers by land and sea.

As, however, the Bounding Brothers crossed the Atlantic in the ordinary prosaic manner, we conjecture that they were induced on that occasion to waive their miraculous privilege, in consideration of the lesser spiritual attainments of the gentlemen who were their travelling companions. It would appear that by this time they had parted company with Rand. That was a prudent step, for no British audience, however gullible, would have tolerated for half an hour the impieties of that scandalous Yankee. We quote from Plutarch Nichols the account of the new staff associated with the interesting magicians:—

"The Brothers Davenport embarked from the city of New York on the 27th of August 1864, bringing with them, in consequence of a nervous debility in Mr. William Davenport, a reinforcement in Mr. William M. Fay, who is not to be confounded with one H. Melville Fay—said, upon I know not what kind of authority, to have been detected in attempting to produce similar manifestations, or which might pass for them, in Canada. They were accompanied by Mr. Palmer, widely known as an *impressario* or business manager in the operatic and dramatic world, to whom, as an experienced agent, was confided the business and pecuniary portion of their undertaking—a matter of such obvious necessity that it needs neither apology nor explanation. To these were added Mr. J. B. Ferguson, a gentleman of education and position, formerly a clergyman of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, where he was highly respected and esteemed. Mr. Ferguson was born in the valley of Virginia, but emigrated early in life west of the Alleghanies. He is now forty years old, and is greatly esteemed by those who know him best as a man of integrity and honour, of high religious principle, purity of character, deep thought, and eloquent expression."

In other words, Fay was the ac-

complice, Palmer the money-taker, and Ferguson the showman and lecturer of the spiritualistic missionary menagerie.

Judging from his own statement, which is printed in the volume before us, this Ferguson is by no means so odious a personage as Rand. He has sense or decency enough to avoid direct allusion to the Christian miracles, and obtrudes none of those impieties which, in the mouth of Rand, were so inexpressibly revolting. He rather affects the obscure metaphysical style, which gives an appearance of great profundity to his discourse, though in reality it is mere verbiage, without a single definite idea. Nevertheless he is, after a certain fashion, an adept in this kind of jargon, which is received with immense approbation by the frequenters of popular institutes. The following lucid exposition of the nature of spiritual manifestations might excite the envy of many an itinerant lecturer:—

"The evidences of intelligence, of wisdom, of prophetic information and warning, of insight as to events which are yet to occur, and which always do occur when thus foretold—the protection and guidance and care unflinching attending the mission of these men and all who are connected intimately with it, are to me equally powerful and convincing evidences as the manifestations of force or power. I do not undervalue those evidences of power that shock the materialist into belief. I know what immortality is worth as a motive to man in producing a living hope, and I know that these evidences are evidences of hope to all—yes, one mighty all—despite all the denials, vain attempts at explanation, and seeming misapplication that a diversified appreciation and culture may make of them. I know they are true, and will outlive all our standards of adaptation and application. I know they reveal the Godlike in man. I know they are the culmination of all the movements, of all the nations, tribes, and peoples of a common humanity. I know they reveal a unity in all human diversity. They will go on in increasing power, as our age and time shall unfold to receive

them. They will stay the desolating hand of selfish and sectarian animosity. They will lay low the vain conceptions of those who seek not beyond the gratification of personal desire and self-aggrandisement. They will assure us that God loves us all; and as spirit is above form, right above wrong, so will they rise above the murky mire and clodded earth which too often weigh us down beneath all that would adorn and beautify man as one and undivided in the Spirit that gives him life and destiny. However faint the scintillations, they come as the sparkling gems of thought divine to illumine the midnight of human erring, and they make us know that there is no hour so auspicious with hope, no day so bright, no achievements so good, but that its equal will come to each, and bring the conscious reflection, that through the deepest penury and want, and the most trying scenes of human care and responsibility, we are ever ascending, under the mighty hand of progress that spans all time, to a good no language can either express or measure, under the benign reflection of the evidences of a hope to man universal, which are so signally marking our age or time."

What think ye of that, my masters? Are not these the utterances of divine philosophy, clear, consoling, and elevating? So purely fascinating are we by the fervid eloquence and marvellous rhetoric of Ferguson, that we are tempted to throw aside all previous convictions and beliefs, and become his willing pupil.

"Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me!
How am I gladdened with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings."

Yet, upon second thought, and a calm examination of the evidence before us, we doubt whether, if in-

deed we should become as intimate with the Spirits, and enjoy their protection in the same measure as the Yankee Bounding Brothers, the results would altogether correspond with the inflamed anticipations of Faustus. For we are nowhere informed that enchanted banquets are spread for the Messrs. Davenport by the agency of their disembodied retainers, "John King" and "Henry Morgan." If these fine Ariels do indeed present themselves at the social suppers which follow the fatigues of the *séances*, it must be rather to participate in the kidneys, stout, and gin-and-water, than to fetch pomegranates from the south. Whatever knowledge they may have of buried treasures has not been communicated to the Davenports; nor, for the benefit of their protégés, have they rifled Golconda of its gems, or plucked the pearl from the oyster of the Indian seas. What then is the amount of their agency and performance? Simply this: They untie in a close cabinet the cords wherewith the limbs of the Davenports are bound—they put a coat upon the back of Mr. Fay when his hands are tied—they juggle the tambourine, strike the guitar, and make those instruments whisk about a darkened room—they pinch the knees of the spectators, and shove spectral hands out of holes in the cabinet. That is the sum and total of their whole performance!

If modern magic can do nothing more than this, we are forced to the conclusion that the spirits now actively at work are vastly inferior to those who condescended in the reign of King James to give instructions to the witches. "Henry Morgan" is a weak, drivelling, and contemptible Spirit—a most puling and lubberly Kobold—in comparison with "Tom Reid," who, twenty-nine years after his decease on the field of Pinkie, appeared to Bessie Dunlop of Lyme, in the form of "ane honest, weel, elderly man, gray-beardit, and had ane grey coat with Lombard sleeves of the auld

fashion; ane pair of grey breeks, and white shanks gartered aboon the knee; ane black bonnet on his head, close behind and plain before, with silken laces drawn through the lips thereof; and ane white wand in his hand." "Tom" was something like a familiar Spirit, for with great gallantry he proposed to Bessie Dunlop to elope with him to Fairyland, and actually introduced her to a select circle of fairies. Pitiful beyond comparison is "John King"—a shamefaced disembodied dunce, whose highest effort of genius is to pinch the leg of some gasping Cockney in the dark—when placed beside the "very mickle, black, rough man" who consorted with Isobel Gowdie, and took her on one occasion to the Downie Hills, where, said Isobel, "I got meat from the Queen of Faerie, more than I could eat. The King of Faerie is a braw man, weel-favour'd, and broad-faced. There were elf-bulls routing and skolling up and down there, and affrighted me." These old Spirits were worth knowing, for by following their directions the witches could be transformed into hares. For their own credit, King and Morgan ought to take the hint, and metamorphose the Davenports into tom-cats.

As the Bounding Brothers are the most recent spiritualist exhibitors, we have given them the priority of notice; but, after all, they are small deer and sorry magicians in comparison with Daniel Dunglas Home, the Cornelius Agrippa of the age, who has favoured us with his own biography.

Mr. Home is a Scots-Yankee, of mysterious extraction, who, born somewhere in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was taken to America when about nine years of age. His mother "was a seer throughout her life. She had what is known in Scotland as the second-sight, and in many instances she saw things which were afterwards found to have occurred at a distance, just as she had described them." It is

pleasant to be assured that the *deuteroscopia*, hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the natives of the Hebrides, is also indigenous to the suburban villages of Auld Reekie.

The initiatory experiences of Mr. Home were derived from spirit-rapping, and he was also favoured with visions of an exceedingly transcendental sort, having been on one occasion at least *translated*, that is, separated from the body, after the manner of Hermetismus and Mahomet. He then began to exhibit as a *medium* with great success, his audiences being favoured with messages from deceased friends, the exhibition of spectral hands, spontaneous performances on guitars and accordions, whisking of handkerchiefs from the pockets, and the like playful demonstrations, such as might have been executed by the disembodied spirits of Charley Bates or the Artful Dodger. How he was received on his first visit to London—how he went on the Continent, became a Roman Catholic, had an interview with the Pope, wooed and married a Russian lady—and how M. Alexandre Dumas, the immortal author of 'Monte Christo,' officiated as godfather at his marriage—may be learned by those who choose to consult his biography. One passage, however, is too remarkable to be omitted, and we give it without a single word of comment:—

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town-house, situate on the Gagarines Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the nurse, and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright star-like light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of

us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter, and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift."

The remainder of the passage, referring to certain obstetric demonstrations, we omit as ineffably indecent.

Hitherto Mr. Home, though beset by supernatural agencies, had found no one historical spirit to act as his especial monitor. Faust still lacked his Mephistopheles. But in the course of the year 1859, Rand's pamphlet relating the marvellous achievements of the Davenportes was published; and the portion of it which most excited the public curiosity was the account of the reappearance of "Henry Morgan the buccaneer." By a curious coincidence, no sooner did this work appear in England, than Mr. Home also became provided with a Familiar. We shall allow him to tell his own story:—

"On the 3d of April 1860 I had been with some friends to a lecture given in St. John's Wood, by M. Louis Blanc, 'On the mysterious persons and agencies in France towards the end of the eighteenth century.' His lecture was a good deal occupied with Cagliostro, and during the time he was speaking I had the strongest impression of the presence of Cagliostro; and the lady who was sitting next me was also aware of some strong spirit-presence, by having her dress pulled, and by other manifestations."

Here we pause to remark that those little eccentricities on the part of the Spirits, who seem to have an irresistible passion for manipulating ladies' dresses, may account for some of those mysterious occurrences in tunnels which are not unfrequently made the subject of investigation in police-courts. It is difficult to see how this inconvenience can be remedied, unless the ghost of a de-

parted stoker could be induced to act as guardian for each railway train. But to resume:—

"On returning home I found that my wife had retired earlier than usual in consequence of a severe headache. In the course of conversation together, she having asked how I had liked the lecture, I said, 'I have been haunted all the evening by Cagliostro;' on which she exclaimed, 'Pray do not use that word haunted; it sounds so weird-like, and quite frightens me.' I had by this time extinguished the light, and was now in bed; when, to my amazement, the room became as light as if the sun had for an instant shone brightly in at the window. Thinking that this effect might have been only on my spiritual perception, I said, 'Sacha, did you see anything?' Her reply was, 'No; nor could I, for my face was quite buried in my pillow, the pain in my head is so intense.' I asked her to observe, and I then mentally asked that if the light had been external it might be reproduced. Almost simultaneously with the thought came the light again, so distinct, and with such brilliancy, that no noonday was ever brighter. My wife asked if this was the spirit of Cagliostro, and the affirmative reply was instantly given by three flashes of light, so vivid as almost to be blinding and painful to the sight. Answers were given to various questions in the same wonderful manner, and then, in answer to a question asked, came a musical tinkle, as if a silver bell had been touched directly over our heads. In this way our further answers were now given, and we then heard a footstep on the floor, falling so gently as if it feared to disturb us by its approach. My wife asked that it should come nearer, and it approached us till we felt a form leaning over the bed. In doing this it pressed upon the bed-clothes just as an actual material presence would have done. We asked him if he had been a medium when on earth, and a distinct voice, audible to both of us, said in answer, 'My power was that of a mesmerist, but all-misunderstood by those about me; my biographers have even done me injustice; but I care not for the untruths of earth.' Both my wife and myself were by this time so impressed by such startling and almost terribly real evidence of the presence of one who

was no way related to us, that for a few moments all power of utterance seemed to have left us. We were, however, soon recalled to ourselves by a hand being placed on our heads, and she, seizing my hands in hers, held them up, saying, 'Dear Spirit! will you be one of my guardian angels—watch over me with my father—teach me what you would have me do, and make me thankful to God for all His mercies!' Our hands were clasped by a hand, and her left hand was gently separated from mine, and a ring, which was the signet-ring of my father-in-law, was placed on her third finger. This ring was previously in the room, but at a distance of at least twelve feet from where the bed stood. 'Good-night, dear ones, and God bless you,' was then audibly spoken, and simultaneously with the sound came three wafts of perfume, so delicious that we both exclaimed, 'How truly wonderful!'

Most wonderful indeed! and entirely corroborative of the statement of the venerable Aubrey: "At Cirencester, 5th March 1670, was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume and a melodious twang." Great is the force of affinity! Like will to like; and on that principle it is not surprising that the ghost of Cagliostro should have paid a visit to Mr. Home. Cagliostro was, without any exception, the most impudent quack of his day. The story of his life is one unbroken record of audacious swindling. He was thief, vagabond, and coiner. He professed to have the secret of the Elixir Vitæ, and the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold. As a thaumaturgist and theosopher he gave out that he could summon spirits. He was an accomplice in the famous plot of the Diamond Necklace, in connection with which Cardinal Rohan cut so ridiculous a figure. He was driven in disgrace from every country in Europe which he polluted with his presence; and at length, in 1795, closed a life of debauchery and fraud in a Roman prison. It is charitable to suppose that Mr. Home was not aware of those particulars touching

the mundane life of his spiritual visitor, else he would have hesitated to proclaim his intimacy with the ghost of such a scoundrel, and would have peremptorily desired it for the future to abstain from violating the sanctity of his nuptial chamber. If he had any option in the choice of a familiar spirit, he might have found a much more suitable one by consulting the pages of Shakespeare. One of the characters in the play of Henry VI. is a certain *Hume*, who does a stroke of trade by assisting Margery Jourdain the witch, and Roger Bolinbroke the conjuror, in evoking a spirit to satisfy the curiosity of the Duchess of Gloster. Possibly he may have been a progenitor of our immaculate Daniel, at all events there is a strange, clanish resemblance in their speech, thought, and method of replenishing the exchequer.

"*Hume*.—This have they promised,—to show your highness

A spirit raised from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duck.—It is enough: I'll think upon the questions:

When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause."

Under the guidance and tuition of Cagliostro a decided improvement in the nature of the manifestations took place. Tables not only danced and expanded their mahogany claws after the fashion of the feline tribe, but soared into the air. Mr. Home also became preternaturally gassy. He began to float about the room, after the lights had been put out, with the ease and precision of a Léonard, and the astonished spectators dimly descried his figure horizontally extended beneath the ceiling, like a stuffed alligator suspended in an apothecary's shop. The mode of operation, as described by an eyewitness, was rather peculiar:—

"Mr. Home was seated next the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the cur-

tains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently he said, in a quiet voice, 'My chair is moving—I'm off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else,' or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity, not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened; but we talked, incoherently enough, upon some indifferent topic. I was sitting nearly opposite to Mr. Home, and I saw his hands disappear from the table, and his head vanish into the deep shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position as at first perpendicular, and afterwards horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two he told us that he was going to pass across the window, against the grey silvery light of which he would be visible. We watched in profound silence, and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. He spoke to us as he passed, and told us that he would turn the reverse way, and recross the window; which he did. His own tranquil confidence in the safety of what seemed from below a situation of the most novel peril, gave confidence to everybody else; but with the strongest nerves it was impossible not to be conscious of a certain sensation of fear or awe. He hovered round the circle for several minutes, and passed, this time perpendicularly, over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air, and felt something lightly brush my chair. It was his foot, which he gave me leave to touch. Turning to the spot where it was on the top of the chair, I placed my hand gently upon it, when he uttered a cry of pain, and the foot was withdrawn quickly with a palpable shudder. It was evidently not resting on the chair, but floating, and it sprang from the touch as a bird would. He now passed over to the furthest extremity of the room, and we could judge by his voice of the altitude and distance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling, upon which he made a slight mark, and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place

at the table. An incident which occurred during this aerial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion, which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us, played a strain of wild pathos in the air from the most distant corner in the room."

At other *séances*, sprigs of geranium and verbenas were liberally distributed by spiritual hands to the company. Mr. Home became a sort of Roman candle, emitting fiery balls; and on one occasion a jocular spirit took the unjustifiable liberty of purloining a tumbler of brandy-and-water which a thirsty believer was in the very act of imbibing.

In justice to the Davenports we ought to state that their supporters claim for them the possession of powers equally extraordinary. Dr. Nichols gives the following narrative of phenomena which were observed at Buffalo:—

"The room was not darkened, only obscured to a pleasant twilight. After several of the usual phenomena were exhibited, the two boys were raised from their chairs, carried across the room, and held up *with their heads downwards* before a window. 'We distinctly saw,' says an eyewitness, (Query—Rand?) 'two gigantic hands attached to about three-fifths of a monstrous arm; and those hands grasped the ankles of the two boys, and thus held the lads, heels up and heads downward, before the window; now raising, now lowering them, till their heads bade fair to make acquaintance with the carpet on the floor! This curious but assuredly not dignified exhibition was several times repeated, and was plainly seen by every person present. Among these persons was an eminent physician, Dr. Blanchard, then of Buffalo, now of Chicago, Illinois, who was sitting on a chair by the side of Elizabeth Davenport; and all present saw an immense arm, attached to no apparent body—growing, as it were, out of space—glide along near the floor, till it reached around Dr. Blanchard's chair, when the hand grasped the lower back round of Elizabeth's chair, raised it from the floor with the child upon it, balanced it, and then raised it to the

ceiling. The chair and child remained in the air, without contact with any person or thing, for a space of time estimated to be a minute, and then descended gradually to the place it first occupied."

We fear that Mr. Home, who, by his own account, has moved in the very highest circles of European society, and been received with marked distinction at more than one Imperial Court, may be shocked at finding his spiritual exhibitions classed in the same category with the more robustious demonstrations of the Davenports. There are ranks and grades even among magicians. Arbaces, the Egyptian, viewed with scorn the infernal concoctions of the witch of Vesuvius. Bacon regarded Bungay as a mountebank, and hated him with an intensity which only a conjuror could feel. Richard Graham, who, in the reign of King James, was "worried and burnt at the Cross of Edinburgh," as a "notour and known necromancer, ane common abuser of the people," had for some years been noted as a prominent licentiate of the devil's medical college. He confessed to be familiar with spirits, but regarded common witchcraft as a mean and despicable thing, and would hold no communication with the Bessie Dunlops and Eupham McCalycans of the day. But we cannot afford to recognise any such nice distinctions. The miracles of the Davenports and of Mr. Home are substantially the same; and if it can be shown that the one are mere feats of jugglery and legerdemain, the credit of the other is overthrown.

The accounts which we have inserted of their several performances—exclusive of their own statements, which are of course worthless as testimony—are taken from their own publications and those of their confederates; are usually transcripts of letters which appeared from time to time in the newspapers; and, when authenticated by known signatures, may be regarded as the evidence of believers. But there is a vast deal of opinionative testimony on the other side, though no

one has felt sufficient interest in the subject to take the pains to collect it. Innumerable letters have appeared in the newspapers and periodicals, from individuals who have attended the *séances* of the conjurors, and have satisfied themselves that the so-called manifestations are based upon impudent imposture. The so-called spiritual communications, whether made by rappings or through mediums, have been childish and unsatisfactory in the extreme; and the ghosts appear, in the great majority of instances, to have lost not only their memories, but such amount of education as they had received in their former state of existence.

Conjuring tricks are no novelty. They are common to every country; and, through the exercise of ingenuity, they may doubtless be indefinitely multiplied. We have all heard of such jugglers as Hermann Boaz, who, some forty years ago, electrified the last generation by his performances; and we should be extremely puzzled if called upon to explain the method of some of the ingenious deceptions practised by Houdin or Anderson. When, therefore, fellows like the Davenports perambulate the country with an apparatus, and a conjuring-box of peculiar and suspicious construction, we expect to be favoured with some extraordinary feats of legerdemain, which shall entirely baffle our comprehension; for the essence of conjuring is, that the performer shall be able to throw dust in the eyes of the spectators. His whole art consists in producing illusions; and if he fails in doing that, he is not worthy of the name of conjuror. If M. Houdin, instead of honestly confessing that he produced his effects through sleight-of-hand, had claimed to be favoured with supernatural assistance, and to be able, through magic, to perform miracles, he would at this moment have ranked higher in the estimation of the credulous than Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, and have utterly eclipsed

the light of such minor luminaries as the Davenports. To maintain that we are bound to adopt the theory of preternatural agency in every case which baffles our individual or collective powers of explanation, is simply the argument of an idiot. Nor is it much more rational to assume that there must be mysterious or occult forces at work to produce certain phenomena, seeing that common observation and experience demonstrate that deceptions, which are the mere results of manual dexterity, may be practised with success upon the shrewdest and most observant of mankind. The juggleries connected with the speaking heads and magic mirrors—the favourite utensils of the impostors of the middle age—have long ago been exposed; and yet they were as firmly believed by the credulous of those times to be necromantic creations, as are the apparitions of spiritual hands by the gaping multitude who contribute to the coffers of Mr. Home.

It rather surprises us that the gentlemen and ladies who testify to having seen and handled these apparitions, have never subjected them to an experiment which would have given us some insight into their real nature. They are palpable, for we are told by many that they have felt them manipulating their knees and taking liberties with their persons. They are said to be soft, fleshy, and life-like—very different from the old apparitions, which were visible, but seldom tangible. They can, we are told, twitch tambourines, and such articles as form the stock-in-trade of the modern necromancer, from the grasp of spectators, *unless they are very tightly held*, in which case they fail; so that these mysterious agents are subject to precisely the same laws which regulate human bodies. If so, they must be impressible; and we marvel greatly that it has occurred to no one to try what effect might be produced by a stab of a needle or a bodkin. Most signifi-

cant is the phrase, *Rem acu tetigisti*. The ancient deities, according to Homer, were vulnerable; for he tell us that Mars bellowed and Venus whimpered when wounded by a mortal weapon. But the shades of the departed were impassive, or yielded like smoke before a well-directed blow; and that quick-witted fellow, Marcellus, hit upon the true test when he proposed to strike at the ghost of Hamlet's father with his partisan. We now beg to offer a suggestion which, if acted on, will go far to solve all doubts as to the real nature of those apparitions. The poniard may possibly be regarded as a weapon too dangerous to be used in such experiments; but that objection can hardly apply to fish-hooks, which are light, handy, and withal comparatively innocuous. Let each man who is invited to attend a *séance* procure some half-dozen bait-hooks, of a size large enough to hold a grilse, tied on half a yard of gimp, which we recommend in preference to gut as less likely to yield to scissors. Let him be on the alert; and, whenever he feels a hand beneath the table pottering with his knees, or taking any other kind of liberty, let him strike smartly and at once, taking care to keep a tight hold of the other end of the line. If he attends to these directions, we venture to promise him as delectable sport as was ever enjoyed by an angler—always supposing that the fish are in a biting humour, which cannot, however, be relied on, unless the tackle is carefully concealed.

After what we have said, we need hardly reiterate our conviction that the so-called manifestations are the mere tricks of impostors—unquestionably ingeniously devised, but not produced by any kind of supernatural agency. But many estimable people think otherwise. They have witnessed certain exhibitions which they cannot explain upon ordinary principles, and they escape from their bewilder-

ment by adopting the conclusion of the savage, who, when any wonderful object is presented for the first time to his view, pronounces it to be the work of magic. Having declared themselves of this faith, they become rampant champions of spiritualism, and denounce as Sadducees, materialists, and unbelievers, all the rest of mankind who refuse to believe in the divine mission of Home or the Davenportes. That is scarcely fair. The question of spiritual agency is quite apart from the pretensions of any individual mountebank or charlatan. No part of the Christian revelation warrants us in maintaining that the powers of darkness may not still be permitted to exercise a baneful and unholy influence; and the Saviour himself vouchsafed to warn His followers of such a danger in these memorable words—"If any man shall say to you, Lo, here is Christ; or, Lo, he is there; believe him not. For false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. But take ye heed: behold, I have foretold you all things." Nor is there any mystical meaning, but a clear intimation of spiritual danger, in the language of St. Paul to the Ephesians; "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And again, in the Epistle to the Corinthians, we are warned against "false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."

Sorcery, and demoniac possession, implying the direct agency of evil spirits, are repeatedly noticed in the Acts of the Apostles; and we are told that, at Ephesus, many "which used curious arts, brought

their books together, and burned them before all men;" thereby testifying that such practices were utterly repugnant to the spirit of the Christian religion. Indeed, throughout the whole Bible, no sin is more severely and emphatically denounced than that of holding traffic or communion with familiar spirits; and whatever may be said of the credulity of our ancestors, as evinced by their notable prosecutions of witches, they had sufficient warrant for punishing the crime if the guilt could be clearly established. We peruse with horror and repugnance the old Justiciary and Presbytery records of Scotland, filled as they are with accounts of witch-trials usually terminating with an intimation that the unfortunate accused were convicted, strangled, or burnt at the stake—because we cannot bring ourselves to believe that they were really guilty of the practices set forth in such solemn yet grotesque detail. We do not believe, for example, that Marjory Mutch, having an ill-will against William Smith in Tarshehill, came to his plough and bewitched the oxen, so that "they instantly ran all wood (mad), brak the pleuch, twa whereof ran over the hills to Deer, and other twa thereof up Ithan side, whilk could never be tane nor apprehendit again"—or that she destroyed much cattle, laid sickness on many persons, and attended all the witch conventions of the district. We do not believe in the delinquency of Janet Wisbart, accused of having laid, in revenge for the refusal of a loan, a *dwining* illness upon James Low, stabler, whereby he "melted away like ane burning candle," till he died. We do not believe—though we have her own distinct confession to that effect—that Agnes Sampson, in company with upwards of a hundred witches, met the devil in the kirk of North Berwick, who appeared in the pulpit like "ane meikle black man," called over the infernal roll, and received

a monstrous homage. We do not believe that the devil gave instructions to the witches for preparing a waxen image of King James to undergo a sympathetic roasting, or for raising storms to drown the Queen on her way from Denmark—or that Thomas Lees and his company went at midnight of Hallow-e'en to the market and fish crosses of Aberdeen, with the devil playing before them, and were there transformed, some as hares, some as cats, some in other likenesses, and all danced about the two crosses and the meal-market a long space of time. These trials were all regularly conducted; but even the most complete train of evidence fails to make us believe in such monstrosities; and we regard the execution of the accused persons as so many acts of judicial murder. We believe those persons to have been innocent, not on the strength of exculpatory evidence, but because we hold it utterly impossible that such crimes could have been committed. That is the general decision. But these new manifestations, if produced, as their authors and abettors maintain, by spiritual agency, must open up the question anew. Those who profess to work miracles under the influence and direction of the spirits of Cagliostro the swindler, and Henry Morgan the pirate, are, by their own confession, on a level with the worst of the wretches who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, were condemned to death for their unholy practices; and those who countenance their proceedings and frequent their *séances* for revelations, are partakers in the common crime.

The delusion which affects many people, who, while professing to be Christians, are yet countenancing arts which Christianity emphatically condemns, is indeed fearful. They believe that they are permitted to receive messages from their departed friends—to hear their voices—nay, to feel their very hands, unchilled by the damp of

the grave; and they talk and write of these things as affording them unspeakable comfort and consolation. For such a doctrine as that there is no warrant in the word of God. "I shall go to him," said David when he lost his child, "but he shall not return to me!" We may trust with humble faith that the spirits of the righteous who have departed this life are in paradise, waiting for the day of judgment; but we shall never hear nor see them again until we also have left this tenement of flesh, and passed into the life beyond. There is a great gulf fixed between the living and the dead, and over the bridge that spans that gulf there is no possibility of returning. With the last breath, drawn by a man, all his connection with the world and with his kindred must cease. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

If, therefore, there be anything in those manifestations, beyond fraud, juggling, and deceit — if those who frequent and countenance them are not merely the dupes of clever impostors, acting with great subtlety upon that love of the marvellous which is so easily converted into a morbid affection of the fancy — what other conclusion can we form than this, that evil spirits are permitted to delude the unwary, and, by the exhibition of false miracles, to draw them away from that pure and holy faith, without which there can be no salvation? Is it not, to say the least of it, significant that the persons who claim to have possession of this miraculous power, and to be able to work such wonders, should profess to derive that power from intercourse with the spirits of swindlers, ruffians, and malefactors? A more tainted source of inspiration

can hardly be imagined. Truly the fiend, if he has any direct hand in this business, is operating through most worthy agents!

There is but one revelation given by God to man; and they who seek for another, voluntarily surrender themselves to delusion, and court the approaches of the tempter. It matters not whether the manifestations be real or pretended. If the former, those who seek for and solicit them are dabbling in a forbidden art; if the latter, they are miserably duped. We state the alternative, because, by their own confession, many persons have a sincere belief in the miraculous pretensions of Mr. Home, and some profess to have derived spiritual edification from the gymnastic exercises of the Davenportes. They believe that spirits are made to come and go, that the portals of the grave are opened, and that the shades of the departed reappear, for the one evident object of drawing crowds to the *séances* of the conjurors, and so contributing to their revenues! The invisible world is made the subject of speculation, and ghosts condescend to exhibit for the benefit of Yankee showmen!

If the amiable but deluded persons who have entered upon this course of sin and folly are obstinate in turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of reason and religion — if they should still persist in consulting oracles more impure and fallacious than those of the Pagan times — if they are determined to set the dictates of Christianity at defiance, and consort with questionable characters, who vaunt of their intimacy with familiar spirits, — then their case indeed is hopeless; and their sentence is written in the words—"EPHRAIM IS JOINED TO HIS IDOLS: LET HIM ALONE."

ETONIANA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PART I.

THE foundation of a college for the perpetual celebration of divine service, and for the education of youth, had been, almost from boyhood, a favourite project of Henry VI. A king at nine months old, he was nevertheless kept under tutors and governors with more than ordinary strictness. This had, no doubt, much influence on his future character: Henry of Windsor grew up a scholar and a devotee, very unlike the warlike Plantagenets from whom he sprang. Trained under his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, he had been a frequent visitor at Wykeham's College in that city; and this he made the model for his own future foundation. As soon as he found himself a king in something more than in name, he lost no time in carrying out his long-cherished idea. In 1441, the nineteenth year of his age and reign, he granted his first charter of foundation to "The King's College of our Lady at Eton beside Wyndsor:" having previously purchased the advowson of the old parish church of Eton for the purpose of making it the chapel of his new society. In the same year was laid the first stone of the new buildings, which were ordered to be of "the hard stone of Kent," and of other material "the most substantial and the best abiding." Architects, in those days, were most commonly found among churchmen: the master of the works at Eton was Roger Keyes, who had been warden of All Souls College, and had successfully superintended the buildings there. But the wardenship of All Souls was not then the dignified and lucrative post which it is at present; for he resigned it, at King Henry's request, to undertake the new charge at Eton. He received, in acknow-

ledgment of his services (no doubt besides other more substantial payment), a patent of nobility and a grant of arms—per chevron gules and sable, three *keys*, or. Arms were also assigned to the college; a field of sable, the permanency of which colour might be an augury of its duration; the white lilies blazoned upon it (typical also of the Virgin) should represent the "bright flowers redolent of all the sciences" which were to spring there; while, in order "to impart somewhat of royal dignity"—so the grant ran—the fleur-de-lys—"flos Francorum"—and the leopard passant of England were to be borne in chief.

Workmen, horses, and carriages were impressed under royal warrant, and within two years the new buildings were in a sufficiently forward state to receive their first occupants. In 1443, William of Waynflete, who had already been master at Winchester for eleven years, migrated, no doubt at the King's request, to Eton as the first provost. The provost originally named, indeed, was Henry Sever (afterwards warden of Merton College); but beyond a grant of two hog-heads of "red Gascon wine" from the King, he seems never to have entered upon the duties or the privileges of the office. With Waynflete came five fellows and (apparently) four clerks, and thirty-five scholars, from Winchester. They were installed in their new home by Thomas Beckington, who had just been consecrated bishop of Bath and Wells: he celebrated his first mass in the unfinished new church of St. Mary, and afterwards presided at an entertainment within the college buildings, temporarily fitted up for the purpose. The Pope's especial interest was secured for

the new foundation. In 1447 he granted indulgences to all who should visit "the College of our Lady of Eton" at the coming feast of the Assumption; and certain persons who had been convicted of high treason were pardoned by King Henry on that ground.

The original charter had contemplated a provost, ten fellows, four clerks, a schoolmaster, with thirty-five scholars only, and six choristers. A subsequent charter enlarged the foundation to seventy scholars (the number still preserved) and sixteen choristers. The statutable number of fellows was not long maintained, probably owing to a deficiency of funds; they very soon decreased to four, and have never since exceeded seven in number.

The qualifications of the scholars are set down in the statutes nearly word for word the same as at Winchester. They were to be admitted for the purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help, not less than eight or more than ten years old, not of servile birth (*natives*) or illegitimate. They were to be chosen, 1st, from families who resided on the college estates; 2d, from Buckinghamshire or Cambridgeshire; 3d, from elsewhere within the realm. The choristers were to be preferred in the election of scholars, if found competent. All were to receive the first tonsure at the proper age; and none were to remain in the college after the age of eighteen, unless their names had been placed on the roll of succession to the "King's College," founded by Henry at Cambridge in the same year. To that foundation, the elder sister of Eton as New College in Oxford is of Winchester, they were to move off by seniority, if found qualified, as vacancies occurred.

The arrangement of the college buildings was also very much on the Winchester model. The provost, the fellows, and the headmaster were each to have single chambers; the lower-master or

usher (*ostiarius*), the chaplains and clerks, were to be lodged two together. All these occupied the upper storey. The scholars were located in rooms on the ground floor; and it was specially enjoined that no occupant of the chambers above should throw out wine or beer—or anything worse—on the heads of the scholars below. In each of the boys' chambers three selected scholars, of ripe years, discretion, and learning, were to keep rule over their companions and report cases of misconduct. All above fourteen years old were to sleep in single beds. Neither masters nor scholars were to indulge in any such fashionable vanities as "red, green, or white boots;" or to keep within the college precincts dogs or nets or ferrets, or—what would have seemed less likely—any bears or apes, or other "rare beast, of no profit." The master (*informator*) was to be well skilled in grammar, a Master of Arts, if such might be conveniently had, and unmarried. He was to have an annual salary of twenty-four marks (£16) with £4, 6s. 8d. for his commons; and to sit at the fellows' table, taking precedence of them (excepting the vice-provost) if he was of superior degree. The usher was to have ten marks (£6, 13s. 4d.), with £3, 0s. 8d. for commons, and to mess with the chaplains and clerks. Both were to have gowns furnished them, which they were on no account to sell or pledge.

The ties which connected Eton with its mother college of Winchester were sought to be strengthened, the year after its foundation—probably with some forecasting of troublous days to come—by a solemn instrument of alliance known as the "*Amicabilis Concordia*." Reciting the common objects and common interests of the two societies—"one in spirit and intent, though divided in locality"—it pledges them to a mutual defence of each other's rights and privileges, and an interchange of kindly

offices for ever—"mutua et perpetua caritas." The obligations of the bond have, perhaps, never been formally claimed; but we may fairly hope that it has never been broken in the spirit.

The troublous days soon came for Eton: it suffered heavily by the fall of its royal founder. Edward of York had no kind feeling for the nursling of a Lancastrian king. He would have merged the new foundation altogether in the College of St. George at Windsor, and had obtained a bull to that effect from Pius II. But the provost, William of Westbury, made an energetic and successful resistance, and in the end the King gave up his intention, and the *Bulla Unionis*, which would have been fatal to the name and existence of Eton College, was annulled by the succeeding Pope. Provost Westbury's courageous defence has won for him the name of the "Camillus of Eton." But the college lost a considerable portion of its estates and revenues, and never regained its original wealth. A letter of Archbishop Laud's speaks of this crisis of its fortunes as an actual "dissolution." For seven years after the triumph of the Yorkists (1459-1466) there was no regular election of scholars from Eton to King's College; for that also had been all but dissolved—all the scholars, and a great majority of the fellows, having been expelled.

When times became more settled, however, Eton grew and prospered. Provision had been made in the statutes for the reception of other boys for education besides the seventy foundation scholars. Sons of the nobility and of "powerful persons, special friends or benefactors to the college," were directed to be admitted, up to the number of twenty, to share the instruction in grammar which could not be obtained so well or so readily elsewhere. They were to be boarded and lodged within the walls, at their own expense, so as not to be bur-

densome to the college; but there is no reason to suppose that they paid for their tuition otherwise than by voluntary presents to the master. Sometimes they lodged in college and sometimes out—probably according to the number resident. It seems that, as at Winchester, there were two classes of boys—"generosorum filii commensales," and simple "commensales"—corresponding to the "gentleman-commoner" and "commoner" of Oxford; the former of higher social rank, and probably paying more for their commons, and dining at a separate table. The royal founder plainly contemplated, from the very first, that a large number of independent students would flock to his new college. By a protective enactment, which we should now call barbarous and illiberal, he forbade any school to be opened within ten miles of Eton. He also made a grant of all the houses, public and private, within the town and parish of Eton, to the provost and fellows of the college, to serve as lodgings for such scholars as should resort there for the teaching of the school, or for other persons having business of any kind with the college; and the inhabitants were to entertain no stranger but by the provost's permission.

The earliest of these original "oppidans" of whom any personal record is to be found, is William Paston, younger son of Sir John, of Paston in Norfolk. He was at Eton as early as 1467; and in the well-known series of the Paston letters, is one from him—the earliest letter of an Eton schoolboy known to be extant. In some points it is very like what an Eton schoolboy's letter might be now; he thanks his elder brother for money which has been sent him from home—8d. to buy a pair of slippers, and 13s. 4d. to pay his "dame" ("hostess," he calls her) for his board; also for 12 lb. of raisins and 8 lb. of figs, which, however, had not yet arrived, but were on their way "in an

other barge." But the main subject of the letter shows a more than Etonian precocity. He had fallen in love. That of itself might not be remarkable; but the boy was actually contemplating matrimony in the most prosaic and business-like way. He had met the object of his affections at her sister's wedding in Eton, to which he had been taken by "mine hostess," on which occasion the young lady, by her mother's command, had "made him good cheer." They lived, when at home, in London, in Bow Churchyard. The whole letter has been more than once reprinted, but the conclusion is too good not to be given here:—

"The name of the daughter is Margaret Alborow. The age of her is, by all likelihood, 18 or 19 years at the farthest; and as for the money and plate, it is ready whensoever she were wedded; but as for the livelihood, I trow, not till after the mother's decease; but I cannot tell you for very certain, but you may know by inquiring.

"And as for her beauty, judge you that when you see her, if so be that ye take the labour, and specially behold her hands; for an if it be as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick."

What was the end of this cautious romance—whether the "livelihood" was not forthcoming, or whether the lady's hands turned out to be too thick—does not appear in the Paston chronicles. It may be fair to say that Master William Paston had learnt French and poetry of a foreign tutor—one Karol Giles, a Lombard—before he went to Eton. But if he did not succeed in his courtship better than he did in his Latin verses, he had very little chance of a wife.

"As for my coming from Eton, I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance.

Quare, quomodo. Non valet hora, valet mora.
Arbore jam videas exemplum; non die pos-
sunt

Omnia suppleri, sed tamen illa mora.

And these two verses aforesaid be of mine own making."

And if Mr. Clement Smyth, who was then head-master of Eton, had anything of the spirit of Keate or Hawtrey, we know what inevitably followed.

Of the early masters, the records are scanty and defective. Such lists as have been preserved do not correspond, and are more or less incomplete. The fullest which we have been able to find is given by Cole amongst his MSS.: it contains some names not included by Ackerman in that which he obtained from the college records. Cole's list was copied from the papers of Dr. Richardson, master of Emmanuel College, who, as he fairly complains, never gives his authorities; and Cole himself is by no means accurate in some of his own additions. Waynflete, when he became provost, was succeeded in the mastership of the school by William Westbury. The names which follow during the next two centuries have left little other memorial behind them. Scarcely any held the office longer than for a few years. Several accepted the then more distinguished and more lucrative post of head-master of Winchester. Clement Smyth must have been more than ordinarily fond of change; he was master of Eton from 1453 to 1457, when he resigned on being elected fellow of the college; afterwards he went as head-master to Winchester for two years, when he came back again to his desk at Eton, where he taught for six years more. William Horman and Thomas Erlysmann exchanged to Winchester also.

It was under Richard Cockys, or Cooxe (1528-1535), that the school seems first to have risen to any high repute. He was chosen by Cranmer; as tutor to the young King Edward VI., and some of the best English scholars were trained under him at Eton. Walter Had-don, successively master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and of Magdalen College, Oxford, one of the great revivers of classical scholarship in

England, was then a scholar on the foundation, and one of Coxe's favourite pupils; he always retained the greatest respect for his early teacher, addressing him as "master," whenever they met in after life. Coxe was advanced to the deanery of Christchurch, Oxford (of which society he had been one of Wolsey's original fellows), and is recorded, with some feeling of scandal, to have been the first who brought a wife to live within the walls of a college. He subsequently became Bishop of Ely. He was succeeded at Eton by Nicholas Udall (or Woodall)—"the best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our day," said Haddon, who probably suffered under him after Coxe's resignation. Another of his pupils, Thomas Tusser, author of the 'Husbandry,' has left his testimony in his quaint fashion to the same effect—

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had;
For fault thus small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!"

Udall was a good scholar, however, and whether by means of his whippings or in spite of them, raised the school considerably. He combined with his more serious duties, occasionally, those of stage-manager to Queen Mary's private theatricals. A letter from her Majesty to her master of the revels recites that Nicholas Udall "hath shown his diligence in setting forth of dialogues and enterludes before us for our regal disport and recreation," and directs that such dresses as he might require in getting up some contemplated entertainment of the kind should be supplied him from the royal wardrobes. The last account to be found of him leaves him under a very grave imputation. He was suspected of being concerned, with two of his scholars, in stealing the college plate. They were examined before the council, but the result does not appear. "He came near

losing his place," we are told, even if he did not lose it; for the year of the appointment of his successor, Smyth, in some of the lists, coincides very suspiciously with the date of this transaction.

It was long before a head-master of Eton found his position one of sufficient dignity or profit to look upon it as a provision for life, still less as a step to ecclesiastical preferment. It was by no means the rule—perhaps it was rather the exception—for those who held the office to be in holy orders. Reuben Sherwood (1571) retired to practise as a physician at Bath; another soon after, Thomas Ridley, said to have excelled in *meliore literatura*, was knighted, and became a Master in Chancery. The custom of marrying, though in direct contravention of the statutes, gradually crept in after the Reformation. William Barker (though omitted in most lists) was certainly master in 1549, and had a wife, which led to some remonstrance—apparently unsuccessful. It was perhaps the scandal raised on this ground which drew forth a letter of explanation from the vice-provost to Sir Thomas Smith, the provost, assuring him that the report "that the master of the school is a dice-player," and otherwise disreputable, is untrue.

Royal visits to Eton, in these earlier years, were either few, or have not been publicly recorded. It is said that Henry VII. was educated there, but the tradition rests on the very slenderest foundation. Henry VIII. paid a visit there in July 1510; when he offered 13s. 4d. on the altar of St. Mary, and gave "to the schoolmaster and children 66s. 8d."

The Reformation seems to have worked no material change at Eton. It escaped Henry's edict against collegiate establishments (which, if carried into execution, would have involved the dissolution of both Eton and Winchester) by the death of the King before the Act had been generally applied, and the passing

of a statute of exemption immediately on the accession of Edward VI. It gave its martyrs to the Great Cause under Mary. John Hulier on Jesus Green at Cambridge, Laurence Saunders and Robert Glover at Coventry—all three fellows of King's—were burnt to death for their faith.

A visitation of the college was made under Elizabeth by Archbishop Parker and other commissioners, Sept. 1561. The oath of supremacy was tendered to certain of the fellows who were suspected of being unfavourable to the new order of things; Thomas Kirton, John Ashbrook, and Richard Pratt, did not appear, and were declared contumacious; John Durston distinctly refused to take the oath;—and all were removed from their fellowships. Richard Brewarne, the provost, after vainly challenging the visitors' jurisdiction, resigned to avoid a like sentence. The master at the time was William Malim (who had been previously master of St. Paul's School), and the usher's name was Wilkinson.

Two years afterwards, when the plague was very fatal in London, Queen Elizabeth spent some days at Windsor, accompanied amongst others by her secretary, Cecil, and the two brothers Dudley. She probably paid a visit to the college at Eton; or at least the scholars waited upon her with a literary ovation. They presented her with a manuscript volume of congratulatory Latin verses, of not very inferior quality, and very superior penmanship, to what the modern Etonians might be likely to produce. They

are chiefly sapphics and elegiacs, commonly in the way of acrostics of the Queen's name, or forms of welcome—the word "*Elizabetha*" coming in most conveniently, as every schoolboy will understand, for the conclusion of a sapphic stanza. Here and there some ingenuity has been misemployed in those "reversible" verses, which will scan and construe equally well when read backwards or forwards, and make equally poor sense either way. All have the writers' name attached.* They are a curious instance of what sort of flattery was thought most likely to be agreeable to the maiden queen, and what the popular belief was as to her relations with Robert Dudley. There are elaborate eulogies on both the brothers, and fulsome commendations of Robert's personal beauty, which her Majesty, the writers hope and believe, will find irresistible. One young versifier ransacks his classical memory for illustrious and loving couples to whom he may liken Elizabeth and Robert. Priam and Hecuba, Medea and Jason, Hector and Andromache, are quoted in succession; but the parallel which seems to please him most, is Venus stooping to Anchises—the goddess to the mortal. The hope of the nation is, as the poet's plain-spoken gallantry expresses it—"*proles imago tui*." Some of the young writers turn their loyal wishes in a more prosaic direction—that her Majesty and all near or dear to her may be preserved from the plague; and, of course, few are without some compliment to Elizabeth's own scholarship. French

* The volume (probably the original) exists among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 12. A. xxx. Its title is '*Ætonensium Scholarium maxime triumphans Ovatione*.' Here is a specimen for curious readers:—

Evandri primam *LI*voris prima sequatur,
Et primam *SA*tyræ syllaba prima *BE*dæ;
*TH*Aletis primam *GR*avitatis prima sequatur,
Et primam *TAB*i syllaba prima *RE*mi;
*DIS*ideli primam *TIT*anis prima sequatur;
Quid fit et ex illis, Regia Virgo, vide.

This production is signed [Giles] "Fletcher," afterwards the Queen's ambassador in Russia and elsewhere.

had more honour at Eton in those early times, it would appear, than in Mr. Tarver's days; for that language is reckoned amongst the royal accomplishments almost upon the same level as Latin and Greek:

"Tam bene quam Galli Gallica verba sonas."

The volume has on the fly-leaf an introductory Greek quatrain, signed with the head-master's name—William Malim; and it may be fairly supposed that his scholars' effusions received more or less polishing from his hand. Assuredly the introductory address or preface—in very fair Latin prose—though it speaks in the boys' name, must have been his production; for, after much eulogy of her Majesty and her father Henry VIII.—whom they style a "demigod"*—and much apology for the imperfections of their juvenile muse, they are made to request that, if her Majesty is pleased with their offering, she will mark her royal satisfaction (not by an additional week's holiday, as the modern Etonian would suggest, but by a more delicate compliment, which perhaps he would not so entirely appreciate) by bestowing some good thing upon *their master*—"that laborious man who had taught them to make such verses"—so that he might not linger on to old age in such a wearisome office, but get at last "into harbour," as the Latin has it: a snug deanery or canonry, to wit, where head-masters find pleasant anchorage. ‡ We cannot find that Mr. Malim's application was successful. Possibly the verses were not good enough. He appears to have continued master of Eton nearly twenty years longer. He was a very energetic disciplinarian, and it is just possible that this petition of his scholars may have

been entirely *proprio motu* on their part, and that they wanted to get rid of him. For we get another glimpse of him in his school, exactly at this date. "While the Queen lay at Windsor, news comes to Mr. Secretary Cecil that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating." Haddon, Roger Ascham, and others, were present at Cecil's lodgings at the time, and it was then that Haddon made the remark that the most successful master he knew (Udall) was the greatest beater. Ascham replied that, if it were so, it was due to the boys' parts, and not to the master's beating. This liberal use of the rod, for which Udall and Malim seem to have been so notorious, became a traditional characteristic of Eton discipline—by no means obsolete within modern memory. The report of it at a somewhat later date so terrified John Evelyn, author of the 'Sylva,' that he entreated his father not to carry out his intention of sending him there—"which perverseness," he says, in after life, he had "a thousand times deplored." One of Malim's pupils (not one of those who ran away) lived to earn a very inglorious distinction. John Greenhall, elected to King's in 1576, left the college and took to "the road," and was hanged and dissected.† It is to be hoped he was the only Etonian who came to such an end.

Queen Elizabeth appears to have paid the college another visit in 1596, and to have been again received with congratulatory verses—"4000 Latin hexameters," said to be still extant amongst Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. Her Majesty had grown considerably older, and more exacting in the way of flattery; but it is hardly possible that the compliments paid her by the scholars of that day could have been broader

* "Tanquam semideus ex omnibus Europæ principibus ad Angliæ salutem natus ac procreatus."

† "Decessit insignis latro, suspensus, de quo anatomia facta est."—MS. note copied by Huggett.

than those of their predecessors. Huggett says, that for some time there was to be seen, as a memorial of her visit, the following doggerel, cut rudely "on the wainscot on the north side of the common hall"—"Queen Elizabetha *ad nos* gave Oct. 10th two loaves in a mess, 1596." She also presented the college annually with a pipe of the "red Gascon wines," which had perhaps continued, more or less regularly, from the founders' days, to be the customary royal donation.

Of the internal economy and daily life of the college at the time of Queen Elizabeth's first visit, it so happens that we have very minute information. In the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a curious MS. which Huggett has copied amongst his papers, and which has since been printed by Sir Edward Creasy. It is styled "*Consuetudinarium Vetus Scholæ Etonensis*," and was drawn up about 1560, probably by Malim as head-master. It gives in full detail the work for each day in the week, with the annual holidays and customs of the school. The old Winchester system was still in full operation, and many of the regulations are identical with those of the mother college at the same date. Like Wykeham's scholars, the Eton boys rose at five, said their Latin prayers antiphonally while dressing, then made their own beds and swept out their chambers. Two by two they then "went down" to wash, probably at some outdoor conduit or fountain like the old Winchester "*Moab*." At six, the under-master came into school, read prayers there, and the day's work began. There were seven "forms," the seventh being the highest. The fifth, sixth, and seventh composed the upper school, under the head-master; the fourth held an intermediate position; and the three lower forms were the under-master's department. They seem to have worked continuously from six o'clock until past nine,

when there was an interval of an hour: then they had prayers at ten, and went to dinner at eleven; but there is no mention whatever made of anything like breakfast. From twelve to three came school again; then 'an hour's interval: school from four to five, at which hour seems to have come supper, though no direct mention is made of any such meal; but supper they certainly had. They were at work again, under the superintendence of monitors, from six to eight, with a slight interval for "bevers," as at Winchester, which refectation was probably nothing more than a draught of small beer. At eight they went to bed. The allowance of play-hours seems, as in all early school regulations, to have been lamentably small. Of course, there were holidays and half-holidays; but they seem only to have recurred upon the Church festivals and commemorations of certain benefactors, such as Provosts Bost and Lupton; but it is probable that there was also some relaxation on Tuesdays and Thursdays, as at Winchester. On May 6 (*St. John ante Port. Lat.*), they had the singular privilege of *going to sleep* in school after dinner for two or three hours; and what between the early rising and the close work, it was an indulgence likely to be better appreciated by those early Etonians than by their more luxurious successors at the present day. There was very little liberty allowed them out of the college precincts; only on the 1st of May, if the weather was fine (for there was a special warning not to wet their feet), to gather the green boughs to deck the windows of their chambers, and on September 8 (Nativity of the Virgin), when they went out into the woods to gather nuts, with which it was the custom to present the masters, accompanied by copies of verses in celebration of the bounties of autumn. On such festivals also as the elder boys received the Holy Sacrament, they had permission to

spend part of the day in a country walk; not without a strong caution (so similar are the temptations of schoolboys and the anxieties of masters in all ages) against turning into taverns and beer-shops by the way. The "Tap" and the "Christopher" had their earlier prototypes. Both in and out of school they were under the rule of their præpositors (*præpositi*)—the elder boys who were intrusted with authority, on Wykeham's principle, in each of the chambers. It would seem that at this time there were four; of whom the senior in authority was called, as he is to this day at Winchester, "Prefect of Hall," and the two next "Prefects of Chapel." There was also one whose special business it was to see that the younger boys kept their hands and faces clean, and their persons generally tidy: a superintendence by no means unnecessary, and which the Winchester prefects of modern days do not think it beneath them to enforce. Besides the college prefects, there were two prefects of oppidans: and as the number of oppidans at this date seems to have ranged between thirty and forty, the proportion would be about the same if the college prefects were four.

The books in use were, in the higher forms, Virgil, Horace, Lucan, Martial, Catullus, Florus, Cæsar, and the Offices and Letters of Cicero; in the lower, Terence and Ovid. The first form were worked chiefly in the Latin exercise book of Ludovicus Vives. Greek was not taught at all beyond the grammar, and that only in the two highest forms. The Fables of Æsop and the dialogues of Lucian were used, but as it was only by the second and third forms, these must have been read in a Latin translation. Themes and verses were largely practised; and collections of phrases, synonyms, descriptions, &c., made, probably in notebooks, from the lessons of each day. Compositions in English

verse, chiefly translations from the Latin poets, were occasionally allowed. From St. Thomas's (Dec. 21) to the Epiphany, the regular classical work of the school was laid aside, and the boys were practised in writing. Their classical knowledge was kept up meanwhile by a system of mutual examination, which seems to have somewhat resembled the Westminster challenge; and epigrams, verses, and other voluntary compositions were expected to be produced. At Christmas-time there were public speeches or theatrical performances (the pieces being selected by the head-master), to which the public were invited. These were got up with some care and attention to scenic display, and the whole of the month of December was more or less employed in preparation. They took place in the hall, where the tragedy of 'Dido,' written by Ritwise, master of St. Paul's School, was acted before Cardinal Wolsey in 1507. Some apology is offered for the "levity" of such entertainments, but they are defended on the very just ground of encouraging a graceful action and self-possession on the part of the young performers. But these Christmas holidays were spent by the young Etonians of Elizabeth's days at school. The only real vacation, when they had an opportunity of going home to their friends, was from Ascension Day to the feast called *Corpus Christi*—an interval of three weeks; and, short as these holidays were, every boy who did not return to college in time for vespers on the evening before the last-mentioned festival was flogged.

Friday was the day when all the defaults of the week were reviewed, and when the floggings took place. There does not seem to have been any regular half-holiday, and even the Sunday had its work—chiefly recitations and declamations on a given subject. On St. John Baptist's and St. Peter's days, and on the anniversary of the Translation

of St. Thomas Becket, they had bonfires in the schoolyard—a somewhat inappropriate amusement, since all these festivals occur in the middle of summer. On Shrove Tuesday verses were written in honour or dispraise of Bacchus—"because poets were considered the clients of Bacchus"—and those composed by the senior boys were fixed on the inside of the folding-doors of the hall, as was the old fashion in all schools and colleges. This custom was continued almost into modern days, and though the subject was changed, the copy of verses was still called "a Bacchus." When Pepys paid a visit to the school in 1665, he found the subject given out for that year was the one topic of absorbing interest—the plague:—

"To the hall, and there found the boys' verses 'De Peate;' it being their custom to make verses at Shrovetide. I read several, and very good they were; better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy; and in rolls as long and longer than the whole hall by much."—Diary, vol. iii. p. 165.

Some accounts have also come down to us of the expenses of *commensales*, or oppidans, at the same date. On October 21, 1560, two sons of Sir William Cavendish entered Eton in this capacity. The father was dead, and their mother had remarried with Sir William St. Loe. The almoner of the college had given his assurance that "no gentleman's children should be more welcome, or better looked unto." They took a man-servant with them, and at first boarded with a Mr. Richard Hylles; furnishing their own chamber, and paying at the rate of 10s. a-week for the two brothers, and 3s. 4d. for their man, exclusive of firewood for the chamber. They had two young friends, sons of Sir Francis Knowles, probably already members of the school, to sup with them on the day of their arrival; and they gave a sort of entrance-breakfast to "the company of forms in the school"

(meaning, probably, the boys in their own form), which cost them 6d. They wore, as was the custom at that time for all the boys, whether scholars or commoners, a gown of black frieze. The most expensive item of dress would appear to be shoes, of which they had a new pair "against All-Hallow-tide," again on January 28, and again at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, on July 26, and at Michaelmas. They moved into the college on November 25, about a month after their entrance, which was a less expensive arrangement, as they only paid there 24s. for a month for themselves and their man. But they had still some connection with their host, Mr. Hylles, as there is a payment to him for "one quarter's commons" to May 22 of 13s. 4d.; probably in consequence of the sickness of one of the brothers, in which case it was usual for the boys to have "commons" out of college. They paid 6d. "quarterage" for "ink, brooms, and birch." The books they had to buy were Lucian's Dialogues, 'Isopes Fabyllae,' and 'Tullye's Atticum.' Of their amusements we only learn that they paid 3d. to a man for seeing "bear-baiting and a camel, as the other scholars did." They appear to have remained at the school little more than a year, and the sum total of their joint expenses was £25, 11s. 5d.

Of these two boys, the elder married at seventeen; and after representing Devonshire in five parliaments, and travelling for some time in the East, died without issue. The younger was created Baron Cavendish (much to his elder brother's vexation), and was the first Earl of Devonshire. The family have been Etonians ever since; and few have done more honour to the school than the late Duke, who, as Mr. Cavendish, won the highest honours of his year at Cambridge.

The term oppidan was applied to these independent scholars at least

as early as Fuller's days. Speaking of the college, he says, "There be many *oppidanæ* there maintained at the cost of their friends." A letter of 1608 informs a friend that "Phil Lytton" (a son of Sir Rowland Lytton of Knebworth) "is in commons in hall,"* which appears to have been the term employed for this class of oppidan boarders. The number in those years was usually about thirty. The college books record the names of many young noblemen who appear to have dined regularly in hall, even if they were not lodged with the foundation scholars. Young Lord Willoughby and his page were in commons in the hall, either regularly or at intervals from 1613 to 1618; and in 1623 and 1624 there are charges for "Lord Dormer and his companie." This class of Etonians seems to have disappeared during the Civil Wars; for there are no such entries after the date of the Restoration.†

The provosts of Eton College have always taken a leading part in the government of the school. It was so intended by the founder. There is scarcely any detail of discipline over which the provost does not, according to the statutes, exercise a controlling power. Even over the head-master he has the right distinctly given him of "governing, directing, punishing, and controlling;" and in the earlier times, this right was very commonly exercised. Sometimes, even within modern memory, the interference has been frequent enough to be mischievous. But it must be remembered that, in the days we are now dealing with, the whole college—provost, fellows, and masters—formed really one body; and while the actual grammar teaching of the boys was carried on by the master and his usher, the domestic discipline of the whole body was the charge of the provosts. Whenever these

were men of mark, they left the impress of their character on the school. With the exception of Robert Aldrich, the friend of Erasmus, and Sir Thomas Smith, the successors of Westbury were not very remarkable until the election of Sir Henry Savile in 1621. He was one of the few Englishmen of his time who could lay claim to much Greek scholarship, and had the honour of instructing Queen Elizabeth herself in that language. He took an active part in the general superintendence of the studies, and maintained a very strict discipline among the young Etonians. He had little love for erratic genius, and gave its due honour to study and earnest application. "Give me the plodding student," said he; "if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate—there be the wits." He had a fancy for ruling the fellows of the college pretty much as if they also were in *statu pupillari*, which, as was natural, they highly resented; and he was ruled in his turn by an authority which certainly was not provided for in the college statutes—his wife. She threatened to burn that costly edition of Chrysostom, which he was printing at his private press in the college, because she thought he paid more attention to it than to herself; "I would I were a book," said the jealous lady, "and then you would a little more respect me." Provost Murray, who came next him, only lived two years, when another great name succeeded—Sir Henry Wotton. He, too, interested himself greatly in the boys, and appears to have been a constant visitor in the school: choosing occasionally some one or two promising boys (or perhaps such as had been recommended to him by personal friends) to make pets of, and having them under his own care in his lodgings, where they

* State Papers, Domestic Series, anno 1608.

† Public Schools Evid., Eton, 1517, &c. (Mr. Dupuis's evidence).

attended upon him at his meals, which would in those days be considered as a service of honour. Very probably the provost of Eton (as the warden of Winchester certainly did) received some of the "filii nobilium" into his lodgings as boarders. Especially he encouraged the study of rhetoric: being wont to say that "none despised eloquence but those dull souls who were not capable of it."

The discipline of the school was interfered with, during Wotton's provostship, by the quartering in the town of some of the troops whom the Duke of Buckingham was collecting for his unlucky expedition against France. A letter of the provost and fellows to him complains that "certain companies of soldiers are billeted at Eton," and that "the privileges of the college suffer, and the youth and the soldiers do not well comport."

John Harrison was schoolmaster for a few years during Wotton's provostship. His celebrated pupil, Robert Boyle, who was an oppidan out of college, gives him a high character; but Boyle was a favourite. "Mr. Harrison would often dispense with his attendance at school at the accustomed hours, to instruct him privately and familiarly in his chamber." Not only this, but he was in the habit of presenting him on those occasions with balls and tops, the confiscated property of less favoured pupils who had been caught in the unlawful use of them during school-hours. No wonder that Boyle found the next master (William Norris) "a rigid fellow;" and since this is all that we can find recorded of him, it may be open for charity to suppose that Mr. Norris merely did his duty without respect of persons. Eton must by this time have attained to something of its present repute, and had done much to advance the reputation of English scholarship: Isaac Casaubon, the great French scholar, had already sent a son

there to be educated. Boyle speaks of it as being "very much thronged with the young nobility;" but there appears no record of the numbers. He himself narrowly escaped being killed there, twice: once by the falling in of the chamber in which he and his brother slept, when Robert was all but crushed in his bed; and once by the Eton apothecary, who gave him a wrong dose in mistake. The next time he was ordered physic, his prudent servant gave him, instead of the apothecary's draught, a perfectly harmless potion of his own concocting; which, however, acting on the body through the imagination, had all the desired effect, and he got well immediately.

Norris was succeeded in the mastership by Nicholas Gray, sometime master of the Charter-House (which he lost by marrying against the statute), then of Merchant Taylors', and finally of Eton. "He left behind him the character of an excellent scholar," says Huggett. His exact date is variously given; Cole says he was only master three months. He had fallen upon evil times for the old royal foundations. Stewart, who had succeeded Sir H. Wotton as provost, was in arms with the King at Oxford; the elections at Eton had been put off (1643), and the records of the college are, for some years to come, confused and defective. Many of the loyal Etonians followed their provost's example, and took up arms for the Crown. Fellows of King's College threw off the gown for the steel cuirass. William Raven and Charles Howard raised troops of horse, and the latter fell at the siege of Newark. So did Sampson Briggs at Gloucester, James Eyre at Berkeley, Henry Pierce at Bridgewater. The royal college gave at least a fair proportion of her sons to the cause of "Church and King." Henry Bard was more fortunate; he served through the whole of the war, including the fatal day of Naseby, and became Viscount Bel-

lamont. James Fleetwood carried the church into the camp, did his office as chaplain to his regiment in the bloody fight at Edgehill, and survived to be provost of his college and bishop of Worcester.

Complaints as to the management of the royal foundation began in very early times. Disputes arose upon questions of privilege between the two colleges at Eton and at Cambridge, and this led to the presentation of general "Articles of Complaint" on the part of King's College against the sister society to Archbishop Laud in or about 1634. They represented, first, that the number of fellows of Eton, which by statute should be ten, was now only seven; and that the object of this reduction was the covetousness of the governing body, who thus increased their own individual incomes. That whereas the statutes directed that, in case of any deficiency in the college revenues, the number of scholars should be first diminished, they had preferred the suppression of the fellowships, because the scholars did not cost them nearly so much as a fellow; "they being deprived of breakfast, clothing, bedding, and all other necessaries which the statute amply allows them, and forced to be content with a bare scanty diet and a coarse short gown, while the college revenues are shared among a few." Secondly, they complained that all the fellows ought to be elected from those who are or have been fellows of King's or conducts of Eton. Thirdly, that choristers had a preferential claim to the scholarships. And, fourthly, that the schoolmaster ought to be chosen from the fellows of King's College; whereas all these claims were in practice neglected. The Archbishop decided that five of the seven Eton fellows at the least must have been fellows of King's; his decision on the other points does not appear; but at any rate the claim of the poor choristers seems to have been quietly ignored, as at Winchester and West-

minster. No reformer, modern or ancient, thought it worth while to make a fight for them. They used formerly to sleep in the same chambers as the scholars, and dine with them in hall, and were probably taught with them. They are at present taught in a separate school (being, of course, boys of a different class), and receive little more than a commercial education. It is professed that if a boy of promise were discovered among them he would be allowed to compete for college; but this discovery has never been known to have been made for many generations. Yet there is no doubt that the claim was admitted in the earlier days of the society: one at least of the original members of the foundation—Roger Flecknowe, or Fleckmore—went off as a fellow to King's in 1445. The Great Rebellion stopped the execution of Laud's injunctions with regard to the fellowships, but they were afterwards confirmed under James II. As to the election of head-masters, there has certainly been no ground since those days to complain of any want of due preference to King's and Eton men. The Royal Commissioners have rather taken occasion to notice the strict exclusiveness of the college in this respect; not only the head-masters, but the assistant-masters also, having been appointed solely from that body for many generations, the field of choice having been only partially opened within the last few years.

It would be very interesting, if it were possible, to know something of the effect of the civil wars upon the numbers and internal economy of the school. The Parliament had appointed to the provostship Francis Rouse, afterwards Speaker of the "Barebones" Parliament, and one of Cromwell's peers. Gray lost his mastership and fellowship at the same time, but found a refuge, after a while, as schoolmaster at Tunbridge. New fellows were put in the places of ejected loyalists. A special catechist was appointed

to the college, who was to teach the boys sound doctrine, and their neighbours of Eton and Windsor were invited to attend his lectures.

It is probable that the spirit of loyalty survived in the school in spite of all discouragements. At any rate, it showed itself in a very characteristic way immediately upon the Restoration. The usurping authorities were of course displaced, and such of the ejected fellows as survived were restored to their places. Gray was among them, but died soon after—it is said, “very poor.” One of the intruders—Goad—was allowed to remain; though elected under Rouse, it was before the King’s execution. Another, Nathaniel Ingelo, holding the office of vice-provost, though subsequently elected, was also allowed to retain his place; but as the validity of his appointment was not acknowledged, he had to submit to a fresh election. But the loyal Etonians were disgusted. They sent up a petition to the Bishop of Lincoln, the Visitor of the College, against him. He had, they alleged, “turned out and warned off the college precincts, under peril of whipping by the college servants, one Hill, a scholar;” also “another cavalier’s son, Esquire Harrison’s, for nothing, as it is now known;” and the petition—evidently genuine, from the wording—concluded in these terms,—“We all want to be eased of the yoke that we undergo by the means of this Ingelo.” It does not appear that the application was successful.

But the college was purged of the Puritan leaven in other respects. Francis Lord Rouse had died a few years before, and had been buried with great pomp in the aisle known as “Provost Lupton’s Chapel.” The Royalists did not proceed to the extent of digging up his bones. But his banners and escutcheons, says Antony Wood, “were pulled down with scorn by the loyal provost and fellows, and thrown aside as tokens and badges of damned

baseness and rebellion.” “The irons for the banner,” says Huggett (in 1767), “are there to this day.” They did all they could to erase the memory of “the old illiterate Jew of Eton,” as they called him—though, so far as really appears, he was as much of a Christian and not more illiterate than some other provosts; and he founded three exhibitions at Pembroke College, Oxford, which Etonians enjoy to this day. In the portrait of him which is still suffered to hang in the provost’s dining-hall, he shows a face that might pass for an honest Royalist enough. Rouse’s successor, Lockyer, who had been appointed by Richard Cromwell as Protector, was removed; probably also Singleton, the master, as Thomas Montagu succeeded him that year.

Petitions of all sorts crowded in upon the new King from sufferers—not always the most really deserving—who looked for recompense under the new order of things. Many also of the other party tried to excuse themselves, or to make their peace. Amongst others, John Boncle applied for some indulgence, as having once been in the service of the royal children—as page, or gentleman, or in some such capacity—from which having been dismissed under the Parliament, he had become schoolmaster of Charter-House, afterwards of Eton, then fellow of the college, and now, at the date of his application, in general difficulties; his letter, in fact, leaving an impression not altogether favourable to Mr. Boncle himself, or conveying a high notion of an Eton head-master’s dignity in those days.

The college, which had no doubt suffered considerably during the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, rose to even more than its former prosperity under provost Allestree and head-master Rosewill. Never man deserved his elevation better than Dr. Richard Allestree. He had fought for the First Charles in the

students' troop at Oxford—had risked his life for the second in conducting his correspondence with loyal friends abroad—had been proscribed and all but hanged more than once—was a hearty Church-of-England man, and a sound divine. Yet the story went (and it is very possibly true) that all these merits might have been forgotten by his royal and thoughtless master, but for the accident of his remarkable ugliness—patent, to this day, to any one who sees his picture. Rochester is said to have made a bet with the King that he would find an uglier man than Lauderdale, and forthwith to have introduced Allestree, whom he had stumbled upon in the street, and whom Charles then remembered and promoted. He found Eton in debt, and half in ruins; "the pretended saints," Huggett says, had divided amongst themselves the surplus revenues, instead of employing them for the advantage of the foundation—a course which, it must be confessed, members of collegiate bodies who make no special pretension to be saints have been also known to pursue. Allestree rebuilt the whole western face of the large quadrangle at his own charge. But the necessary repairs and alterations were by no means completed; for Rosewill, then headmaster, left £300 by will, which formed the nucleus of a large subscription a few years afterwards, when the whole appears to have been again rebuilt. It is in Rosewill's mastership that we have first been able to find any list of the school, or any clue to the numbers. This list, of the year 1678,* shows that the old "seventh" form had disappeared, and the sixth stands first, as it does now. It contains only eight names—all collegers, and all elected afterwards, in different years, to King's. The fifth contains thirty-eight—nineteen collegers, followed by the same number of oppidians, of

whom Sir John Price is "captain." There are fifty-nine in the fourth, fifty-eight in the third, thirty-four in the second, one in the "Bible seat," and nine apparently "unplaced" below, unless they may possibly be choristers. The whole number (including these last) is 207. The strange thing is, that there appear to be at least seventy-eight collegers. The only nobleman is Lord Alexander; there are five baronets.

The plague, of which the Eton scholars had been so much afraid in Elizabeth's days, returned again with far greater virulence in 1662 and the following years. It does not seem that on either occasion it was very fatal in the school itself; at least but few deaths are recorded in the Eton registers.† But it gave rise to a remarkable ordinance as to the use of tobacco, which contrasts curiously with modern Eton rules. Let old Thomas Hearne give it in his own words:—

"Even children were obliged to smook. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say that when he was that year a school-boy at Eaton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smook in the school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smooking."—*Diary*, ii. 449.

Later Eton reminiscences connect the whippings with smoking in a different way.

James II. touched for the evil at Eton in 1686, and amongst his patients were the Hon. Charles and George Cecil, sons of the Earl of Exeter. He performed the same ceremony there, possibly for the last time, in 1688.

And now we come to the times when the records of the school and its masters became more distinctly historical. Charles Roderick, who

* Rawlinson MSS., B. 366.

† The deaths of three "scholars" appear in Huggett's copy of the Eton registers in 1662, and of one in each of the three following years, but the plague is not stated to be the cause.

had been lower-master, or usher as it was still called, under Rosewill, succeeded him in the head-mastership; "an excellent scholar," says Cole, "yet never had the courage to preach one sermon, though he composed not a few." Roderick became provost of King's, and was succeeded by John Newborough, the first Eton head-master of whom there has survived any satisfactory account. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*: but Newborough was fortunate in having a pupil to draw a portrait of him, which, though evidently touched with a loving and partial hand, receives sufficient corroboration in the main from other notices:—

"He was of a graceful person and comely aspect; had a presence fit to awe the numerous tribe over which he presided; grave was he in his behaviour, and irreproachable in his life; very pathological were his reproofs, and dispassionate his corrections; and when any hopes of amendment appeared, he declined severe remedies. He always chose, in the places to which as master he had a right of collation, those youths whose industry, modesty, and good behaviour rendered them remarkable, and that so far from being moved by their parents' or friends' application made to him, that even without their knowledge he frequently conferred his place on them. Careful he was, to the greatest exactness and rigidness imaginable, of the morals of the youths committed to his charge. Nor in the common school exercises was a light airy wit so much aimed at, as good sound sense and grave reflections. . . . Exceeding happy was he in his expression, his words flowing from him just, though swift, and always inimitably expressive; the jejune and insipid explications of the common rank of commentators he held in the utmost contempt, who rather confound and perplex the sense of their authors, than extricate us from our difficulties. . . . Generous and hospitable was he; and knew as gracefully how

to dispose of his money, as how to receive it. To the poorer lads on the foundation he was known to be very noble, in supplying them with the proper books and other necessaries, and that in good quantity; being rightly apprised that the quickest natural parts, and the most promising genius, might be cramped by the '*res angusta domi*.'"^{*}

The grateful biographer goes on to speak of him as "versed in men, as well as in books," and admired and respected by old and young in the college. Even the excellent health which the college enjoyed in his time ("there being only one death for three years' space out of about 400 boys") Rawlinson attributes in great measure to Dr. Newborough's scrupulous care. He had been often anxious to resign, but was persuaded, for the sake of the school, to retain his office, until his failing health obliged him to retire in 1711. He died the year following, and lies buried at Hitcham in Buckinghamshire, where the inscription on his tomb records him as—

Etonensis Scholæ
Terrarum Orbis per ipsum maximæ
Magister.

The boast was not an empty one. The list of Newborough's pupils would include a large proportion of the men who were then rising to eminence. Foremost among them were the two Walpoles, Robert and Horatio (afterwards Lord Walpole), and Horace St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. Of Sir Robert Walpole's future eminence Newborough seems to have had some prevision. When he heard that some of his late pupils were already making themselves heard in Parliament—especially St. John—he wrote in reply, "But I am impatient to hear that Robert Walpole has spoken, for I am convinced he will be a good orator."[†]

^{*} Proposals for printing by subscription "*Antiquitates et Athenæ Etonenses*," in four vols. 8vo. "By an Impartial Hand" (Richd. Rawlinson, D.D.), with specimen page.

[†] The following bill for "extras," for a boy named Patrick, from April 1687

Newborough was succeeded by another man of some eminence in his way, though rather as a polemical divine than as a schoolmaster. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the time calls him "the great Dr. Snape;" but the great fight that he fought with Bishop Hoadley in defence of orthodoxy, and the virulent pamphlets which it called forth on both sides, are pretty well forgotten, and posterity has had no great loss. Party spirit must have run high at Eton on this "Bangor controversy;" for one of the assistant-masters, Thackeray, found his position there so uncomfortable in consequence of the part he had taken, that he resigned, and afterwards became head-master of Harrow.

Dr. Snape's enemies have preserved the fact, very much to his credit, that he was a self-made man—his family having been "Sergeant-farriers" to the King for 200 years. His mother, and afterwards his sister, kept the earliest recorded "Dame's" houses at Eton. He was selected to represent the faculty of divinity when the University of Frankfurt invited Cambridge to be present by delegates at their great Jubilee in 1707, the two-hundredth anniversary of their foundation. On resigning his post in 1720, he is said to have entered a town-boy's name upon the school list without consulting his parents, in order to raise the number, for the first time, to the round total of 400.

It was the year of the great South Sea bubble when Dr. Henry Bland succeeded, coming from Doncaster School. The tide of false prosperity floated the numbers up at once to 425; next year the bubble had burst, and they fell to 375. One of his favourite pupils was William Cole, the antiquary, who speaks of him as a man of "fine and stately presence," and an elegant Latin scholar. Sir Robert Walpole gave him the deanery of Durham, and offered to make him a bishop, which he declined. Sir Robert was said never to forget his old school-fellows. Cole mentions a letter in his possession from Bishop Tanner to a friend, in which he says he "does not hope to be preferred till all the Eton and King's men have been provided for."

Of Dr. George, the next in succession, an amusing anecdote has been preserved by Nichols. George was accustomed to declaim Greek to his boys *ore rotundo*. Frederick Prince of Wales, then residing at Clifden House, walked over one day to Eton to call upon Dr. George, taking with him Dr. Ayscough, tutor to the boy-princes afterwards George III. and the Duke of York. The head-master was engaged in school, and the Prince and his companion stood for some time listening and peeping at the door while he was expounding Homer with remarkable energy and action. When Dr. George heard of the royal visitor

to March 1688, is preserved amongst Tanner's MSS. It has the receipt of "R. Newborough," as headmaster:—

Carriage of letters, &c.,	£0 2 4
For a bat and ram club,	0 0 9
Four pairs of gloves,	0 2 0
Eight pairs of shoes,	0 16 0
Bookseller's bill,	0 14 2
Cutting his hair eight times,	0 2 0
Wormseed, treacle, and manna,	0 2 8
Mending his clothes,	0 2 8
Pair of garters,	0 0 3
Schole fire,	0 3 0
Given to the servants,	0 12 6
A new frock,	0 5 8

£3 6 8

Paid the writing-master half a year, due next April 21, '89, 1 0 0

whom he had missed, he went over to Clifden the same afternoon to make his apologies. The Prince told him the story, adding that he wished the Doctor had come an hour earlier, to have heard Ayscough taking off his energetic performance in a lesson with *his* boys. It was not a gracious speech; and Dr. George, Nichols adds, "took himself off" very shortly. The period of his mastership was marked by one very horrible event. In March 1730, was buried in the college chapel "Edward Cochran, murdered by his schoolfellow, Thomas Dalton, with a penknife." Such is the entry in the parish register; but the inscription which is or was to be read on his tomb has the words "accidentally stabbed." Probably it was an act of sudden passion.

The increasing numbers of the school must have very early required some additional teaching power besides the two masters provided for by the statutes. Up to the time of Elizabeth, and probably to a much later date, this had been supplied by monitors. The restriction by which the masters were forbidden to take any fees (even from oppidians) was probably evaded, almost from the first, by the system then universal in all transactions of giving presents, under which heading the sons of wealthy parents soon began to pay pretty highly for their education. Traces of this arrangement remain in the custom still prevailing—not at all to the credit of the school—of presenting a sum as "leaving money" to the head-master and the private tutor. At what time assistant-masters were first appointed does not appear. But they were no doubt paid, up to a comparatively late date, entirely from such fees as the parents of those under their tuition chose to give them. A curious advertisement (in the 'London Evening Post' of Nov. 9, 1731) by Mr. Francis Goode, who had been lower-master for many years under Newborough, throws some light upon the subject:—

"Whereas Mr. Franc. Goode, under-master of Eton, does hereby signify that there will be at Christmas next, or soon after, two vacancies in his school—viz., as assistants to him and tutors to the young gents.: if any two gentlemen of either University (who have commenced the degree of B.A. at least) shall think themselves duly qualified, and are desirous of such an employment, let them enquire of John Potts, Pickleman in Gracious Street, or at Mr. G.'s own house in Eton College, where they may purchase the same at a reasonable rate, and on conditions fully to their own satisfaction. F. GOODE.

"N.B.—It was very erroneously reported that the last place was disposed of under 40s."

Certainly the place is worth something more now. There seems to have been no doubt in Goode's mind of the perfect propriety of the arrangement; he was a very respectable man, and was very nearly succeeding Newborough in the head-mastership. He was only defeated by Dr. Snape after a very warm contest, and was much disappointed at the result.

Dr. George was succeeded by one of his assistants, William Cooke. His short administration of two years is thus summed up by Cole in his most spiteful vein:—

"William Cooke made master of the school, for which post not being found equal, he was made fellow of the college to let him down gently; and, to get rid of his impertinence, insolence, and other unamiable qualities, he was strongly recommended to be provost of King's on Dr. Sumner's death. It is not the first time a man's unsocial and bad disposition has been the occasion of his advancement. I know the college would be delighted to kick him up higher, so that they could get rid of a formal important pedant, who will be a school-master in whatever station of life his fortune may advance him to."

Some personal enmity had evidently a share in this note; but Cooke was certainly not a successful master, and the school under his management fell off in numbers and repute. His successor, Dr. Sumner, though an able and zealous teacher,

could only partially restore its good name during nine years of office.

Dr. Rawlinson, amongst his MSS., quotes from the 'Daily Advertiser' an account of a royal visit at this time. It is not a very complimentary paragraph:—

"1747, Aug. 11th.—King George II. visited the College and School of Eton, when on short notice Master Slater* of Bedford, Master Masham of Reading, and Master Williams of London, spoke each a Latin speech (most probably made by their masters), with which his Majesty seemed exceedingly well pleased, and obtained for them a week's holidays. To the young orators five guineas each had been more acceptable."

In 1754, on Sumner's resignation, Dr. Edward Barnard, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who had been private tutor at Eton to Charles Townshend, was elected to the head-mastership. Under his vigorous rule the school rose again rapidly and steadily. Two assistant-masters were added the year after his appointment, to meet the increasing number of oppidans; and two more in 1760. Sumner had gradually raised the total number of the school to 850; when Dr. Barnard was promoted to the provostship in 1756, he left 522 boys on the Eton list—a larger number by far than had been known at any previous time, and which the school never reached again for more than fifty years.

For Eton was unfortunate in his successor; doubly unfortunate, because the new master was a man from whom very much was expected, whose appointment seemed the best that could have been made, and who did really possess many of the most important qualifications for his office. John Foster, the son of a Windsor tradesman, had entered the school very young, and during his career there was the admiration of his schoolfellows and

the pride of his masters. He went off early as captain to King's, with the highest reputation as a scholar; and Dr. Barnard, immediately upon his own appointment, had recalled him from Cambridge to an assistant-mastership. In that position he seems to have fully borne out the expectations which had been formed of him; for, on Barnard's resignation, Foster was at once elected to succeed him. But though his scholarship was unquestionable, and his discharge of his duties most conscientious, there were deficiencies of other qualifications which were not to be got over. He wanted dignity of person and manner, as well as knowledge of the world; and these are very important points in the ruler of five hundred boys, many of them just attaining manhood. The words of an anonymous contemporary biographer probably state the case fairly:—

"Learning is not the only requisite qualification for such a school as Eton; other qualities are necessary to constitute the character suited to such an important and difficult charge. He, unfortunately for himself, succeeded a man who preëminently possessed all the requisite talents for his situation. The comparison was replete with disadvantage; and, not being able to adopt his predecessor's mode of management and regulation, he rested upon the severity of discipline. He therefore became unpopular among his scholars. The inferiority of his birth, which would never have suggested itself had he made himself beloved, was a circumstance which helped to augment dislike, and to dispose the higher classes of his scholars frequently to display a contempt for his person, and sometimes to resist his authority; he therefore judged it best to resign his situation."

He had the mortification, before he resigned, to see the school fall away in numbers from the 522 left by Dr. Barnard to 230; but his zeal and conscientiousness were deservedly rewarded by such consolation as a canonry of Windsor could give.

* Thomas Solater went to King's as captain that year.

His health, however, was broken, though he was only forty-two. "He had a bad consumptive constitution," says Cole, "which was not bettered by the fatigues of a school and the sedentariness of a scholar." He died at Spa the year following. His remains were subsequently removed, and reinterred at Windsor. On his tomb in the churchyard there are the following re-

markable words, most probably his own:—

*"Qui fuerim, ex hoc marmore cognosces;
Qualls vero, cognosces allicubi;
Eo scilicet supremo tempore
Quo egomet qualls et tu fueris cognoscam."*

Of the many distinguished pupils of Barnard and Foster we must speak hereafter.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART XIII.

GOING INTO PARLIAMENT.

LOOKING out at life from the very narrow loophole at which I sit, I scarcely like to affirm anything very positively; but, so far as I am able to see, it seems to me that I never remember a time in which so many men aspired to public life as the present. There were always, and I trust there always will be, a large class to whom Parliament will be a natural and suitable ambition. The House of Commons has the proud prerogative of representing every interest of the kingdom. The landowner, the millowner, the man of ships, the man of mines, the friend of Exeter Hall, the advocate of the Pope. Even crotchets and caprices have their members; and there are men who tinker about street-organs or licences to oyster-cellars, but who really, as they consume their own smoke, are small nuisances, and may easily be endured. Even bores are represented in Parliament; and if the Brothers Davenport only live long enough amongst us, there is no reason why Mr. Howitt, for instance, should not stand up in the House to represent the spiritual interests of the nation. I like all this. I am certain that at the price of listening to an enormous amount of twaddle we purchase safety. One

Idea would be a very troublesome and cantankerous fellow if you would not let him talk, but with his free speech he is happy, and, better still, he is innocuous. However silly his project be, he is so certain to make it sillier by his advocacy of it, that it is right good policy to invite him to explain himself.

It would be hard, too, to deny a man who has contested his borough, borne the fag and the rough usage, the abuse, the insult, and the heavy cost of a contested election, the small privilege of hearing himself say "Sir" to the Speaker, though the shuffling sound of departing feet should make the sentence that followed inaudible. This, however, is a costly privilege; it is essentially the luxury of the rich man; for since we have taken such immense precautions against bribery, a seat in Parliament has become a far more expensive thing than ever it was before. The apparent paradox admits of an easy explanation. Have you not once or twice, if not oftener, in life drunk excellent claret in some remote country-house, where the owner's means were certainly not equal to such a luxury? The reason was, the duties were high, and the smuggler found it worth while to evade them. The

reduced tariff, however, cut off the contraband, and though the legal article was cheaper, it never came so low in price as the "run" one. There is therefore now less smuggling into the House; but even the low duty is too high for the poor man.

This circumstance it is which makes it the more incomprehensible to me:—when men, whose fortunes I am well aware are small, and whose positions would seem to call for every exercise of energy and industry, lounge into my room and tell me "they are going into Parliament." If these were all, or if even a fair number of them were, very clever fellows—well read, well grounded, with good memories, fluent of speech, endowed with much tact, and a happy address—I might say, though not exactly born to be statesmen, they might find a career in public life. The discipline of a government requires so many petty officers, that there is nothing unreasonable in such men expecting to be sergeants and corporals. The House, too, is a rare club; its gossip is the best gossip, its interests are the best interests, even its jobs and intrigues are finer, grander, better games of skill than any that ever engaged the wits and tried the temper of gamblers. I cannot imagine a sphere in which ability was so sure to have its legitimate sway and swing.

One cannot conceive a place, except it be the play-ground of a great school, where fair play is so sure to be the rule and practice. It is the one spot on earth where the weak cannot be browbeaten, and the strong cannot be a tyrant. It is the only arena the world has ever witnessed, wherein right-mindedness has obtained the force of talent, and mere honesty can hold its own against any odds in ability. I admit at once how proud a thing it is to belong to such an assemblage, and I only ask that the men who aspire to it should have something in proportion to the preten-

sion. I mean that it is not enough that they have failed as barristers—broken down as novelists—been bankrupt as speculators, or unfortunate in any other career in life—that they should come here. The House of Commons is neither a reformatory nor an asylum. It was never intended to recall the wandering sheep of politics to the pleasant pasturages of office, or prove a refuge for the forlorn castaways—the street-walkers of the learned professions.

Johnson called patriotism the last refuge of a scoundrel. What if Parliament were to become the last resource of incapacity! I earnestly hope this may not be so. I ardently desire that other men's experiences may not be as my experiences. I long to think that the dreary creatures who come to show me the "twaddle" they have written to the free and independent electors of Snugborough, are not a widespread pestilence, but a small local disease invented for my especial torment. What mornings have I passed, listening to their opinions on currency, on the colonies, on the Catholics! what they would do about Church rates—how they would deal with the franchise. These are the aspiring creatures who mean to be terrible to Gladstone, and thorns in the side of Disraeli. There are others who vow themselves to committee life—who mean to pass their days in the smaller shrines of politics, and only pray to the saints who preside over railway rogueries and the speculations of public works. Last of all, there are the "Dundrearies" of statecraft, who know nothing themselves, nor ever knew any one who did—who want to be in the House because it is the right thing, and who feel about politics as did the Bourgeois Gentilhomme about prose—it was a fine thing to be talking it even unconsciously. These men, by some strange fatality, always speak of the achievement as an easy one. They know a "fellow" who can get them in for eight

hundred or a thousand; and they tell you little anecdotes of election-eering rogueries you have often read in print, as part of the personal experiences of the "fellow" afore-said. I own these men try me sorely, and even the bland temper with which nature has endowed me is at moments driven to its last intrenchments. The affected contempt they assume for public life—the tone of "rogues all" they put on with respect to men in power, and the levity with which they treat responsibilities that the strongest are seen to stagger under—these are the things that push my patience to its limits.

It is all very well to say that if these men entered the House we should never hear of them; that they would be as completely ignored as if they sat in the reporters' gallery. Be it so; but I ask, Why should they be there at all? why

should they aspire to be there? What fatal tendency of our age inclines men to adopt a career in all respects unsuited to them? When Pitt said of our octogenarian generals, "I don't know what effect they produce on the enemy, but I know that they frighten *me*," he expressed what I very strongly feel about these small boys of politics—they fill me with fear and misgiving. The numbers of such men assuming airs of statecraft, talking of great questions, and identifying themselves and their small natures with measures of moment, has the same effect in political life as the great issue of a depreciated paper currency has in finance. These are the greenbacks of public life; and as a general election is approaching, let me caution constituencies against making them a legal tender, or even for a moment supposing they are good as gold.

CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONISTS.

In common with others of my countrymen who live much abroad, I have often had to deplore the unfair estimate of England that must be made by commenting on the singular specimens of man and woman-hood that fill the railroad trains, crowd the steamboats, and deluge the hotels of the Continent. How often have I had to assure inquiring foreigners that these people were not the *élite* of our nation! With what pains have I impressed upon them that these men and women represent habits and ways and modes of thought which a stranger might travel England in its length and breadth without once encountering, and that to predicate English life from such examples would be a grievous injustice!

This evil, however, has now developed itself in a form of exaggeration for which I was in no way prepared. It seems that some enterprising and unscrupulous man

has devised the project of conducting some forty or fifty persons, irrespective of age or sex, from London to Naples and back for a fixed sum. He contracts to carry them, feed them, lodge them, and amuse them. They are to be found in diet, theatricals, sculpture, carved-wood, frescoes, washing, and roulette. In a word, they are to be "done for" in the most complete manner, and nothing called for on their part but a payment of so many pounds sterling, and all the details of the road or the inn, the playhouse, the gallery, or the museum, will be carefully attended to by this providential personage, whose name assuredly ought to be Barnum!

When I read the scheme first in a newspaper advertisement I caught at the hope that the speculation would break down. I assured myself that, though two or three unhappy and misguided creatures, destitute of friends and advisers, might be found to embrace such an offer,

there would not be any real class from which such recruiting could be drawn. I imagined, besides, that the characteristic independence of Englishmen would revolt against a plan that reduces the traveller to the level of his trunk, and obliterates every trace and trait of the individual. I was all wrong: the thing has "taken"—the project is a success; and, as I write, the cities of Italy are deluged with droves of these creatures, for they never separate, and you see them, forty in number, pouring along a street with their director—now in front, now at the rear—circling around them like a sheep-dog—and really the process is as like herding as may be. I have already met three flocks, and anything so uncouth I never saw before,—the men, mostly elderly, dreary, sad-looking, evidently bored and tired—the women, somewhat younger, travel-tossed and crumpled, but intensely lively, wide-awake, and facetious. Indeed, to judge from the continual sparkle of the eye and the uneasy quiver of the mouth, one would say that they thought the Continent was a practical joke, and all foreigners as good fun as anything at Astley's. When foreigners first inquired of me what this strange invasion might mean—for there was a sort of vague suspicion it had some religious propaganda in the distance—I tried to turn off the investigation by some platitude about English eccentricity, and that passion for anything odd that marks our nation. Finding, however, that my explanation was received with distrust, I bethought me of what pretext I could frame as more plausible, and at last hit upon what I flatter myself was ingenious.

I took the most gossip-loving of my acquaintances aside, and under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which I well knew he would not keep, I told him that our Australian colonies had made such a rumpus of late about being made convict settlements, that we had adopted the

cheap expedient of sending our rogues abroad to the Continent, apparently as tourists; and that, being well dressed and well treated, the project found favour with the knaves, who, after a few weeks, took themselves off in various directions as taste or inclination suggested. In fact, said I, in less than ten days you'll not see three, perhaps, of that considerable party we met a while ago in the cathedral; and then that fussy little bald man that you remarked took such trouble about them will return to England for more.

I cannot describe the horror with which he heard me—the scheme outdid in perfidy all that he had believed even of "la perfide Albion;" but it was so like us, that much he must say. It was so selfish and so saving and so insolently contemptuous towards all foreign countries, as though the most degraded Englishman was still good enough company for the foreigner.

As I have since made a similar confidence to two others, my mind is relieved as to all the dire consequences of these invasions. Do not imagine that the remedy was too strong for the disease; far from it. I tell you deliberately it will be all but impossible to live abroad if these outpourings continue; for it is not merely that England swamps us with everything that is low-bred, vulgar, and ridiculous, but that these people, from the hour they set out, regard all foreign countries and their inhabitants as something in which they have a vested right. They have paid for the Continent as they paid for Cremorne, and they *will* have the worth of their money. They mean to eat it and drink it and junket it to the uttermost farthing. When the cutlet is overdone, or the cathedral disappoints them, it is not merely unsatisfactory—it is a "do"—a "sell"—a swindle—just as if the rockets would refuse to go up at Vauxhall, or the Catherine-wheels to play. Europe, in their eyes, is a great spectacle, like a show-piece at

Covent Garden; and it is theirs to criticise the performance and laugh at the performers at will.

Now, if we are not acquiring French and Italian, foreigners are learning English; and I must say the acquisition redounds to them in other ways than pleasure, for what mortifying and impertinent things do not these "drove Bulls" say of all and everything around them!

Is it without reason that I protest against these Barnumites who now crowd the *tables d'hôte* and fill the flacres, and whose great unmeaning looks of wonder and stolidity meet one at every corner?

What a blessing it was for our ministers and envoys abroad that the passport-system was abrogated before these people took to the road! Our legations abroad would otherwise be besieged like a union workhouse in a famine. One of the strangest peculiarities, too, of the vulgar Bull is his passion for talking what he believes to be French to his own minister or envoy on the Continent, whenever any accident may have brought them face to face.

One of our most distinguished diplomatists—a man whose reputation is now European—once told me that the ordinary work of his station was nothing compared with the worry, irritation, and annoyance he experienced from these people. He gave me an instance, too, and I rejoice to say that the victory did not, as is so often the case, lie with the Bore: "Vous êtes *Minister d'Angleterre*, I think," said a pompous-looking elderly Bull, who once made his way into a room where my friend was writing, with a boldness all his own. The Minister saw that he was a stranger, ignorant of the place and its ways, and asked him if he could do anything for his service.

"Oui, oui—j'ai besoin——"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting; but as I am an Englishman, and you I apprehend to be another, let us talk English."

"Oui, oui, je parle parfaitement."

"Pray, sir, say what is it you want in the vernacular."

"J'ai besoin, *passport*."

"For what place?"

"Je crois que j'irai——"

"Tell me, sir, the name of the place, and your own name."

"Moi? Je m'appelle Richard Govens; mais il y a Madame Govens, trois Mademoiselles Govens, Monsieur Jacques et Joseph Govens, and le tuteur."

"There—there, sir,—you said Aix-la-Chapelle; do me the favour now to leave me to my own occupations. No—nothing to pay; good-morning."

No; he was not to be got rid of thus easily, for he continued in the same vile jargon to explain that he was familiar with foreign usages, and long habituated to travel abroad; and it was only by the employment of very energetic language that my friend ultimately persuaded him to withdraw and go about his business.

Three days after this dreary interview, however, there came to the Minister a long letter, dated Aix-la-Chapelle, and written in that strange tongue the writer imagined to be French. It was evidently a demand for some service to be rendered—some favour to be accorded—but so mysteriously veiled was the request in the complexity of the style, that my friend was totally unable to ascertain what had been asked of him. His reply, therefore, acknowledged the receipt of the epistle, and his inability to comprehend it. "I perceive, sir," continued he, "dimly and indistinctly indeed, that you wish me to do something for you, though what that something may be, the language of your request has totally obscured. I render you, however, the only service that appears to lie at my hands. I have corrected twenty-eight mistakes in the spelling, and seventeen in the grammar of your letter, which I now enclose, and have the honour to be," &c.

Though the pretentious tone of certain public speakers and occasional newspaper articles may deny it, the truth is, England has lost much of the influence she once possessed over Continental peoples. I know there are many ready to declare that they do not regret this. I am aware that the non-intervention policy has begotten a race of men who say, We want to trade with the foreigner, not to influence him. Let him buy our cottons and our cutlery, and we will not ask him to believe England a great country and its alliance a safeguard. I shall not contest these theses. I know enough of life never to dispute with people who are not mainly of my own opinion; but I go back to what I have asserted as a fact, that England no longer holds the high place she once held in the estimation of all nations of Europe; and equally advisedly do I say, that a great deal of the depreciation we have incurred is owing to the sort of people who come abroad, and are deemed by foreigners to represent us.

We have all of us heard in what disrepute certain woollen fabrics of ours were held in foreign markets a few years ago, because some unprincipled manufacturers deluged the Continent with ill-woven, ill-dyed cloths, so that the word English, which was once the guarantee for goodness, became the stamp of an inferior and depreciated article. So has it been with our travellers. These devil's-dust tourists have

spread over Europe, injuring our credit and damaging our character. Their crass ignorance is the very smallest of their sins. It is their overbearing insolence, their purse-strong insistence, their absurd pretension to be in a place abroad that they had never dreamed of aspiring to at home,—all these claims suggesting to the mind of the foreigner that he is in the presence of very distinguished and exalted representatives of Great Britain!

As long as it was open to one to deal with individual cases, he could talk of "oddity," "eccentricity," "strange specimens," and the like; but now they came in droves: what is to be done? Europe may turn on us one day on account of these "Raiders," as America is well disposed to do at this moment. Foreigners may say, "We desire to be able to pray in our churches, to hear in our theatres, to dine in our restaurants, but your people will not permit us. They come over, not in twos and threes, but in scores and hundreds, to stare and to laugh at us. They deride our church ceremonies, they ridicule our cookery, they criticise our dress, and they barbarise our language. How long are we to be patient under these endurance?"

Take my word for it, if these excursionists go on, nothing short of another war and another Wellington will ever place us where we once were in the estimation of Europe.

ITALIAN FINANCIAL POLICY.

When M'Guppy remonstrates with his friend for going to live at Whitechapel for economy, and astutely asks, What's the use of living cheap when one has nothing? he was enunciating the great guiding principle of Italian finance.

Here is a country immensely taxed, with an empty treasury, an enormous army, a costly fleet, her home resources undeveloped, her

foreign credit a nullity, launching forth into the most extravagant expenditure on public works, and engaging in undertakings of a magnitude that few English ministers would have the hardihood to propose to a British House of Commons.

With a deficit annually of eight millions sterling, and her Five per Cents vacillating between 65 and 66,

Italy contemplates the possibility of a great war with Austria, and prepares for the eventuality by a most wasteful and reckless expenditure.

In the old days of misgovernment taxation was low. One reason was, that the cost of protection fell upon the protector; and if Austria bullied, she paid. There was little liberty, to be sure, but it cost little; and one must know the Italians to understand how thoroughly they could appreciate a life of indolence that secured a number of small economies and little to think of.

With great ambitions came great outlay. Italy wanted to be a European Power, and she will have to pay for it.

The retrenchments that men expected after the conclusion of the war were rendered impossible to effect by the condition of the southern provinces. Calabria entailed a campaign, and the employment of from sixty to eighty thousand soldiers. Sicily was restless and discontented. She had never been called on by the conscription before, and submitted with an ill grace to this first demand of Italian unity. There was a widespread pauperism over the country generally, and little demand for labour; and there was at the same time that most painful of all the symptoms of an awakened nationality—a universal looking to Government to provide remedies for every grievance and every shortcoming.

None of the wants of the new kingdom cried more piteously for aid than the demand for education. There were certainly cares enough to have employed the most active hands and heads; difficulties, too, to have taxed the most consummate skill in statecraft; and along with these, mingled up and blended with each and all of them, was the greater difficulty, that the Government was obliged to popularise itself in the very crisis of the pressure. It was in the position of

a candidate, who had all but ruined himself in a successful contest, being called on to feast his electors after the close of the poll.

The great public works were in reality little else than electioneering tactics. They were so many grants of public money to distant localities, whose discontent made conciliation a wise policy towards them.

It was necessary to satisfy the grumblers, and hence fabulous prices were given for worthless plots of ground; ruinous old houses were bought at the cost of palaces; and the most exorbitant demands were made and complied with for properties whose value was calculated on the presumed completion of the very undertakings for which they were purchased. Speculation had used to be a secret practice; it now walked at large and in the noonday. With corruption so general, who could be the accuser? Could the Minister who pocketed a hundred thousand francs by a coal contract arraign the wretched subordinate who secreted a few hundreds by false tallies?

Such things, of course, occur everywhere; here the *novitas regni* made them simply more frequent.

The immense number of Government *employés* suddenly thrown upon the State from the Duchies and the Romagna became an intolerable burden.

In small states the whole business of life is conducted cheaply. They are like the humble families of social life, who spend next to nothing in "representation." The men who serve these Governments suffer no loss of station, no impairment of their just influence, that they live on small means and practise strict economies. The habits of the small capital they belong to are their standards. Linked, however, to the fortunes of a large kingdom, with higher ambitions and more pretentious expenditure, these men are driven to compare their own positions with those of

their richer compeers, and the chief judge or prefect of Parma is unwilling to accept a status inferior to that of his colleague at Milan or Genoa.

As to the professors, their name is legion. Many of the lecture-rooms in the universities are never entered by a student; and more than once have I heard that, if a census were to be taken, it would be found that for each matriculated student in Italy three professors have been provided and paid for by the State.

In this, as in everything else, unification has been a costly process. The absorption of so many small households into one great establishment pictures the case exactly. Tuscany had her little retinue, so had Parma and Modena, and so, too, had the Romagna. All these had to be taken into the service of the State, and, what was still more difficult, to be pacified and satisfied.

To make the new kingdom popular was a costly proceeding, but there was no help for it. Italy was in the position of the famished dog, driven to eat an inch of his own tail to support existence.

Like one of those great commercial undertakings which, to secure success, must at once declare a high dividend, Italy had to start on her course with a fictitious prosperity, and declare her "shares were at a premium."

"The populations must be contented." Adhesions to the new order of things must be accomplished by the strong ties of personal interest. Men must be able to vouch for public prosperity by the safe gauge of their own success, and say, "Italy is doing well because I am."

This policy was a leaf from the Imperial note-book. The Italians saw how craftily the French Emperor had pushed the credit of France into the position of capital, and by mere encouragement engaged the great energies of that wonderful

people; but there are not here either the enterprise or the energy of Frenchmen, nor is there at Turin that wise direction and skilful guidance which prevail at the Tuileries.

Another difficulty of Italian undertakings was the grand scale on which they were projected. The question never was, "What does Italy require?" but, "What will she require when Rome is her capital—when railroads will connect her cities of Genoa, Naples, and Venice—when her population will count nigh thirty millions—her standing army be four hundred thousand—her navy be the equal if not the superior of that of France?" Take the projected arsenal of Spezia, for instance. Examine its details and its plan, and say, would not such an undertaking be deemed colossal even for resources as rich as those of France and England? To convert a gulf of about nine miles in depth and some four or five in width into a naval depot is the idea. To make of a harbour that could hold all the navies of Europe and give them space enough to manœuvre, a dock, is the present project—to insure whose safety on the land side it will be necessary to fortify a line of more than thirty miles in extent, and secure, by works of considerable strength, a vast number of mountain passes.

This immense harbour has not alone to be fenced round and protected. Ships of the line, heavy iron-clads, and great frigates are to float where there is not now water for a cock-boat. Slips are to stand where granite cliffs now frown, and graving-docks are to be fashioned out of marble quarries. Such are the enormous difficulties to be undertaken, that the enumeration of them reads less like a reasonable project than one of those legendary stories in which a certain work was confided to the "Evil one" as a sure means of keeping him employed for centuries, if not indefinitely.

Nor least of all amongst the difficulties, these works are to be

undertaken by men who have had no experience whatever of great public works; who never saw a dock or a breakwater; and who are as totally unacquainted with the details of directing as they are ignorant of all that regards the organisation of labour.

The Gulf of Spezia—not unlike, but much larger than, the Bay of Weymouth—is indented on every side by bays more or less deep, some of them admirably sheltered, and with water deep enough for a line-of-battle ship to lie close to the very rocks. Of these, more than one would have been well adapted for the site of an arsenal fully capable of holding one hundred and fifty ships, and with every advantage which security and good anchorage can confer. Varignano, now well known to the world as the place of Garibaldi's imprisonment, is such. There there is a harbour made by nature, girt around by mountains that protect it from the north-west and westerly gales, on the extremity of a peninsula to fortify which against land attack would be the easiest thing possible, and with a sufficient coast space to contain such public buildings and stores as would be required—a space at present occupied by a town of two thousand inhabi-

tants. An English engineer of the first rank in his profession declared Varignano to be the most perfect harbour of nature's making he had ever seen, and capable, by a moderate outlay, of being made one of the strongest naval stations in the world. It was not, however, immense enough for a people who have already imagined themselves masters of the Mediterranean and sole owners of the commerce with the Levant—whose word is to be law within the Straits of Gibraltar, and whose flag is to float supreme over the tideless sea. They must have Spezia. Spezia as a naval station reads like a prairie for a review-ground!—a vast savannah for a field-day! What navy, what fleet, could possibly be commensurate with such a station! They talk of a contract for sixty iron frigates! Sixty? Great as the number is, it ought to be six hundred. And all this, as I said a while ago, with a deficient exchequer and a depreciated credit. If they be really serious in what they are projecting—if they are honestly in earnest as to these great undertakings—is it not because, like M'Guppy, they feel there is "no use in economy when one has got nothing"?

A WORD FOR AN ILL-USED CLASS.

"Give a dog a bad name" was never more forcibly illustrated than by the manner in which the world regards what is called tuft-hunting. Now tuft-hunting, like usury, has got into disfavour entirely by the class of men who have adopted it as a career instead of accepting it as an accident of their station. The ancient Parasite was very little more or less than a modern diner-out: he was a gentleman of parts and ability, with great adaptiveness and consummate tact; he was an admirable talker, and, what is far rarer, a finished listener. He was not as rich as the great man to whose fortunes he attached him-

self, but in every other respect he was infinitely his superior. His task in life was a difficult one. It was not merely to exercise his mental gifts and display his acquirements for the pleasure and instruction of his host and his friends, but so to merge his individuality in his accomplishments, that nothing of the man remained but what was amusing or interesting.

If I had lived in those days, and been rich enough to do it, I should have surrounded myself with these creatures. I'd have had them of every fashion and age and complexion. I cannot imagine a pleasanter

exercise of wealth than to create about one an atmosphere of wit, sound sense, knowledge of life, and refined taste—all dashed with that humorous appreciation of humanity, in its varied aspects, which is the quality of all others that makes a man truly companionable. I believe the Greeks understood this thoroughly, and I take it that they are not more our masters in marble than in the wonderful perfection to which they elevated tuft-hunting.

Instead, therefore, of discouraging the practice—ridiculing its use and decrying its habit—I would like, if I could, to restore it to its ancient dignity, and install it where it ought to be, amongst the fine arts. First of all, no man can possibly be a proficient in the art who is not very considerably and very variously gifted. The tuft-hunter—I hate the word, but I have no other—is essentially a man highly accomplished; but he is, besides, a man of emergencies. It is not alone that he must do each thing a little better than any one else, but he must be ready to do it at any moment he may be called on. While, in the exercise of his judgment, he must be prepared to be witty; and under the dreariest inflection of listening to a prosier, he must be ready to recover himself and display his faculties in all their brightness.

Wide as is his knowledge, it is not one half so wide as his sympathy. He sympathises with my lord and my lady, and with my lord's friend and my lady's admirer, and with the eldest son and all the daughters, and occasionally, of a morning in the garden with the governess, and always with the head groom, and very often with the gardener; he sympathises with the butler and the gamekeeper, and he has even a little sympathy for the chaplain, who loves it much, and fancies it means promotion.

Now, your real tuft-hunter—your man who aspires to the high honour of the "caste"—is not to be

confounded with one of those useful but humble followers who secure boxes at the opera or take seaside lodgings for the children after the measles; he is no "grand utility" to cheapen china and hire a wet-nurse; he is simply a man who, having qualities to secure a great career in life, is too self-indulgent and too indolent to exercise them, except for amusement, and who consents to merge certain things that are not very palatable to him in his pursuit of an existence which shall afford him many of the enjoyments that wealth provides, and one thing which he values still more—a splendid arena for his personal display. There is no saying what thousands of promising men—men with the seeds of great things in them—have fallen from virtue through the fascination of a society in which they shone! How is that fellow of "infinite humour," he who sets the table in a roar, to forego the ecstasy of his triumph, and go up to his room and work! Do you expect that the wit who enlivened your dull dinner, or the graceful narrator who charmed your company, leaves you at midnight to sit down to Term Reports or Crown cases reserved? But for him what would have been your turtle and your truffles, your blackcock and your burgundy? You know in your heart that your guests would have growled away over their dreary dinner in a spirit that almost anticipated indigestion, and yet for him you have no milder name, at least when you talk of your neighbour's adjunct, than Tuft-hunter!

Has it never occurred to you that, if you were the poor man and he the rich one, it is ten thousand to one if you ever met or dined at the same table? Has it ever struck you that all the gold plate on your sideboard never shone with the brilliancy of his wit, or that, even in the blundering way you told it, his smallest jest has made you a "success" for the week

after you learned it? Have you never found out that you yourself derived from his presence a *verve* and a geniality that Maraschino or Curaçoa couldn't give you? and do you not know in your heart why your house is called pleasant and your dinners delightful?

In the lavish exuberance of his great resources, he goes on giving you day by day what might make him great, rich, honoured, and courted! You may imagine you are his entertainer, while you have supplied nothing but the grossest part of the feast. What you have really given him is the arena whereon to display his strength and exercise his activity, and for this he is grateful to you, for he likes the pastime even better than you do.

You are the host, but *he* is the entertainer of your company. It is you who feed, but it is he who charms, delights, and transports them. The "Patrons" know it, they feel it, they recognise in themselves stores of appreciation they never knew of before; and, after an hour or two of Olympian enjoyment, they jog homeward trying to recall his witty rejoinders and his "apropos," and to make themselves illustrious in some remote sphere where he has never been heard of.

We are constantly told that the great business of the State is not carried on by mighty ministers and right honourable secretaries, but by a number of rather saturnine-looking men, of expressions compounded of sternness and submission, who may be met crossing the Green Park every morning at eleven and seen coming back by six or seven o'clock. These, we are told, are the wheel-horses who do all the work, leaving the leaders to show the way and display their grand action. Now, I am certain that the great pleasure of nearly every house in the dinner-giving world depends on men whose names figure on no door-plates, who are not assessed to large figures in the municipal rates, and who might be traced at a late

hour of night to very small habitations about St. James's Street.

Think what dismay there would be in Downing Street if all the heads of departments struck work and held out for some exorbitant conditions of one sort or another. There would be a dire confusion there is no doubt; for though some of the minor priests might be able to say mass as well as the dignitaries, the ministers and right honourable secretaries accustomed to Mr. T. and Mr. R. wouldn't believe it, and the public business would stand still. And now fancy what would become of a London season if the whole tuft-hunting profession were to declare with one voice, "We'll not amuse you any more. Never a story, never a *mot*, so much as a pun, shall you have at any price. We are an ill-used class; and until you come to recognise our true claims, and show yourselves disposed to accord us what we feel to be our right, we shall stand out to the last. You imagine you can coerce us by denying us your venison and grouse; some of us have tried mutton, and actually liked it. We hear daily of different sorts of food that will support life, so don't imagine that we are to be starved into compliance."

There must be something intensely natural in the human parasite, or we should not see him as we do, in every rank and class and condition of society. Like the "*pallida Mors*" of the satirist, they knock alike at the palace and the cottage. They solace the ennui of the bishop, they amuse the retirement of the beadle. Indeed, so far as my own experience goes, I think I have never seen anything so near perfection as the episcopal parasite. Not taking vegetable life as the type of his vocation—like some inferior artists, who are content to wind themselves like ivy around their patron oak—these men seek their inspirations in the animal kingdom, and act as the jackal to the lion.

How I recall one of these going forth to hunt out the prey for his master, beating every cover, scouring every thicket, well knowing the sort of game he can bring down; and even in some cases—like certain courtiers we have heard of—hamstringing the deer that he may be more easily shot; and how I see again before me the episcopal sportsman with his gun at full cock, and ready for the signal to fire. And what showers of applause have followed the explosion. "What wit, what readiness!" exclaim they; "never at a loss! You heard what his Grace said to —." At such displays as these—I have assisted at more than one of them—it is the jackal I have admired far more than the lion; the restless activity to scent out the game, converted, the instant after discovery, into perfect indifference. To see him you would say he was a chance passer, a careless spectator, who had happened to come that way. To insure a high success, he must cut off all complicity with his chief. Having given the cue as the prompter, he must hasten before the foot-lights and appear as public. These are high gifts, let me tell you. No wonder that

the men who possess them become archdeacons.

Kings have their courtiers—great lords their followers; but no men are so admirably served by their parasites as the bishops. They take to their calling, too, with such a zest, such a hearty will. Their admiration for his Grace has a false air of piety about it—it is so suave, so deferential, so full of homage.

What sorry practitioners lords-in-waiting and equerries look after these men! what inferior talents do they bring to their calling!

More than once in a glorious reverie have I caught myself imagining I was a bishop, and had a chaplain in-waiting to stimulate me to note, and to record, and circulate my drolleries.

Were it only for the sake of these men, I am sorry when I hear a sneer against parasites. Let us remember that but for the drooping branches of the acanthus, itself a parasite, we should never have had the tasteful beauty of the Corinthian capital; and let us bear in mind what a comfort the oak must be to the ivy, and that if the tree be a true monarch of the woods, there will be a height where the creeper has never soared to, nor can ever come.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GLADSTONE, M.P.

PART I.

THE family from which Mr. Gladstone derives his descent can lay no claim to ancestral dignity or historic renown. His father, a Scotchman, sprung from the middle class of society, came to Liverpool in early life, and by steady application to business, amassed there a large fortune with a character altogether irreproachable. This is not to be done, even in our commercial country, except by the exercise of talents of a superior order. Of these Mr. Gladstone was possessed; and being enterprising and intelligent as well as clever, he deserved the success which attended his mercantile speculations. But he was more than this: he was a man consistent in his opinions—a steady supporter, in troublesome times, of the cause of order and good government; and when, by-and-by, he made his way into the House of Commons, his vote could always be calculated upon for the advancement of measures favourable to the support of a constitutional monarchy. The consequence was, his advancement late in life to the dignity of a baronetage, which, together with a good estate in Forfarshire, purchased with money honourably acquired, he bequeathed to his eldest son—a Tory like himself. The birthplace of the subject of this sketch was Liverpool—the time, 1809; and, from the first dawn of his intellect, he is said to have exhibited more than a foreshadowing of the moral and intellectual qualities by which he is now distinguished. Amiable and loving, he had from the outset an irritable temper, with no small amount of obstinacy. He cared little for the ordinary sports of children, though he would mix in them when the occasion required. His great delight was in

books, which he devoured; and as generally happens in such cases, devoured in the most desultory manner. ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ ‘Plutarch’s Lives,’ ‘Scott’s Novels,’ and the ‘Arabian Nights,’ equally delighted him; and Hume and Robertson, then the standard historians of his own country, he had mastered long before boys in general think of inquiring what history is. He was addicted, likewise, to a habit common enough among clever children, of scribbling both in prose and verse; but that which took him out of the common category was the astonishing command which he seemed to possess of language, especially in speaking. William Gladstone, we are assured, was at seven years of age very much in this respect what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is now; he could defend a position or press a point with such a flow and multiplicity of words as amused not less than it astonished and puzzled the listener. “He was born,” says one of his greatest admirers, “an orator.”

His father, determined to give him a liberal education, sent him to Eton, through which he passed with great *eclat*. A popular boy it can scarcely be said that he ever was. Though neither reserved nor cold, he kept much aloof from the sports which find most favour at our public schools; and partly on that account, partly through the infirmities of his temper, he failed to command that enthusiastic devotion which schoolboys render to such of their companions as show something of the Admirable Crichton in their idiosyncrasies. Yet all respected, and his own set greatly loved him. He never got into scrapes; he was foremost at every lesson; he was always ready

to help duller boys, and did it with the best possible grace. Prizes came in upon him thick and fast; and by-and-by, when he removed to Oxford, there was not a master or pupil capable of forming a judgment in the case who did not prognosticate that William Gladstone would carry all before him—first at the University, and afterwards in that arena of public life to which it was understood that he looked forward.

The prognostications of his schoolfellows were soon, so far as Oxford was concerned, fulfilled to the letter. At the College lectures he showed himself on all occasions *facile princeps*. In the Union, to which he was immediately admitted, he took at once a prominent part. A frequent, we might have said a constant speaker, he always spoke well, and in the same style of oratory which is still so peculiarly his own. It is true that in the Union, not less than in the House of Commons, impulsiveness and temper would often lead to his committing himself; but in the Union mistakes of this kind did him no harm. The dexterity with which he got out of a dilemma, or the skill with which he defended a false position, won for him the applause of opponents as well as supporters. In the adroitness with which the blunder was handled, the blunder itself was forgotten. To a man of his peculiar temperament this was a great snare. It encouraged the disposition naturally inherent in him to dogmatise, and got him into a habit of arguing against his own convictions rather than abandon ground which, in a moment of excitement, he might have taken up.

That Gladstone should win in the schools the highest honours which the University could bestow, was not more than his established reputation as an undergraduate led all men to expect. There was no surprise, therefore, anywhere, though in his own circle there was hearty

rejoicing, when, in Michaelmas term 1831, he came out a double-first. And his own circle comprised a set of men, not one of whom can be spoken of, so far as regards talent and private worth, otherwise than with respect. His chief associates in Christchurch seem to have been the late Marquess of Dalhousie, the late Lord Canning, the late Duke of Newcastle, and the Right Honourable N. T. Corrie. The Duke of Somerset, the late Earl of Carlisle, the Earls of Malmesbury, Stanhope, and Shaftesbury, and Mr. Stuart Wortley, were likewise among his contemporaries. We never heard that his intimacy with these gentlemen was at any time very close, but outside the College walls he had friends to whom his entire confidence was given. Such were Mr. Sidney Herbert of Oriel, Mr. Hobhouse of Balliol, and many more of like tastes and opinions.

And this brings us to notice a phase in Mr. Gladstone's career, of which the influence, though strangely blended with other influences, has gone a great way to form in him that remarkable inconsistency of character which we shall have occasion by-and-by to point out. The whole term of his undergraduate life was one of violent excitement in Church and State. As regards the Church—dormant for more than a century subsequently to the Revolution, and roused at last to vague action by the spread of what were called Evangelical opinions—she found herself, amid the agitation which preceded and accompanied the grand crises of 1827, '28, '29, and '30, in no little danger of losing altogether her hold upon the affections of the people. Excellent men in their private lives as the originators of the Evangelical movement were, they had allowed feeling and sentiment too much to run away with them. In their indignation at the supineness and secular lives of many of the clergy, they threw

upon the system of the Church itself the blame which belonged of right only to some of its ministers. Finding little or no response among their brethren to the appeals which they made for a better order of things, they turned in an evil hour to the Dissenters. It was an ill-considered and unfortunate act, and led to such results as were never contemplated at the outset. By little and little the opinion gained ground that between the Church and other Protestant bodies in this country there are no essential differences; that neither the great Founder of Christianity, nor His immediate followers, had given to the society which they gathered out of the world any specific constitution; and that true catholicity consists in the mere acceptance, no matter under what form of words expressed, of certain opinions which recommend themselves to men of warm feelings and ardent imaginations. Hence the forwardness of the leaders of that movement to make common cause with all who thought as they did on the subject of the "new birth," of "effectual calling," and the "perseverance of the saints." And hence the accumulation of societies avowedly religious, where, on the same platform, and with the same assumption of authority, spoke the rector of the parish, the Wesleyan minister, the Baptist preacher, and now and then, as in the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Unitarian minister himself. It is not for us to say how far such an order of things was either consistent with the dogmatic teaching of the Church of England, or safe as regards the Church's relations with the State, even in quiet times; but when times of trouble came, and men began to call in question every principle which their fathers had accepted—when established institutions were carped at and condemned because they were old, and change became the fashion of the day—then was it made manifest

enough, that whatever else of good, the Evangelical clergy might have accomplished, they had done nothing towards confirming the great body of their people in loyalty and devotion to the Church as by law established. On the contrary, the people, systematically taught to think lightly of the differences in a religious point of view between the Church and Evangelical dissent were ill prepared to dispute the reasoning of those who required that all denominations should be placed on the same political level, and came by-and-by to accept it as an axiom, that the Church as by law established is a public burden. It followed, as a matter of course, upon this state of public opinion, that Dissenters should find among many professing Churchmen champions of their demand to be relieved from the payment of church-rates, and not a few who were willing to confiscate the tithes themselves, in order to create out of them a fund by which the teachers of all religious denominations might alike be remunerated. Now, let us not be misunderstood. We are far from desiring to insinuate that the Evangelical clergy, either forty years ago or now, entertained, or now entertain, opinions so wild as these, far less that they sought to impress them upon others. But the leading Evangelicals of the present day must be of duller intellect than we take them to be, if they are not by this time convinced that the habit of fraternising with Dissenters, from which we are glad to find that they are now withdrawing, could lead to no other results than those which we now see around us.

It is well for them and for England at large that the founders of their school proved less influential than they desired to be. For if you once persuade a whole people to believe that one religious denomination is as good as another—that the sacraments, for example, are as valid when administered in

a Wesleyan chapel as in a parish church, and that the Wesleyan or Baptist minister has the same authority as the rector to dispense these sacraments and to preach — then you will find it no easy matter to defend, on purely political grounds, such an institution as the Established Church of England, or to assign any reason why on it, as well as on the electoral system of the empire, the hand of a radical reform should not be laid.

It was well for the Church, and, let us add, for the State of England, that the Evangelical movement did not everywhere prevail. A large ascendancy it doubtless achieved, which the open resistance of the high-and-dry orthodox party rather augmented than restrained. But all the orthodox among the clergy were not high and dry; and of the prelates not a few set themselves, between 1818 and 1827, to enforce in their respective dioceses at least decorum and the outward appearance of zeal. Conspicuous among these was Bishop Blomfield, whose exertions in the diocese of Chester cannot be too much commended, and who, being removed to London, continued to work there with all the vigour and something of the specialty of a steam-engine. Neither he nor his admirers, however, touched the core of the matter. They built material churches; they caused rectors and curates to serve these churches with regularity; they made no attempt to bring before the people, in an intelligible form, the claims of the Church itself apart from its connection with the State on their reverence and affection. It remained for a different class of persons — a knot of earnest, thoughtful, and disinterested men, themselves filling no conspicuous place, except in the intellectual society of Oxford — to begin this work. And had there been among them more of sound judgment with less of excitability and imagination, without doubt the work would have prospered in

their hands, and attained to a glorious issue.

Mr. Gladstone entered Christchurch at a time when what has since been called the Oxford movement was just beginning. It had taken then no very definite shape; indeed its originators and promoters, though impressed with the necessity of action, were as yet at a loss how to begin, and at what result to aim. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts had startled them. Not that the measure was looked upon either with absolute disfavour or the reverse. On the one hand they saw in it the overthrow of a fiction which had hitherto reconciled them, at least in part, to the Erastianism which prevailed in the Church. It was impossible, after the repeal of these laws, to speak of Parliament any longer as a Church synod, and this galled them. But, on the other hand, it was a relief to get rid of laws which for so many years had prostituted the most solemn mysteries of their faith by making them the touchstone of men's political opinions. Then followed the Catholic Relief Bill—a measure to which in itself most of them were favourable, but with which, because of the way in which it was carried, they one and all avowed their dissatisfaction. The consequence was, that when Peel again proposed himself to represent the University in Parliament, he was rejected by a large majority of voters—and that the majority was swelled by not a few of those who, while the question was still in abeyance, had repeatedly in convocation spoken and voted in favour of repeal. So strangely agitated at that period were Churchmen's minds. The ground on which their fathers had stood for a century and a half seemed, so far as ecclesiastical matters were concerned, to be slipping from beneath them. And when they looked further into the political and social condition of the empire, they felt like men gazing into chaos.

It would be out of place to detail here the process by which this state of things was in the political world brought about. The return of peace, after a protracted and desperate war, and the non-arrival of those blessings which peace is assumed to carry on her wings, led men, not all of them qualified for the task, to inquire into the causes of their own disappointment; and the Constitution was blamed for evils which were either unavoidable, or arose out of the mistakes of public men appointed to administer the Constitution. Parliamentary reform became, in consequence, the watchword of the Whigs, and all who were suffering or discontented in the country responded to it. But the crisis passed gradually away, and with the return of remunerative employment in the manufacturing districts and at the seaports, the desire among the great body of the people for radical change died out. Had the statesmen who then guided the councils of the Sovereign been but wise in their generation and united among themselves, the course of events would have doubtless run in a channel very different from that into which it soon fell. Unfortunately, however, such was not the case. Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, composed of elements the most discordant, was eminently calculated to pave the way for any convulsions which the reckless party-spirit of their rivals might precipitate. One section of that Cabinet would listen to no suggestions of change in any form; another pressed too eagerly for change in everything; a third, labouring to mediate between the two, barely succeeded in keeping the machine from falling to pieces. It is in such situations that personal ambition finds a ready field on which to work, and of personal ambition in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet there was no lack. At last came the crash: Lord Liverpool died—Mr. Canning intrigued for the Premiership, and won it.

The Tory party became divided, and all that followed—the passing of measures, in themselves perhaps necessary, but so mismanaged as to disgust and disappoint everybody—the attempt at coalitions and reconciliations which failed, and could not but fail—the anger and mistrust of old friends, the absolute unreliability of new—all these things came about as a matter of course, and produced their inevitable results. When the three glorious days occurred in Paris, London was ripe for a similar catastrophe; and a shout which rang through the land for Parliamentary reform, lifted the Whigs into office.

Into the quiet groves of Oxford, amidst which Mr. Gladstone then wandered, the echoes of that wild cry made their way. Their influence upon masters and undergraduates alike was in accord with the idiosyncrasies of individuals. A minority, not destitute of talent and influence—for Whately was one of the band—heard them with delight. They were not blind to the consequences which would probably attend the success of the Reform movement. The Church in Ireland must be sacrificed, and the Church of England yield many points which they would have been glad to retain had their retention been possible. But, weighing the good against the evil, they were ready to surrender these things, and much more, rather than stay the progress of that freedom of opinion of which they had long been the advocates. The majority took a different view of the subject; and Keble, and Hawkins, and Newman, and their adherents, looked forward to days of trouble and anguish, through which it would be no easy matter to carry the Church at all. To this party Mr. Gladstone and his friends gave in their adhesion. They were regular attendants at St. Mary's when Newman preached. They received with willing minds the teaching which invited them to look to antiquity as

the only true exponent of the faith and doctrines of their Church. They devoured the 'Christian Year,' and learned from it more and more to reverence a society the principles of which are there so beautifully enunciated. It became also among them a settled conviction that Church and State ought not to be separated; that civil government cannot rightly go on in dissociation from religious government; and that a nation, to be religious, must, so far as its public acts are concerned, connect itself with only one definite form of religion, however liberal it may be in extending the benefits of toleration to others. Of these views some nine or ten years later Mr. Gladstone gave to the world his own exposition in a treatise which, however obscure its phraseology may be, and, looking to the position of the writer at the time, however unguarded, cannot, as a whole, fail to impress all who give to it the attention which it deserves, with a high sense of the ability and earnestness of the writer. Whether or not he would have been induced to modify these views had his University career been protracted a few years longer, we cannot pretend to guess. But he quitted Oxford before the authors of the 'Tracts for the Times' had begun to ride their hobby to death, and escaped thereby the temptation to throw in his lot absolutely with a body of men, of whom it would be hard to say whether they did more good or harm to a cause which they began by advocating judiciously and honestly, and ended, in more than one instance at least, by miserably betraying.

We have no concern with the manner in which Mr. Gladstone may have spent his time during the interval which elapsed between his removal from Oxford and his entrance upon public life. Doubtless he watched with anxiety, as men of all shades of political opinion did, the death-struggle of parties which went on all the while in and out

of Parliament. It is more than probable that, young as he was, he began already to consider the line which, when called upon to take part in the strife raging round him, it would be judicious to adopt. But however this may be, the high reputation which he had acquired at Oxford, and the estimation in which his father was held, fixed upon him at once the attention of the Tory leaders; and at the dissolution in 1832 he was invited to stand, and on the Newcastle interest was returned, for the borough of Newark. From that moment his name, his conduct, his pretensions, became public property; and as public property, avoiding as much as possible every approach to criticism on his private character and opinions, we propose in this article to deal with him.

Mr. Gladstone took his seat on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons at a period of great depression and much anxiety to all who understood and valued England's greatness and the causes of it. The Reform Bill had swept away the old landmarks of the Constitution as it had existed for a century and a half. That mixed system of voting which used to insure, though indirectly, their proper influence in the Legislature to the poor as well as to the rich, to the low as well as to the high, appeared to be superseded by one which threw all power into the hands of a particular class, and that too, a class which was assumed to be the least friendly of the whole to the great institutions of the country. Men arrived at this conclusion from observing the class of persons whom the £10 householders of Great Britain and Ireland had sent to represent them in the reformed House of Commons. The majority were persons whose names had never been heard of before; the minority were known to be tinged, at least, with the principles of democracy. Now nobody suspected the Ministers, reckless as in

party-strife they had shown themselves to be, of deliberate hostility to the throne, the House of Lords, and the Church; but nobody could look across the House of Commons, and see by whom they were surrounded, without feeling that throne, House of Lords, and Church, were all in danger. The single question, therefore, which the leaders of the Opposition asked themselves was, How may this danger most effectually be averted? Was it desirable, was it even safe, to enter at once into a state of active party warfare? Would not this course, on the contrary, keep alive feelings which, as past experience had shown, were too powerful to be kept in check by the restraints of principle? On the other hand, by contenting themselves with watching narrowly the course of events—by exposing in debate the mistakes of Ministers, when they committed them, without going further—by supporting the Ministers against their own friends when they were right, and suffering small wrongs to pass rather than get rid of them by going to a division,—by following up this course systematically and steadily, time, it was hoped, might be afforded to the country to recover its senses; and the habit of paying obedience to the law, and the administrators of the law, might be reestablished. Such were the views of public affairs which presented themselves to Sir Robert Peel, now restored by acclamation to his old place as leader of the Conservative party. He looked at them carefully, and adopted his own line; and to the honour of the party be it remembered, that they to a man expressed their willingness to be guided by him, though even in this first session of the reformed Parliament there were many who would have been glad had his decision taken a bolder course.

It would be difficult to conceive a parliamentary training better calculated than this to develop and

confirm all the worst points in the political character of the distinguished man about whom we are now writing. Taken up by Peel, and admitted, as far as Peel could admit any one, to his confidence—lectured, directly and indirectly, on the wisdom of observing the signs of the times—taught to look at every question as it came before him through the medium of expediency rather than by the light of abstract truth—Mr. Gladstone could have hardly failed, had he begun public life without any natural bias at all, to become, under such skilful manipulation, a political sophist. But when we recollect what his natural disposition was—how prone he had been from childhood to refine, and reconsider, and divide—we see in all that has since come to pass only the sequence of effects upon causes—the inevitable building up, out of materials supplied by nature, and disposed and arranged by a very master in finesse, of the exact character which stands before us. Observe that we are speaking of Mr. Gladstone as a politician, not as a private member of society. As a private member of society, he may be incapable of holding that to be true to-day which he pronounced to be false yesterday. But as a politician, his best friends will admit that it is impossible to place the smallest reliance upon him, because he never speaks except with a view to the attainment of some immediate purpose—which purpose, to every eye except his own, is not unfrequently at variance with conclusions at which he had formerly arrived. But we are anticipating.

In the interval between his first return for Newark and his reselection consequent upon the dissolution of 1834, Mr. Gladstone took no prominent part in the management of public affairs. Never absent from his place, always ready with his votes, and voting on each occasion loyally with his party, he put a becoming restraint upon that *furor loquendi* which burnt within

him even then, and has since become irrepressible. A wise instinct told him, that members who begin too soon to aim at instructing the House rarely succeed in establishing a lasting influence over it; and he held his peace, except on two occasions, when attacks upon the moral character of his father called him up. Sir John being a landed proprietor in Demerara, was, like all West India proprietors in those days, a slaveowner, and charges were brought against him in the summer of 1833 of causing a severe mortality among his slaves by overworking. That calumny Mr. Gladstone rebutted, shortly indeed, but forcibly, speaking to the point, and speaking well. In the debates on larger questions he was content to be a listener, and to go out as often as divisions took place into the same lobby with his leader. He voted thus against the reduction of the Irish Episcopate, against the admission of Dissenters to the English Universities, and afterwards in favour of Lord Althorpe's proposal to transfer the burden of maintaining the fabrics of our churches to the land-tax. In this instance, by the by, he behaved with greater spirit than Peel, for Peel absented himself from the division. Again, when a bill was brought in for the admission of Jews into Parliament, he recorded his vote against the measure, as he did against the repeal of the Conventicle Act, which followed not long afterwards. But he never spoke. It was well understood, however, on the Opposition benches, that this silence was the result, not of lack of talent, but of modesty; and observing how straightforward he appeared to be, how fixed in principle, how wise in private discussion, others than Peel and his immediate disciples learned to regard Gladstone as destined to become, at no remote date, an able, as well as a consistent defender of the Constitution in Church and State.

It will be in the recollection of

our readers that the death of Earl Spencer, and the removal of Lord Althorpe to the House of Lords, gave William IV. the opportunity which he had long desired, of getting rid, in the autumn of 1833, of his Whig Ministers. Peel, recalled from Rome to put himself at the head of a new administration, found, to his regret, that the arrangements for a dissolution were complete, and that nothing remained for him except to play the cards which hands less skilful than his own had dealt. Among others, Gladstone went back to his constituents at Newark, who immediately re-elected him. He went back, however, no longer as a private person, but as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to which office the new Premier had appointed him; and being returned took his seat for the first time on that front bench, from which, whether as a member of an administration, or a leader in opposition, he was never again to be removed. He felt that now, young as he was, he had a right to claim the ear of the House, and his chief encouraged him to do so. He refrained, however, from taking part in minor discussions, reserving himself for what was the grand occasion of the session. When Lord John Russell brought forward his famous motion for applying what he called the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to secular purposes, Mr. Gladstone broke silence, and spoke with a power which, besides eliciting cheers from both sides of the House, won for him that which he valued much more—a flattering notice from the present head of the great Conservative party. The Earl of Derby, then Mr. Stanley, who had separated on this question from his old political associates, pronounced the speech of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies to be the most eloquent by far to which he had ever listened since his entrance into public life from so young a member.

The division on the Irish Temporalities Bill sent Peel back again

to the Opposition benches, and Gladstone went with him. He went with a reputation very considerably enhanced, because, short as his tenure of office had been, it was long enough to show that he possessed in no ordinary degree that power of application to business, without which no man may hope to attain to eminence either in public or private life; and the consciousness that he was so gifted seems never afterwards to have departed from him. It is said that as early as 1834 his thoughts had begun to dwell upon place and power, and the opportunity of instituting and going through with a policy of his own. Content, no doubt, he was to be numbered as yet among the adherents of one to whom the country had assigned, rightly or wrongly, the highest rank among her living statesmen; but already he aspired at becoming something more than a mere follower, even of Peel. He could suggest and advise as well as listen and assent. In particular, it was understood that upon Church questions he claimed the privilege of being allowed to think for himself, and on more than one occasion his divergence from the views of his chief was exhibited in a manner too characteristic to be misunderstood. For example, he resisted at every stage, and with all the eloquence of which he was master, the attempt to confiscate by Act of Parliament the property of the Irish Church. He took a different course when a bill for the reform of the English Church Establishment was introduced. The measure was, in point of fact, Peel's measure, the principle of which could scarcely be disputed by a member of the Administration which framed it; but Gladstone never uttered a word in its favour. Recording a silent vote for its introduction as a whole, he took his own line in the discussions to which it was subjected in detail. He objected to the indis-

criminate suppression of canonries, and denounced, as at once dangerous in principle, and dishonest in fact, the application of funds raised in one diocese to the augmentation of small benefices in another. There were those upon his own side of the House who marked these differences between him and Sir Robert Peel with approval. There were others who regarded them as mere evidences of a crotchety temper; and regretted that it should be there to mar a genius otherwise so brilliant, and to detract from the value of a reputation so important to the party.

Time passed, and the Whigs made use of it, as is well known, only more and more to lose their hold upon the confidence of the country. Everything to which they put their hands turned out to be a failure. They were in constant trouble with their own friends at home, and with all the powers of Europe and of Asia abroad. They could never manage to make the revenue balance the expenditure, though they added five per cent to the customs, and as much to the assessed taxes. They would listen to no proposal of levying an income-tax, and offered every opposition to Mr. Villiers's annual bill for the repeal of the corn-laws. And here it is worth while to notice, that Mr. Gladstone never spoke in opposition to Mr. Villiers's proposal, and more than once stayed away when the House divided against it. This was remarkably the case in May 1840, when the early break-up of the Whig Cabinet had begun to be counted upon; yet within one short month from that date, and again in May 1841, he not only voted, but spoke against the proposal of the Government to reduce the discriminating duties between colonial and foreign sugar. Let us not forget to add, that he took on that occasion the humanitarian line. He was no advocate for protection to domestic industry, at least on

that occasion, but he warned the House that the Government measure, if carried, would give a decided impulse to the slave-trade, and he protested against that.

Another noteworthy incident in Mr. Gladstone's career at this time can scarcely be passed by. In February 1840, Mr. Thomas Duncombe asked leave to bring in a bill for exempting Dissenters, on certain conditions, from the payment of church-rates. The conditions were, that persons going before a magistrate, and making a solemn declaration that they dissented from the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church, and desired on that account, and not because of mercenary considerations, to be freed from the payment of church-rates, should receive a certificate, the production of which would suffice to turn away the collector empty-handed from their doors. Whether these conditions appeared to Mr. Gladstone to be reasonable or otherwise we never heard, but this much is certain, that after carefully looking through Hansard, we can discover no trace of opposition on his part to the project, and that his name fails to appear in the division-list which that usually accurate publication has recorded.

Mr. Gladstone's conduct [in reference to these questions attracted no particular attention at the moment. The times were as yet unripe for the triumph of principles represented by Mr. Villiers on the one hand, and Mr. Thomas Duncombe on the other, and the absence of individual members from divisions about which nobody was anxious passed unheeded. We see things through a more trustworthy medium now. Mr. Gladstone, it is obvious, never built much upon that protective policy which was then the policy of his party. He might allow sentimentalism on the subject of the slave-trade to turn the scale in favour of the West Indian interests, but he seems already to have arrived at the conclusion that,

as a general rule, a policy of protection was an unwise policy, and that the sooner it could be departed from in this country, so far as corn and other interchangeable commodities were concerned, the better the results would be for the community at large. Indeed, we are disposed to go further. Mr. Gladstone, unless we deceive ourselves, was already coquetting with the idea, that a system of direct taxation is the only one which is suitable to the true interests of a state so rich and populous as England. Observe, we do not say that in 1840 he had accepted this theory as the right theory. It is doubtful whether even now belief on that head has settled down with him into conviction. But our readers know as well as we, that such opinions have long been entertained and inculcated by that Liverpool clique of which his brother Robertson is a distinguished member, and that Robertson Gladstone never hesitates in public or in private to affirm that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at heart one of themselves.

In 1841 the difficulties of Lord Melbourne's Administration attained their climax. A vote of want of confidence being proposed in June of that year, Ministers found themselves in a majority of one; and after huddling up as well as they could the current business of the session, they prorogued and dissolved the Parliament. The returns went dead against them. The new House met in August. An immediate trial of strength took place, and Ministers, being defeated by not less than ninety-one votes, at last gave in their resignation.

That Mr. Gladstone's views on fiscal and commercial questions were at this time generally in accord with those of Sir Robert Peel, was made manifest by his appointment in the new Administration to the important office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. A seat in the Cabinet could not as yet be

offered to him; that dignity was reserved for older statesmen, some of whom, because of their hold upon the original Tory party, others because of the new prestige which they brought with them, could not be excluded. But Gladstone was too valuable a man to be left out, and Peel, entertaining the designs which he gradually developed, did the wisest thing possible with the member for Newark, by sending him to the Board of Trade. The young statesman was free to scheme and excogitate there to his heart's content. His plans, when he had wrought them out, were all submitted, not to his own immediate chief, but to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister adopting them in their entirety, or modified, as the case might be, brought them before the Cabinet, and the Cabinet received them with far greater deference from his hands than they would have done had they come to them direct from a colleague as yet so little understood as the Vice-President of the Board of Trade. It is well known now that by this process Gladstone worked his way to the commanding position which, even in Sir Robert Peel's Administration, he ultimately attained. He served an apprenticeship of two years in nominal subordination to Lord Ripon, and then, on the retirement of that nobleman, was advanced to the Presidency of the Board of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet. Let us pause for a moment, and consider a little more closely what he did, or has got the credit of having done, in that interval.

Mr. Gladstone's popular biographers tell us that, "between 1842 and 1845, he rendered important assistance to Sir Robert Peel in rearranging the tariff." This is the truth; but it is not the whole truth. We believe, that of almost every change effected in the commercial system of the country at that time, Mr. Gladstone was, in part at least, the originator; and that Peel's chief care was to apply the drag, in

order that the machine of State might escape the hazard of upsetting in a too rapid descent. Mr. Gladstone had his reward. His vanity (for, proud as he is, vanity enters largely into his composition) was gratified by having assigned to him, in the House of Commons, the initiative in this great work. He took the lead of Peel himself, by bringing in, on the 8th of February 1842, a bill for 'the abolition of duties heretofore levied on certain articles imported into the British possessions in America and the Mauritius. His speech was a brilliant one, and as a specimen of eloquence deserved the applause with which it was greeted. On his own side of the House, men were taken a good deal by surprise by it, and seemed rather at a loss how to act; but the Whigs cheered him lustily, and complimented him largely. He resumed his seat more than ever a man of mark, and not the less pleased with himself that there was on both sides of the House a large amount of manifest bamboozlement.

Following up the blow thus struck at old habits of thought and action, Peel himself, on the 25th of February, explained at length his great commercial scheme. Not within living memory had any speech by a Minister of the Crown produced such an effect on public opinion. In the House itself men listened rather with amazement than approval. The topics brought forward were so multifarious, the calculations so nice, the arguments so subtle, that the keenest-witted observer failed at first to take them in. But the results are well known. While the Whigs opposed themselves to some parts of the plan, such as the imposition of an income-tax, and the admission, at reduced duties, of cattle into British markets, the Tories made a gulp and swallowed the whole; assenting, not without a pang, to the change in the corn-laws, and persuading themselves that Peel's pledge to let the income-tax die a

natural death in three years, would surely be redeemed. How far events have justified that anticipation we need not stop to inquire.

The part played by Mr. Gladstone in this interesting drama was not a very prominent one, yet it supplied him with an opportunity of exhibiting, on a small scale, that adroitness in argument which, on many subsequent occasions, has stood him in excellent stead. To him was committed in debate the duty of defending that change in the sugar duties which was to place colonial and foreign produce rather more than heretofore on a footing of equality in the British market. He could find no support for his new position in reference to the slave-trade. That argument was therefore abandoned, and when twitted with forgetfulness of the principles of political economy, he boldly took the ground that even in that science there is no rule without an exception. In all ages and in all countries—such was his reasoning—"wherever there has been a producing interest it has been protected by a duty abroad in competing with foreign countries."*

Having fought his own battle successfully in 1842, Mr. Gladstone came out strong in 1848 as Peel's ally on the corn question. The real contest then lay between Peel's sliding-scale and a fixed duty which Lord John Russell had proposed, and Lord Howick, now Earl Grey, ably supported. Mr. Gladstone followed Lord Howick in the debate of the 13th of February, and spoke at great length. A reference to Hansard will show that in the course of an hour and a half he never once committed himself to a single declaration of principle. His reasoning, if such it may be called, amounts to this—"Corn-laws have been so long in force in this country, and subject to so many changes, that I should object, on the one hand, either to abolish them entirely, or to follow any course which should

have a tendency, on the other, to render them permanent. It is best to treat them as arrangements, temporary in their nature, and liable at any moment to be modified. For though we have recognised the principle of protection to agriculture, we have never as yet gone further, and I will not consent to abandon that principle so long as it is applied by our laws to the production of other commodities. At the same time I am free to confess that I cannot regard as perfect either our present or any other corn-laws."

There is nothing to show that by speeches of this sort, and they were of daily occurrence, Mr. Gladstone excited at that time the surprise or suspicions of the party. It was considered that in supporting his chief he only did his duty, and his declarations were interpreted rather by the light which they derived from Peel's antecedents than from his own. Hence, when, in combating Mr. Ricardo's proposal to negotiate treaties of reciprocity with other nations, he derided the idea of establishing, by that or any other means, a commercial system which should be permanent, he was listened to on his own side of the House without a murmur. The casuistry which pervaded his argument escaped attention; the adroitness with which he managed his subject, and foiled his adversary, commanded universal applause. For, in one respect he was then, as he always has been, thoroughly consistent with himself. He would accept no measure, however wise; he would listen to no suggestion, whether agreeing with his own professed opinions or the reverse, so long as it emanated from a member sitting upon the Opposition benches.

The corn question tried Mr. Gladstone severely at all its stages, but sugar proved for a while to be his *cruz*. In June 1844 he was again stretched upon it. Ministers deter-

* See Hansard, to which our readers are invariably referred.

mined at that time to reduce the discriminating duties to 10s. in the cwt., and Mr. Gladstone was put forward to justify the course which but a few months previously he had condemned. He played his part with rare intrepidity and characteristic scorn for the very semblance of consistency. In reply to a cutting speech from Lord John Russell, he observed:—"The noble Lord has stated—and in the spirit of that remark I heartily concur—that he hopes the Government will not be induced, by any weak desire to support their constituents, to propose a measure adverse to the general political interests of the country. In this I entirely concur; but I think a heavy responsibility will rest upon them, that they will be guilty of a serious offence for which they will be justly visited with public reprobation, if they shall be induced, by the circumstance of their having adopted a particular policy in 1841, to adhere to it, after they had found it untenable on commercial grounds." If this be not Gladstonianism of the purest kind, we really do not understand the meaning of the term. Whatever is to be done in violation of pledges given—whatever policy pursued, the very opposite of that which the House had been led to expect—the act and the policy must alike be referred to high moral considerations. Peel's pupil, as most men believed him to be, had well learned his lesson. Uriah Heep himself could not be more indifferent to what the world might think of him. With that celebrated moralist, he might have exclaimed before he sat down, "I like to be despised."

It is not worth while to follow step by step the downward progress of the commercial policy which ended in placing the Conservatives, under the guidance of their great leader, on the same dead level with the Anti-Corn-Law League. As little are we called upon to attempt an impossibility, by trying to bring within the compass of a Magazine

article the numberless sophisms with which Mr. Gladstone contrived to adopt the views of the extreme Liberals on the Opposition benches, yet to argue against them in debate. What had he—what could he have—in common with politicians of the school of Charles Villiers, Richard Cobden, Lord John Russell, or even Lord Palmerston? Here and there, on fiscal matters, they might, by accident, arrive at the same conclusions; but the processes of reasoning which led up to such conclusions stood so entirely apart that sympathy between the men themselves was quite out of the question.

Let us look rather to Mr. Gladstone's career as a Churchman, on which his friends, and especially Mr. Keble, rely so strongly in recommending him to the continued support of the electors of the University of Oxford.

We are quite ready to admit that Mr. Gladstone behaved well both in defending the property of the Irish branch of the Church, and in the measure of support which he gave to Peel's scheme of Church reform in England. His line on the subject of church-rates can scarcely be regarded with equal satisfaction; it exhibits a marvellous tendency towards surrender. In 1832 he voted with Lord Althorpe for transferring the burden, such as it is, to the land-tax. In 1837 he resisted the Government plan of maintaining the fabrics of our churches out of a portion of the revenue derived from confiscated estates; but in 1840, when Mr. Thomas Duncombe proposed to exempt Dissenters on certain easy conditions from the payment of church-rates, Mr. Gladstone voted with him. We hardly think that his vote on that occasion could have been satisfactory to some at least of his constituents. His next exhibition as a Member of Parliament dealing with sacred subjects, must have been still less so. Our readers may remember that Lady Hewley, a follower and ardent admirer of Whitfield, built and en-

dowed, towards the close of the last century, certain chapels in order that orthodox Christianity, according to her interpretation of the term, might be taught therein for ever. In process of time Unitarian ministers got possession of these chapels, and in default of support from the courts of law, Parliament was appealed to to maintain by statute the well-known objects of the testator. In the division which took place in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone voted against legislation, and the Unitarians were left in possession of the chapels, which they still retain. Now we are not prepared to say that Mr. Gladstone as a statesman did wrong on that occasion. It may be, and probably is, very inconvenient to disturb existing rights of possession by Act of Parliament; but looking at the question from the Churchman's point of view, Mr. Gladstone surely laid himself open to this censure, that he considered it very little important whether the doctrine of the Trinity should be inculcated or impugned in these chapels.

This, however, was a Dissenter's question, which Mr. Keble probably regards as scarcely worth his own notice, or the notice of those to whom he has written through the 'Guardian.' But what will he say to the point which we now proceed to lay before him?

Up to the close of the session of 1844, the utmost unanimity was understood to prevail in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet. The Conservatives as a party might be somewhat out of tune, for a good deal had occurred to disturb them; but the members of the Administration sang in perfect harmony: they were, or were believed to be, the truly happy family. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of outsiders when, during the autumn recess, a rumour got abroad that Mr. Gladstone had quitted the Government; and deeper still became the feeling when it transpired that a question affecting the interests of the Church had

given occasion to this severance. Sir Robert Peel was about to inaugurate a new system of academical education in Ireland, and in order to justify the measure, he had determined to substitute for the annual vote heretofore agreed to a permanent endowment for the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. Now Gladstone's two works, 'The Church in its Relations with the State,' and 'Church Principles considered in their Results,' were still accessible to all readers. A revised edition of the former had indeed come out so recently as 1841, which contained, among others, the following remarkable passage:—

"The support of the College of Maynooth was originally undertaken by the Protestant Parliament of Ireland in the anticipation which has since proved miserably fallacious, that a more loyal class of priests would be produced by an education at home than by a foreign one, and that a gradual mitigation in the features of Irish Romanism would be produced when its ministers were no longer familiarised with its condition in Continental countries, where it still remained the religion of the state, or brought into contact with revolutionary principles, then so prevalent in France. Instead of which it has been found that the facility of education at home has opened the priesthood to a lower and less cultivated class, and one more liable to the influence of secondary motives. It can hardly be denied that this is a well-merited disappointment. If the State gives anything in support of Romanism in Ireland, it should in consistency give everything. Unless it is bound in conscience to maintain the national Church as God's appointed vehicle of religious truth, it seems that it should adopt as its rule the numbers and the creeds of the several classes of religionists; and in either respect the claim of the Roman Catholic is infinitely the strongest. In amount this grant is niggardly and unworthy—in principle it is wholly vicious, and it can hardly fail to be a thorn in the side of the State of these countries so long as it may continue. When foreigners express their astonishment at finding that we support in Ireland the Church of a small minority, we may tell them that we support it on the high ground of conscientious necessity for its truth. But how can we evince the consistency

which so elevated a principle requires from its professors, while we are bound to support an institution whose avowed and legitimate purpose it is constantly to denounce that truth as falsehood?"

Bold as he had shown himself in breaking through old pledges, and overriding declarations on other subjects, Mr. Gladstone shrank from standing up as a Minister of the Crown, and giving a practical contradiction to a judgment so deliberately recorded as this. Whether he made any attempt in Cabinet to dissuade Sir Robert Peel from his purpose, there is nothing to show; but if he did, it failed; and in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friends to the contrary, he resigned his seals of office. Accordingly, when the House met again in February 1845, he took his seat as a private member of Parliament, still upon the right of the Speaker, but below the gangway. Did he sit there for the purpose of rendering a general support to the Minister whom, on this one question, conscience constrained him to oppose? Nothing of the sort. He had changed his principles on the Church question, just as he had changed them on other questions. Absent at the first reading of Peel's bill, he took the earliest possible opportunity, when the second reading came on, to speak in support of the measure. His speech now lies before us, in that pamphlet shape into which the morbid self-love of the author induced him immediately to throw it; and of all the curious documents which it has been our fortune to examine, we are bound to say that it is incomparably the most curious. We defy the acutest of human intellects to discover therein the true causes of his conversion. He puts from him as inadmissible the reasoning of the author of the bill. He cannot admit with Sir Robert Peel that the measure amounted to no more than would be implied by an honourable and liberal construction of that compact or engagement, which, with relation to this subject, may be con-

sidered to subsist between the Imperial Parliament and the Roman Catholics of Ireland. If he could admit all that, his course would be plain enough; but "I will not delude myself with a plea which does not present itself to my mind as real and substantial; I must endeavour to look the question in the face as it is." What does he do next? He deliberately repeats in the House all the arguments which he had made use of in the latest edition of his work, 'The Church in its Relations with the State;' and draws from them conclusions diametrically the reverse of those at which he had previously arrived.

"It" (the State), says the book, "does not recognise the right of disposal in the people over all the funds dedicated to national purposes. It does not recognise their property in them when they have become national, but their right to have them appropriated for the best advantage of the nation." In the pamphlet all this is set aside:—"You have the strength that a proposal of this kind (the proposal to endow Maynooth) undeniably derives from those popular principles of government which so powerfully influence the tone of our actual institutions. According to those popular principles, it is admitted that, as the public funds are drawn from the labour of the whole community, it is desirable that, except from strong and overpowering considerations, no class should be excluded from the claim to share in their distribution." In the treatise which vindicates the right of the State to endow only the Established Church in Ireland, and to promote its extension in every possible way, he refers to the payment of Roman Catholic chaplains in jails and workhouses, and adds—"The foregoing remarks may show that if, in a spirit of indulgence, these enactments be made for workhouses and prisons, they do not establish a precedent from which general endowments can fairly be deduced." How little does this accord with the fol-

lowing extract from the pamphlet!—"You have also, I am bound to admit, the recollection of former wrongs. When we look back upon the conduct of England towards Ireland in former times, and especially upon the history of the last century, we cannot but feel that it imposes upon us the obligation to treat Irish questions such as this with an especial tenderness and consideration."

Nor is the process by which he leads himself up to his own conclusions less curious than the conclusions themselves. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "I conceive that, by adopting the bill of my right honourable friend, we are about to alter fundamentally the relation of the State to the College." We are going to do that, and exactly that, which I have elsewhere demonstrated to be a violation of all our duties, social, political, and religious. "We charge the State with the whole responsibility of the provision for the College. Let us not blind ourselves to facts. This is the real subject before us, and to this, as a subject not foreclosed by any pledge, I intend to address myself."

And he does address himself to it, and thus—"Am I, in voting these funds to the College, influenced by the motive which has weight with some, that in so doing restitution is made to the Roman Catholics of Ireland?"—(restitution of what?) "By no means. I protest against the idea, for if this be an act of restitution, it is one of the most shameful confessions ever extorted from a legislature, because we admit a wrong which we do not repair." May I anticipate with others that "as the consequence of this augmented grant, a great and radical change will be effected in the class of persons from which the Roman priesthood in Ireland draws its recruits? Certainly not. I anticipate no such change. Shall I profess to believe that I by this means facilitate the extension of Protestantism in Ireland? The idea is monstrous. To be sure, I

have elsewhere shown that to extend Protestantism in Ireland is a duty which the State cannot neglect without mortal sin. But that does not prevent my perceiving now that it is just as much the duty of the State to extend Romanism—in other words, to check the growth of Protestantism by 'conferring a new element of power on the rival creed and its professors.' But perhaps I am induced to stultify my former conclusions, because it has been proved to me that Maynooth has more than fulfilled the expectations of the Irish Parliament half a century ago? Quite otherwise. The College has failed; all parties are agreed in that. But I do not think it reasonable to reject the measure on the ground that Maynooth has failed to realise the purposes for which it was founded. What then are the reasons which operate with me in a matter so momentous as I have elsewhere proved this to be? First, the consideration that they who refuse their assent to the endowment of an institution, founded for the extension of what I honestly believe to be error, are not agreed among themselves as to any common standard of truth. And next, the State has already gone so far in the endowment of error, by its Annual Appropriation Bill, and by the Socinian Endowment Bill of last year, that I consider it idle any longer to maintain the views from which, as I have shown, no man can depart, except at the sacrifice of an outraged conscience."

Such was Mr. Gladstone's reasoning on the 11th of June, 1845, shrouded as his reasoning usually is in a vast multiplicity of words; but not rendered so obscure as to escape the eye of one who was henceforth to become his rival in eloquence, and in everything else. Mr. Disraeli had sat in Parliament for eight years, little noticed, and making no visible attempt to draw attention to himself. He had given his support to Sir Robert

Peel's Government ever since it came into power; but except on one or two occasions he had not claimed the ear of the House. All at once—and, as it seemed, not without an effort—he broke off from his old allegiance. He had borne much and done much, if not cheerfully, at all events without complaining. He could not stand this; but, rising after Mr. Gladstone, delivered himself of a philippic which will long be remembered as the most stinging, as well as the most eloquent, to which a House of Commons has in modern times listened:—

"Sir," he said, "I oppose this bill, on account of the manner in which it has been introduced, and I oppose it also on account of the men by whom it has been brought forward—(loud cheers.) I am perfectly ready to meet those cheers, and I do so by declaring that I do not think, putting totally out of view the other objections which I entertain, that the gentlemen who are now seated on the Treasury bench are morally entitled to bring such a measure forward. This measure, sir, involves a principle against which the right hon. gentleman and most of his colleagues have all along signally struggled. When I recall to mind all the speeches and all the motions and all the votes which have emanated from the present occupants of the Treasury bench on this and analogous questions—when I remember their opposition to that system of education which they now seek to promote—when I recollect the procession of prelates going up to the palace of the Sovereign, in protest against analogous measures with those which the very men who incited that procession are now bringing forward—when I recall to mind all the discussions which have taken place here on the subject of Irish education—when the Appropriation Clause presents itself to my memory—I consider that it would be worse than useless to dwell at any length upon the circumstances which induced me to adopt this opinion. . . . I am politically connected with a district which is threatened with very severe suffering in consequence of the supposed union of Church and State. The inhabitants of that district are about to endure one of the greatest blows that could be inflicted upon them, and this solely because it has pleased a Conservative Government to destroy the ancient Episco-

pate under which they have so long been governed. What is now the position of the Church of Scotland?—a Church which the late Earl of Liverpool held up as a model and as the perfection of a religious community, probably because it gave him no trouble. What, I repeat, is the present situation of the Church of Scotland? It is rent in twain. Besides the Kirk there is now the Free Kirk. Well, will you endow the Free Kirk?—will you apply this principle of endowment to sectarians and schismatics of every class? Where will you stop? Why should you stop?"

In spite of this masterly protest; in spite of the adverse votes of not fewer than 152 Tory members; in spite of Mr. Disraeli's appeal to the Whigs to assist in "dethroning this dynasty of deception," and putting an end to the intolerable yoke of official despotism and Parliamentary imposture, Peel and Gladstone carried their measure, and made shipwreck, in so doing, of their own prestige as constitutional statesmen, and of the great and generous party which had trusted them too far. They succeeded likewise in obtaining from the House a grant of £100,000 wherewith to found what Sir Robert Inglis described as "godless colleges," and a permanent endowment of £20,000 a-year for their maintenance. And here it is worth the while of Churchmen to observe, that Mr. Gladstone not only co-operated with Peel in the general advancement of this project, but that he resisted every effort to engraft upon the original scheme an element of religious instruction, be it ever so slight. When Lord Mahon proposed, on the third reading of the bill, to allow a Chair of Theology to be supported by the voluntary offerings of such students as desired to profit by it, Mr. Gladstone voted against him. Finally, this same session, Mr. Gladstone supported Sir Robert Peel's bill for throwing open to Jews civic and corporate offices, thus paving the way for their admission into Parliament, for which likewise—as we shall take occasion presently to show—he both spoke and voted.

Now we are not sitting in judgment on the abstract merits of any or all of these measures. It may be well for a Protestant State to endow a Roman Catholic college; for a religious State to found and maintain public seminaries where religion is *not* taught; for a Christian State to unchristianise the Legislature, by admitting into it members avowedly and ostentatiously hostile to the Christian faith,—but we confess that we cannot understand how a statesman who has pleaded for all these measures, and supported them, could be regarded at the moment, from the Churchman's point of view, or can be regarded now, as a fit person to represent in Parliament the University of Oxford.

During the remainder of the session Mr. Gladstone continued to occupy his seat below the gangway. He was still a member of Parliament unattached when the prorogation took place, and was not therefore mixed up, at least officially, with the Ministerial discussions which arose out of the potato-blight and the threatened famine in Ireland. Whether his friends in the Cabinet consulted him on these occasions, and what advice, if any, he gave, it is not for us to say; but the general results are too well known. Earl Derby, then Lord Stanley, retired from the Administration. The seals of the Foreign Office were tendered to Mr. Gladstone. With a promptitude which surprised only those who knew him imperfectly, he grasped at the offer, and was forthwith gazetted one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Mr. Gladstone took office, nothing doubting that his seat for the borough of Newark was safe. So completely had self-love blinded him in reference to that matter, that he counted on receiving from the tenantry of the Duke of Newcastle the same measure of support which they had rendered him before. His indignation equalled his sur-

prise when made aware that their support was withdrawn from him. That he should have contested the borough after this shows that his ideas of delicacy and propriety were, to say the least of it, peculiar. He fought his first political patron at the hustings, and was defeated. Hence, though a member of that Cabinet which adopted the policy of the Corn-Law League, he was debarred from rendering to it any assistance in debate; and when Peel and his adherents were driven from office, Gladstone sank at once into the condition of an amateur statesman.

In this state he remained till the dissolution in 1847, when the University of Oxford, more mindful, as it would seem, of his brilliant career at college than of his conduct in public life, made choice of him to replace, in the House of Commons, her old and faithful representative, Mr. Estcourt. Mr. Gladstone took his seat at the early meeting in November, and on the 16th of December signalised his zeal as a Churchman by speaking and voting in favour of Lord John Russell's bill for the admission of Jews into Parliament. What though, in 1841, he had demonstrated that every act on a nation's part which has a tendency to disunite Church and State is *prima facie* an outrage on moral right? What though, in order to meet the case of nations composed, like the British empire, of discordant materials, he had qualified this assumption so far as to save the principle while yielding points of exceptional practice, and no more? These considerations had no weight with him now. Ceasing to be guided by the light of abstract truth, he had become the mere slave of expediency—the follower, not the guide, of popular opinion. His reasoning, accordingly, amounted to this: However strong my convictions may be that the course we are pursuing is an evil course, I feel that escape from it is neither possible nor desirable. You contended first for a Parliament which should

consist exclusively of professed members of the Church of England. You were successful for a while; but in time you were driven from your position. You next strove to make your Parliament a Parliament of Protestants only, and in that you failed. You are now asked to abandon the theory that only Christians ought to legislate for this Christian country. Can you maintain that theory? I think not, and therefore I give my vote for the measure which the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government has proposed.

That a statesman so versatile—so hopelessly impulsive and unreasoning—should have assisted next year in trying to get rid of the securities to Protestantism, such as they were, which the bill of 1829 had provided, is not much to be wondered at. Mr. Gladstone could see nothing hostile to the Church of England in allowing Romanists to re-establish, in all parts of the empire, their religious societies and orders. And when Lord John Russell went still further, by proposing to enter into direct political relations with the Court of Rome, Mr. Gladstone voted with him. Lord John's bill was probably never intended to be more than a sop in the pan to the Ultramontanists of Ireland. It failed of course, and Mr. Gladstone's vote did no damage either to Church or State. But his readiness to treat once more with the Bishop of Rome, as with one having a right to exercise spiritual authority within these realms, could scarcely, it is presumed, be approved by that large portion of his constituents who have, on various occasions, deliberately, and upon oath, declared their abhorrence of a doctrine so dangerous and unconstitutional.

As long as Peel lived, Gladstone in opposition followed pretty faithfully in the footsteps of his chief. He sat on the Opposition side of the House; but on all great, and on very many minor questions, he, like Peel, gave his support to the Whig Government. That this was

the result, in both instances, rather of personal than of political feeling, cannot in our opinion admit of a doubt. Peel, abhorred by the great party which he had twice betrayed, abhorred them in return; and the sympathies of his pupils, Gladstone among the rest, were entirely with him. Both sections of the divided party felt, moreover, that reconciliation was impossible on any terms, at least to which Peel would submit; for Peel could not act with them, or with any other body of men, except as their leader; and as their leader the Conservatives were determined never again to acknowledge him. They entertained no such bitter feeling towards Mr. Gladstone, to whom it is proper that we should do justice in this juncture of affairs. He admired and loved Sir Robert Peel, whom he would gladly have followed again to the Treasury benches; but the breezes which blew on the opposite side of the House were not congenial to his feelings. To be in office, to exercise political power, had already become with him a passion. He fretted at the curb which he could not get rid of, and on more than one occasion showed himself capacious and unruly. Thus, when Lord John Russell introduced his bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws, Mr. Gladstone, though he both spoke and voted in support of the measure, could not abstain from having a fling at the Government, because Mr. Baines, the head of the Poor-Law Commission, was allowed to speak and vote against his colleagues. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli's motion for a committee to inquire into the state of agriculture, though resisted by Peel, obtained Mr. Gladstone's silent vote. But the point to which, as it seems to us, the attention of the Oxford constituency ought mainly to be directed, is the ambiguity of Mr. Gladstone's mode of dealing with the proposal made last year to relieve clergymen of the Church of England by Act of Parliament from the obligations under which they

had come when admitted into holy orders. For ourselves, we confess that, as we could not understand Mr. Gladstone's reasons at the time, so a reference to Hansard, seventeen years after the event, throws very little additional light upon the mystery. All that we can make out is this, that he spoke with the painful consciousness upon him, that what he said, and was prepared to do, would scarcely be approved by Churchmen. "He had consented to the clause, because, in his anxiety to give full effect to what he believed to be the civil rights of his countrymen, he had not hesitated to run the risk of offending some persons, and of forfeiting the confidence of many among his constituency."*

Such, however, was not the only way in which Mr. Gladstone exhibited at that time a more than common disposition to finesse even with his own convictions. Our readers will recollect that, in 1849, the affairs of Canada attracted a large share of attention in Parliament. It happened that, while Sir Robert Peel adopted the views of the Government, Mr. Gladstone ranged himself on the side of the Opposition, and spoke at considerable length in support of Mr. Herries's motion. Had a division taken place that night, as the leaders of the Opposition desired, the Government would have been left in a considerable minority. To avert that evil an adjournment of the debate was proposed; and Mr. Gladstone voted for the adjournment. The consequence was, that, by dint of an urgent whip, the House was so packed a few nights afterwards, that the Government saved their policy and themselves by a very small majority. Mr. Gladstone voted on that occasion with the Opposition, Sir Robert Peel with the Government.

His next noticeable exhibition was in March 1850, when Mr. Disraeli renewed his attempt to inquire

into the condition of agriculture, with a view to relieve the land from some of the burdens which pressed exclusively upon it. Mr. Gladstone not only voted on that occasion with the Conservative leader, but spoke in support of his views, coming down heavily upon Sir James Graham, a free-trader like himself, and, as he well knew, on that particular question, the *alter ipse* of Sir Robert Peel. Whether his speech was dictated by an honest change of opinion, or sprang from that impatience of exclusion from official life which was becoming day by day more perceptible to others than the domestic circle, we cannot pretend to say, but it had the effect of creating on the minds of the Conservatives an impression that Mr. Gladstone was at heart more with them than with the Whigs, and that, should an opportunity offer of forming an Administration on Liberal-Conservative principles, he might with confidence be reckoned upon as prepared to join it. At last came the great Pacifico debate, which ran Lord John Russell's Cabinet so hard, and in which both Peel and Gladstone took prominent parts against the Government. With the speech of the former—the last which he was ever to utter—we have here no concern; but Mr. Gladstone's, considering the relation in which he now stands towards the object of it, deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. Lord Palmerston, it will be recollected, was at that time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. "Sir," said Mr. Gladstone, referring to the noble Lord who is now chief of the Cabinet in which he himself holds an influential position, "I say that the policy of the noble Lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both as a nation and as individuals. If he can, he will quarrel with an absolute monarchy; if he cannot find an absolute mon-

* See Hansard (New Series), vol. 104.

archy for the purpose, he will quarrel with one that is limited; if he cannot find even that, he will quarrel with a republic. He adopts, in fact, that vain conception, that we, forsooth, have a mission, to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection, among the other countries of the world,—that we are to be the universal schoolmasters, and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice and personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them."

So much for the deliberate judgment passed a few years ago upon the head of the present Administration, by the gentleman who now acts under him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now for the estimate in which the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was then held by the noble Lord who now sits in Cabinet with him as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. "The course which the right honourable gentleman has taken," observed Lord John Russell, "is not the fair course, and I think that, if the right honourable gentleman is in future to conduct the debates in this House on behalf of the great party opposite, I am afraid that we must not expect the same justice and fairness from him as we have experienced from the honourable member for Berkshire during the time he has been their leader."

The death of Peel under very melancholy circumstances followed almost immediately upon this debate. It was felt in all circles to be a great national calamity. Its effect upon Mr. Gladstone was strikingly characteristic. It seemed

to deliver him from a bondage which for some time back had been almost intolerable. Nothing now, except such an opportunity as he was free to make, stood between him and office; and to the making or finding of that opportunity he immediately addressed himself. He began by coquetting with the Tories, and he absented himself from divisions which, had he taken part in them, would have forced him, because of recent pledges, into the same lobby with the Government. He spoke in favour of motions made by the Opposition, and applauded the speech on the University Commission question of the gentleman, Mr. John Stuart, who had turned him out of Newark; he even called him his learned friend. Still, as the event proved, he found it as difficult to throw in his lot for good and all with those among whom Colonel Peel, Mr. Corrie, and many more of the original Peelites, were now numbered, as for good and all to turn from them. Thus, while they contributed by their votes to carry Lord John Russell's Papal Aggression Bill, Mr. Gladstone absented himself from every division. He would neither support nor oppose the Ministerial policy; and, as if to make the balance even, he played the same not very dignified game in reference to Mr. Disraeli's renewed demand for inquiry into the causes of agricultural distress. Having spoken and voted for the Committee in 1850, in 1851 he took no part either in the debate or in the division; in fact, he was at that time absent from England.

(To be continued.)

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GLADSTONE, M.P.

PART II.

WE must decline, in this sketch, to accompany Mr. Gladstone in his Continental tour, as well as to criticise the literary effort in which it resulted. His letters to Lord Aberdeen made some frightful disclosures of the state of things in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and went a great way to stimulate, if they did not immediately provoke, the revolution in Italy, of which Europe is now reaping the fruits. To Mr. Gladstone and his friends, especially his new friends of the Manchester School, this may be a source of much self-satisfaction. More sober-minded politicians are not, we suspect, inclined to look at the matter through the same medium. But the point which immediately concerns us is this, that during Mr. Gladstone's absence Lord John Russell's Government broke down, and that Lord Derby was called upon by the Queen to form an Administration. Now it stands upon record that, in 1846, the Duke of Wellington committed to Lord Derby the task of reuniting the great Conservative party; and Lord Derby, mindful of that charge, and

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encouraged to take the step by a retrospect of Mr. Gladstone's recent votes and speeches, determined to make advances to the Peelites through him, whom he regarded as the ablest member of the little clique. Lord Derby's estimate of Mr. Gladstone's ability was doubtless correct, but he had not so accurately gauged Mr. Gladstone's firmness of purpose. The real leader of the clique was Sir James Graham; and Mr. Gladstone, yielding, as the weaker mind yields to the stronger, consented, though not without a struggle, "to close their ranks against the Conservatives." He rejected Lord Derby's proposal on the ground that, in expressing a determination to do something for the relief of agricultural distress, Lord Derby threatened, in point of fact, to reverse the commercial policy of the last four years. Nothing could be more unfair than this. Lord Derby never uttered any threat of the kind. He preferred, as all reasonable men prefer, a judicious admixture of indirect with direct taxation to direct taxation alone; and expressed an opinion

that corn exported from abroad is just as legitimate an object of taxation as sugar, tea, spices, oranges, eggs, or any other natural production. But neither now nor at any other time was he so imprudent as to speak about returning to a policy of protection. In this sense, however, Mr. Gladstone chose to accept Lord Derby's statements; and so understanding, he refused to co-operate with him in forming a Conservative Administration.

We thought it unfortunate at the moment, and we think so still, that Lord Derby should have put so much store upon the co-operation of the Peelites at that time. Had he accepted the responsibility of office at once, and formed his Government as in the end he was constrained to form it, the chances are that Mr. Gladstone would have rendered him an independent support; and by-and-by, if the Administration stood, ways and means might have been found to bring him into it, assuming that the arrangement was judged advisable. But finding that he was actually waited for, that no steps could be taken till he had returned home, and that on his declining to accept office the leader of the Conservative party threw up his cards, Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally arrived at the conclusion that of one great party in the House, at all events, he was the master, and that it rested mainly with himself to establish a like ascendancy over the other.

Lord Derby relinquishing the attempt to form an Administration, the Queen, advised by the Duke of Wellington, commanded her Ministers to resume office. They did so, and got through the remainder of the session as well as they could. They were alternately opposed and assisted by Mr. Gladstone as the humour seemed to take him. He aided them, for example, in defeating Mr. Disraeli's renewed demand to give relief to the suffering agriculturists; he resisted their proposal to continue the income-

tax for three years, giving his vote for one year only. Again, when they made a move to repeal the window-tax, and Mr. Disraeli opposed the arrangement as premature, Mr. Gladstone spoke in favour of the amendment, and took advantage of the occasion to censure severely, though not more severely than they deserved, the whole financial arrangements of the Cabinet. Thus blowing alternately hot and cold, he kept, as he believed, both parties on the tenter-hooks, and more and more established his own right to be esteemed *the* statesman, without whom no stable Government could be formed.

The recess came, and with it the astounding intelligence that Lord Palmerston had been summarily dismissed from office. A more offensive letter than that which conveyed to the Foreign Secretary his *congé* has seldom been written. It carried with it the seeds of a severe and speedy retribution.

Parliament met again in February 1852. Lord Palmerston moved an amendment to Lord John Russell's Militia Bill. The amendment was carried by a majority of 11, and the Ministers resigned. There was no shilly-shallying now. Though Mr. Gladstone had voted with the majority, it was not considered expedient to apply again for his co-operation. Lord Palmerston, indeed, was sounded, but made no response; and others, who ought to have acted differently, holding back, Lord Derby found himself thrown, so to speak, on his own resources. He made up an Administration out of men, not one of whom, in the House of Commons at least, had ever before been spoken of as a possible candidate for a seat in any Cabinet. Has the country suffered from this bold experiment? Quite otherwise. The new men did their work with an amount of diligence and skill, which surprised their friends almost as much as it disappointed their enemies; and the public has learned

at last to believe that statesmen may be found, on either side of the House, rejoicing in other names than Temple, Russell, Grenville, Peel, Goulburn, or Herries.

Lord Derby's first Administration lasted but a few months. It got nothing like fair-play from an Opposition made up, indeed, of the most discordant elements, but united for one purpose,—viz., to break down the Government. Tiding through the remainder of the session, it sustained with courage some sharp conflicts, and then dissolved. The part played by Mr. Gladstone in these preliminary skirmishes, though not very prominent, was always characteristic. He resisted Mr. Cowan's motion for the repeal of the excise duty on paper, and lost his temper while discussing the affairs of the Church in the Colonies. It is not our province to say whether Mr. Gladstone was right or wrong in desiring to confer by Act of Parliament self-government on each of the colonial Churches. The time must doubtless come when most of them will assert that right for themselves. But looking at the question from a Churchman's point of view, as it would obviously be desirable, if it were possible, "to maintain for ever the unity of the faith in the bond of peace," so there seems to be no need for precipitating a crisis which national rivalries, as soon as colonies grow into separate nations, are sure to bring on. Such was the view taken of this important subject by Sir John Pakington, the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Gladstone saw things in a different light, became irritated by opposition, and spoke of being grossly misrepresented. So offensive, indeed, were both his language and manner, that his best friends took it to heart, and he was obliged, on their remonstrance, to apologise.

The Conservatives went to the country, as they had pledged themselves to do, on the question, whether Sir Robert Peel's commercial

policy was to be maintained in its integrity, or modified so far as to give some relief to the agricultural interests. The verdict of the hustings went against them, and they submitted to it. They acted wisely as well as honourably in so doing, but they failed thereby to win a fair hearing from the Opposition. A clause in the Queen's Speech, while it recognised the general prosperity of the country, recommended an inquiry into the condition of certain exceptional industries which had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered, from recent legislation. That clause being immediately seized upon, a resolution was proposed by Mr. Villiers involving a direct vote of want of confidence in the Government. We cannot doubt that the order of the debate which followed still keeps its place in the recollection of our readers. Mr. Disraeli moved one amendment, Lord Palmerston moved another. There was nothing hostile in Lord Palmerston's amendment, though Sir James Graham, with his usual bad taste, endeavoured to give to it a tone of bitter hostility. Mr. Gladstone, who on former occasions had supported the measures now recommended by Mr. Disraeli, spoke against them, and received from Mr. Cobden the castigation which such glaring inconsistency deserved. The results were, that Mr. Gladstone again lost his temper, and the Government got rid of the vote of want of confidence by adopting Lord Palmerston's motion. But the reprieve, for such in fact it was, soon came to an end. The Budget, not perhaps in all respects perfect, yet containing some excellent and many improvable points, was fiercely assailed. The Radicals, supported by the Whigs, fell upon the proposed house-tax. Sir James Graham stood up for passing tolls and Trinity House dues. Mr. Sidney Herbert objected to the modification of the income-tax, and Mr. Gladstone was violent and sarcastic upon the estimated surplus of

barely £400,000. After a debate extending by adjournment over many days, the House divided, and Ministers, being left in a minority of nineteen, immediately resigned.

The two great historical parties, the Whigs and the Tories, had thus been separately tried, and both failed. It was clear that for the present at least neither of them could stand alone; and the Radicals being as yet of comparatively small account, except as allies, the Peelites conceived that their turn was come. They were perfectly right; the game was really in their hands. Had they opened a negotiation with the Tories, stating plainly how far they were prepared to go, not in reversing recent legislation, but in adjusting the inequalities produced by it, there is nothing to show that, in spite of recent skirmishes, they might not have found themselves once more among the trusted leaders of their own proper party. A course of action so magnanimous did not, however, suit them. They preferred coalescing with the Whigs, confident, in their self-conceit, that Whiggery under their manipulation would change its character, and counting on that honourable forbearance from the Tories in opposition which they, when in opposition, had not rendered to the Tories. There was the conduct of men whom personal feeling, not honest love of country, moves, and they reaped their reward. The Coalition Ministry, with Lord Aberdeen at its head, carried within itself the seeds of early dissolution. It was a Government of all the talents over again, in which scarcely two men could be said to entertain the same opinions on any question either of foreign or domestic policy.

In this heterogeneous body Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was the post at which, above all others, his ambition then aimed; and in April 1853 he inaugurated his accession to office by a financial statement which

he has since corrected and published. It is as curious a document in many ways as a statesman ever compiled. He had been severe on Mr. Disraeli in the previous December for announcing a probable surplus of only £400,000. His own budget, grandiloquence and mystification set aside, promised a surplus of only £493,000. Mr. Disraeli, as a measure of partial relief to the colonial interests, had proposed that sugar-growers should be allowed to refine their own produce in bond for the home market; Mr. Gladstone adopted the idea against which he and his friends had protested, without making the slightest acknowledgement of the source whence it came. Mr. Disraeli had grappled with the question of the income-tax, to which he was desirous of giving the character of a property-tax, and the modified operation of which he would have extended to incomes of £100, and even of £50 a-year. Mr. Gladstone scouted the idea of distinguishing between certain and uncertain incomes, held it to be impolitic and unjust to depart from the precedent established by Mr. Pitt during the height of the great French war; yet he adopted his rival's principle by extending the tax to incomes of £100 a-year, and fixing for these a reduced scale of payment. At the same time he extended the tax to Ireland, which had heretofore been exempt from it, as a set-off against the cancelling of a debt of £4,500,000, to recover which, or even the interest due upon it, had long been felt to be an impossibility.

The noticeable point in Mr. Gladstone's scheme was, however, the assurance which he gave that the income-tax should certainly expire in 1860,—not suddenly, but by a process of gradual exhaustion, sinking at intervals from 7d. to 5d. in the pound, and then dying out. This done, he proceeded to throw fresh burdens on the land, by equalising the legacy-duties in the cases of real and personal property. He

assured the House that such a change would add immediately £500,000 to the public revenue, and that in 1856–57 the clear gain would be at least £2,000,000. Then came an additional duty of 1s. on Scotch and of 8d. on Irish spirits, and such a change in the tax upon the licences of brewers, maltsters, &c., “as should raise them at the upper end of the scale to a rate bearing some proportion to the value of the premises or the amount of business.”

The increased revenue arising from these various sources he proposed to apply to the following purposes:—The abolition of the duties on soap, the reduction of the stamp duties, and of the duties on advertisements, attorneys’ licences and articles of clerkship, and hackney carriages. Receipt stamps were henceforth to cost a penny, and no more; and the ‘Times’ newspaper was to be propitiated by abolishing the tax on supplements. At the same time the assessed taxes were to be remodelled, and Mr. Disraeli’s proposal to lower the duty on tea adopted. With wine, on the contrary, which had been pressed upon his notice, he refused to meddle; but he reduced the duties on foreign apples, oranges, lemons, butter, eggs, cheese, &c., at rates varying from one-fourth to one-half, and even more. The grand result was such an exposition of financial policy as took captive the imaginations of all who listened to it;—of all, that is to say, who failed to perceive that whatever was really sound in it he had borrowed without acknowledgment from his predecessor in office, and that the rest was either a clever shuffling of the cards, so as to relieve commerce at the expense of agriculture, or a clap-net promise of benefits to come, which have certainly not arrived, though we are now standing at a distance of not less than fourteen years from the day when their coming was promised.

It is not our purpose to follow the fortunes of Lord Aberdeen’s Administration. For the policy or no-policy which drifted the country into war, Mr. Gladstone is just as responsible as the rest of his colleagues, and not one whit more so. But when Churchmen claim him as peculiarly their own, and set up his merits in that respect as a counterpoise to shortcomings in others, we are bound to remind them that in March 1853 he spoke and voted for the secularisation of the clergy grants in Canada; that in the same month he voted twice for the admission of Jews into Parliament; that in February 1854 he voted against Government inquiry into the management of conventual institutions in Great Britain and Ireland; that in March he supported Mr. Heywood’s very equivocal application for a copy of the MS. Book of Common Prayer, as it was proposed to be amended in 1689; that in the same month he spoke and voted in favour of Lord John Russell’s Oxford University Bill, which, indeed, he had previously assisted in preparing; that he resisted Mr. Walpole’s wise amendments, though happily they were carried in spite of him; and that when, in May, Sir William Olay proposed to legislate for the unconditional abolition of church-rates, Mr. Gladstone gave his vote for leave to bring in the bill. It thus appears that within the short space of fifteen months he manifested his zeal as a Churchman by giving, on seven separate occasions, all the weight of his influence as a parliamentary orator and a Minister of the Crown to measures, every one of which was hostile to the Church’s best interests.

If it were worth while to pursue this course of minute analysis further, we might remind our readers that in May 1854 Lord John Russell brought in a bill for dispensing with the oath of abjuration, and that Mr. Gladstone supported him. One simple oath of allegiance was to

supplant all other oaths, such as Churchmen, Dissenters, Romanists, and Jews, might equally take with a safe conscience; and the intimate connection heretofore subsisting between Church and State, which the very forms of Parliament had recognised, was, so far as Parliament is concerned, to be disavowed, or ostentatiously ignored. The bill did not pass, because the vigilance of a Conservative Opposition saw where the mischief lay and turned it aside—just as in the June following the same vigilance averted from Oxford the discredit, not merely of conferring degrees upon persons hostile to the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church, but of admitting them to a share in the general management of the affairs of the University, for which arrangements Mr. Gladstone voted. Now it really appears to us that if a gentleman so eccentric in his habits deserves to be spoken of as Mr. Keble and other writers in the *'Guardian'* speak of Mr. Gladstone, Churchmanship must bear a closer affinity to Jesuitism than we have heretofore supposed it to do, and that a Churchman is the very last person whom it would become the constituency of either of our great universities to make choice of as their representative in Parliament.

For some time after this there occurred little in Mr. Gladstone's career of which, for the purposes of the present sketch, it is necessary to take notice. That terrible mismanagement of the Crimean war, which filled the heart of England with indignation and sorrow, is no more to be attributed to him than to Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, or the late Lord Aberdeen. His boast that the income of each year should meet the expenditure, came indeed to nothing; and the loans which he contracted were not, it is alleged, raised on the most advantageous terms. But the blame of first drifting into hostilities, and then conducting them as we trust England will never conduct a war

again, must be shared by the whole Cabinet collectively, as well as by the individuals composing it. In December 1854 it became evident, however, that one of these individuals, Lord John Russell, was dissatisfied with his colleagues and their policy. He suddenly withdrew from the Cabinet, and not long afterwards Mr. Roebuck demanded a parliamentary inquiry, which the Ministers resisted, but in vain. A large majority of the House of Commons voted with Mr. Roebuck, whereupon the Cabinet resigned in a body. Then followed negotiations, into the details of which it would be painful for us to enter were the occasion such as to require this self-sacrifice, which, happily, it is not. But the general results are soon stated. Once more Lord Derby committed the mistake of trying to conciliate the Peelites. Once more the attempt failed, and under circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained. Lord Palmerston placed himself at the head of a patched-up Administration. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham all consented to hold office under him, and all resigned again when they discovered, as they very soon did, that he was playing the same double game with them which he had played with Lord Derby. It will not soon be forgotten how unscrupulous these three gentlemen were in denouncing, both publicly and privately, the duplicity of their late colleague. That any one of them, and most of all Mr. Gladstone, with that chivalrous sense of honour for which his friends give him credit, could have stooped so low as to take office again under the "*political mountebank*," is a problem which they and not we must solve.

Between January 1855 and February 1857 Mr. Gladstone took little or no part in the business of the House of Commons. Out of office, his spirit seemed to prey upon itself; indeed, he hardly spoke or voted at all, except once, when in

1856 he opposed the County Court's Bill, not because the measure was objectionable in itself, but because Lord Palmerston's Government proposed it. In February, 1857, however, the fire kindled, "and he spake with his tongue." The late Sir George Lewis was then Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, in a speech distinguished not less for its modesty than for its incoherence, he showed that the Aberdeen policy had plunged the country into debts and difficulties, and that in order to sustain public credit it was necessary to continue for a while some of the taxes which had been imposed during the war. The income-tax, for example, which then stood at 9d. in the pound, he proposed to reduce only to 7d., lowering at the same time, in something like the same proportion, the war duties on tea and sugar. It is impossible to say that a budget so prepared and so explained was either very intelligible or very satisfactory; and Mr. Disraeli, upon grounds which, looking to the relative positions of parties in the House, were perfectly legitimate, criticised it severely. But Mr. Disraeli's criticisms were mild in comparison with the onslaught made by Mr. Gladstone on the budget and its author. "Everything," he observed, "for which we have been labouring during the last fifteen years is—I do not say destroyed, because the destruction of the results of fifteen years' labour is not the work of a single day—but everything in regard to finance for which we have been labouring for the last fifteen years is in principle condemned, alike by the speech as by the plans of the right honourable gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Now, this was not only most uncandid on the part of one who had created the confusion with which the budget undertook to deal, but the allegations brought forward to justify the proceeding were substantially untrue. If Sir George Lewis violated the compact of 1853 by proposing

in 1857 to keep the income-tax at 7d. in the pound, what had Mr. Gladstone done, when a year or two previously, he had raised it to 10d.? And in regard to the tea and sugar duties, though the proposed reductions stopped short of an immediate return to the scale of peaceable times, they were a decided improvement upon the state of things which Mr. Gladstone had established. But considerations of this sort weigh little with angry men, and Mr. Gladstone was *very* angry. He struck out right and left, delivering himself with great eloquence, great cleverness, great ingenuity, but exhibiting not one spark of generosity towards either friend or foe. Gentlemen who had been his colleagues formerly, and were soon to become his colleagues again, answered him in a tone as sharp as his own; and after as pretty a wrangle as need be, a division took place which gave to Ministers a majority of twenty-five.

If Mr. Gladstone seemed to be angry during the progress of the debate, he became furious when the results of the division became known. He gave immediate notice of a motion to reduce at once the duty upon tea. But before the day arrived for debating this point, the question of the Arrow and of the Chinese war came on, and with all the eagerness of a wounded spirit bent upon mischief he threw himself into *that*. He had a better excuse for a display of temper on this than on many other occasions. Sir George Grey, speaking in defence of the Ministerial policy, charged Mr. Gladstone with placing Sir John Bowring in the position which he then held as Governor of Hong-Kong. The insult to his understanding was greater than Mr. Gladstone could endure, and, casting back the imputation on the heads of those to whom it applied, he showed that Sir John Bowring's appointment was the work of Lord Palmerston himself. This done, he went into the same lobby with Mr.

Cobden and Mr. Disraeli, helping thereby to place the Government in a minority of sixteen. Nor did this content him. The policy of forbearance which the leader of the Opposition recommended was not to his mind. He insisted upon receiving from the head of the Government an immediate explanation of the course which it was intended to pursue; and when Lord Palmerston replied that the question at issue between him and the House was one which the country ought to decide, asking leave, at the same time, to proceed with the more pressing business of the session, Mr. Gladstone spoke out. "Sir," said he, "most anxious as I am, in common with the right honourable gentleman the member for Buckinghamshire, to afford every just and reasonable facility for putting forward public business, I frankly own that I am not prepared to abrogate the essential duties of the House of Commons. The House of Commons has been wronged. Its privileges have already been disparaged by the Government. The destinies of this great empire are at the disposal of men whom no considerations of justice or sound policy restrain. . . . What I wish to state is this, that while I shall listen respectfully to the statement which my noble friend has not made, but which perhaps he will presently make, I hope it will be understood that there is no pledge or understanding whatever which in any way fetters the free action and judgment of this House, or implies that we are to play a ministerial part in regard to the taxation of the country, every essential office remaining in the hands of the executive advisers of the Crown."

Lord Palmerston had resolved upon a dissolution, and it took place immediately. To an extent far exceeding anticipation, the elections went in his favour. A strange delusion seems to have taken possession of the minds of the constituencies,

that in supporting Lord Palmerston they were vindicating the honour of the country. Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat in the new House of Commons, a disappointed and indignant man. Public business seemed to have for him no further interest. He neither supported nor opposed Lord Palmerston's Parliamentary Oaths Bill, though it agreed—in all essentials at least—with the one which he had himself proposed. But when, later in the session, the policy of the Persian war came to be discussed, the wrath which for months had been fermenting within him burst forth. He attacked the Government fiercely, and was fiercely and jeeringly replied to by the Prime Minister. We find no more complimentary figures of rhetoric passing now between the two men. They had ceased to be to each other "my noble and my right honourable friend." It was the "noble Lord at the head of the Administration" who had plunged the country in an unjust war; and it was the "right honourable member for the University of Oxford whose temper obscured his judgment." Indeed, so entirely were they estranged, that neither the verdict of the constituencies, just delivered, nor the example of forbearance set him by a Tory Opposition, could prevent Mr. Gladstone from following the lead of Mr. Roebuck and the O'Donoghue. Finally, when the House went into committee of supply, he spoke again upon the subject of the war, insisting that, being unjust in itself, it ought to come to an immediate close. That Mr. Gladstone had arrived at sound conclusions respecting both the Persian and Chinese wars, no sane man now pretends to doubt. But what sane men find it difficult to account for is this, that within a few months from the date of this discussion, Mr. Gladstone had begun again to coquette with the object of his vituperations, and that in a year and a half, or thereabouts, he was

again a leading member of Lord Palmerston's Administration.

The bitter estrangement between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston, of which we have just spoken, continued for some time. It was aggravated by that extraordinary change of manner, on the Premier's part, which astonished, as much as it offended, members on both sides of the House. Lord Palmerston was no longer what he used to be, the jaunty and adroit cajoler of the great Council of the nation. The importance attached to his name in the late election seemed to have turned his head, and, believing himself to be master of the situation, he began to treat the House of Commons *de haut en bas*. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, out of humour with himself and everybody else, seldom rose to speak—never, indeed, except when provoked to do so by some impertinence on the part of the Prime Minister. But this state of things came to an end at last. In February, 1858, Lord Palmerston asked leave to bring in his famous "*Conspiracy to Murder*" Bill. The leave was not refused, and the bill was read a first time; but at the second reading Mr. Milner Gibson moved an amendment, which censured more the haste of Government in appealing to legislation than it condemned the principle which the bill before the House sought to establish. Mr. Gladstone, as was to be expected, spoke in favour of the amendment, showing little mercy either to the bill or its author. "I claim, sir," he said, "the power of discussing English law upon English grounds. But how am I to do this when a bill is introduced to us, not with an intelligible statement of the condition of the law—not with an exposition of its legal, civil, and social bearings, but proposed by the Prime Minister of the Crown, of course not himself a lawyer, and recommended upon grounds and with reference to conditions that are not legal, that are not social, that are

not even English, but that are purely political?"

An adverse majority of nineteen, in a House of Commons ostentatiously elected to keep Lord Palmerston in power, drove him out of office; and once more Lord Derby was called upon to form an Administration. Once more he made advances to Mr. Gladstone, desiring on this occasion to associate with him the Duke of Newcastle and Earl Grey, and once more Mr. Gladstone rejected the overture. No charge of unfair dealing was, however, on this occasion brought against either party, and the consequence was a more sustained forbearance on Mr. Gladstone's part than he had formerly exhibited towards a Tory Government. For example, he disapproved Mr. Cardwell's tricky motion on the subject of Lord Ellenborough's despatch to India. He helped indeed to get the Opposition out of the difficulty in which their haste to strike had entangled them; but if the question had come to a vote, there is reason to believe that he would have swelled the majority of which the Government was pretty certain. On the other hand, while restraining Lord Palmerston's eagerness, he began again to speak of him as "his noble friend." In this he only followed the impulses of his nature. Mr. Gladstone could never, as a private member of Parliament, give support to any Government without coquetting in word or deed, or both, with the Opposition. Hence he refused to mix himself up in the ungenerous uses to which Mr. Disraeli's address to the farmers at Slough was turned; and when the Tory Reform Bill came to be discussed, he both spoke and voted for the second reading. At the same time he so bore himself as to create the impression that his sympathies were all the while with the party out of power. We are not alluding now particularly to his vote for going into committee on Sir John Tre-

lawney's Church-rate Abolition Bill. He was supported on that occasion by Mr. Disraeli, and we are very willing to believe that, equally with Mr. Disraeli, he had determined to recast the measure when he got it there. But what will the clerical electors for the University of Oxford say to the line which he took on the question of marriage with a wife's sister? It may or may not be consonant with the spirit of Christianity that a man, when his wife dies, shall marry her sister if both be willing; but such marriages are undoubtedly forbidden by the canon law, and we have yet to learn that the clergy, or a majority of them, desire to see the canon law altered in this respect.

And here we must stop for a moment to notice his acceptance, under Lord Derby's Administration, of that mission to Corfu, the fruits of which came to maturity a year or two later. Do we blame him for consenting to undertake a charge of considerable delicacy, not being a member, or even a supporter, of Lord Derby's Government? Far from it. He had just published his book upon Homer—the most extraordinary medley, by the by, which has appeared in modern times;—wherein learning of a high order runs side by side with drivels which would have better become a second Stackhouse, had it been possible for a second Stackhouse to obtain a hearing in these days. His mind was thus full of Greece and its ancient glories; and the idea of contributing, be it in ever so small a degree, to restore these glories, ran away with him as completely as leading ideas invariably do. We cannot therefore blame him for doing that which he had no power to avoid; but this remark we may venture to make, that he was undoubtedly not in his proper place as the employé of a Cabinet which he refused to support; and that a temperament so impulsive, and a judgment so entirely under the guidance of imagination or

fancy, or what you will, are not for the most part found predominant in men qualified to guide the councils of a great empire like this. Let that pass, however, for the present.

Beaten on their Reform Bill in a House over which they had no control, the Government determined to dissolve, and on the 19th of April they carried their determination into effect. There occurred, however, in the interval between their defeat and the dissolution, a debate upon the affairs of Italy, which deserves at least passing notice at our hands, as throwing considerable light upon the state of Mr. Gladstone's feelings at the moment. On such an occasion he could not fail to speak, and he took a line of his own, which agreed neither with Mr. Disraeli's views nor with the views of Lord Palmerston. He was, however, remarkably civil to both statesmen; they were equally "his right honourable and his noble friend;" in fact, it was a new edition of the "Beggars' Opera," Mr. Gladstone taking the part of Macheath, and singing—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The new Parliament met, and the leaders of a mixed Opposition lost no time in bringing on such a trial of strength as should be decisive of the fate of the Administration. An amendment on the Address was moved, and at the close of a debate which extended over many days, Ministers were defeated by a majority of thirteen. In that debate Mr. Gladstone took no part. He even divided with the Government, yet he accepted immediately Lord Palmerston's proposal to take a seat in the Cabinet which the latter was commissioned to form. What though, but a few months previously, he had avowed his distrust and contempt for one "who would quarrel with an absolute monarchy, or a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, as the case might be?"

What though he had helped to drive out of office the Minister who would have dragged the nation through the dirt by getting Parliament to pass a bill "recommended upon grounds, and with reference to conditions, that were not legal, that were not social, that were not even English, but that were purely political?" These acts and professions were things of the past. They could not be allowed to interfere with present arrangements—with arrangements which those who knew him best made little scruple in asserting were not more desirable for the sake of the country than for his own sake. For by this time Mr. Gladstone's impatience of non-official life had become a burthen to himself and to others. Hence the determination to throw in his lot with "the least trustworthy statesman of modern times," received from the circle which enjoyed the largest share of his confidence a hearty approval. Once again Chancellor of the Exchequer, he seemed to breathe a more healthy atmosphere. His constitutional irritability subsided, and out of the House, as well as in it, he appeared anxious to create the impression that, so far as he could control the course of events, the session should pass over quietly. At the same time he took occasion to show, when a fitting opportunity offered, that though a member of a Liberal Administration, he was not in all respects committed to its policy. For example, when a bill for the unconditional surrender of church-rates was brought in, the very counterpart of that which he had formerly supported, he voted against it on the second reading; but having done so, he forthwith balanced his account with the Church, by advocating the repeal of that clause in the Emancipation Act which prevents a Roman Catholic barrister from becoming Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

So passed the remainder of the

session, in perfect good-humour with all men; and when, in 1859, the time came for making a financial statement, it was made with the best possible grace. Mr. Disraeli received many compliments on the wisdom of his arrangements, and their success was fully admitted. At last, however, 1860 arrived, and with it the necessity of looking in the face the old pledges of 1853, as well as certain new arrangements into which, during the recess, the Government had entered. For during the recess Mr. Cobden, a private member of Parliament, had opened personal communications with the Emperor of the French, and, first on his own account, and by-and-by with the connivance of the Government, negotiated a commercial treaty which the Government adopted as its own. We are not able to say whether Mr. Gladstone was or was not a party to this most undignified proceeding. It would be satisfactory to be assured that he was not, because we cannot forget that there was a time when he would have been the first to expose and denounce a course of action at once so mean and so unconstitutional, had it been pursued by statesmen with whom he was not officially connected. Be this, however, as it may, the treaty was prepared, and in the end negotiated, under a joint commission granted to the British Minister at Paris and to Mr. Cobden. The date of this commission is, if we recollect right, the 18th January 1860. The treaty was arranged, revised, corrected, and ratified on the 23d.

Parliament met, and on the 10th of February Mr. Gladstone made his anxiously-expected financial statement. It now lies before us, being a component part of a volume, into which, after revising and correcting them, Mr. Gladstone has thrown the whole of his budgets and financial statements between 1853 and 1864, both years inclusive. Budgets and financial statements are not, it

must be confessed, either light, or, for the most part, very attractive reading; but this for 1860 stands by itself. It is perhaps the most audacious as well as adroit document that ever passed through the ordeal of public criticism. It opens with a statement, the very utterance of which would have plunged any other man than Mr. Gladstone into despair, bound as he was by pledges which he saw himself unable to redeem. But what were pledges to Mr. Gladstone then? what are they now? Of no more worth than abstract principles, which though useful at one time to justify a policy, having nothing more substantial to rest upon, are easily set aside when the point under discussion touches the give-and-take operations of everyday life. Here is Mr. Gladstone's pleasant announcement of the state, present and prospective, of the public revenue at the opening of the year 1860:—

"Public expectation has long marked out the year 1860 as an important epoch in British finance. It has long been well known that in this year, for the first time, we were to receive from a process, not of our own creation, a very great relief in respect of our annual payment of interest upon the national debt—a relief amounting to no less a sum than £2,146,000—a relief such as we never have known in time past, and such as, I am afraid, we never shall know in time to come. Besides that relief, other and more recent arrangements have added to the importance of this juncture. A revenue of nearly twelve millions a-year, levied by duties on tea and sugar, which still retain a portion of the additions made to them on account of the Russian war, is about to lapse absolutely on the 31st of March, unless it should be renewed by Parliament. The Income-Tax Act, from which, during the financial year, we shall have derived a sum of between nine and ten millions, is likewise to lapse at the very same time, although an amount, not inconsiderable, will still remain to be collected, in virtue of the law about to expire. And, lastly, an event of not less interest than any of these, which has caused public feeling

to thrill from one end of the country to the other—I mean the treaty of commerce with France, which my noble friend, the Foreign Minister, has just laid on the table—has rendered it a matter of propriety, nay, almost of absolute necessity, for the Government to request the House to deviate, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, from its usual, its salutary, its constitutional practice of voting the principal charges of the year before they proceed to consider the means of defraying them; and has induced the Government to think they would best fulfil their duty by inviting attention on the earliest possible day to those financial arrangements for the coming year which are materially affected by the treaty with France; and which, though they reach considerably beyond the limits of that treaty, yet, notwithstanding, can only be examined by the House in a satisfactory manner when examined as a whole."

We beg our readers to observe the cleverness with which Mr. Gladstone here mixes up matters having no natural connection one with another—the state of the finances, incident to the operation of Acts of Parliament passed, and the effect of a treaty which was expressly guarded from coming into force till Parliament should have examined and approved it. Had the common and legitimate course of things been pursued, the treaty and the budget must have been taken apart. Each would have thus stood upon its own merits, and the treaty coming first, the budget would have been framed in accordance with the judgment passed upon it in the House of Commons. Such a course was, however, too simple and too straightforward to commend itself to the genius of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He preferred rolling the two into one, without doing which, indeed, he could not hope to command the support of any other section of the House than that to gratify which the French treaty had been concluded.

And here let us stop for a moment to point out that, assuming the mixed budget to be accepted, Mr.

Gladstone's dodge would make the House of Commons a consenting party to an arrangement not only impolitic and embarrassing in itself, but fatal to the national honour. No doubt, according to the theory of the constitution, it rests with the Crown to make and unmake treaties as well commercial as political. But though the Crown may, if need be, reduce in such cases the customs duties granted to it by Parliament, it cannot, without doing outrage to the principles of the constitution, tamper with any arrangements which Parliament may have made for the management of the internal affairs of the realm. Now, the French treaty bound the British Government not only to modify its customs, but to lower its excise duties, and to keep them so lowered for a given number of years. Here, then, was such an outrage offered to national honour, and to constitutional law, as had not been heard of in this country since the days of Charles II. Nor, when we look to the policy of some of the arrangements, can we find much that was likely to commend them to the favourable consideration of British statesmen. The increased facility given to the importation of French silks was pretty sure, as the member for Coventry showed, to destroy the trade of that town and of Spitalfields, and it has done so. The article authorising the free passage of coal from England to France, and from France to England, was a mere surrender of a royal prerogative, and the throwing away of a sure source of revenue, for the French have no coals to export. And the question of the Navigation Laws was so settled as to recognise and permanently sanction the differential duties favourable to the French, which up to that moment had been ignored. But we are not going to review the French treaty. It certainly gave us for a while wine cheaper, if not better, than we used to get before: we

can state from experience that our good wine is now much dearer, and our cheap bad wine simply undrinkable. We know likewise that French gloves, French shoes, and French *bijouterie* cost a great deal more now than they did in 1859; and that French ribbons, besides driving those of Coventry out of the market, are considerably dearer than they once were. But let all that pass. It is rather with his manner of forcing the treaty down the throats of the House of Commons, than with the treaty itself, that we are here concerned. For we are discussing, not the commercial policy of the Whig Government, but the fitness of Mr. Gladstone to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament, and to become, as he aspires sooner or later to be, the head of an Administration.

Having exposed, in the words which we have just quoted, the melancholy prospects of the coming financial year, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to add to the difficulties of the situation, by so readjusting a variety of minor duties as to produce a further deficiency of £4,000,000. This he afterwards reduced to £2,000,000, and ended by showing, that if the law were left to take its course, the estimated revenue for the next twelve months would fall short of the estimated expenditure by £11,500,000. What does he do to balance the account? He not only retains the income-tax, but raises it again to 10*l.* in the pound; while the tea and sugar duties, instead of being allowed to lapse, are restored to the state in which they were during the height of the Crimean war. And then, rejoicing in the wisdom of his scheme, he calls upon Parliament to remit entirely the excise duty upon paper.

The history of Mr. Gladstone's connection with the paper and wine duties would be most instructive if it were written at length. It is not our present pur-

pose to attempt that task, but we may observe in passing, that up to 1860 he had opposed every effort to tamper with either. So lately indeed as 1858 he had resisted Mr. Milner Gibson's very innocent declaration—which, however, a thin House affirmed, in spite of him—that it was not desirable to consider an excise duty on paper as a permanent source of revenue for the country. The fact is, that the excise duty on paper was particularly obnoxious to statesmen of the Manchester School. They had embarked considerable capital in penny newspapers, which reflected, of course, their own views, and which they found it impossible to push into the circulation at which they aimed, so long as the weight of the tax lay upon them. Hence their ceaseless agitation to get the duty repealed. Now, we are betraying no confidence when we say that Mr. Gladstone's steadiest supporters in Lord Palmerston's Administration had for some time back been the representatives of that School. There has been little attempt to conceal the fact, that his budget, distasteful to the rest of the Cabinet, was forced through by Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Villiers; and that, to gratify them, he constrained Lord Palmerston, Lord Grenville, and the Whigs to swallow with it the corollary—for such it was—of a total repeal of the paper-duties. But though they consented to speak and vote as he required, neither Lord Palmerston, nor Lord John Russell, nor any other Whig Cabinet Minister, could disguise the chagrin and reluctance with which he yielded to a plain necessity. The consequence was, that when the question came to be debated in the House, their utterance was less clear and resolute than it used to be, and that Mr. Gladstone carried his bill on the third reading by a meagre majority of nine. Now a majority of nine in the House of Commons was not such as to intimidate the

House of Lords; and the House of Lords, acting on the advice of Lord Lyndhurst, threw out the bill by a majority of eighty-nine. From that hour Mr. Gladstone sold himself, body and soul, to the Radicals. He had promised, when pleading for his measure, that if the House rejected it he would apply the surplus thereby secured to the reduction of the duties on tea and sugar. He was reminded of this promise when the Lords did what the Commons had desired to do, but shrank from doing; and the advantage to the people of bringing cheaper tea and sugar within their reach was pressed upon him. He rejected the proposal with disdain. His promise had been to the House of Commons—he had no connection with any other place; indeed, his conviction was that the Lords had exceeded their powers, and that a mere resolution of the House of Commons would abolish the tax in spite of them. Let the Masters of Oxford turn to their Hansards, if by chance they have forgotten the temper which their representative exhibited on that occasion. That he abstained from voting for Sir William Clay's wild proposal, is to be accounted for only by the fact that a different course would have broken up the Government and given to Lord Derby an unlimited lease of power. He did, however, what he could, apart from that climax, to bring on a collision between the two Houses; and no collision occurring, he subsided into what he now is—the sworn ally, it may be the accepted, though as yet unavowed, leader of the Radical party in and out of Parliament.

The division which gave to Mr. Gladstone his majority of nine, followed a long debate upon an amendment by Mr. Du Cane to this effect:—"That this House, recognising the necessity of providing for the increased expenditure of the coming financial year,

is of opinion that it is not expedient to add to the existing deficiency by diminishing the ordinary revenue; and is not prepared to disappoint the just expectations of the country, by reimposing the income-tax at an unnecessary high rate." An amendment more moderately worded, more capable of being met and dealt with in a conciliatory spirit, was surely never brought forward on a ministerial scheme; but it drove Mr. Gladstone wild. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "to hold that a motion which denounces any addition to an existing deficiency by parting with revenue, can be thought compatible with the treaty which does add to the deficiency by parting with considerable revenue? It is a motion in terms, and I interpret its spirit solely from its terms—it is aimed in its terms and spirit at the life and substance of the treaty. But more than that, I will endeavour to point out why I also say—this motion repudiates and condemns, in mass, the commercial legislation of the last eighteen years."

Well, Mr. Gladstone carried his treaty, carried his war-tax on tea and sugar duties, carried his income-tax at 10d. in the pound—carried everything, in short, except his repeal of the paper-duties, which thus remained available for the public service. What was the result? In April 1861, when he came to account for the past and prepare for the future, he was compelled, paper-duties notwithstanding, to admit an excess of expenditure over revenue to the amount of £500,000, and, a few months later, to acknowledge that the admission was inadequate, because the real deficiency amounted to not less than £2,559,000.

In commenting upon the defeat of his paper scheme, while the wound was still fresh and the sting bitter, Mr. Gladstone described the vote of the House of Lords as an "innovation the most gigantic and the most dangerous that had been

attempted in our time." This was followed by something like a threat that nothing of the kind should ever occur again; and having with difficulty been restrained from pushing the quarrel to an issue, he adopted the alternative of including the repeal of the paper-duties in the general financial statement which in 1861 he submitted to the House of Commons. It became thus an integral portion of the budget, and could be stopped in the House of Lords only by stopping the supplies. He had the bad taste to boast of his skill in this arrangement; but he had calculated too much upon the subserviency of the assemblage to which the boast was addressed. He felt, as the discussion went on, that public opinion was not with him, and surpassed himself in the adroitness with which he tried to parry the thrusts of more honest but less skilful dialecticians. A demand was made, that instead of remitting a tax which the paper-makers themselves pronounced to be no grievance, he would apply the amount, £1,300,000, to the reduction of the war-duties on tea and sugar. He refused on two pleas: first, that the paper-tax could not be put into the balance against the taxes on tea and sugar; and next, that the tea and sugar duties, having been reimposed in 1859, neither were nor ought to be considered as war-duties. Now, how stood the facts of the case? The tea and sugar duties had been imposed to meet the demands of the Russian war—one consequence of which undoubtedly was to expose the utter inadequacy of our military resources, and the rottenness of our system of military administration. To enlarge the one and to improve the other, extraordinary sources of revenue were required, and the continuance of the war-duties on tea and sugar supplied that requirement. To affirm that these duties, originating in war, and continued because of the disclosures which war had forced upon

us, ought not to be treated as war-duties, was worthy of the casuist who held that, because the amount produced by the excise duties on paper did not equal the amount realised by the tax on tea and sugar, sound policy required that the latter should be exacted to the full, while the former were entirely abolished. And now, again, a tyrant majority carried its leader through. Eighteen voices in a full House determined the fact that the money produced by the paper-duties should not be applied to the reduction of the war-duty on tea and sugar.

It was not, however, towards the House and the country alone that Mr. Gladstone bore himself at this time in a somewhat ambiguous manner. His colleagues in the Cabinet had little room to be grateful for the tone which he assumed in asking the supplies necessary to carry on the Government. He spoke on that occasion as a man might be expected to speak who believed the public expenditure to be profligate and excessive. It was his duty as Chancellor of the Exchequer to provide the means of keeping the army and the navy effective, and of placing the national dockyards and arsenals in a state of safety. This he did; but in doing so he scarcely affected to disguise the fact that he disapproved of the views which his colleagues had taken; and that if he had been allowed to have his own way, army, navy, and fortifications would have figured in the estimates on a scale far below that which they actually presented.

While on questions purely political Mr. Gladstone fell off more and more towards Radicalism, his churchmanship, as indicated by his votes and speeches, continued to be pretty much what for some time back it had been. In February of this year, for example, he spoke and voted against the second reading of the Abolition of Church-rates Bill; but in April, when Sir Morton Peto

brought in his Burials Bill, Mr. Gladstone offered to it no opposition whatever. He absented himself from every division, and the bill was thrown out at the second reading by a majority in which his name does not appear.

Having brought Mr. Gladstone down as a financier to the two critical eras of 1860–61 and 1861–62, it is not our intention to travel farther with him step by step in this direction. His financial statements, including that for 1864, are accessible to all who will take the trouble to refer to his collected volume; and for his budgets, and his manner of defending them, Hansard may be consulted *passim*. We content ourselves with saying that neither matter nor manner underwent, from year to year, any perceptible change. His statements are always minute, complicated, and subtle. He invariably acknowledges that his calculations went wrong, yet invariably defends them. There is always an excess of expenditure over revenue, which, however, is not an excess; and he winds up on each occasion with expressing his disapproval of the policy of extravagance which compels him to make such heavy demands upon the country. Sometimes he is comical in his schemes—as when, in 1862, he gravely proposed to inflict brewers' licenses upon all persons brewing their own beer at home. Sometimes he takes a high moral tone,—as when, in 1863, he insisted on imposing the succession-duty on public charities. Sometimes he exhibits wonderful skill in the juggling line—as when he manages to get five quarters out of the year, and to explain away deficiencies by referring to the occurrence of leap-year. But whatever direction his gyrations take, they never fail to be as startling as they are characteristic. We do not pretend in this article to bring his financial policy to the bar of public opinion; but it would be affectation to pretend ignorance of the fact that a general

suspicion begins to prevail that all is not gold that glitters.

We turn now to look a little into the tenor of his career as a champion for or against Reform in Parliament; and we begin by observing that a retrospect of the years during which he has sat in the House of Commons proves plainly enough that, whatever he may think on the subject now, a conviction of the necessity of enlarging the constituency in this country has certainly not come to him by intuition. While yet the pupil of Peel, he reflected Peel's views on that subject with perfect fidelity. His language, when he spoke at all, was like that of his master: "We have made one great change in the representative system of the country. Till the failure of the new order of things has been demonstrated, don't let us plunge into another. So long as Parliaments elected under the Reform Act do their duty, I deprecate interfering with them. The country cannot afford to pass through a revolution once in every quarter of a century."

In conformity with these views, Mr. Gladstone resisted, during Peel's Administration, every move towards a change in the electoral system of the country. So likewise, while sitting near Peel under the gangway on the Opposition benches, he either took no part at all in the Reform skirmishes which from time to time occurred, or he voted against the Reformers. While Lord Aberdeen's Administration lasted, he kept personally clear of the whole matter, and began to handle it only after that heterogeneous compound of pretension and imbecility fell to pieces. His first serious advocacy of the measure, if indeed serious it deserves to be called, dates no farther back than 1860, when he spoke in favour of the scheme which Lord Palmerston's Cabinet had sanctioned, and which Lord Palmerston abandoned without even the pretence of regret. But this same year circumstances occurred

which placed the subject before him in a new light. His budget, ill-received by the majority of his colleagues, the determined support of the extreme Liberal section in the Cabinet alone enabled him to carry through. Then came that struggle with the House of Lords, the issues of which the more aristocratic members of the Administration hardly pretended to deplore; and with it the conviction, that if he was to maintain his influence—first in the Cabinet, and next in the House—he must lean more than ever upon the advocates of extreme opinions. We entertain no doubt whatever that this alliance was cemented at the outset under the pressure of excited feeling. Smarting under the wound which his self-love had received, he took the readiest means of obtaining a speedy vengeance. But we believe also that other considerations had their weight with him even then, and they are now more weighty with him than ever. Mr. Gladstone will never again play second fiddle in any Administration. He rates his own abilities at their highest value, and is persuaded that they are so rated by others. He will contend, therefore, for a prize which every year, every month, brings more and more within his reach. He is determined to succeed Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister, or to be nothing. What door is open to him? None, except that which must be approached by assuming the leadership of the great party, of which Mr. Baines, Mr. Bright, Mr. Hadfield, and Mr. Cobden are the representative men. Observe now the measure of his advances towards that consummation.

Time was when, of all her sons, Mr. Gladstone appeared to be the most devoted to the Church of England as by law established. A sounder Churchman than Mr. Keble, in Mr. Keble's sense of the term, he never perhaps pretended to be; but he went far beyond Mr. Keble and others, who now write him up in

the 'Guardian,' in asserting that Church and State ought to be inseparably united, and that only through the Church is it lawful for the State to aim at educating the people in the principles of morality and religion. It is neither easy nor becoming to throw off such convictions as these all at once; and we accordingly find that advances towards the converse of them are made painfully—that office itself is sacrificed when these advances fairly begin, in order that it may be impossible to charge the apostate with preferring personal interest to principle. In like manner his proceedings, as often as questions affecting the direct rights of the Church come to be considered, indicate for a while an unsettled state of mind—either a reluctance to abandon the principles of his youth, or an anxious desire to reconcile them if possible with views towards which they stand in absolute antagonism. Hence his wavering and often contradictory votes on the subject of church-rates, of popular education, of the claims of Dissenters to share in the honours, emoluments, and government of the universities, of Dissenters' burials, and other points too numerous to mention here. So it was till 1860, but in 1861 his scruples appear to have passed away. Why he should have voted then, at the third reading, against the unconditional abolition of church-rates, it is hard to say. His speech, if fairly analysed, will be found to contradict that vote, for it describes the impost as discreditable to the Church, and expresses an earnest desire to get rid of it. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone cannot entirely forget that he still sits in Parliament as the representative of a body of Churchmen, and possibly he counts on being able to convert some of his constituents by his logic, while he conciliates others by his vote. Be that, however, as it may, we find him in 1862, and still more decidedly in 1863, far in advance of what he had ever been

before. In 1862 the Clergy Relief Bill came on for the second time. He had been remonstrated with on account of the tone which he judged it expedient to take on a former occasion; he now absented himself from the discussion altogether. He could not venture to give to the measure his support; he would not oppose it. In 1863, however, the Rubicon is fairly passed. When the Qualifications Abolition Bill was brought in, he gave a tacit assent to the first reading. At the second reading he was not present, but when the third came on he frankly and without compromise made the measure his own. Nor was he satisfied with this. In pleading for the measure immediately before the House, he went out of his way to pronounce sentence of hearty approval upon everything which had been done during the thirty previous years to bring down the Established Church to the same level with Dissenters. "For the last thirty years I have not been able to trace any danger to the Church of England arising from the political acts of Dissenters." Not any danger to the Church as by law established! Is there nothing hostile to the Church of England in Sir John Trelawny's Bill, or in Sir Morton Peto's, or in the more honest demands of the Liberation Society out of doors? As to the Clergy Relief Bill, the only tendency of that is, according to Mr. Gladstone's showing, to enlarge the civil liberties of the people. Again—"I cannot admit that the declarations required by the Act of 1828 partake at all of the nature of a compact between Dissenters and the Legislature." Now, what are the very words of the declaration which Mr. Gladstone thus explains away? "And I swear that I will not use any influence which accrues to me from my office or from my seat in Parliament to the injury of the Church as by law established, its rights or property." Well might Mr. Walpole describe the speech of

the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a remarkable one; we shall be very much surprised if, when the opportunity offers, the electors of the University of Oxford forget to show that they are entirely of Mr. Walpole's opinion.

If announcements like these, coming from a Minister of the Crown, are not to be interpreted as indications of hostility to the Church, we are at a loss to conceive wherein such hostility consists. They are unquestionably received with approval by all who make no disguise of their determination sooner or later to get rid of the Establishment. Let us see next how Mr. Gladstone deals with a matter even more grave—the guardianship of the Church's doctrine and discipline. Our readers are aware that, in spite of recent changes, so much of her old constitution remains to the University of Oxford that no man can become a Master of Arts nor consequently sit and vote in Convocation, till he shall have signed the Thirty-nine Articles and certain of the Church's canons, as well as declared his assent to all that is taught in the Book of Common Prayer. A sore grievance this to the professors of modern theology, clerical not less than lay; and not, we regret to say, entirely approved by some of the higher dignitaries who owe their advancement to successive Whig Governments. It has often been struck at in and out of Parliament. But the last attempt to get rid of it was in 1864, when Mr. Dodson asked leave to bring in his "Tests Abolition Bill." The demand was resisted at once by Sir William Heathcote, Mr. Gladstone's colleague in the representation of Oxford. Did Mr. Gladstone come to Sir William Heathcote's support? Quite otherwise. He spoke, on the contrary, at great length in favour of the bill, of which the second reading was carried by a slender majority of two, which majority ought to have amounted to

three had Mr. Gladstone been true to himself. But either he was not true to himself, or in this particular instance Hansard is less accurate than we usually find him. Mr. Gladstone's name does not appear in the list either of the majority or the minority at the division.

It is probable enough that, having spoken, Mr. Gladstone shrank, in this instance, from acting against the well-known opinions of the body which he represents. Indeed, there is nothing inconsistent with his general character in assuming that the Church still retains some hold upon his affections, and that a course of legislation tending directly to her overthrow is a price which he would rather not pay for the attainment of the object of his ambition, lofty as it is. But that which he may hesitate about doing directly, he is quite prepared to do indirectly. On the question of extending the franchise he is ready to go all lengths with his new allies; and what his new allies intend to do with the Church, when power passes into their hands, they have certainly not affected to keep him in ignorance of. Last year, be it remembered, was a season of strikes among the working men, and Garibaldi processions. Mr. Gladstone coquetted with both as Minister of the Crown never coquetted before,—with the latter, indeed, so unguardedly as to bring himself into something like disrepute in quarters where least of all he could have wished to give offence. Meanwhile Mr. Baines brought forward, in the House of Commons, his bill for extending the franchise in boroughs to the occupants of six-pound houses. Mr. Gladstone not only supported Mr. Baines's views, but went far beyond them. In a speech which he subsequently corrected for publication, and to which he has added a preface explanatory of nothing, Mr. Gladstone took a line from which it is impossible that he can hereafter withdraw, and which separates him entirely not from the Conservatives only,

but from every politician, be he Whig, Tory, or Liberal, who is not prepared to assimilate the franchise in this country to that which placed Napoleon on the throne of France, and has made the United States of America a warning to the civilised world. It would be impertinent to stop for the purpose of arguing this point, because Mr. Gladstone's speech is of such recent delivery that few of our readers can have forgotten it. But a few extracts from the speech itself, as it now stands in pamphlet-shape, seem to be necessary for this, if for no other reason, in order to show that there is no disposition on our part to misrepresent a public man, whose declension from his early faith has been so startling and complete.

After explaining why the Government during the previous session considered it inexpedient to propose a measure of their own, and why he, though a member of the Government, felt himself at liberty, notwithstanding, to support Mr. Baines's proposal, Mr. Gladstone goes on to say—

"At present we have, speaking generally, a constituency of which between one-tenth and one-twentieth—certainly less than one-tenth—consists of working men. And what proportion does that fraction of the working classes who are in possession of the franchise bear to the whole body of the working classes? I apprehend I am correct in saying, that those who possess the franchise are less than one-fiftieth of the whole number of the working classes. Is that a state of things which we cannot venture to touch or modify? Is there no choice between excluding forty-nine out of every fifty working men on the one hand, and on the other a domestic revolution? I contend, then, that it is on the honourable gentleman that this burthen of proof must be held principally to lie; and that it is on those who say it is necessary to exclude forty-nine-fiftieths that the burthen of proof rests: that it is for them to show the

unworthiness, the incapacity, and the misconduct of the working classes, in order to make good their argument that no larger portion of them than this should be admitted to the suffrage."

This is tolerably plain speaking, it must be allowed; which, however, Mr. Gladstone, master as he is of casuistry, might perhaps be able to explain away. It is quite within the compass of his dialectics, for example to show that the Tories, in their abortive scheme of 1858, went as far as he. But proceed a little, and observing as you proceed with what consummate skill, and for a purpose, he sketches and condemns the Tory policy of 1817, take note of what follows, and say to what it points:—

"And what, let me ask, is the state of things now? With truth, sir, it may be said that the epoch I have named, removed from us in a mere chronological reckoning by less than half a century, is, in the political sphere, separated from us by a distance almost immeasurable. For now it may be fearlessly asserted that the fixed traditional sentiment of the working man has begun to be confidence in the law, in Parliament, and even in the executive Government. Of this gratifying state of things it fell to my lot to receive a single, indeed, but a significant proof no later than yesterday. (Cries of 'No, no,' and laughter.) The quick-witted character of honourable gentlemen opposite outsteps, I am afraid, the tardy movement of my observations.* Let them only have a very little patience, and they will, I believe, see cause to listen to what I have to say. I was about to proceed to say, in illustration of my argument, that only yesterday I had the satisfaction of receiving a deputation of working men from the Society of Amalgamated Engineers. That society consists of very large numbers of highly-skilled workmen, and has two hundred and sixty branches; it is a society representing the very class in which we should most be inclined to look for a spirit of even *jealous* independence of all relations with the Government. That depu-

* A note as given in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet says, "The interruption was understood to refer to another deputation received on the same day with reference to the subject of the departure of General Garibaldi."

tation came to state to me that the society had large balances of money open for investment, and that many of its members could not feel satisfied unless they were allowed to place their funds in the hands of the Government by means of a modification in the rules of the Post-Office Savings Banks. Now that, I think, I may say without being liable to the expression of any adverse feeling on the part of honourable gentlemen opposite, was a very small but yet significant indication, among thousands of others, of the altered temper to which I have referred. Instead, however, of uttering on the point my own opinions, I should like to use the words of the working classes themselves. In an address which, in company with my right honourable friend the member for Staffordshire, I heard read at a meeting which was held in the Potteries last autumn, they say, of their own spontaneous motion, uninfluenced by the action of their employers, in relation to the legislation of late years:—

“The great measures that have been passed during the last twenty years by the British Legislature, have conferred incalculable blessings on the whole community, and particularly on the working classes, by unfettering the trade and commerce of the country, cheapening the essentials of our daily sustenance, placing a large proportion of the comforts and luxuries of life within our reach, and rendering the obtainment of knowledge comparatively easy among the great mass of the sons of toil.”

“And this is the mode in which they then proceed to describe their view of the conduct of the upper classes towards them:—

“Pardon us for alluding to the kindly conduct now so commonly evinced by the wealthier portions of the community to assist in the physical and moral improvement of the working classes. The well-being of the toiling mass is now generally admitted to be an essential to the national weal. This forms a pleasing contrast to the opinions cherished half a century ago. The humbler classes also are duly mindful of the happy change, and, without any abatement of manly independence, fully appreciate the benefits resulting therefrom, contentedly fostering a hopeful expectation of the future. May Heaven favour and promote this happy mutuality! as we feel

confident that all such kindly interchange materially contributes to the general good.”

“Now, such language does, in my opinion, the greatest credit to the parties from whom it proceeds. This is a point on which no difference of opinion can prevail. I think I may go a step further, and consider these statements as indicating not only the sentiments of a particular body at the particular place from which they proceeded, but the general sentiments of the best conducted and most enlightened working men of the country. It may, however, be said that such statements prove the existing state of things to be satisfactory. But surely this is no sufficient answer. Is it right, I ask, that, in the face of such dispositions, the present law of almost entire exclusion should continue to prevail? Again I call upon the adversary to show cause. And I venture to say that every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or of political danger is morally entitled to come within the pale of the constitution.”

It is due to Mr. Gladstone that this portion of his memorable speech should be read at length, that nothing should be withheld of the plausibility and claptrap with which it abounds, that premises and conclusion should be studied together, and an honest estimate thereby arrived at of the speaker's object and intentions. The Society of Amalgamated Engineers, with its 260 branches, and large capital waiting for investment, well deserves our attention. A very formidable body this, as, sooner or later, Mr. Gladstone may discover; though, intoxicated with the praise which it heaps upon him and his measures, he can see nothing in it at this moment which he is not ready to approve and to applaud. Why should amalgamated societies of any handicraft accumulate funds so large as to require safe and profitable investment? In our simplicity we imagined that savings banks had been instituted for the purpose of inducing in individual workmen and domestic servants habits of wise economy. If they are to be made the recipients—

manding that the Protestant Church shall be abolished. And these and many other excellent works might be accomplished if the operatives of Lancashire could only be roused to demand a large extension of the suffrage. Therefore they are praised for doing that which was the readiest means of securing to them help from the higher classes in their time of need; and forbearance from outrage is assumed to establish a just claim to the exercise of important political privileges.

Having thus conciliated the non-electors, he turns next to the ten-pound householders, whom he associates with himself in his recent triumph over the Lords, not without some complimentary allusions to the daily press in Manchester and elsewhere.

"I turn now to a question which was a subject of some portion of the communication which passed between us eleven years ago, and an important domestic question—I mean the repeal of the excise duty upon paper. At that time, not only through its very distinguished representative, Mr. Gibson, but also by the direct action of many of its leading citizens, Manchester took a prominent part in promoting that repeal. It was surely a very natural movement. We had taken away the duties upon glass and upon soap. We had abolished the interference of the excise with every other branch of trade which has no other purpose than the production of useful commercial articles. The paper-duty alone remained, and it was felt that no principle could be urged for its retention. On merely commercial grounds it was right that it should be repealed. The repeal of it, I may be permitted to say, was found to be no easy matter (laughter); but though it was not an easy matter, it has been accomplished; and now that it has been accomplished, I am only going to speak of one, but a very important, portion of its results. The simply economical part of those results I have no doubt it will take a long time to develop; but I adhere confidently to the opinion that it will probably be found that fibrous material which, by the repeal of the paper-duty, has been completely emancipated from any interference of the excise in any industrial process, will perhaps, in no very long time, be

found to be applicable usefully to a multitude of purposes which never were even so much as dreamt of, or, if they were dreamt of, could not be made the subject of practical prosecution as long as the paper-duty continued in existence. But, standing before a community which entertained such decided opinions upon that subject, I must acknowledge the debt of gratitude which is due to all the early promoters of the movement for the repeal, in connection with the moral and political consequences which that repeal has had in respect to its effects upon the public press. I am not going to say one word in disparagement of the public press of the country at any period of its existence. My belief is that from the very first it has been an organ of good immensely preponderating over the mischief. I mean now as it existed three, four, five generations ago; in our time, as it existed twenty years ago, it had reached to a position of remarkable prominence and utility. The great organs of the press, as you well know, are conducted by some of the most accomplished minds of the country. Many of the articles written in those papers before the repeal of the paper-duty were worthy of taking a place in the permanent literature of England. I well remember being in company with Sir R. Peel, not less than thirty years back, when a question was raised about the authorship of 'Junius.' You well remember how great a national as well as a literary sensation was produced at the time by the publication of those Letters; in point of fact, the intense controversy with respect to the authorship may enable us to measure the importance of those Letters as a political phenomenon of the time. But when that question was in discussion in private conversation, the literary merit of the Letters themselves was also brought under view; and I well recollect that Sir Robert Peel gave at once his opinion that the Letters of 'Junius' were not as well written as 'The Times' (Cheers.) It was a great thing to possess a press in which the mind of the country was so ably and fully represented,—in which public affairs and the conduct of public men were so freely and incessantly canvassed and discussed. That discussion is of inestimable value to the country, and to none of more value than to public men.

chisel cuts where clumsier sculptors strike; and cuts with such consummate address, that the looker-on receives no intelligible impression of what is going on till the results appear.

And now one word in conclusion, partly to justify ourselves for the course which we have taken, partly to point the moral of our tale. We have spoken of Mr. Gladstone as a public man, and a public man only. Few admired him more than we, when first he took his place among rising statesmen. Few have felt more acutely, or mourned more sincerely, his declension from the path on which he originally entered. But it is not our feeling nor our sorrow that demands consideration now. The University of Oxford in the first place, the country at large in the second, must come ere long to a judgment concerning his future destiny. If they who, for the last fifteen years, have kept him in the House of Commons, approve the policy which he

has adopted, and the logic with which he defends it, they will send him to the House of Commons again as their representative. If they condemn the one and dislike the other, they will look out for a better, if not an abler man, to represent them in the next Parliament. That Mr. Gladstone will make his way into the great Council of the nation somehow or another cannot be doubted, though neither Oxford nor South Lancashire claim him as its own. Leeds, Manchester, possibly the City of London itself, are open to him. But what then? Is he to be Lord Palmerston's successor? We should think not. No Tory will support him; not one old Whig family will follow him. The House of Commons, if at all constituted as it now is, would not tolerate his want of temper for a day. He has nothing to look to but the extreme Radicals; and they are not as yet strong enough to give either a policy or a Prime Minister to this great country.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

WILLIAM BLAKE is a curiosity: whether as man or artist, he is one of those exceptional persons who invite analysis, and of whom very opposite estimates will be formed. For while some are disposed to exaggerate the genius which is accompanied by eccentricity, others are so offended at the inordinate conceit, the ignorance, the presumption, the wilful self-deception, and general want of truthfulness which, for the most part, characterise the eccentric individual, that they are slow to recognise the real merits that may be found in such disagreeable companionship. We should have thought, for our part, that the slight and interesting sketch given by Allan Cunningham, in his 'Lives of the Painters,' of this remarkable man, was all that the subject required. It seemed otherwise to Mr. Gilchrist. He has wrought out an elaborate biography in two very ornate volumes. We must thank him for the many specimens he has laid before us of the artistic talent or genius of Blake; and we ought to thank him, we presume, for the further insight he has given us into the man himself. But much of the charm which hung over Allan Cunningham's sketch (so far as we can recall that sketch to mind) is dissipated and lost in this more full and faithful portraiture.

Truth requires, it will be said, that we see a man in more than one aspect. Blake, the visionary, writing snatches of poetry which Wordsworth might have adopted, and striking out designs which Flaxman admired and which Fuseli pronounced as excellent "to steal from,"—living throughout an earnest, laborious, temperate, retired life, in the constant society of one woman, who most faithfully kept her vow "to love, honour, and

obey,"—forms a charming picture for the imagination. But when Mr. Gilchrist throws the full light of biography upon this picture, other features are revealed by no means attractive. The neglected artist was angry at the fame of those who had really won the world's applause, and he was utterly blind to the excellence of any but one school in painting; he pours out insane diatribes against Sir Joshua Reynolds, and against his successful rival, Stothard. This retired poet, singing of his lamb and his tiger, is also a dreary mystic, and, notwithstanding his naturally energetic mind, is so ignorant and uncultivated, that he does not even perceive the gross presumption of his haphazard attacks, whether on great men or on great subjects. This earnest visionary, whom we left living amongst the angels, is also a *good hater*, vain and quarrelsome, and very much given to that sort of fibbing which is intended to make people stare and marvel at us.

We must not let it be supposed that Mr. Gilchrist deals severely with his subject; on the contrary, he is very laudatory. He is very indulgent to the man, Blake, and gives to the artist a measure of praise which we, not being artists ourselves, can only receive with mute wonder and surprise. The painful and damaging impressions we speak of are the results of the bare facts he states, or of the words of Blake himself which he puts before us. Mr. Gilchrist sustains, for his part, the traditional idolatry of the biographer—that is, be it understood, in a certain offhand, patronising style. For our modern modish biographer is not apt himself to kneel at any shrine, though he is well enough disposed to order and

'Life of William Blake, "Pictor Ignotus."' By the late Alexander Gilchrist, author of the 'Life of William Etty, R.A.'

superintend the worship of others. He pooh-poohs the old saints in the calendar, and, with infinite amusement to himself, gives you one, for your especial adoration, with the glory quite new about its head.

The author of this book did not live to see it through the press, or even entirely to complete it—a melancholy fact which in a manner disarms criticism. But it would be difficult to proceed with any notice of the work whatever without at least noticing the *class* of biographical compositions to which it belongs. Our observations shall be as *impersonal* as possible. We wish, indeed, it were in our power at all times to discourse of books, to classify and characterise them, without wounding the susceptibilities of the author or his friends. How pleasant it would be if one could do as the botanist, who classifies his plant, describes the form of the calix, the number of the petals, the soil in which it grows, the length of days allotted to it, without being accused of feeling the least enmity or disrespect to any member of the vegetable kingdom. In one respect it may be said that the analogy is complete between the critic and the botanist. Both may classify and describe to their heart's content: neither of them will have any influence over the form, or the growth, of book or vegetable. The botanist cultivates his own mind and the minds of those whom he addresses by his observation of nature; it never entered into his imagination to control the course of vegetation. Whether the critic can reap for himself any similar benefit from his classification of books may be doubtful; but unless he can, we are constrained to confess that his occupation is wellnigh useless. He may still give a little pain or a little pleasure; he may help to gratify the legitimate love of praise, which is one of the most respectable elements of our human nature, or he may help to wound that inordinate vanity which may, indeed, be

wounded, but never is corrected: but as to that influence on the living literature of his age—on the book that will be produced to-morrow, which he has flattered himself that he possessed—this influence, if he ever possessed it, is gone from him. The stream of literature flows too fast; it sweeps by him, not only too potent for his control, but too swift for his watchfulness. The book that he is analysing is gone before his analysis is complete, and another is there in its place. Nothing lives much longer than the critic's own ephemeral production. Success, immediate success, is the sole test of merit. It has been gained, enjoyed, lost, before the critic has had time to speak.

Here and there a history or a philosophical work is written for duration, and appeals to the leisure judgment of a critical reader; but our biographies, poems, novels, almost all that ranks under the old title of *belles lettres*, are written for the day and the hour; captivate in some way—by some good quality no doubt—the popular taste, and sufficiently fulfil their destiny if, within the year, they sweep rapidly and uproariously through all the circulating libraries of the kingdom. Where now is the function of the periodical critic? We are all periodical—we are all but portions of the same mighty stream.

This ephemeral nature of our literature is not due to want of talent, but to the very opposite cause, to the redundancy of talent. One novel obliterates another, not because the first was unworthy to live, but because the second is as worthy as the first. To the second comes a third equally worthy. The public, hundred-handed as it is, cannot hold them all, and as the newest is the most attractive, it must, of force, drop the old ones while it stretches forward to the new. Can you expect the charm of style to preserve a book? The English language could not be better written

than it often is for a composition confessedly intended to last for a single day. It is true, however, that a great audience is to be spoken to in that single day. A 'Times' newspaper, in its short life, has had more readers than Milton's poem gained through half a century. It holds the position of the orator rather than of the writer. We all, in a measure, rather speak than write. The very advance of our knowledge tends to abridge the life of our best books. Science can hardly be said to have any literature; it has only a record of its progress. The ablest text-book is superseded in a few years. Our books of science, like our law-books, are worth nothing, if not of the *last edition*. And, of late years, history has been much in the same predicament as science. So many new sources of information have been opened, and so many new points of view revealed to intelligent criticism, that our most advanced historians rather give us contributions to the history of some period than attempt the final record of that period.

But, let the fate of criticism be what it may, our concern at present is with the biography of Blake. There has been apparently some difficulty in collecting materials for two octavo volumes, but an ingenious biographer, aware of all the resources which modern practice has rendered, we presume, legitimate, is not easily to be balked. Can he not glance from time to time at the contemporaries of his hero? If that hero—Blake or another—did not know *them* personally, he *might* have known them. They and Blake walked the earth together at the same time. That, at all events, is a striking fact. Then we take care to describe every locality which our hero has lived in or visited. If it is a street in London, we inquire whether anybody known to fame has ever lived in that street; whether any great calamity has happened, or any great crime has been ever perpetrated, in that street. Perhaps we

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search the Newgate Calendar, with or without success. If the environs of London are mentioned, we take a ride down to Battersea or Camberwell and explore the neighbourhood, and look at old prints, and are diffusely topographical. Always, if any event is to be narrated, we note the day of the month and the hour of the day, and make a guess at the state of the weather. It is that fine May morning or that bleak December afternoon. We then glance round from man to nature and introduce some land-cape into our historical picture. If in the course of our reading any anecdote turns up that belongs to the period, and is itself amusing, we seize upon it as lawful prize. The reader, if amused, will certainly raise no difficulties about its relevancy. As to our general style, it must be understood, once for all, that we are perfectly at our ease, supremely contemptuous of all conventionalities. We dash our sentences at you, with or without the usual verb or noun, just as they come to hand. Some would say that our ease is, after all, the ease of the postur-master; or perhaps would even insinuate that there is great effort and contortion to appear at ease—ease itself, which has ever some element of grace in it, not being really attained. Such carping we thoroughly despise. The world embraces us with open arms. It laughs at our impudence and extols our talent. If the embrace is not long, it is longer than it would have been if, without more of talent, we had less of impudence.

Blake was born in London in the year 1757. Mark how pictorial a statement may be made of this:—

"William Blake, the most spiritual of artists, a mystic poet and painter, who lived to be a contemporary of Cobbet and Sir Walter Scott, was born 28th November, 1757, the year of Canova's birth, two years after Stothard and Flaxman; while Chatterton, a boy of five, was still sauntering about the

winding streets of antique Bristol. Born amid the gloom of a London November at 28 Broad Street, Carnaby Market, Golden Square (market now extinct), he was christened on the 11th December—one in a batch of six—from Grinling Gibbon's ornate font in Wren's noble Palladian Church of St. James's. He was the son of James and Catherine Blake, the second child in a family of four."

An inconvenience attends this style of writing; there is no limit to the curiosity it excites, or the demands that a lively reader might make upon his author. "One in a batch of six"—why stop there? The reader, awake to the interest of this fact, that six children were christened at the same time, from the same font, demands at least a brief sketch of the lives of the other five. Why is this mysterious connection mentioned at all, if we are to lose sight of it so soon? We ourselves are not so exacting, but patiently follow the author into the topographical details which fill the next very lively paragraph. "Dashing Regent Street as yet was not!" so that our Golden Square neighbourhood "held then a similar status to the Cavendish Square district, say, now: an ex-fashionable, highly respectable condition, not yet sunk into the seedy category." Here the father of Blake flourished as "a moderately prosperous hosier." What Broad Street is now, the reader will find described with a minuteness which looks like a rivalry of Dickens.

It seems that the prosperous hosier gave his son a very scanty education. William Blake was left to saunter about the streets, and, when he grew older, to rove out alone into the country. For "country," we are told, "was not, at that day, beyond reach of a Golden Square lad of nine or ten. On his own legs he could find a green field without the exhaustion of body and mind which now separates such a boy from the alluring haven as rigorously as prison-bars." It was on the occasion of one of these

country rambles that we hear, for the first time, of that peculiarity which distinguished Blake through life, and the nature of which has been the subject of some discussion.

"On Peckham Rye (by Dulwich Hill), it is, as he will in after years relate, that while quite a child of eight or ten perhaps, he has his 'first vision.' Sauntering along, the boy looks up and sees a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars. Returned home he relates the incident, and only through his mother's intercession escapes a thrashing from his honest father for telling a lie. Another time, one summer morn, he sees the haymakers at work, and amid them angelic figures walking. If these traits of childish years be remembered, they will help to elucidate the visits from the spiritual world of later years, in which the grown man believed as unaffectedly as ever had the boy of ten."

Was Blake mad? is a question which was often asked during his life, and is sometimes asked even now. We agree with the present biographer in repudiating the idea of insanity. Did he, then, really see angels in the forms of departed heroes? Nothing of the kind. But if he *believed* that he saw them, was not this of the nature of an insane delusion?

We, for our part, doubt that Blake, as man or boy, ever believed that he saw veritable angels or the spirits of departed men. Our impression is, that although in him imagination was so vivid that the *thing imagined* came before him with something of the same distinctness as a *thing perceived*, yet he never in fact confounded imagination with reality. He always knew the difference between the solid objects which reflected light to his eye, and the visionary forms which his vivid fancy projected into space. But as such visionary forms did appear to him with an abnormal distinctness, he spoke of seeing them. There was no absolute departure from truth in this assertion; but if he had

been asked to examine himself, he would probably have confessed that his reason was sufficiently awake to draw the distinction between appearances that were due only to the activity of his brain, and the objects of vision lit up for him, and for all the world, by the light of day. There may have been intervals when he lost the power to draw this distinction, and when he entered the borders of insanity, but those intervals must have been very rare.

This abnormal activity of the imagination is well worthy of the attention of the psychologist or physiologist. Sometimes it is evident that the unusual vividness of the thing imagined is rather the result of a weakness of our perceptive faculties than of a peculiar strength of the imaginative. Either way the balance is overthrown, the just equilibrium is disturbed between perception and imagination. Long fasting will bring on this peculiar state, in which men's thoughts or memories assume the aspect of external realities. In such cases the senses are half asleep, and the thought approximates to the character of a dream.

We see, and we remember what we have seen, and the remembrance, we say, is altogether a different state of consciousness. It is so to the man in full possession of well-balanced faculties. But physiologists teach us that memory and vision are not so very different in their nature as they appear. The memory is a reproduction of the original perception. All memories of a visible object must therefore have a *tendency* to assert for themselves a place in the external world. But to the man of vigorous perception that place is already filled; and to the man who remembers *other matters* equally well, the memory of this object is (by association with those other memories) relegated to the past. The comparative faintness of the impression, together with this *place in time past*,

prevents it from assuming a given space amongst present objective realities. In sleep, when this external space is left entirely unoccupied and mere individual memories or imaginations come up before us — (the connected series of the past being no longer recalled) — the thought *does* mimic perception. And in men awake, in whom there is some peculiar cerebral exaltation, or some enfeebling of the senses and of that connected remembrance to which, in common parlance, we give the name of reason, there is observed to be the same tendency for thought to assume the form of perception. It is true that both in the dream and the wide-awake imagination there is something more than a reproduction of a former perception. There is a combination and modification of the perception which we do not here undertake to explain. But it is clear that those imaginations which do assume to us the character of visible realities have been in the first place received through the organ of vision. He who *sees* angels in the air had seen pictures of angels; he who dreams of dragons had seen a serpent, or the picture of a dragon.

In some way this balance between imagination and perception seems to have been disturbed in the case of William Blake. But not, we think, to that extent that he was no longer conscious of the difference between them, or was unable to summon up his reason to determine the nature of the apparent object before him. But he loved the marvellous, and he loved to astonish his friends with marvellous stories. When he came home from Peckham Rye and told his parents that he had seen angels up a tree, he probably knew even then that there was a wide difference between the reality of those angels and the reality of so many apples that he might have also seen hanging upon the tree. If the "honest hosier" had been a psychologist, he

would have endeavoured to elicit from his son whether he was conscious of this difference; and although we should not certainly have recommended the "thrashing," a timely admonition not to say *that he had seen* what he was conscious he had only vividly imagined, might have done the lad some service. The habit grew upon him of speaking in this startling and audacious manner; nor did he care to examine himself. He liked to indulge in his poetic visions. It is plain, too, that in after life he occasionally sported with the credulity of others, or for the mere sake of *effect* described himself as seeing what he had only imagined. The following passage shows him in both lights. He is the voluntary enthusiast accompanied by his all-believing wife, and he is the conversationalist, exciting surprise, and giving a zest to his inventions by representing his fancies as actual visions. He is at the time here spoken of living with his wife in a cottage near the sea-coast:—

"By the sounding shore, visionary conversations were held with many a majestic shadow from the Past—Moses and the Prophets, Homer, Dante, Milton; 'all,' said Blake, when questioned on these appearances—'all majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men!' Sometimes his wife accompanied him, seeing and hearing nothing, but fully believing in what *he* saw. By the sea, or pacing the pretty slip of garden in front of his house, many fanciful sights were witnessed by the speculative eyes. The following highly imaginative little scene was transacted there. It is related by Allan Cunningham:—'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the answer. 'I have,' said Blake, 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness amongst the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and

colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral!'"

It would be too absurd to suppose that Blake, any more than the person he addressed, could believe that this "highly imaginative little scene" was "transacted" anywhere but in his own fancy. Perhaps he created it on the spur of the moment, merely to amuse the lady who was listening to him. When some facetious gentleman, addressing us across the table, between the long necks of the wine bottles, promises to reveal to us the last observation which his dog *Pickle* had secretly confided to him, we prepare ourselves for some trait of humour, but we certainly do not suspect that we shall be called upon to believe in speaking dogs. If a poet tells us he has visited fairy-land, he is bent on amusing, not on deceiving us.

It is instructive to see this objective, *realising* tendency of the imagination apart from that religious exaltation which so often disguises its nature both from its possessor and from other men. Blake was pre-eminently the artist, and the strongest motive he had to delude himself or others was vanity. But suppose that Blake had been pre-eminently the religious man, with, perhaps, peculiar doctrines to promulgate, Blake would have been a Swedenborg. He would not have cared to examine himself rigorously: he would have accepted his visions; perhaps they would have overawed him, and prevented any candid self-examination; perhaps, in the zeal of teaching, and the dignity of the founder of a sect, he would have been tempted to exaggerate their vividness or their completeness. Something of this was very nearly happening at one period of his life. The visionary always speaks on a topic where no testimony can contradict his own; he is therefore

tempted to exaggerate. In the case of the religious visionary there grows up a strong desire to shape the vision according to some pre-accepted faith. There is here neither pure truth nor pure falsehood. There is a great deal of that falsehood which is "founded upon truth."

But we are advancing too rapidly with our biography; we must go back to the hosier's lad in Broad Street. It need hardly be said that one of his principal amusements was drawing, with such materials, and after such copies, as were attainable. To earn a subsistence by art was at that time very difficult; the prudent hosier would hardly make a painter of his son, but he so far consulted his taste as to apprentice him to an engraver. *Apropos* of this apprenticeship a story is introduced of the miraculous order, introduced and told, as the fashion now is, with the intention of leaving in the reader's mind an impression of the miraculous (if he cares to receive it) without positively committing the author to the same credulity he is willing to foster, or to play with, in others:—

"At the age of fourteen, the drawing-school of Mr. Pars, in the Strand, was exchanged for the shop of engraver Bazire, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. There had been an intention of apprenticing Blake to Ryland, a more famous man than Bazire, an artist of genuine talent and even genius, who had been well educated in his craft, had been a pupil of Ravenet, and after that (among others) of Boucher, whose *stipple* manner he was the first to introduce into England. With the view of securing the teaching and example of so skilled a hand, Blake was taken by his father to Ryland; but the negotiation failed. The boy himself raised an unexpected scruple. *The sequel shows it to have been a singular instance, if not of absolute prophetic gift or second sight, at all events of natural intuition into character, and power of forecasting the future from it, such as is often the endowment of temperaments like his. In after life this involuntary faculty of reading hidden writing continued to be a characteristic.* 'Father,' said the strange

boy, after the two had left Ryland's studio, 'I do not like the man's face; *it looks as if he will live to be hanged.*' Appearances were at that time utterly against the probability of such an event. Ryland was then at the zenith of his reputation. He was engraver to the King, whose portrait (after Ramsay) he had engraved, receiving for his work an annual pension of £200. An accomplished and agreeable man, he was the friend of poet Churchill and others of distinguished rank in letters and society. His manners and personal appearance were peculiarly prepossessing, winning the spontaneous confidence of those who knew, or even casually saw him. But twelve years after this interview, the unfortunate artist will have got into embarrassments, will commit a forgery on the East India Company—and *the prophecy will be fulfilled.*"

This was not even a chance-uttered prophecy. The boy disliked Mr. Ryland's countenance, and expressed his opinion in the coarse but not very unusual phrase, that it looked like the face of a man who would be hanged. It was only a mode of saying that he had a sinister expression. Such, however, is the taste or judgment of the day, that an anecdote of this simple kind can be made to wear a mysterious aspect, can be told unblushingly, by a man of sense, with vague hints of prophetic gift and natural intuition.

Of this apprenticeship to Bazire there was little to record. But we have an account of Bazire and his three brothers, who were also engravers, and a very elaborate description of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Blake one day saw Goldsmith enter Bazire's shop or studio. He *did* see Goldsmith, and we are told that he *might* have seen Emmanuel Swedenborg, for a comparison of dates shows that the great seer was in London at this period, walking the streets with his gold-headed cane.

Bazire employed his pupil in making drawings from the monuments in Westminster Abbey: a fact certainly worth mentioning.

It was a congenial task, and a task likely to have an influence on the future artist. But because Blake made drawings in Westminster Abbey, was this quite a sufficient reason for introducing an anecdote about the Antiquarian Society, and how, "on a bright day in May, 1774, certain members of that Society opened the tomb of Edward I."? The anecdote may be interesting, but its connection with Blake is hardly made clear to us by the concluding sentence—"I cannot help hoping that Blake may (unseen) have assisted at this ceremony."

His apprenticeship over, the next great event of Blake's life is his marriage. His first attempt at wooing was unsuccessful. We suppose that the young engraver had very little to offer in the way of *establishment*. "Are you a fool?" was the curt answer of the brisk little maiden to whom he had proposed. He carried his griefs to a kinder damsel, who listened to his woes and "pitied him from her heart." He loved her for that pity, and in Catherine Boucher he won as loving, faithful, devoted, and teachable a wife as ever fell to the lot of a poor wayward man of genius. He would have been lost without his Catherine. She was more to him than all the angels that visited him, waking or asleep. She was his true angel. She had faith immeasurable in his genius, in his wisdom, in his marvellous gifts. She came to him unformed; she could not even write her name; she was moulded by him and for him; she caught the enthusiasm of the visionary; she learnt to assist him in his art; she gave him the sympathy for which his soul craved—the obedience which calmed and could alone have subdued his excitable temper, and, with housewifely skill, kept one who was always poor from the real evils of poverty.

We are not tempted to follow Blake in his movements from street to street, though at each new domi-

cile we have here the most graphic description, not only of what the house and the street were some ninety years ago, but what they are to a keen observer at this very moment. Everywhere the artist and engraver is carrying on the old struggle for existence, but everywhere he seems to have his life kept just above the stream, and to have no fear of sinking. For a short period we hear of him, through the introduction of his friend Flaxman, making his appearance in polite society. A lady known in her day as "the celebrated Mrs. Matthews," and who opened her rooms to artists, poets, and musicians, invited Blake, and some one mentions that he heard him singing there his own songs. But patronage was not likely to come to Blake through a lady's drawing-room, and we are not surprised to hear that he soon disappeared from such a scene.

We have a picture given us a little further on which is much more in accordance with the general notion entertained of our eccentric fancy-ridden artist. He and his wife are living, much alone, in Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. Something of a garden is attached to the house, and in this garden is a summer-house. To this summer-house they resort to recite certain passages of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Blake is Adam, and Catherine is Eve. They feel transported in imagination to the age of pure innocence, and they walk in their little summer-house as Adam and Eve in their bowers in Paradise, and they recite Milton's poetry in accurate costume, which is no costume at all. A friend, Mr. Butts, who has been lately very kind to our artist, knocks at the door of the summer-house. "Come in!" says Blake, "it's only Adam and Eve, you know!"

Johnson, a well-known bookseller and publisher of the day, gave what employment he could to our intractable man of genius. His house, in St. Paul's Churchyard,

was a place of resort for literary men. Johnson published Godwin's 'Political Justice.' Here Blake was brought again into connection with living men. He met Godwin, he met Paine. He himself was an ardent republican. In politics he could fraternise with Paine; in theology he was far as the poles asunder. He walked about defiantly, in the open streets, with the red cap of liberty on his head. It is said that he saved Paine from an incarceration in England. Paine had been giving way at Johnson's to some inflammatory talk, and Blake, who knew that spies and informers were very busy at this time, followed him out. "You must not go home," he said, "or you are a dead man!" As our beautiful demagogue was already bound for Paris, Blake had no difficulty in persuading him to start at once for Dover. By the time Paine reached Dover the officers were ransacking his papers in his house or lodging in London. Blake himself was exposed subsequently to a political prosecution, a danger which he incurred, we presume, by his well-known republicanism. He was living at the time at his cottage at Felpham, to which we shall have next to conduct him. A drunken soldier broke into his garden and refused to retreat. Blake turned him out by main force. His blood was up, and, little man as he was, he drove, or pushed, the hulking grenadier off his premises. The soldier protested that he was in the King's service. "Damn the King and you too!" said Blake, and drove his adversary, not only from his garden, but down the lane that led to it.

The next morning the soldier, in revenge, charged Blake with seditious language. He made his charge on oath before a magistrate, and Blake had to stand his trial at Quarter Session for high treason. He was acquitted; and we presume the case would not have assumed the serious aspect it did if the evi-

dence of the soldier had not been in a measure corroborated by the well-known nature of Blake's politics.

Our Londoner had been carried off into the country, and placed in a cottage on the Sussex coast, by his association with Hayley, author of the 'Life of Cowper.' Blake was to design and engrave the illustrations for that work, and for other works of the same author. They were an ill-assorted pair. "The one," as Mr. Gilchrist very aptly says, "with a mind full of literary conventions, swiftly writing without thought; the other with a head just as full of originalities, right or wrong, patiently busying his hands at his irksome craft, while his spirit wandered through the invisible world." For some time, however, they went on very amicably together. Blake was pleased with his rustic abode, near to the sea-shore, and with the prospect of steady employment. He spent much of his time in Hayley's library. His good-natured and perhaps over-zealous patron, writing to the Rev. John Johnson (Cowper's cousin), says, "Blake and I read every evening that copy of the 'Iliad' which your namesake (the bookseller) of St. Paul's was so good as to send me; comparing it with the first edition, and *with the Greek*, as we proceed." One is curious to know whether we are to understand by this that Blake had taught himself Greek. For our part, we look upon the passage merely as an amusing instance of the loose style so prevalent with letter-writers. We see Hayley, in imagination, taking down from the shelf his Greek Homer, and sonorously reading to Blake some favourite lines, Blake nodding a silent approval. As letters are manufactured by half the idlers who busy themselves with letter-writing, this would be ample foundation for the "Blake and I comparing with the Greek as we proceed."

But after a time this close inter-

course with an uncongenial mind, a man quite sceptical as to Blake's inspirations, and, what was worse, persisting in the kind attempt to teach him common-sense, became to the irritable artist an insufferable thralldom. After four years he returned again to London, to enjoy the liberty of his own spirit, cramped and fretted and confined by the companionship of one who, with the best intentions in the world, sat upon his soul like an incubus. Blake, writing to an earlier friend—that Mr. Butts who peeped into the summer-house in Hercules Buildings—gives full expression to this feeling of recovered liberty, and also to the secret opinion he entertained of his good-natured patron Hayley. Some letters written to Mr. Butts from Felpham are collected together at the close of the second volume of this biography. They are very curious. Here are a few extracts from them:—

"And now, my dear sir, congratulate me on my return to London, with the full approbation of Mr. Hayley, and with promise. But, alas! now I may say to you—what perhaps I should not dare to say to any one else—that I can alone carry on my visionary studies in London unannoyed, and that I may converse with my friends in eternity, see visions, dream dreams, and prophecy and speak parables unobserved and at liberty from the doubts of other mortals; perhaps doubts proceeding from kindness; but doubts are always pernicious, especially when we doubt our friends. . . .

"As to Mr. H., I feel myself at liberty to say as follows upon this ticklish subject. I regard fashion in poetry as little as I do in painting. But Mr. H. approves of my designs as little as he does of my poems, and I have been forced to insist upon his leaving me, in both, to my own self-will; for I am determined to be no longer pestered with his genteel ignorance and polite disapprobation. I know myself both poet and painter. His imbecile attempts to depress me only deserve laughter. . . . I shall leave every one in this country astonished at my patience and forbearance of injuries upon injuries (!), and I do as-

sure you that if I could have returned to London a month after my arrival here, I should have done so. But I was commanded by my spiritual friends," &c. &c.

In these letters to Mr. Butts, there are more evidences of a religious exaltation than we meet with elsewhere; and, as a consequence, his visions are spoken of in a more decisive and a more ominous manner. They threaten to domineer entirely over him. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the mortification he felt as an unappreciated artist, and the war he was prepared to wage against his successful rivals, shared his mind with these religious feelings. This worldly contest probably kept him sane—if, at all times, he was really *quite* within the borders of sanity. He tells Mr. Butts that the real object for which he was brought down to Felpham was the composition of an immense poem, in the writing of which he had been divinely inspired:—

"I have in these years composed an immense number of verses on one grand theme, similar to Homer's 'Iliad' or Milton's 'Paradise Lost;' the persons and machinery entirely new to the inhabitants of earth. I have written this poem from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation, and even against my will. The time it has taken in writing was thus rendered non-existent, and an immense poem exists which seems to be the labour of a long life, all produced without labour or study. I mention this to show you what I think the grand reason of my being brought down here. . . .

"I may praise it, since I dare not pretend to be any other than the secretary; the authors are in eternity. I consider it the grandest poem that this world contains. But of this work I take care to say little to Mr. H., since he is as much averse to my poetry as he is to a chapter in the Bible. He knows that I have writ it, for I have shown it to him; he has read part by his own desire, and has looked with sufficient contempt to enhance my opinion of it. But I do not wish to irritate by seeming too obstinate in poetic pursuits. But if all the world should set their

faces against this, I have orders to set my face like a flint (Ezekiel iii. 8) against their faces, and my forehead against their forehead."

As we have intimated, his strife with living men alternates with his celestial visions, and the next great event of his life is his contest with Stothard about that artist's well-known illustration of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' It is useless to enter into the particulars of this quarrel, which was apparently due to some mistake or ambiguity of conduct in a printseller. The quarrel led to a very spirited enterprise on the part of Blake—the public exhibition of his own design of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' together with some other drawings or pictures. This exhibition he accompanied with an 'Address to the Public,' and also a 'Descriptive Catalogue,' in which he gives expression to his own opinion on art and artists. The only glimmering of intelligible criticism we can perceive in these productions is that he prefers a more definite outline and *form* more distinctly portrayed, than we find in some of the celebrated Italian and Flemish masters. In this preference he may be correct; we leave to artists and *connoisseurs* to decide the matter; but on this account to class Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, and Correggio together, and that for simple reprobation, is mere absurdity—a quite ridiculous instance of the length to which intolerance may be carried even in art. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, claim his almost exclusive admiration. His own contemporary, Reynolds, meets with unparrying abuse. "The unorganised blots and blurs of Rubens and Titian are not art," he says; "nor can their method even express ideas or imaginations, any more than Pope's metaphysical jargon of rhyming."

Why Pope's rhymes should be accused of being metaphysical we cannot pretend to say; and, indeed, although we have attempted

to convey the leading idea of Blake's art-criticism, we may have mistaken his meaning or his no-meaning. Here is a passage which makes us tremble lest we have misinterpreted him, and which we will leave others to interpret for themselves:—

"I do not condemn Rubens, Rembrandt, or Titian because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not understand colouring: how long shall we be forced to beat this into men's ears! I do not condemn Strange or Woollett because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not understand engraving. I do not condemn Pope or Dryden because they did not understand imagination, but because they did not understand verse. Their colouring, graving, and verse can never be applied to art; that is not either colouring, graving, or verse which is inappropriate to the subject. He who makes a design must know the effect and colouring proper to be put to that design, and will never take that of Rubens, Rembrandt, or Titian, to turn that which is soul and life into a mill or machine."

What is sadder than even such criticisms as this is to observe how ill-success had, occasionally at least, disturbed the temper of the man, and embittered him against other artists. His ill-success was not owing to a want of appreciation of genius in the 'English public, any more than it was owing to a want of genius in himself. He had genius, but he lacked that completeness of an artist's education which is requisite to guard against blunders of many kinds; blunders which, even if trivial in themselves, may mar the effect of an otherwise excellent design. If an attitude is grotesque, or a figure is made grotesque by some disproportion in the drawing, a smile is created or a disagreeable impression is produced. It is in vain that an attentive examination may disclose singular merits in such a design; the picture, as a whole, has failed to produce its intended effect. That anything could be wanting in his education as an artist is what Blake

never seems to dream of, and his want of success with the public he, at this time, attributes to the envy and detraction of others. He says:—

"I know that all those with whom I have contended in art have striven, not to excel, but to save me out by calumny and the arts of trading competition. The manner in which my character has been blasted these thirty years, both as an artist and a man, may be seen, particularly in a Sunday paper, called 'The Examiner,' published in Beaufort Buildings (we all know that editors of newspapers trouble their heads very little about art and science, and that they are always paid for what they put in upon these ungracious subjects); and the manner in which I have rooted out the nest of villains will be seen in a poem concerning my three years' herculean labours at Felpham, which I shall soon publish. Secret calumny and open professions of friendship are common enough all the world over, but have never been so good an occasion of poetic imagery. When a base man means to be your enemy, he always begins with being your friend. Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first monuments he did I gratuitously designed for him, at the same time he was blasting my character as an artist to Macklin, my employer, as Macklin told me at the time, and posterity will know."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the head and leader of the fortunate in art, he assails with especial virulence. His pictures anger him, his 'Discourses' drive him wild.

"I consider," he says, "Reynolds's 'Discourses' to the Royal Academy as the simulation of the hypocrite who smiles particularly when he means to betray. His praise of Raphael is like the hysteric smile of revenge; his softness and candour the hidden trap and the poisoned feast. He praises Michael Angelo for qualities which Michael Angelo abhorred; and he blames Raphael for the only qualities which Raphael valued. Whether Reynolds knew what he was doing is nothing to me. The mischief is the same whether a man does it ignorantly or knowingly. I always considered true art and true artists to be particularly insulted and degraded by the reputation

of these 'Discourses' as much as they were degraded by the reputation of Reynolds's paintings; and that such artists as Reynolds are, at all times, hired by Satan for the depression of art—a pretence of art to destroy art."

We need hardly say that it is not only on subjects of art that Blake gave utterance to wild and all but senseless opinions. Self-cultured, living much alone, or with those who humoured or believed in him, he came habitually to indulge himself in the expression of every thought, whatever it might be, that passed through his mind. The more paradoxical and extraordinary, the more calculated to excite astonishment, the more likely was he to insist upon it. Fear of others' opinion, or respect for others' judgments, he had none.

Mr. Crabb Robinson, who is introduced to us here as "a gentleman still among us, of singularly wide intercourse with the distinguished men of two generations, a friend of Wordsworth and of Lamb," paid our poet-artist more than one visit, and jotted down in his journal some recollections of his extraordinary conversations. It is a testimony to the reputation which Blake must have possessed, at least in certain circles, that an intelligent gentleman like Mr. Crabb Robinson should have thought it worth his while to follow patiently and accurately to record such flagrant absurdities as we here encounter. He kindly placed at the disposal of the present biographer such portions of his journal as referred to Blake.

Mr. Crabb Robinson visited Blake when the latter was an old man, living at the time at Fountain Court, London. The impression the artist personally made upon him was that of a courteous, calm, contented man, bearing his own lot of comparative neglect and poverty with philosophic composure, unenvious of the more fortunate career of others. Let us hope, therefore, that those angry moods in which he could be unjust and uncharitable, and of which we have such indis-

putable testimony, had ceased to prevail, and that they were only temporary or accidental gusts of passion. Mr. Crabb Robinson went with the expectation of meeting something wild and extraordinary, and with a perfect readiness to excuse what he deemed the "idiosyncrasy" or partial insanity of a man of genius. But, apart from some dim obscure faith in his own visions, we are unable to see in the conversation here recorded of Blake anything more extraordinary than gross ignorance and presumption, and the activity of a naturally vigorous but quite undisciplined intellect. When, for instance, Mr. Crabb Robinson tempts him with the spirit or genius of Socrates, we see that the visionary follows the lead, and goes off into his own peculiar nonsense of spiritualism. Blake smiles, gratified at the comparison between himself and Socrates. "Now what affinity or resemblance," says our accomplished conversationalist, "do you suppose was there between the *genius* which inspired Socrates and your *spirits*?" Blake is fired with the idea of resembling Socrates. Nay, "I was Socrates or a sort of brother," he exclaims. Mr. Crabb Robinson humours the idea; and suggests to him that an eternity *a parte post* is inconceivable without an eternity *a parte ante*. "To be sure," cries Blake. In an instance, we say, of this kind Blake may be described as the victim of some physiological peculiarity; and perhaps it might be said that the accomplished man of the world *trotted him out*, if such phrase is still current in the world, that is, gently insinuated his favourite hobby between his legs, so that he could not choose but mount and ride violently forth. But in other cases no excuse of this kind can be preferred. We simply see a man who has no fear of folly, no respect for the judgment of others, asserting any arant absurdity that may occur to a vigorous untrained understanding. For there is always, be it observed,

a certain energy in the nonsense of Blake; it has a dash of originality,—it never wants boldness.

Mr. Crabb Robinson pointed out to him that something he had been asserting would legitimately lead to the conclusion "that there is no use in education." Blake was not posed at all; he immediately replied, "there is no use in education. I hold it wrong—it is the great sin; it is eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That was the fault of Plato: he knew of nothing but the virtues and vices. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes." If everything is good one would think that education was good amongst the rest.

Appropos of his visions, Mr. C. Robinson says:—

"His distinction between the natural and spiritual worlds was very confused. Incidentally Swedenborg was mentioned. He declared him to be a divine teacher. He had done, and would do, much good; yet he did wrong in endeavouring to explain to the *Reason* what it could not comprehend. He seemed to consider—but that was not clear—the visions of Swedenborg and Dante as of the same kind. Dante was the greater poet. He, too, was wrong, in occupying his mind about *political* objects. Yet this did not appear to affect his estimation of Dante's genius, or his opinion of the truth of Dante's visions. Indeed, when he even declared *Dante to be an atheist*, it was accompanied by expressions of the highest admiration."

On what ground Dante was called an atheist we do not hear; but he was very liberal with terrible words of this kind. "Bacon, Locke, and Newton," he declares, "are the three great teachers of atheism, or Satan's doctrine." Wordsworth, because of his great love of nature, is also a teacher of atheism. "Whoever believes in Nature," he says, "disbelieves in God; for Nature is the work of the devil." Mr. C. Robinson quotes Genesis to him; "In the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth." All in vain.

This God was not Jehovah, but the Elohim; and "thereupon," writes the journalist, with a modestly curiously introduced, the "doctrine of the Gnostics was repeated with sufficient consistency to silence one so unlearned as myself." That Blake stumbled on something of the same nonsense as the Gnostics was like enough; but if there was any consistent Gnosticism in his talk, it was due, we suspect, to the promptings of his well-informed visitor.

"I took Gotzenberger to see him," says our journalist, "and he met the Masqueriers in my chambers. Masquerier was not the man to meet him. He could not humour B., nor understand the peculiar sense in which B. was to be received." We are afraid we must be put in the same category as Masquerier, for the peculiar sense of terrible nonsense is not clear to us. We will not, therefore, proceed further with these curious *infelicitas*. Let us turn to an altogether different phase of the life and character of Blake. Blake called his own a happy life; and we have the testimony of intimate friends that in the main he presented the aspect of a calm contented spirit—a man always occupied, and rising often into the highest regions of thought. Poverty he knew, but never debt; and he who knows not debt knows not the real sting of poverty—knows nothing of its degradation. Hardly can that be called poverty which leaves a man in possession of health of body and independence of spirit. "Ah," cried Fuseli, who one day found Blake over a scrap of cold mutton, "this is why you can do as you like. Now, I can't do this." That combination which Wordsworth applauds of "plain living and high thinking," fell to the lot of this man. The thinking does not indeed commend itself to us, but still it was of that order which removes the thinker from sordid aims or passions. One who knew him well says of him, "He was a man with a mark; his aim

single, his path straightforward, and his wants few; so he was free, noble, and happy."

If, in the course of his long life, friends dropt off, or he lost them by his occasional irritability, some new friends arose at the time to take their place. Not to speak of his ever-constant wife, he was fortunate in this, that poverty had never shut him out from friendly companionship. If, for some reason, Flaxman, sculptor and Swedenborgian, failed him, Varley, landscape-painter and astrologer, took his place. Varley believed in his visions, sat patiently by while he drew the portraits of Edward I. and William Wallace, worthies who came to sit for their portraits in Fountain Court. In his turn, Blake believed in the astrology of Varley,—a reciprocity of credulity which is very rare amongst adepts or *illuminati*. If his wealthy patron, Mr. Butts, grows cold, a patron and a friend, not wealthy but generous, the painter Linnell, takes charge of the veteran artist. Linnell lived at Hampstead, and a very pleasant picture closes the biography of Blake. We see him a frequent guest at Linnell's country home, where children ran out to meet him, and where Mrs. Linnell sang Scottish songs; and "he would sit by the pianoforte, tears falling from his eyes."

Blake had more of the freedom than the pain of poverty. He lived through two generations of prosperous artists, earning little, obscurely industrious, but industrious after his own fashion. "They pity me," he would say of Lawrence and other prosperous artists who condescended to visit him, "but 'tis they who are the just objects of pity: I possess my visions and peace. They have bartered their birthright for a mess of pottage."

It remains to say something of those works he loved so much—of his paintings and poems—of that genius which has thrown an interest over so many eccentricities. In

literary criticism no one has, at all events, ever accused us of timidity, nor do we affect the least hesitation in pronouncing an opinion upon either prose or verse. It is otherwise with the art pictorial. Here those who use the pencil and the brush judge with an authority to which, if we are not always disposed to bow, we should be most unwilling to put ourselves in opposition. Still, if any one places before us a design and tells us it is sublime, and we feel that it is grotesque, we must say so—though only in a whisper. We are here presented with a series of prints, illustrations from the Book of Job, as favourable specimens of the genius of Blake, and genius no doubt is discoverable in them; we think we catch the inspiration here and there—we see occasionally a sublimity of *attitude* if not of *expression*. But the prevailing impression more nearly approaches the grotesque than the sublime. We read the admiration expressed in the text of the biographer (p. 285), and turn the page to look at the engraving, and either the engraving is at fault or we.

"The fifth," thus runs the text, "is a wonderful design. Job and his wife still sit side by side, the closer for their misery, and still out of the little left to them give alms to those poorer than themselves. The angels of their love and resignation are ever with them on either side; but above, again, the unseen heaven lies open. There sits throned that Almighty figure, filled now with inexpressible pity—almost with compunction. Around him his angels shrink away in horror, for now the fires which clothe them—the very fires of God—are compressed in the hand of Satan into a phial for the devoted head of Job himself."

We turn to this Almighty figure, we see a human form with a very short neck, with two very long arms which fall passively down at each side, and with a woe-begone helpless expression, which, of course, was intended for compassion, but which looks more like distress and

despondency. Such a representation of the Deity might have been pardoned in an artist of the Middle Ages, but can we be surprised that the contemporaries of Blake turned displeased away? Some hidden meaning, we presume, which we do not pretend to fathom, is hidden in this strange action of Satan, who fills a phial full of the luminous or fiery atmosphere that surrounds the angels—a celestial flame which when poured out upon Job is to turn to boils.

"The next again is the grandest of the series," Eliphaz the Temanite tells how a spirit passed before his face. We see Eliphaz sitting upright in bed, with hair standing on end, but the *grandeur* of the design does not reveal itself to us. There is but one print in the series in which the figure of Job is really impressive (that which illustrates the text, "And my servant Job shall pray for you"); as to the friends or counsellors of Job, they seem to be universally and purposely given over to our contempt.

But, notwithstanding that there is hardly one print in the series which pleases as a whole, there is hardly one in the series which does not speak in some part or other of bold and original invention. In our apprehension it is not sublimity, it is grace and tenderness, which Blake was most capable of expressing. We are soon satisfied with his 'Inventions to the Book of Job,' but we find ourselves turning again and again to other sketches—it may be an angelic figure or a kneeling child or reclining shepherd. Fuseli's remark, that Blake's designs were "good to steal from," seems to us to express faithfully their kind of excellence; here and there a grand conception or a graceful figure, which the most accomplished artist might have been proud of, and which, if too conscientious to appropriate, he will, at all events, study with delight. Of his poetry something of the

same kind might he said. Here and there we find a few verses of singular originality, and some short poems which have become general favourites. But when these have been seized on and collected, there is left a large residue simply unintelligible. What became of that "immense poem" we heard of, and which was composed without the least effort, we do not know. Such specimens as we have here of his more ambitious efforts, or his more mystical strains, would not prompt us to make any inquiries after it.

'The Tiger and the Lamb,' and two or three other short poems, remarkable for their pathos and true simplicity, are so well known that we have no excuse for quoting them at present. Blake took the sweeper, "a little black thing among the snow," especially under his kindly protection, and it would be pleasant to think that his verse may have had some influence in mitigating the lot of those little unfortunates. The 'Songs of Innocence,' and the 'Songs of Experience,' which he published early in his career, and in a most curious and original fashion, contain almost all that has given to Blake the title of poet. And it would be still possible to make extracts from them which would be both new and interesting to the generality of readers.

We must not omit to quote from Mr. Gilchrist the account he gives us of the manner in which these songs and their illustrations were printed or executed:—

"The method to which Blake henceforth consistently adhered for multiplying his works was quite an original one. It consisted in a species of engraving in relief both words and designs. The verse was written, and the designs and marginal embellishments outlined on the copper with an impervious liquid, probably the ordinary stopping-out varnish of engravers. Then all the white part in lights—the remainder of the plate, that is—were eaten away with aquafortis or other acid, so that the outline of letter and design was left prominent as in stereotype. From

these plates he printed off in any tin yellow, brown, blue—required to be prevailing or ground colour in his similes; red he used for the letter-press. The page was then coloured up by him in imitation of the original drawing with more or less variety of detail the local hues.

"He taught Mrs. Blake to take off impressions with care and delicacy which such plates signally needed, and also to help in tinting them from drawings with right artistic feeling in all which tasks she, to her honour, much delighted. The size of the plate was small, for the sake of economy on copper—something under five inches square. The number of engraved plates in the 'Songs of Innocence' alone was twenty-seven. They were done up on boards by Mrs. Blake's hand, forming small octavo; so that the poet and wife did everything in making the book—writing, designing, printing, gravings—everything except manufacturing the paper; the very ink or colour they did make. Never before, surely, was a man so literally the author of his own book."

The prints we have here from the 'Songs of Innocence' and the 'Songs of Experience,' present the same appearance as Blake's copies before it had been coloured. How much of the effect of expression was left to be given in the colouring we cannot say, not having seen the original. Such as they are here, we find ourselves looking over them with an increasing pleasure.

The few poems of Blake that are well known are not those on which any peculiarity of philosophical or religious thought is noticeable. The following perhaps is a good specimen of this class. Probably it will receive different interpretations from different readers. Some, perhaps, may find in it a meaning more profound than consolatory:—

THE DIVINE IMAGE. I.

"To mercy, pity, peace, and love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love,
Is God our Father dear;
And mercy, pity, peace, and love
Is man, His child and care.

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine,
And peace the human dress.

'Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, mercy, pity, peace.

And all must love the human form
In Heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too."

Here is another which is of a bold
and thoughtful character:—

THE LITTLE BOY LOST.

"Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

'And, father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.'

The priest sat by and heard the child;
In trembling zeal he seized his hair,
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
'Lo! what a fiend is here,' said he;
'One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery.'

The weeping child could not be heard,
And weeping parents wept in vain;

They stripped him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place,
Where many had been burned before;
The weeping parents wept in vain.—
Are such things done on Albion's shore?"

Many single stanzas might be collected from other poems, which, in their entirety, it would be tedious to quote—stanzas distinguished sometimes by a tender feeling, sometimes by a hardihood of thought. As we have already remarked, he is very watchful over the heresy of others—barks with a most needless ferocity at any footstep which he thinks is treading on forbidden ground, but permits an unfettered licence to himself. On this point, however, we are not about to raise any quarrel with Blake. He was a good man, and had some of the elements of greatness in him. He is better deserving, perhaps, of being held in memory than some others of world-wide reputation. We have occupied all the space we could devote to the subject, or we should have felt a pleasure in gleanings still further amongst his poetical fragments.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART II.

CHAPTER V.

MISS MARJORIBANKS did not leave the contralto any time to recover from her surprise; she went up to her direct where she stood, with her song arrested on her lips, as she had arisen hastily from the piano. "Is it Rose?" said Lucilla, going forward with the most eager cordiality, and holding out both her hands; though, to be sure, she knew very well it was not Rose, who was about half the height of the singer, and was known to everybody in Mount Pleasant to be utterly innocent of a voice.

"No," said Miss Lake, who was much astonished and startled and offended, as was unfortunately rather her custom. She was a young woman without any of those instincts of politeness which make some people pleasant in spite of themselves; and she added nothing to soften this abrupt negative, but drew her hands away from the stranger and stood bolt upright, looking at her, with a burning blush, caused by temper much more than by embarrassment, on her face.

"Then," said Lucilla, dropping lightly into the most comfortable chair she could get sight of in the bare little parlour, "it is Barbara—and that is a great deal better; Rose is a good little thing, but—she is different, you know. It is so odd you should not remember me; I thought everybody knew me in Oarlingford. You know I have been a long time away, and now I have come home for good. Your voice is just the very thing to go with mine: was it not a lucky thing that I should have passed just at the right moment? I don't know how it is, but somehow these lucky chances *always* happen to me. I am Lucilla Marjoribanks, you know."

"Indeed!" said Barbara, who

had not the least intention of being civil, "I did not recognise you in the least."

"Yes, I remember you were always shortsighted a little," said Miss Marjoribanks, calmly. "I should so like if we could try a duet. I have been having lessons in Italy, you know, and I am sure I could give you a few hints. I always like, when I can, to be of use. Tell me what songs you have that we could sing together. You know, my dear, it is not as if I was asking you for mere amusement to myself; my grand object in life is to be a comfort to papa——"

"Do you mean Dr. Marjoribanks?" said the uncivil Barbara. "I am sure he does not care in the least for music. I think you must be making a mistake——"

"Oh no," said Lucilla, "I never make mistakes. I don't mean to sing to him, you know; but you are just the very person I wanted. As for the ridiculous idea some people have that nobody can be called on who does not live in Grange Lane, I assure you I mean to make an end of that. Of course I cannot commence just all in a moment. But it would always be an advantage to practise a little together. I like to know exactly how far one can calculate upon everybody; then one can tell, without fear of breaking down, just what one may venture to do."

"I don't understand in the least," said Barbara, whose pride was up in arms. "Perhaps you think I am a professional singer?"

"My dear, a professional singer spoils everything," said Miss Marjoribanks; "it changes the character of an evening altogether. There are so few people who understand that. When you have professional singers, you have to give yourself up

to music; and that is not my view in the least. My great aim, as all my friends are aware, is to be a comfort to dear papa."

"I wish you would not talk in riddles," said Lucilla's amazed and indignant companion, in her round rich contralto. "I suppose you really are Miss Marjoribanks. I have always heard that Miss Marjoribanks was a little——"

"There!" said Lucilla, triumphantly; "really it is almost like a recitativo to hear you speak. I am so glad. What have you got there? Oh, to be sure, it's *that* duet out of the *Trovatore*. Do let us try it; there is nobody here, and everything is so convenient—and you know it would never do to risk a breakdown. Will you play the accompaniment, or shall I?" said Miss Marjoribanks, taking off her gloves. As for the drawing-master's daughter, she stood aghast, lost in such sudden bewilderment and perplexity that she could find no words to reply. She was not in the least amiable or yielding by nature; but Lucilla took it so much as a matter of course that Barbara could not find a word to say; and before she could be sure that it was real, Miss Marjoribanks had seated herself at the piano. Barbara was so obstinate that she would not sing the first part, which ought to have been hers; but she was not clever enough for her antagonist. Lucilla sang her part by herself gallantly; and when it came to Barbara's turn the second time, Miss Marjoribanks essayed the second in a false voice, which drove the contralto off her guard; and then the magnificent volume of sound flowed forth, grand enough to have filled Lucilla with envy if she had not been sustained by that sublime confidence in herself which is the first necessity to a woman with a mission. She paused a moment in the accompaniment to clap her hands after that strophe was accomplished, and then resumed with energy. For, to be sure, she knew by instinct

what sort of clay the people were made of by whom she had to work, and gave them their reward with that liberality and discrimination which is the glory of enlightened despotism. Miss Marjoribanks was naturally elated when she had performed this important and successful *tour*. She got up from the piano, and closed it in her open, imperial way. "I do not want to tire you, you know," she said; "that will do for to-day. I told you your voice was the very thing to go with mine. Give my love to Rose when she comes in, but don't bring her with you when you come to me. She is a good little thing—but then she is different, you know," said the bland Lucilla; and she held out her hand to her captive graciously, and gathered up her parasol, which she had left on her chair. Barbara Lake let her visitor go after this, with a sense that she had fallen asleep, and had dreamt it all; but, after all, there was something in the visit which was not disagreeable when she came to think it over. The drawing-master was poor, and he had a quantity of children, as was natural, and Barbara had never forgiven her mother for dying just at the moment when she had a chance of seeing a little of what she called the world. At that time Mr. Lake and his portfolio of drawings were asked out frequently to tea; and when he had pupils in the family, some kind people asked him to bring one of his daughters with him—so that Barbara, who was ambitious, had beheld herself for a month or two almost on the threshold of Grange Lane. And it was at this moment of all others, just at the same time as Mrs. Marjoribanks finished her pale career, that poor Mrs. Lake thought fit to die, to the injury of her daughter's prospects and the destruction of her hopes. Naturally Barbara had never quite forgiven that injury. It was this sense of having been ill-used which made her so resolute about sending Rose to Mount

Pleasant, though the poor little girl did not in the least want to go, and was very happy helping her papa at the School of Design. But Barbara saw no reason why Rose should be happy, while she herself had to resign her inclinations and look after a set of odious children. To be sure, it was a little hard upon a young woman of a proper ambition, who knew she was handsome, to fall back into housekeeping, and consent to remain unseen and unheard; for Barbara was also aware that she had a remarkable voice. In these circumstances it may be imagined that, after the first movement of a passionate temper was over, when she had taken breath, and had time to consider this sudden and extraordinary visit, a glimmer of hope and interest penetrated into the bosom of the gloomy girl. She was two years older than Miss Marjoribanks, and as different in "style" as she was in voice. She was not stout as yet, though it is the nature of a contralto to be stout; but she was tall, with all due opportunity for that development which might come later. And then Barbara possessed a kind of beauty, the beauty of a passionate and somewhat sullen brunette, dark and glowing, with straight black eyebrows, very dark and very straight, which gave oddly enough a suggestion of oblique vision to her eyes; but her eyes were not in the least oblique, and looked at you straight from under that black line of shadow with no doubtful expression. She was shy in a kind of way, as was natural to a young woman who had never seen any society, and felt herself, on the whole, injured and unappreciated. But no two things could be more different than this shyness which made Barbara look you straight in the face with a kind of scared defiance, and the sweet shyness that pleaded for kind treatment in the soft eyes of little Rose, who was plain, and had the oddest longing to make people comfortable, and please them

in her way, which, to be sure, was not always successful. Barbara sat down on the stool before the piano, which Miss Marjoribanks had been so obliging as to close, and thought it all over with growing excitement. No doubt it was a little puzzling to make out how the discovery of a fine contralto, and the possibility of getting up unlimited duets, could further Lucilla in the great aim of her life, which was to be a comfort to her dear papa. But Barbara was like a young soldier of fortune, ready to take a great deal for granted, and to swallow much that was mysterious in the programme of the adventurous general who might lead her on to glory. In half an hour her dreams had gone so far that she saw herself receiving in Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room the homage not only of Grange Lane, but even of the county families who would be attracted by rumours of her wonderful performance; and Barbara was, to her own consciousness, walking up the middle aisle of Carlingford Church in a veil of real Brussels, before little Mr. Lake came in, hungry and good-tempered, from his round. To be sure, she had not concluded who was to be the bridegroom; but that was one of those matters of detail which could not be precisely concluded on till the time.

Such was the immediate result, so far as this secondary personage was concerned, of Lucilla's masterly impromptu; and it is needless to say that the accomplished warrior, who had her wits always about her, and had made, while engaged in a simple reconnaissance, so brilliant and successful a capture, withdrew from the scene still more entirely satisfied with herself. Nothing, indeed, could have come more opportunely for Lucilla, who possessed in perfection that faculty of throwing herself into the future, and anticipating the difficulties of a position, which is so valuable to all who aspire to be leaders of

mankind. With a prudence which Dr. Marjoribanks himself would have acknowledged to be remarkable "in a person of her age and sex," Lucilla had already foreseen that to amuse her guests entirely in her own person, would be at once impracticable and "bad style." The first objection might have been got over, for Miss Marjoribanks had a soul above the ordinary limits of possibility, but the second was unanswerable. This discovery, however, satisfied all the necessities of the position. Lucilla, who was liberal, as genius ought always to be, was perfectly willing that all the young ladies in Carlingford should sing their little songs while she was entertaining her guests; and then at the right moment, when her ruling mind saw it was necessary, would occur the duet—the one duet which would be the great feature of the evening. Thus it will be seen that another quality of the highest order developed itself during Miss Marjoribanks's deliberations; for, to tell the truth, she set a good deal of store by her voice, and had been used to applause, and had tasted the sweetness of individual successes. This, however, she was willing to sacrifice for the enhanced and magnificent effect which she felt could be produced by the combination of the two voices; and the sacrifice was one which a weaker woman would have been incapable of making. She went home past Salem Chapel by the little lane which makes a line of communication between the end of Grove Street and the beginning of Grange Lane, with a sentiment of satisfaction worthy the greatness of her mission. Dr. Marjoribanks never came home to lunch, and indeed had a contempt for that feminine indulgence; which, to be sure, might be accounted for by the fact, that about that time in the day the Doctor very often found himself to be passing close by one or other of the houses in the neighbourhood which

had a reputation for good sherry or madeira, such as exists no more. Lucilla, accordingly, had her lunch alone, served to her with respectful care by Nancy, who was still under the impression of the interview of the morning; and it occurred to Miss Marjoribanks, as she sat at table alone, that this was an opportunity too valuable to be left unimproved; for, to be sure, there are few things more pleasant than a little impromptu luncheon-party, where everybody comes without being expected, fresh from the outside world, and ready to tell all that is going on; though, on the other hand, it was a little doubtful how it might work in Carlingford, where the men had generally something to do, and where the married ladies took their luncheon when the children had their dinner, and presided at the nursery meal. And as for a party of young ladies, even supposing they had the courage to come, with no more solid admixture of the more important members of society, Lucilla, to tell the truth, had no particular taste for that. Miss Marjoribanks reflected as she ate—and indeed, thanks to her perfect health and her agreeable morning walk, Lucilla had a very pretty appetite, and enjoyed her meal in a way that would have been most satisfactory to her many friends—that it must be by way of making his visit, which was aggravating under all circumstances, more aggravating still, that Tom Marjoribanks had decided to come now, of all times in the world. "If he had waited till things were organised, he might have been of a little use," Lucilla said to herself; "for at least he could have brought some of the men that come on circuit, and that would have made a little novelty; but, of course, just now it would never do to make a rush at people, and invite them all at once." After a moment's consideration, however, Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual candour, reflected that it was not in Tom Marjori-

banks's power to change the time of the Carlingford assizes, and that, accordingly, he was not to be blamed in this particular at least. "Of course it is not his fault," she added, to herself, "but it is astonishing how things happen with some men always at the wrong moment; and it is so like Tom." These reflections were interrupted by the arrival of visitors, whom Miss Marjoribanks received with her usual grace. The first was old Mrs. Chiley, who kissed Lucilla, and wanted to know how she had enjoyed herself on the Continent, and if she had brought many pretty things home. "My dear, you have grown ever so much since the last time I saw you," the old lady said in her grandmotherly way, "and stout with it, which is such a comfort with a tall girl; and then your poor dear mamma was so delicate. I have always been a little anxious about you on that account, Lucilla; but I am so glad, my dear, to see you looking so strong."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, who perhaps in her heart was not quite so gratified by this compliment as the old lady intended, "the great aim of my life is to be a comfort to dear papa."

Mrs. Chiley was very much moved by this filial piety, and she told Lucilla that story about the Colonel's niece, Susan, who was such a good daughter, and had refused three excellent offers, to devote herself to her father and mother, with which the public in Grange Lane were tolerably acquainted. "And one of them was a baronet, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley. Miss Marjoribanks did not make any decided response, for she felt that it would be dangerous to commit herself to such a height of self-abnegation as that; but the old lady was quite pleased to hear of her travels and adventures instead; and stayed so long that Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, who happened to arrive at the same mo-

ment, found her still there. Mrs. Chiley was a little afraid of Mrs. Woodburn, and she took her leave hastily, with another kiss; and Lucilla found herself face to face with the only two women who could attempt a rival enterprise to her own in Carlingford. As for Mrs. Woodburn, she had settled herself in an easy-chair by the fire, and was fully prepared to take notes. To be sure, Lucilla was the very person to fall a victim to her arts; for that confidence in herself which, in one point of view, gave grandeur to the character of Miss Marjoribanks, gave her also a certain *naïveté* and openness which the most simple rustic could not have surpassed.

"I am sure by her face she has been telling you about my niece Susan," said the mimic, assuming Mrs. Chiley's tone, and almost her appearance, for the moment, "and that one of them was a baronet, my dear. I always know from her looks what she has been saying; and the Colonel was much as usual, but suffering a little from the cold, as he always does in this climate. She must be a good soul, for she always has her favourite little speeches written in her face."

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Marjoribanks, who felt it was her duty to make an example; "there has always been one thing remarked of me all my life, that I never have had a great sense of humour. I know it is singular, but when one has a defect, it is always so much better to confess it. I always get on very well with anything else, but I never had any sense of humour, you know; and I am very fond of Mrs. Chiley. She has always had a fancy for me from the time I was born; and she has such nice manners. But then, it is so odd I should have no sense of humour," said Lucilla, addressing herself to Mrs. Centum, who was sitting on the sofa by her. "Don't you think it is very odd?"

"I am sure it is very nice," said

Mrs. Centum. "I hate people that laugh at everything. I don't see much to laugh at myself, I am sure, in this distracting world; any one who has a lot of children and servants like me to look after, finds very little to laugh at." And she seized the opportunity to enter upon domestic circumstances. Mrs. Woodburn did not answer a word. She made a most dashing murderous sketch of Lucilla, but that did the future ruler of Carlingford very little harm; and then, by the even-

ing, it was known through all Grange Lane that Miss Marjoribanks had snubbed the caricaturist who kept all the good people in terror of their lives. Snubbed her absolutely, and took the words out of her very mouth, was the report that flew through Grange Lane; and it may be imagined how Lucilla's prestige rose in consequence, and how much people began to expect of Miss Marjoribanks, who had performed such a feat almost on the first day of her return home.

CHAPTER VI.

Tom Marjoribanks arrived that night, according to the Doctor's expectation. He arrived, with that curious want of adaptation to the circumstances which characterised the young man, at an hour which put Nancy entirely out, and upset the equanimity of the kitchen for twenty-four hours at least. He came, if any one can conceive of such an instance of carelessness, by the nine o'clock train, just as they had finished putting to rights down-stairs. After this, Miss Marjoribanks's conclusion, that the fact of the Carlingford assizes occurring a day or two after her arrival, when as yet she was not fully prepared to take advantage of them, was *so* like Tom, may be partially understood. And of course he was furiously hungry, and could have managed perfectly to be in time for dinner if he had not missed the train at Didcot Junction, by some wonderful blunder of the railway people, which never could have occurred but for his unlucky presence among the passengers. Lucilla took Thomas apart, and sent him down-stairs with the most conciliatory message. "Tell Nancy not to put herself about, but to send up something cold—the cold pie, or anything she can find handy. Tell her I am *so* vexed, but it is just like Mr. Tom; and he never knows what he is eating," said Miss

Marjoribanks. As for Nancy, this sweetness did not subdue her in the least. She said, "I'll thank Miss Lucilla to mind her own business. The cold pie's for master's breakfast. I ain't such a goose as not to know what to send up-stairs, and that Tommas can tell her if he likes." In the mean time the Doctor was in the drawing-room, much against his will, with the two young people, spinning about the room, and looking at Lucilla's books and knick-knacks on the tables by way of covering his impatience. He wanted to carry off Tom, who was rather a favourite, to his own den down-stairs, where the young man's supper was to be served; but at the same time Dr. Marjoribanks could not deny that Lucilla had a right to the greetings and homage of her cousin. He could not help thinking, on the whole, as he looked at the two, what a much more sensible arrangement it would have been if he had had the boy, instead of his sister, who had been a widow for ever so long, and no doubt had spoiled her son, as women always do; and then Lucilla might have passed under the sway of Mrs. Marjoribanks, who no doubt would have known how to manage her. Thus the Doctor mused, with that sense of mild amazement at the blunders of Providence, which so many people ex-

perience, and without any idea that Mrs. Marjoribanks would have found a task a great deal beyond her powers in the management of Lucilla. As for Tom, he was horribly hungry, having found, as was to be expected, no possible means of lunching at Didcot; but, at the same time, he was exhilarated by Lucilla's smile, and delighted to think of having a week at least to spend in her society. "I don't think I ever saw you looking so well," he was saying; "and you know my opinion generally on that subject." To which Lucilla responded in a way to wither all the germs of sentiment in the bud.

"What subject?" she said; "my looks? I am sure they can't be interesting to you. You are as hungry as ever you can be, and I can see it in your eyes. Papa, he is famishing, and I don't think he can contain himself any longer. Do take him down-stairs, and let him have something to eat. For myself," Lucilla continued, in a lower tone, "it is my duty that keeps me up. You know it has always been the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

"Come along, Tom," said the Doctor. "Don't waste your time philandering when your supper is ready." And Dr. Marjoribanks led the way down-stairs, leaving Tom, who followed him, in a state of great curiosity to know what secret oppression it might be under which his cousin was supported by her duty. Naturally his thoughts reverted to a possible rival—some one whom the sensible Doctor would have nothing to say to; and his very ears grew red with excitement at this idea. But, notwithstanding, he ate a very satisfactory meal in the library, where he had to answer all sorts of questions. Tom had his tray at the end of the table, and the Doctor, who had, according to his hospitable old-fashioned habit, taken a glass of claret to "keep him company," sat in his easy-chair between the fire and

the table, and sipped his wine, and admired its colour and purity in the light, and watched with satisfaction the excellent meal his nephew was making. He asked him all about his prospects, and what he was doing, which Tom replied to with the frankest confidence. He was not very fond of work, nor were his abilities anything out of the common; but at the present moment Tom saw no reason why he should not gain the Woolstack in time; and Dr. Marjoribanks gave something like a sigh as he listened, and wondered much what Providence could be thinking of not to give *him* the boy.

Lucilla meantime was very much occupied up-stairs. She had the new housemaid up nominally to give her instructions about Mr. Tom's room, but really to take the covers off the chairs, and see how they looked when the room was lighted up; but the progress of decay had gone too far to stand that trial. After all, the obintz, though none of the freshest, was the best. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, which Tom, to the Doctor's disgust, insisted on doing, Lucilla was found in the act of pacing the room—pacing not in the sentimental sense of making a little promenade up and down, but in the homely practical signification, with a view of measuring, that she might form an idea how much carpet was required. Lucilla was tall enough to go through this process without any great drawback in point of grace—the long step giving rather a tragedy-queen effect to her handsome but substantial person, and long, sweeping dress. She stopped short, however, when she saw them, and withdrew to the sofa, on which she had established her throne; and there was a little air of conscious pathos on her face as she sat down, which impressed her companions. As for Tom, he instinctively felt that it must have something to do with that mystery under which Lucilla was supported

by her duty; and the irrelevant young man conceived immediately a violent desire to knock the fellow down; whereas there was no fellow at all in the case, unless it might be Mr. Holden, the upholsterer, whose visits Miss Marjoribanks would have received with greater enthusiasm at this moment than those of the most eligible eldest son in England. And then she gave a little pathetic sigh.

"What were you doing, Lucilla?" said her father,—“rehearsing Lady Macbeth, I suppose. At least you looked exactly like it when we came into the room.”

"No, papa," said Lucilla, sweetly; "I was only measuring to see how much carpet we should want; and that, you know, and Tom's coming, made me think of old times. You are so much down stairs in the library that you don't feel it; but a lady has to spend her life in the drawing-room—and then I always was so domestic. It does not matter what is outside, I always find my pleasure at home. I cannot help if it has a little effect on my spirits now and then," said Miss Marjoribanks, looking down upon her handkerchief, "to be always surrounded with things that have such associations——"

"What associations?" said the amazed Doctor. To be sure, he had not forgotten his wife; but it was four years ago, and he had got used to her absence from her favourite sofa; and, on the whole, in that particular, had acquiesced in the arrangements of Providence. "Really, Lucilla, I don't know what you mean."

"No, papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, with resignation. "I know you don't, and that is what makes it so sad. But talking of new carpets, you know, I had such an adventure to-day that I must tell you—quite one of *my* adventures—the very luckiest thing. It happened when I was out walking; I heard a voice out of a house in Grove Street, just the *very* thing to go with

my voice. That is not a thing that happens every day," said Lucilla, "for all the masters have always told me that my voice was something quite by itself. When I heard it, though it was in Grove Street, and all the people about, I could have danced for joy."

"It was a man's voice, I suppose," suggested Tom Marjoribanks, in gloomy tones; and the Doctor added, in his cynical way—

"It's a wonderful advantage to be so pleased about trifles. What number was it? For my part I have not many patients in Grove Street," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I would find a voice to suit you in another quarter, if I were you."

"Dear papa, it's such a pity that you don't understand," said Lucilla, compassionately. "It turned out to be Barbara Lake; for, of course, I went in directly, and found out. I never heard a voice that went so well with mine." If Miss Marjoribanks did not go into raptures over the contralto on its own merits, it was not from any jealousy, of which, indeed, she was incapable, but simply because its adaptation to her own seemed to her by far its most interesting quality, and indeed almost the sole claim it had to consideration from the world.

"Barbara Lake?" said the Doctor. "There's something in that. If you can do her any good, or get her teaching or anything—I have a regard for poor Lake, poor little fellow! He's kept up wonderfully since his wife died; and nobody expected it of him," Dr. Marjoribanks continued, with a momentary dreary recollection of the time when the poor woman took farewell of her children, which indeed was the next day after that on which his own wife, who had nobody in particular to take farewell of, faded out of her useless life.

"Yes," said Lucilla, "I mean her to come here and sing with me; but, then, one needs to organise a little first. I am nineteen—how long is it since you were married, papa?"

"Two-and-twenty years," said the Doctor, abruptly. He did not observe the strangeness of the question, because he had been thinking for the moment of his wife, and perhaps his face was a trifle graver than usual, though neither of his young companions thought of remarking it. To be sure, he was not a young man even when he married; but, on the whole, perhaps something more than this perfect comfort and respectability, and those nice little dinners, had seemed to shine on his horizon when he brought home his incapable bride.

"Two-and-twenty years!" exclaimed Lucilla. "I don't mind talking before Tom, for he is one of the family. The things are all the same as they were when mamma came home, though, I am sure, nobody would believe it. I think it is going against Providence, for my part. Nothing was ever intended to last so long, except the things the Jews, poor souls! wore in the desert, perhaps. Papa, if you have no objection, I should like to choose the colours myself. There is a great deal in choosing colours that go well with one's complexion. People think of that for their dresses, but not for their rooms, which are of so much more importance. I should have liked blue, but blue gets so soon tawdry. I think," said Miss Marjoribanks, rising and looking at herself seriously in the glass, "that I have enough complexion at present to venture upon a pale spring green."

This little calculation, which a timid young woman would have taken care to do by herself, Lucilla did publicly, with her usual discrimination. The Doctor, who had looked a little grim at first, could not but laugh when he saw the sober look of care and thought with which Miss Marjoribanks examined her capabilities in the glass. It was not so much the action itself that amused her father, as the consummate ability of the young revolution-

ary. Dr. Marjoribanks was Scotch, and had a respect for "talent" in every development, as is natural to his nation. He did not even give his daughter the credit for sincerity which she deserved, but set it all to the score of her genius, which was complimentary, certainly, in one point of view; but the fact was that Lucilla was perfectly sincere, and that she did what was natural to her under guidance of her genius, so as always to be in good fortune, just as Tom Marjoribanks, under the guidance of his, brought discredit even upon those eternal ordinances of English government which fixed the time of the Carlingford assizes. Lucilla was quite in earnest in thinking that the colour of the drawing-room was an important matter, and that a woman of sense had very good reason for suiting it to her complexion—an idea which accordingly she proceeded to develop and explain.

"For one can change one's dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as often as one likes—at least as often, you know, as one has dresses to change; but the furniture remains the same. I am always a perfect guy, whatever I wear, when I sit against a red curtain. You men say that a woman always knows when she's good-looking, but I am happy to say I know when I look a guy. What I mean is a delicate pale green, papa. For my part, I think it wears just as well as any other colour; and all the painters say it is the very thing for pictures. The carpet, of course, would be a darker shade; and as for the chairs, it is not at all necessary to keep to one colour. Both red and violet go beautifully with green, you know. I am sure Mr. Holden and I could settle all about it without giving you any trouble."

"Who told you, Lucilla," said the Doctor, "that I meant to re-furnish the house?" He was even a little angry at her boldness, but at the same time he was so much amused and pleased in his heart

to have so clever a daughter, that all the tones that could produce terror were softened out of his voice. "I never heard that was a sort of thing that a man had to do for his daughter," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "and I would like to know what I should do with all that finery when you get married—as I suppose you will by-and-by—and leave me alone in the house?"

"Ah, that is the important question," said Tom. As usual, it was Tom's luck; but then, when there did happen to be a moment when he ought to be silent, the unfortunate fellow could not help but speak.

"Perhaps I may marry some time," said Miss Marjoribanks, with composure; "it would be foolish, you know, to make any engagements; but that will depend greatly upon how you behave, and how Carlingford behaves, papa. I give myself ten years here, if you should be very good. By twenty-nine I shall be going off a little, and perhaps it may be tiring, for anything I can tell. Ten years is a long time, and naturally, in the mean time, I want to look as well as possible. Stop a minute; I forgot to put down the number of paces for the length. Tom, please to do it over again for me; of course, your steps are a great deal longer than mine."

"Tom is tired," said the Doctor; "and there are no new carpets coming out of my pockets. Besides, he's going to bed, and I'm going down stairs to the library. We may as well bid you good-night."

These words, however, were addressed to deaf ears. Tom, as was natural, had started immediately to obey Lucilla, as he was in duty bound; and the old Doctor looked on with a little amazement and a little amusement, recognising, with something of the surprise which that discovery always gives to fathers and mothers, that his visitor cared twenty times more for what Lucilla said than for anything that

his superior wisdom could suggest. He would have gone off and left them as a couple of young fools, if it had not occurred to him all at once, that since this sort of thing had begun, the last person in the world that he would choose to see dancing attendance on his daughter was Tom Marjoribanks. Oddly enough, though he had just been finding fault with Providence for not giving him a son instead of a daughter, he was not at all delighted nor grateful when Providence put before him this simple method of providing himself with the son he wanted. He took a great deal too much interest in Tom Marjoribanks to let him do anything so foolish; and as for Lucilla, the idea that, after all her accomplishments, and her expensive education, and her year on the Continent, she should marry a man who had nothing, disgusted the Doctor. He kept his seat accordingly, though he was horribly bored by the drawing-room and its claims, and wanted very much to return to the library, and get into his slippers and his dressing-gown. It was rather a pretty picture, on the whole, which he was regarding. Lucilla, perhaps, with a view to this discussion, had put on green ribbons on the white dress which she always wore in the evening, and her tawny curls and fresh complexion carried off triumphantly that difficult colour. Perhaps a critical observer might have said that her figure was a little too developed and substantial for those vestal robes; but then Miss Marjoribanks was young and could bear it. She was standing by, not far from the fire, on the other side from the Doctor, looking on anxiously, while Tom measured the room with his long steps. "I never said you were to stride," said Lucilla; "take moderate steps and don't be so silly. I was doing it myself famously if you had not come in and interrupted me. It is frightful to belong to a family where the men are so stupid," said

Miss Marjoribanks, with a sigh of real distress; for, to be sure, the unlucky Tom immediately be-thought himself to take small steps like those of a lady, which all but threw him on his well-formed though meaningless nose. Lucilla shook her head with an exasperated look, and contracted her lips with disdain, as he passed her on his ill-omened career. Of course he came right up against the little table on which she had with her own hand arranged a bouquet of geraniums and mignonette. "It is what he always does," she said to the Doctor, calmly, as Tom arrived at that climax of his fate; and the look with which she accompanied these words, as she rang the bell smartly and promptly, mollified the Doctor's heart.

"I can tell you the size of the room, if that is all you want," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I suppose you mean to give parties, and drive me out of my senses with dancing and singing.—No, Lucilla, you must wait till you get married—that will never do for me."

"Dear papa," said Lucilla, sweetly, "it is so dreadful to hear you say *parties*. Everybody knows that the only thing I care for in life is to be a comfort to you; and as for dancing, I saw at once that was out of the question. Dancing is all very well," said Miss Marjoribanks, thoughtfully; "but it implies quantities of young people—and young people can never make what I call society. It is *Evenings* I mean to have, papa. I am sure you want to go down-stairs, and I suppose Tom would think it civil to sit with me, though he is tired; so I will show you a good example, and Thomas can pick up the table

and the flowers at his leisure. Good-night, papa," said Lucilla, giving him her round fresh cheek to kiss. She went out of the room with a certain triumph, feeling that she had fully signified her intentions, which is always an important matter; and shook hands in a condescending way with Tom, who had broken his shins in a headlong rush to open the door. She looked at him with an expression of mild despair, and shook her head again as she accorded him that sign of amity. "If you only would look a little where you are going," said Miss Marjoribanks;—perhaps she meant the words to convey an allegorical as well as a positive meaning, as so many people have been found out to do—and then she pursued her peaceful way up-stairs. As for the Doctor, he went off to his library rubbing his hands, glad to be released, and laughing softly at his nephew's abashed looks. "She knows how to put him down at least," the Doctor said to himself, well pleased; and he was so much amused by his daughter's superiority to the vulgar festivity of parties, that he almost gave in to the idea of refurnishing the drawing-room to suit Lucilla's complexion. He rubbed his hands once more over the fire, and indulged in a little laugh all by himself over that original idea. "So it is *Evenings* she means to have!" said the Doctor; and, to be sure, nothing could be more faded than the curtains, and there were bits of the carpet in which the pattern was scarcely discernible. So that, on the whole, up to this point there seemed to be a reasonable prospect that Lucilla would have everything her own way.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Marjoribanks had so many things to think of next morning that she found her cousin, who was rather difficult to get rid of, much

in her way: naturally the young man was briefless, and came on circuit for the name of the thing, and was quite disposed to dawdle

the first morning, and attach himself to the active footsteps of Lucilla; and for her part, she had things to occupy her so very much more important. For one thing, one of Dr. Marjoribanks's little dinner-parties was to take place that evening, which would be the first under the new *régime*, and was naturally a matter of some anxiety to all parties. "I shall go down and ask Mrs. Chiley to come with the Colonel," said Lucilla. "I have always meant to do that. We can't have a full dinner-party, you know, as long as the house is so shabby; but I am sure Mrs. Chiley will come to take care of me."

"To take care of you!—in your father's house! Do you think they'll bite?" said the Doctor, grimly; but as for Lucilla, she was quite prepared for that.

"I must have a chaperone, you know," she said. "I don't say it is not quite absurd; but then, at first, I always make it a point to give in to the prejudices of society. That is how I have always been so successful," said the experienced Lucilla. "I never went in the face of anybody's prejudices. Afterwards, you know, when 'one is known——'"

The Doctor laughed,* but at the same time he sighed. There was nothing to be said against Mrs. Chiley, who had, on the whole, as women go, a very superior training, and knew what a good dinner was; but it was the beginning of the revolution of which Dr. Marjoribanks, vaguely oppressed with the idea of new paper, new curtains, and all that was involved in the entrance of Mr. Holden the upholsterer into the house, did not see the end. He acquiesced, of course, since there was nothing else for it; but it must be confessed that the spectre of Mrs. Chiley sitting at his right hand clouded over for the Doctor the pleasant anticipation of the evening. If it had been possible to put her at the

head of the table beside Lucilla, whom she was to come to take care of, he could have borne it better—and to be sure it would have been a great deal more reasonable; but then that was absolutely out of the question, and the Doctor gave in with a sigh. Thus it was that he began to realise the more serious result of that semi-abdication into which he had been beguiled. The female element, so long peacefully ignored and kept at a distance, had come in again in triumph and taken possession, and the Doctor knew too well by the experience of a long life what a restless and troublesome element it was. He had begun to feel that it had ceased to be precisely amusing as he took his place in his brougham. It was good sport to see Lucilla make an end of Tom, and put her bridle upon the stiff neck of Nancy; but when it came to changing the character of the Doctor's dinners, his intellect naturally got more obtuse, and he did not see the joke.

As for Tom, he had to be disposed of summarily. "Do go away," Miss Marjoribanks said, in her straightforward way. "You can come back to luncheon if you like;—that is to say, if you can pick up anybody that is very amusing, you may bring him here about half-past one, and if any of my friends have come to call by that time, I will give you lunch; but it must be somebody very amusing, or I will have nothing to say to you," said Lucilla. And with this dismissal Tom Marjoribanks departed, not more content than the Doctor; for, to be sure, the last thing in the world which the poor fellow thought of was to bring somebody who was very amusing, to injure his chances with Lucilla. Tom, like most other people, was utterly incapable of fathoming the grand conception which inspired Miss Marjoribanks. When she told him that it was the object of her life to be a comfort to papa, he believed it to a certain extent; but it never

occurred to him that that filial devotion, though beautiful to contemplate, would preserve Lucilla's heart from the ordinary dangers of youth, or that she was at all in earnest in postponing all matrimonial intentions until she was nine-and-twenty, and had begun to "go off" a little. So he went away disconsolate enough, wavering between his instinct of obedience and his desire of being in Lucilla's company, and a desperate determination never to be the means of injuring himself by presenting to her anybody who was very amusing. All Miss Marjoribanks's *monde*, as it happened, was a little out of humour that day. She had gone on so far triumphantly that it had now come to be necessary that she should receive a little check in her victorious career.

When Tom was disposed of, Miss Marjoribanks put on her hat and went down Grange Lane to carry her invitation to Mrs. Chiley, who naturally was very much pleased to come. "But, my dear, you must tell me what to put on," the old lady said. "I don't think I have had anything new since you were home last. I have heard so much about Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners that I feel a little excited, as if I was going to be made a freemason or something. There is my brown, you know, that I wear at home when we have anybody—and my black velvet; and then there is my French grey that I got for Mary Chiley's marriage."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, "it doesn't matter in the least what you wear; there are only to be gentlemen, you know, and one never dresses for gentlemen. You must keep that beautiful black velvet for another time."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley, "I am long past that sort of thing—but the men think, you know, that it is always for them we dress."

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, "their vanity is something dread-

ful—but it is one of my principles *never* to dress unless there are ladies. A white frock, high in the neck," said Lucilla, with sweet simplicity—"as for anything else, it would be bad style."

Mrs. Chiley gave her young visitor a very cordial kiss when she went away. "The sense she has!" said the old lady; but at the same time the Colonel's wife was so old-fashioned that this contemptuous way of treating "The Gentlemen" puzzled her unprogressive intelligence. She thought it was superhuman virtue on Lucilla's part, nearly incredible, and yet established by proofs so incontestable that it would be a shame to doubt it; and she felt ashamed of herself, she who might have been a grandmother had such been the will of Providence, for lingering five minutes undecided between her two best caps. "I daresay Lucilla does not spend so much time on such vanity, and she only nineteen," said the penitent old lady. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she returned up Grange Lane with a mind at ease, and that consciousness of superior endowments which gives amiability and expansion even to the countenance. She did not give any money to the beggar who at that period infested Grange Lane with her six children, for that was contrary to those principles of political economy which she had studied with such success at Mount Pleasant; but she stopped and asked her name, and where she lived, and promised to inquire into her case. "If you are honest and want to work, I will try to find you something to do," said Miss Marjoribanks; which, to be sure, was a threat appalling enough to keep her free from any further molestation on the part of that interesting family. But Lucilla, to do her justice, felt it equally natural that beneficence should issue from her in this manner as in that other mode of feeding the hungry which she was willing to adopt at half-

past one, and had solemnly engaged herself to fulfil at seven o'clock. She went up after that to Mr. Holden's, and had a most interesting conversation, and found among his stores a delicious damask, softly, spiritually green, of which, to his great astonishment, she tried the effect in one of the great mirrors which ornamented the shop. "It is just the tint I want," Lucilla said, when she had applied that unusual test; and she left the fashionable upholsterer of Carlingford in a state of some uncertainty whether it was curtains or dresses that Miss Marjoribanks meant to have made. Perhaps this confusion arose from the fact that Lucilla's mind was occupied in discussing the question whether she should not go round by Grove Street, and try that duet again with Barbara, and invite her to Grange Lane in the evening to electrify the little company; or whether, in case this latter idea might not be practicable, she should bring Barbara with her to lunch by way of occupying Tom Marjoribanks. Lucilla stood at Mr. Holden's door for five seconds at least balancing the matter; but finally she gave her curls a little shake, and took a quick step forward, and without any more deliberation returned towards Grange Lane; for, on the whole, it was better not to burst in full triumph all at once upon her constituency, and exhaust her forces at the beginning. If she condescended to sing something herself, it would indeed be a greater honour than her father's dinner-party, in strict justice, was entitled to; and as for the second question, though Miss Marjoribanks was too happy in the confidence of her own powers to fear any rivals, and though her cousin's devotion bored her, still she felt doubtful how far it was good policy to produce Barbara at luncheon for the purpose of occupying Tom. Other people might see her besides Tom, and her own grand *coup* might be forestalled for anything she could tell;

and then Tom had some title to consideration on his own merits, though he was the unlucky member of the family. He might even, if he were so far left to himself (though Miss Marjoribanks smiled at the idea) fall in love with Barbara; or, what was more likely, driven to despair by Lucilla's indifference, he might *pretend* to fall in love; and Lucilla reflected, that if anything happened she could never forgive herself. This was the point she had arrived at when she shook her tawny curls and set out suddenly on her return home. It was nearly one o'clock, and it was quite possible that Tom, as well as herself, might be on the way to Grange Lane; but Lucilla, who, as she said, made a point of never going against the prejudices of society, made up her mind to remain sweetly unconscious of the hour of luncheon, unless somebody came to keep her company. But then Miss Marjoribanks was always lucky, as she said. A quarter of an hour before Tom applied for admission, Miss Bury came to pay Lucilla a visit. She had been visiting in her district all the morning, and was very easily persuaded to repose herself a little; and then, naturally, she was anxious about her young friend's spiritual condition, and the effect upon her mind of a year's residence abroad. She was asking whether Lucilla had not seen something soul-degrading and dishonouring to religion in all the mummeries of Popery; and Miss Marjoribanks, who was perfectly orthodox, had replied to the question in the most satisfactory manner; when Tom made his appearance, looking rather sheepish and reluctant, and followed by the "somebody amusing" whom Lucilla had commissioned him to bring. He had struggled against his fate, poor fellow! but when it happens to be a man's instinct to do what he is told, he can no more resist it than if it was a criminal impulse. Tom entered with his

amusing companion, who had been chosen with care, and was very uninviting to look at; and by-and-by Miss Bury, with the most puzzled looks, found herself listening to gossip about the theatres and all kinds of profane subjects. "I think they are going to hang that fellow that killed the tailor," said the amusing man; "that will stir you up a little in Carlingford, I should suppose. It is as good as a play for a country town. Of course, there will be a party that will get up a memorial, and prove that a man so kind-hearted never existed out of paradise; and there will be another party who will prove him to be insane; and then at the end all the blackguards within a hundred miles will crowd into Carlingford, and the fellow will be hanged, as he deserves to be; but I assure you it's a famous amusement for a country town."

"Sir," said Miss Bury, with a tremulous voice, for her feelings had overcome her, "when you speak of amusement, does it ever occur to you what will become of his miserable soul?"

"I assure you, wretches of that description have no souls," said the young barrister, "or else, of course, I would not permit myself to speak so freely. It is a conclusion I have come to not rashly, but after many opportunities of observing," the young man went on with solemnity; "on the whole, my opinion is, that this is the great difference between one portion of mankind and the other: that description of being, you may take my word for it, has no soul."

"I never take anybody's word for what is so plainly stated in the Holy Scriptures," said Miss Bury; "I never heard any one utter such a terrible idea. I am sure I don't want to defend a—a murderer," cried the Rector's sister, with agitation; "but I have heard of persons in that unfortunate position coming to a heavenly frame of mind, and giving every evidence of being

truly converted. The law may take their lives, but it is an awful thing—a truly dreadful thing," said Miss Bury, trembling all over, "to try to take away their soul."

"Oh, nonsense, Lucilla. By Jove! he does not mean that, you know," said Tom, interposing to relieve his friend.

"Do you believe in Jove, Mr. Thomas Marjoribanks?" said Miss Bury, looking him in an alarming manner full in the face.

The unfortunate Tom grew red and then he grew green under this question and that awful look. "No, Miss Bury, I can't say I do," he answered, humbly; and the amusing man was so much less brotherly than Tom that he burst into unsympathetic laughter. As for Lucilla, it was the first real check she had sustained in the beginning of her career. There could not have been a more unfortunate *contretemps*, and there is no telling how disastrous the effect might have been, had not her courage and coolness, not to say her orthodoxy, been equal to the occasion. She gave her cousin a look which was still more terrible than Miss Bury's, and then she took affairs into her own hands.

"It is dreadful sometimes to see what straits people are put to, to keep up the conversation," said Lucilla; "Tom in particular, for I think he has a pleasure in talking nonsense. But you must not suppose I am of that opinion. I remember quite well there was a dreadful man once here in jail for something, and Mr. Bury made him the most beautiful character! Every creature has a soul. I am sure we say so in the Creed every day of our lives, and especially in that long creed where so many people perish everlastingly. So far from laughing, it is quite dreadful to think of it," said Lucilla. "It is one of my principles never to laugh about anything that has to do with religion. I always think it my duty to speak with respect.

It has such a bad effect upon some minds. Miss Bury, if you will not take anything more, I think we had better go up-stairs."

To think that Tom, whose luck, as usual, had betrayed him to such an unlooked-for extent, should have been on the point of following to the drawing-room, was more than Miss Marjoribanks could comprehend; but fortunately his companion had more sense, and took his leave, taking his conductor with him. Miss Bury went up-stairs in silence, sighing heavily from time to time. The good woman was troubled in her spirit at the evident depravity of the young men with whom circumstances had constrained her to sit down at table, and she was sadly afraid that such companionship must have a debasing effect upon the mind of that lamb of the flock who was now standing before her. Miss Bury bethought herself of Dr. Marjoribanks's profane jokes, and the indifference he had shown to many things in which it was his duty to have interested himself, and she could not but look with tender pity in her young friend's face.

"Poor dear," said Miss Bury, "it is dreadful indeed if this is the sort of society you are subjected to. I could recommend to Dr. Marjoribanks a most admirable woman, a true Christian, who would take charge of things and be your companion, Lucilla. It is not at all nice for you, at your age, to be obliged to receive young men like these alone."

"I had you," said Lucilla taking both Miss Bury's hands. "I felt it was such a blessing. I would not have let Tom stay for luncheon if you had not been there; and now I am so glad, because it has shown me the danger

of letting him bring people. I am quite sure it was a special providence that made you think of coming here to-day."

"Well, my dear," said Miss Bury, who was naturally mollified by this statement of the question, "I am very glad to have been of use to you. If there is anything I desire in this life, it is to be useful to my fellow-creatures, and to do my work while it is called day. I should not think the time lost, my dear Lucilla, if I could only hope that I had impressed upon your mind that an account must be given of every careless word—"

"Oh, yes," said Lucilla, "that is so true; and besides, it is quite against my principles. I make it a point never to speak of anything about religion except with the greatest respect; and I am quite sure it was a special providence that I had you."

Miss Bury took her farewell very affectionately, not to say effusively, after this, with her heart melting over the ingenuous young creature who was so thankful for her protection; but at the same time she left Miss Marjoribanks a prey to the horrible sensation of having made a failure. To be sure, there was time to recover herself in the evening, which was, so to speak, her first formal appearance before the public of Oarlingford. Tom was so ill-advised as to come in when she was having her cup of tea before dinner to fortify her for her exertions; and the reception he met with may be left to the imagination. But, after all, there was little satisfaction in demolishing Tom; and then Lucilla had known from the beginning that the success of her undertaking depended entirely on herself.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evening passed off in a way which, if Miss Marjoribanks had been an ordinary woman, would have altogether obliterated from

her mind all recollection of the failure at lunch. To speak first of the most important particular, the dinner was perfect. As for the benighted men who had doubted Lucilla, they were covered with shame, and, at the same time, with delight. If there had been a fault in Dr. Marjoribanks's table under the ancient *régime*, it lay in a certain want of variety, and occasional over-abundance, which wounded the feelings of young Mr. Cavendish, who was a person of refinement. To-night, as that accomplished critic remarked, there was a certain air of feminine grace diffused over everything—and an amount of doubt and expectation, unknown to the composed feastings of old, gave interest to the meal. As for the Doctor, he found Mrs. Chiley, at his right hand, not so great a bore as he expected. She was a woman capable of appreciating the triumphs of art that were set before her; and had indeed been trained to as high a pitch of culture in this respect as perhaps is possible to the female intelligence; and then her pride and delight in being admitted to a participation in those sacred mysteries was beyond expression. "My dear Lucilla, I feel exactly as if I was going to be made a freemason; and as if your dear good papa had to blindfold me, and make me swear all sorts of things before he took me down-stairs," she said, as they sat together waiting for the commencement of the ceremony; and when the two ladies returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Chiley took Lucilla in her arms and gave her a kiss, as the only way of expressing adequately her enthusiasm. "My love," said the Colonel's wife, "I never realised before what it was to have a genius. You should be very thankful to Providence for giving you such a gift. I have given dinners all my life—that is, all my married life, my dear, which comes to almost the same thing, for I was only a baby—but I never

could come up to anything like that," said Mrs. Chiley, with tears in her eyes. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she was so satisfied with her success that she felt at liberty to tranquillise her old friend.

"I am sure you always give very nice dinners," she said; "and then, you know, the Colonel has his favourite dishes—whereas, I must say for papa, he is very reasonable for a man. I am so glad you are pleased. It is very kind of you to say it is genius, but I don't pretend to anything but paying great attention and studying the combinations. There is nothing one cannot manage if one only takes the trouble. Come here to this nice easy-chair—it is so comfortable. It is so nice to have a little moment to ourselves before they come up-stairs."

"That is what I always say," said Mrs. Chiley; "but there are not many girls so sensible as you, Lucilla. I hear them all saying it is so much better French fashion. Of course, I am an old woman, and like things in the old style."

"I don't think it is because I am more sensible," said Miss Marjoribanks, with modesty. "I don't pretend to be better than other people. It is because I have thought it all over, you know—and then I went through a course of political economy when I was at Mount Pleasant," Lucilla said, tranquilly, with an air of having explained the whole matter, which much impressed her hearer. "But for all that, something dreadful happened to-day. Tom brought in one of his friends with him, you know, and Miss Bury was here, and they talked—I want to tell you, in case she should say something, and then you will know what to believe—I never felt so dreadfully ashamed in my life—they talked—"

"My dear! not anything improper, I hope," cried the old lady, in dismay.

"Oh, no," said Lucilla; "but they began laughing about some

people having no souls, you know—as if there could be anybody without a soul—and poor Miss Bury nearly fainted. You may think what a dreadful thing it was for me.”

“My dear child, if that was all,” said Mrs. Chiley, reassured—“as for everybody having a soul, I am sure I cannot say. You never were in India, to be sure; but Miss Bury should have known better than to faint at a young man’s talk, and frighten you, my poor dear. She ought to be ashamed of herself, at her age. Do you think Tom has turned out clever?” the old lady continued, not without a little *finesse*, and watching Lucilla with a curious eye.

“Not in the very least,” said Miss Marjoribanks, calmly; “he is just as awkward as he used to be. It is dreadful to have him here just now, when I have so many things to do—and then he would follow me about everywhere if I would let him. A cousin of that sort is always in the way.”

“I am always afraid of a cousin, for my part,” said Mrs. Chiley; “and, talking of that, what do you think of Mr. Cavendish, Lucilla? He is very nice in himself, and he has a nice property; and some people say he has a very good chance to be member for Carlingford when there is an election. I think that is just what would suit you.”

“I could not see him for the lamp,” said Lucilla; “it was right between us, you know—but it is no use talking of that sort of thing just now. Of course, if I had liked I never need have come home at all,” Miss Marjoribanks added, with composure; “and, now I have come home, I have got other things to think of. If papa is good, I will not think of leaving him for ten years.”

“Oh, yes; I have heard girls say that before,” said Mrs. Chiley; “but they always changed their minds. You would not like to be

an old maid, Lucilla; and in ten years——”

“I should have begun to go off a little, no doubt,” said Miss Marjoribanks. “No, I can’t say I wish to be an old maid. Can they be coming up-stairs already, do you think? Oh, it is Tom, I suppose,” said Lucilla, with a little indignation. But when *They* did make their appearance, which was at a tolerably early period—for a return to the drawing-room was quite a novelty to Dr. Marjoribanks’s friends, and tempted them accordingly—Miss Marjoribanks was quite ready to receive them. And just before ten o’clock, when Mrs. Chiley began to think of going home, Lucilla, without being asked, and without indeed a word of preface, suddenly went to the piano, and before anybody knew, had commenced to sing. She was a great deal too sensible to go into high art on this occasion, or to electrify her father’s friends with her newly-acquired Italian, or even with German, as some young ladies do. She sang them a ballad out of one of those treasures of resuscitated ballads which the new generation had then begun to dig out of the bowels of the earth. There was not, to tell the truth, a great deal of music in it, which proved Lucilla’s disinterestedness. “I only sang it to amuse you,” she said, when all the world crowded to the piano; and for that night she was not to be persuaded to further exertions. Thus Miss Marjoribanks proved to her little public that power of subordinating her personal tastes and even her vanity to her great object, which more than anything else demonstrates a mind made to rule. “I hope next time you will be more charitable, and not tantalise us in this way,” Mr. Cavendish said, as he took his leave; and Lucilla retired from the scene of her triumph, conscious of having achieved entire success in her first appearance in Carlingford. She laid her head upon her pillow with that sweet sense of an approv-

ing conscience which accompanies the footsteps of the benefactors of their kind. But even Miss Marjoribanks's satisfaction was not without its drawbacks. She could not get out of her mind that unhappy abortive luncheon and all its horrors; not to speak of the possibility of her religious principles being impugned, which was dreadful in itself ("for people can stand a man being sceptical, you know," Miss Marjoribanks justly observed, "but everybody knows how unbecoming it is to a woman—and me who have such a respect for religion!"), there remained the still more alarming chance that Miss Bury, who was so narrow-minded, might see something improper in the presence of the two young men at Lucilla's maidenly table; for, to be sure, the Rector's sister was altogether incapable of grasping the idea that young men, like old men and the other less interesting members of the human family, were simple material for Miss Marjoribanks's genius, out of which she had a great result to produce. This was the dread that overshadowed the mind of Lucilla as she composed herself to rest after her fatigues. When she slept the sleep of the innocent, it still pursued her into her dreams. She dreamed that she stood at the altar by the side of the member for Carlingford, and Mr. Bury, with inflexible cruelty, insisted upon marrying her to Tom Marjoribanks instead; and then the scene changed, and instead of receiving the salutations of Mr. Cavendish as M. P. for the borough, it was the amusing man, in the character of the defeated candidate, who grinned and nodded at her, and said from the hustings that he never would forget the luncheon that had been his first introduction to Carlingford. Such was the nightmare that pursued Lucilla even into the sphere of dreams.

When such a presentiment takes possession of a well-balanced mind like that of Miss Marjoribanks, it

may be accepted as certain that something is likely to follow. Lucilla did her best to disarm fate, not only by the sweetest submission and dutifulness to the Doctor and his wishes, but by a severe disregard of Tom, which drove that unhappy young man nearly desperate. Far from saying anything about luncheon, she even ignored his presence at breakfast, and remained calmly unconscious of his empty cup, until he had to ask for some coffee in an injured and pathetic voice, which amused Dr. Marjoribanks beyond description. But even this did not prove sufficient to propitiate the Fates. When they were gone—and it may be well to say that Lucilla used this pronoun to signify *the gentlemen*, in greater or smaller number as it might happen—and she had finished all her arrangements, Miss Marjoribanks decided upon going to Grove Street to pay Barbara Lake a visit, and practise some duets, which was certainly as innocent an occupation for her leisure as could have been desired. She was putting on her hat with this object when the bell in the garden rang solemnly, and Lucilla, whose curiosity even conquered her good manners for the moment, hastening to the window, saw Mr. Bury himself enter the garden, accompanied by a tall black figure in deep and shabby mourning. All the tremors of the night rushed back upon her mind at the sight. She felt that the moment had arrived for a trial of her courage very different from the exertions which had hitherto sufficed her. Nothing but the most solemn intentions could have supported the Rector in that severe pose of his figure and features, every line in which revealed an intention of being "faithful;" and the accompanying mute in black, whose office the culprit could not divine, had a veil over her face, and wore a widow's dress. Miss Marjoribanks, it is true, was not a woman to be discouraged by appearances, but she

felt her heart beat as she collected all her powers to meet this mysterious assault. She took off her hat with an instinctive certainty that, for this morning at least, the duet was impracticable, when she heard Mr. Bury's steady step ascending the stairs; but, notwithstanding, it was with a perfectly cheerful politeness that she bade him welcome when he came into the room. "It is so good of you to come," Lucilla said; "you that have so much to do. I scarcely could believe it when I saw you come in: I thought it must be for papa."

"I did hope to find Dr. Marjoribanks," said the Rector, "but as he is not at home, I thought it best to come to you. This is Mrs. Mortimer," said Mr. Bury, taking the chair Lucilla had indicated with a certain want of observance of his companion which betrayed to the keen perceptions of Miss Marjoribanks that she was a dependant of some kind or other. The Rector was a very good man, but he was Evangelical, and had a large female circle who admired and swore by him; and, consequently, he felt it in a manner natural that he should take his seat first, and the place that belonged to him as the principal person present; and then, to be sure, his mission here was for Mrs. Mortimer's as well as Miss Marjoribanks's "good." After this introduction, the figure in black put up its veil, and revealed a deprecating woman, with a faint sort of pleading smile on her face. Probably she was making believe to smile at the position in which she found herself; but anyhow she took her seat humbly on another chair at a little distance, and waited, as Lucilla did, for the next golden words that it might please the Rector to say.

"My sister told me what happened yesterday," said Mr. Bury. "She is very sorry for you, Miss Marjoribanks. It is sad for you to be left alone so young, and without a mother, and exposed to—to

temptations which it is difficult to withstand at your age. Indeed, at all ages, we have great occasion to pray not to be led into temptation; for the heart of man is terribly deceitful. After hearing what she had to say, I thought it best to come up at once this morning and talk to Dr. Marjoribanks. I am sure his natural good sense will teach him that you ought not to be left alone in the house."

"I do not see how papa can help it," said Lucilla. "I am sure it is very sad for him as well; but since dear mamma died there has been nobody but me to be a comfort to him. I think he begins to look a little cheerful now," Miss Marjoribanks continued, with beautiful simplicity, looking her adversary in the face. "Everybody knows that to be a comfort to him is the object of my life."

"That is a very good feeling," said the Rector, "but it does not do to depend too much upon our feelings. You are too young to be placed in a position of so much responsibility, and open to so much temptation. I was deeply grieved for Dr. Marjoribanks when his partner in life was taken from him; but my dear Miss Lucilla, now you have come home, who stand so much in need of a mother's care, we must try to find some one to fill her place."

Lucilla uttered a scream of genuine alarm and dismay; and then she came to herself, and saw the force of her position. She had it in her power to turn the tables on the Rector, and she did not hesitate, as a weaker woman might have done, out of consideration for anybody's feelings. "Do you mean you have found some one for him to marry?" she asked, with a look of artless surprise, bending her earnest gaze on Mr. Bury's face.

As for the Rector, he looked at Lucilla aghast like a man caught in a trap. "Of course not, of course not," he stammered, after his first pause of consternation; and then he had to stop again to take breath.

Lucilla kept up the air of amazement and consternation which had come naturally at the first, and had her eyes fixed on him, leaning forward with all the eager anxiety natural to the circumstances; and the unfortunate clergyman reddened from the edge of his white cravat to the roots of his grey hair. He was almost as sensitive to the idea of having proposed something improper as his sister could have been, though indeed, at the worst, there would have been nothing improper in it had Dr. Marjoribanks made up his mind to another wife.

"It is very dreadful for me that am so young to go against *you*," said Lucilla; "but if it is *that*, I cannot be expected to take any part in it—it would not be natural. It is the great object of my life to be a comfort to papa; but if that is what you mean, I could not give in to it. I am sure Miss Bury would understand me," said Miss Marjoribanks; and she looked so nearly on the point of tears, that the Rector's anxious disclaimer found words for itself.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Miss Lucilla—nothing of the kind," cried Mr. Bury; "such an idea never came into my mind. I cannot imagine how I could have said anything—I can't fancy what put such an idea—Mrs. Mortimer, you are not going away?"

Lucilla had already seen with the corner of her eye that the victim had started violently, and that her heavy veil had fallen over her face—but she had not taken any notice, for there are cases in which it is absolutely necessary to have a victim. By this time, however, the poor woman had risen in her nervous undecided way.

"I had better go—I am sure I had better go," she said hurriedly, clasping together a pair of helpless hands, as if they could find a little strength in union. "Miss Marjoribanks will understand you better, and you will perhaps understand Miss Marjoribanks——"

"Oh, sit down, sit down," said Mr. Bury, who was not tolerant of feelings. "Perhaps I expressed myself badly. What I meant to say was, that Mrs. Mortimer, who has been a little unfortunate in circumstances—sit down, pray—had by a singular providence just applied to me when my sister returned home yesterday. These things do not happen by chance, Lucilla. We are taken care of when we are not thinking of it. Mrs. Mortimer is a Christian lady for whom I have the greatest respect. A situation to take the superintendence of the domestic affairs, and to have charge of you, would be just what would suit her. It must be a great anxiety to the Doctor to leave you alone, and without any control, at your age. You may think the liberty is pleasant at first, but if you had a Christian friend to watch over and take care of you—What is the matter?" said the Rector, in great alarm. It was only that the poor widow who was to have charge of Lucilla, according to his benevolent intention, looked so like fainting, that Miss Marjoribanks jumped up from her chair and rang the bell hastily. It was not Lucilla's way to lose time about anything; she took the poor woman by the shoulders and all but lifted her to the sofa, where she was lying down with her bonnet off when the Rector came to his senses. To describe the feelings with which Mr. Bury contemplated this little *entr'acte*, which was not in his programme, would be beyond our powers. He went off humbly and opened the window when he was told, and tried to find the eau-de-cologne on the table; while Thomas rushed down stairs for water at a pace very unlike his usual steady rate of progress. As for Lucilla, she stood by the side of her patient quite self-possessed, while the Rector looked so foolish. "She will be all right directly," Miss Marjoribanks was saying; "luckily she never went right off. When you

don't go right off, lying down is everything. If there had been any one to run and get some water she would have got over it; but luckily I saw it in time." What possible answer Mr. Bury could make to this, or how he could go on with his address in sight of the strange turn things had taken, it would have been hard to say. Fortunately for the moment he did not attempt it, but walked about in dismay, and put himself in the draught (with his rheumatism), and felt dreadfully vexed and angry with Mrs. Mortimer, who, for her part, now she had done with fainting, manifested an inclination to cry, for which Mr. Bury in his heart could have whispered her, had that mode of discipline been permitted in the Church of England. Lucilla was merciful, but she could not help taking a little advantage of her victory. She gave the sufferer a glass of water, and the eau-de-cologne to keep her from a relapse, and whispered to her to lie quiet; and then she came back and took her seat, and begged the Rector not to stand in the draught.

"I don't think she is strong," said Miss Marjoribanks, confidentially, when she had wiled the disconcerted clergyman back to her side, "her colour changes so; she never would be able for what there is to do here, even if papa would consent to think of it. For my part I am sure I should be glad of a little assistance," said Lucilla, "but I never like to give false hopes, and I don't think papa would consent;—she looks nice if she was not so weak, poor thing!—and there are such quantities of things to be done here: but if you wish it, Mr. Bury, I will speak to papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, lifting her eyes, which were so open and straightforward, to the Rector's face.

To tell the truth, he did not in the least know what to say, and the chances are he would not have been half so vexed and angry, nor felt in so unchristian a disposition with the

poor woman on the sofa, had he meant to do her harm instead of good. "Yes, I should be glad if you would mention it to Dr. Marjoribanks," he said, without very well knowing what he said; and got up to shake hands with Lucilla, and then recollected that he could not leave his *protégée* behind him, and hesitated, and did not know what to do. He was really grateful, without being aware of it, to Miss Marjoribanks, when once again she came to his aid.

"Please, leave her a little," said Lucilla, "and I can make acquaintance with her, you know, in case papa should be disposed to think of it;—she must lie still a little till it quite wears off. I would ask you to stay to lunch if I was not afraid of wasting your precious time—"

Mr. Bury gave a little gasp of indignation, but he did not say anything. On the whole, even though smarting under the indignity of being asked to lunch, as his sister had been, when probably there might be a repetition of the scene of yesterday, he was glad to get safely out of the house, even at the risk of abandoning his enterprise. As for a woman in want of a situation, who had so little common sense as to faint at such a critical moment, the Rector was disposed to wash his hands of her; for Mr. Bury, "like them all," as Lucilla said, was horribly frightened by a faint when he saw one, and afterwards pretended to disbelieve in it, and called it one of the things which a little self-command could always prevent. When he was gone Miss Marjoribanks felt the full importance of her victory; and then, though she had not hesitated to sacrifice this poor woman when it was necessary to have a victim, that moment was over, and she had no pleasure in being cruel; on the contrary, she went and sat by her patient, and talked, and was very kind to her; she made her lie still and tell her story at her leisure, and all about it.

"I knew it would hurt your feelings," Miss Marjoribanks said, candidly, "but I could not do anything else—and you know it was Mr. Bury's fault; but I am sure, if I can be of any use to you——" It was thus that Lucilla added, without knowing it, another complication to her fortunes; but then, to be sure, clearsighted as she was, she could not see into the future, nor know what was to come of it. She told the Doctor in the evening with the greatest faithfulness, and described how Mr. Bury looked, and that she had said she did not think

papa would be disposed to think of it; and Dr. Marjoribanks was so much entertained that he came up-stairs to hear the end, and took a cup of tea. It was the third night in succession that the Doctor had taken this step, though it was against his principles; and thus it will be seen that good came out of evil in a beautifully distinct and appropriate way; but, notwithstanding, Miss Marjoribanks, though she had escaped immediate danger, still felt in her heart the consequences of having made a failure at the beginning of her career.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S POEMS. •

THERE is a certain prodigality of genius, peculiar to our own time, which, though very agreeable to the general reader in its immediate results, is liable to cause a dispersion of gems, whose individual brilliancy is as nothing compared with their combined lustre in the casket. Some of the best poetry of the present age has originally appeared in the columns of periodicals, or even annuals; and, though much admired and quoted for a certain season, has sometimes faded away from the memory, along with the more ephemeral material with which it was incongruously conjoined. Again, it often occurs that the noblest thoughts of poets, enshrined in the worthiest verse, have been kept altogether from the public view; partly because the subjects were of a nature so personal to the writer, and so hallowed by associations belonging to himself alone, that he hesitated to discover them to others; partly—and that we incline to think is the more common reason—because the fastidious artist, after all his pains, was not fully satisfied with the excellence of his work, and still hoped, in some moment of happy inspiration,

to remove the slight blemishes which, in all probability, eyes less keenly critical than his own would have entirely failed to discover.

It is therefore matter of congratulation to find a writer who has already set his broad stamp upon the forehead of the age, and assumed a foremost place in the ranks of genius, at length collecting those poems which, from time to time, he has promiscuously issued, and adding to the heap others which have hitherto remained unseen. We cannot afford to lose any of the genuine utterances of poesy. Poems such as these before us may not be so attractive or prized as the bolder conceptions or more ambitious works which have made Sir Bulwer Lytton famous; but in many a heart they will find an echo—by many they will be regarded as not less valuable, though less imposing, monuments of his genius and his power. It is not always the largest work that obtains from posterity the greatest measure of admiration. Dryden's immortal ode is fresh in our memories, while his heavy tragedies are forgotten; the lyrics of Campbell are prized far

beyond the more lengthy productions upon which he lavished so much industry and care; the simpler ballads of Wordsworth have already outlived his 'Excursion;' and the minor poems of Goethe, originally scattered as waifs and strays through the almanacs and pocket-books of Germany, are now treasured and perused with more care and fondness than his novels of æsthetic life, or even his attempts to resuscitate, in a Gothic guise, the glories of the classical drama. Such instances as these may well justify the hope which Sir Bulwer Lytton has expressed in the dedication prefixed to this volume, that what he has so written in verse may, some day or other, become better known to his countrymen.

At the same time we do not expect that the recognition will be immediate. The poetry of our author, as exhibited in this volume, is so purely of a reflective cast, that it can hardly be appreciated or its merits understood by that numerous class of readers who demand sensational excitement, and who will not be satisfied unless something unusually piquant is set before them. Nor will it gratify those who maintain that the art of poetry consists in stringing together a series of verbal gauds and decorations—of images, not naturally suggested, but painfully forced and elaborated—of conceits which attract attention less from their aptness than their oddity. Pure and masculine in his diction, as one of the masters of the olden time, Lytton rises far above those petty arts and devices which less cultivated minds adopt to veil the poverty of their thoughts; and, though his song be too often mournful, it is nevertheless clear and definite in expression, and free from that mystical vagueness which rather repels than invites the sympathies of the reader.

Some of these poems, as we have already indicated, are reprints, and the most elaborate is one called

'Milton,' composed by the author while a youth at college, but revised and considerably altered since its first appearance in type. Few poets retain in later years a partiality for their early lucubrations. Their subsequent literary training and experience make them extremely sensitive (and intolerant of faults which arose from immaturity of power; and too often they are apt wholly to condemn poems which, in the judgment of unbiassed critics, are well worthy of preservation. We are glad that, in this instance, the author has been merciful to the issue of his youth, and, with whatever amount of correction, has restored it to what we must deem to be its proper place; for not only is it interesting as a specimen of his earlier style, but it contains within itself many passages of singular grace and beauty.

"The design of this poem," says Sir E. B. Lytton, in a prefatory note, "is that of a picture. It is intended to portray the great patriot poet in the three cardinal divisions of life—youth, manhood, and age. The first part is founded upon the well-known though ill-authenticated tradition of the Italian lady or ladies seeing Milton asleep under a tree in the gardens of his college, and leaving some tributary verses beside the sleeper. Taking full advantage of this legend, and presuming to infer from Milton's Italian verses (as his biographers have done before me) that in his tour through Italy he did not escape the influence of the master-passion, I have ventured to connect, by a single thread of romantic fiction, the segments of a poem in which narrative, after all, is subservient to description. This idea belongs to the temerity of youth, but I trust it has been subjected to restrictions more reverent than those ordinarily imposed on poetic licence."

Undoubtedly there are extant five sonnets and one canzone, composed by John Milton, in indifferent Italian, which seem to countenance the view that, either at

Ferrara or Bologna, the heart of the young Puritan had been touched by the charms of a southern beauty, and so touched as to give vent to its feelings in a strain of singular bombast. But we apprehend that, in reality, he was only imitating his friends of the Della Cruscan Academy, who were a sad set of drivellers, belabouring one another with fulsome compliments in rhyme, and striving hard to simulate the sort of passion which Petrarch professed for his Laura. If there was any reality in the Miltonic confession of amorousness, we agree with Tom Warton in thinking that it was probably addressed to the famous singer, Leonora Baroni, the Grisi of her age, who, at the time when the poet visited Italy, was captivating all men by the magnificent magic of her voice. In Latin, at least, he has paid to that syren a homage which would have appeared utterly extravagant had it come even from the wildest cavalier. Witness the poem beginning thus :—

"Angelus unicuique suns, sic credite gentes,
Obdgit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi gloria major?
Nam tuam presentem vox sonat ipsa
Deum."

Fancy the horror of Exeter Hall were Lord Shaftesbury to address, at the present day, such a compliment to Madame Titiens!

Be that as it may, there was certainly enough to justify the later poet in representing the older one as under the influence of a romantic attachment, though the threefold introduction of the mysterious Italian lady does somewhat shock our credence. We are, in fact, too well conversant with the personal history of Milton to accept, even with indulgent faith, the episode which is here presented; and more than once, during its perusal, the images of the unfortunate Mary Powell and of her two legitimate successors have risen before us, as if protesting against this interference with their vested rights. But that objection removed—and it is one which we rather hint than urge, being conscious that we are somewhat too prone to insist upon precision—we regard the poem as one of great beauty. Here are the opening lines :—

"It was the Minstrel's merry month of June;
Silent and sultry glow'd the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing;
Played on the green leaves with the quiv'ring beam,
Sang from the grove, and sparkled from the stream,
When, where yon beech-tree veil'd the soft'ning ray,
On violet-banks young Milton dreaming lay.

"For him the Earth below, the Heaven above,
Doubled each charm in the clear glass of youth;
And the vague spirit of unsettled love
Rov'd through the visions that precede the truth,
While Poesy's low voice so hymn'd through all
That ev'n the very air was musical.

"The sunbeam rested, where it pierced the boughs,
On locks whose gold reflected back the gleaming;
On Thought's fair temple in majestic brows;
On Love's bright portal—lips that smiled in dreaming.

"Dreams he of Nymph half hid in sparry cave?
Or of his own Sabrina chaste 'sitting
Under the glassy cool translucent wave,
The loose train of her amber tresses knitting?

Or that far shadow, yet but faintly view'd,
Where the Four Rivers take their parent springs,
Which shall come forth from starry solitude,
In the last days of angel-visittings,
When, soaring upward from the nether storm,
The Heaven of Heavens shall earthly guest receive,
And in the long-lost Eden smile thy form,
Fairer than all thy daughters, fairest Eve?

"Has the dull Earth a being to compare
With those that haunt that spirit-world—the brain?
Can shapes material vie with forms of air,
Nature with Phantasy?—O question vain!
Lo, by the Dreamer, fresh from heavenly hands,
Youth's dream-inspirer—Virgin Woman stands;
She came, a stranger from the Southern skies,
And careless o'er the cloister'd garden stray'd,
Till, pausing, violets on the banks to cull,
Over the Dreamer bent the Beautiful.

"Felt he the touch of her dark locks descending,
Or with his breath her breathing fused and blending,
That, like a bird scared from the tremulous spray,
Pass'd the light Sleep with sudden wings away?
Sighing he woke, and waking he beheld;
The sigh was silenced, as the look was spell'd;
Look charming look, the love that ever lies
In human hearts, like lightning in the air,
Flash'd in the moment from those meeting eyes,
And open'd all the Heaven!

"O Youth, beware!

For either light should but forewarn the gaze;
Woe follows love, as darkness doth the blaze!"

Again they meet, but the scene 'Decameron'—Milton again finds
is changed. In Italy, by the sunny himself in the sweet presence
banks of the Arno—in a spot, the that had haunted him like a fairy
description of which is as exquisite dream; and love is merged in wor-
as any of the earlier pictures of the ship:—

"They met again and oft! what time the Star
Of Hesperus hung his rosy lamp on high;
Love's earliest beacon, from our storms afar,
Lit in the loneliest watch-tower o' the sky,
Perchance by souls that, ere this world was made,
Were the first lovers the first stars survey'd.
And Mystery o'er their twilight meeting threw
The charm that nought like mystery doth bestow:
Her name—her birth—her home he never knew;
And she—his love was all she sought to know.
And when in anxious or in tender mood
He pray'd her to disclose at least her name,
A look from her the unwelcome prayer subdued,
So sad the cloud that o'er her features came:
Her lip grew blanch'd, as with an ominous fear,
And all her heart seem'd trembling in her tear.

So worshipp'd he in silence and sweet wonder,
 Pleased to confide, contented not to know :
 And Hope, life's silvery moonlight, smiled around
 Doubts, which, like clouds, rise ever from below.
 And thus his love grew daily, and perchance
 Was all the stronger circled by romance.
 He found a name for her, if not her own,
 Haply as soft, and to her heart as dear—
 'Zoe'—name stolen from the tuneful Greek,
 It meaneth 'life,' when common lips do speak,
 And more in lips that love ;— sweet language known
 To lovers, sacred to themselves alone ;
 Words, like Egyptian symbols, set apart
 For the mysterious Priesthood of the Heart."

We are compelled to pass over much that we would most willingly quote—indeed, it is like desecration to mutilate so fine a poem as this, and exhibit it in broken fragments. In his portraiture of the young Milton, Sir E. B. Lytton has somewhat idealised his character ; softening down the harsher features, and making him expatiate in language which would have better suited the lips of Sir Philip Sydney than those of the austere republican. Yet we would not have it otherwise. It is difficult to identify the poet of 'Comus' and 'Lycidas,' with the shrill-tongued opponent of Salmasius ; and we acquiesce in the treatment which restores to us the young enthusiast still under the influence of the ennobling impulses of chivalry. In ardent strains he woos the fair Italian ; urging her to become his bride, and depart with him to England, whither he is summoned by the call of duty and of patriotism. Thus terminates the scene:—

"She look'd upon that brow so fair and high,
 Too bright for sorrow as too bold for fear ;
 She look'd upon the depth of that large eye
 Whence (ev'n when lost to daylight) starry clear
 Shone earth's sublimest soul ;— then tremblingly
 On his young arm her gentle hand she laid,
 And in the simple movement more was said
 Of the weak woman's heart than ever yet
 Of that sweet mystery man's rude speech hath told.
 The touch rebuked him as he thrill'd to it ;
 Back to their deep the stormier passions roll'd,
 And left his brow (as when the heaven above
 Smiles through departing cloud) serene with love.
 'Come then— companion in this path sublime ;
 Link life with life, and strengthen soul with soul ;
 If vain the hope that lights the onward time ;
 If back to darkness fade the phantom goal ;
 If Dreams, that now seem prophet-visions, be
 Dreams, and no more— still let me cling to thee !
 Still, seeing thee, have faith in human worth,
 And feel the Beautiful yet lives for earth !
 Come, though from marble domes and myrtle bowers,
 Come, though to lowly roofs and northern skies ;
 In its own fancies Love has regal towers,
 And orient sunbeams in beloved eyes.
 Trust me, whatever fate my soul may gall,
 Thou at thy woman-choice shalt ne'er repine ;
 Trust me, whatever storm on me may fall,

This man's true breast shall ward the bolt from thine.
 Hark, where the bird from yon dark ilex breathes
 Soul into night—so be thy love to me!
 Look, where around the bird the ilex wreathes
 Still, sheltering boughs—so be my love to thee!
 O dweller in my heart, the music thine;
 And the deep shelter—wilt thou scorn it?—mine!
 He ceased, and drew her closer to his breast;
 Soft from the ilex sang the nightingale:
 Thy heart, O woman, in its happy rest
 Hush'd a diviner tale!
 And o'er her bent her lover; and the gold
 Of his rich locks with her dark tresses blended;
 And still, and calm, and tenderly, the lone
 And mellowing night upon their forms descended;
 And thus, amid the ghostly walls of old,
 Seen through that silvery, moonlit, lucent air,
 They seem'd not wholly of an earth-born mould,
 But suited to the memories breathing there—
 Two genii of the mix'd and tender race,
 Their charmed homes in lonely coverts singling,
 Last of their order, doom'd to haunt the place,
 And bear sweet being interfused and mingling,
 Draw through their life the same delicious breath,
 And fade together into air in death."

"From his embrace abrupt the maiden sprang
 With low wild cry despairing:—In the shade
 Of that dark tree where still the night-bird sang,
 Stood a stern image, statue-like, and made
 A shadow in the shadow;—locks of snow
 Crown'd, with the awe of age, the solemn brow;
 Lofty its look with passionless command,
 As some old chief's of grand inhuman Rome:
 Calm from its stillness moved the beckoning hand,
 And low from rigid lips it murmur'd, 'Come!'"

Years pass. A king has gone to labour; for visions of Paradise have
 the scaffold. The star of Cromwell been vouchsafed him, and he has com-
 has risen and set, and a Stuart is pleted that wonderful work which
 again upon the throne. Worn, de- ranks among the Epics as Hesperus
 spised, and blind, the old man has among the clustering of the stars.
 retired from the strife, but not from And now the end is drawing near:—

"Its gay farewell to hospitable eaves
 The swallow twitter'd in the autumn heaven;
 Dumb on the crisp earth fell the yellowing leaves,
 Or, in small eddies, fitfully were driven
 Down the bleak waste of the remorseless air.
 Out, from the widening gaps in dreary boughs,
 Alone the laurel smiled—as freshly fair
 As its own chaplet on immortal brows,
 When Fame, indifferent to the changeeful sun,
 Sees waning races wither, and lives on.—
 An old man sate before that deathless tree
 Which bloom'd his humble dwelling-place beside;

The last pale rose which lured the lingering bee
 To the low porch it scanty blossom'd o'er,
 Nipp'd by the frost-air, had that morning died.
 The clock faint-heard beyond the gaping door,
 Low as a death-watch click'd the moments' knell;
 And through the narrow opening you might see
 Uncertain footprints on the sanded floor
 (Uncertain footprints which of blindness tell);
 The rude oak board, the morn's untasted fare;
 The scatter'd volumes and the pillow'd chair,
 In which, worn out with toil and travel past,
 Life, the poor wanderer, finds repose at last.

"The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing,
 Waving thin locks from musing temples pale;
 Felt the quick sun through cloud and azure going,
 And the light dance of leaves upon the gale,
 In that mysterious symbol-change of earth
 Which looks like death, though but restoring birth.
 Seasons return; for him shall not return
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.
 Whatever garb the mighty mother wore,
 Nature to him was changeless evermore.—
 List, not a sigh!—though fall'n on evil days,
 With darkness compass'd round—those sightless eyes
 Need not the sun; nightly he sees the rays,
 Nightly he walks the bowers, of Paradise,
 High, pale, still, voiceless, motionless, alone,
 Death-like in calm as monumental stone,
 Lifting his looks into the farthest skies,
 He sate: And as when some tempestuous day
 Dies in the hush of the majestic eve,
 So on his brow—where grief has pass'd away,
 Reigns that dread stillness grief alone can leave."

Wrapt in sublime contemplation, long ago. Alas! can that blind grey
 the aged bard hears not the ap- man have been the lover of her
 proaching tread. But a pilgrim youth? No recognition follows;
 from the far and sunny clime is for earthly ties and earthly thoughts
 near, impressed by an irrepressible are all unmeet for the soul that is
 longing to behold once more the already half with God. A brief
 face of him who had wooed her interval, and all is over.

"A death-bell ceased;—beneath the vault were laid
 A great man's bones;—and when the rest were gone,
 Veil'd, and in sable widow'd weeds array'd,
 An aged woman knelt upon the stone.
 Low as she pray'd, the wailing notes were sweet
 With the strange music of a foreign tongue:
 Thrice to that spot came feeble, feebler feet,
 Thrice on that stone were humble garlands hung.
 On the fourth day some formal hand in scorn
 The flowers that breathed of priestcraft cast away;
 But the poor stranger came not with the morn,
 And flowers forbidden deck'd no more the clay.
 A heart was broken!—and a spirit fled!
 Whither—let those who love and hope decide—
 But in the faith that Love rejoins the dead,
 The heart was broken ere the garland died."

So terminates this fine poem, perhaps the best sustained in the volume. Difficult as was the subject, the author's treatment of it has been eminently successful, while the melody and exquisite construction of the verse are in accordance with the sentiments it conveys.

We cannot give the same meed of praise to another elaborate poem which is entitled 'Constance, or the Portrait.' It is a tale of modern times and of modern life, which might have afforded excellent scope for the novelist, but is not suitable for the delicate touches which are the triumph of the poetic art. It is a trite but true observation, that the realms of the past are the proper ground for the poet; and in narrative, at least, we are inclined to think that the nearer he approaches to his own time, the less likely he is to succeed. There may be no lack of romance in the incidents, or of passion in the emotions he portrays; but the accessories, which he cannot altogether avoid, belong to our ordinary prosaic life, and will not bear that amount of poetic colouring which is necessary to complete the illusion. In this sense it is undeniable that distance *does* lend enchantment to the view; for the language which appears to us so beautiful when uttered by a Romeo or a Juliet, would assuredly be deemed out of place if put into the mouths of denizens of May Fair existing in the reign of Queen Victoria. So difficult is it to adapt recent events to the poetic standard, that no one has yet deemed it possible to construct an epic or a rhymed romance upon the basis of events which occurred during the Peninsular War, or the campaigns of the first Napoleon; and more than a century must elapse before the expedition to the Crimea can furnish an available theme. Impose upon a poet the task of describing a Gothic castle, with its banquetting-hall, its dungeon-keep, and the retinue of men-at-arms and mailed knights that thronged the courtyard and the corridors — and,

if he is a master of his craft, he will bring before your eyes a vision of the olden time, as perfect as if it had been raised by the wave of the wand of an enchanter. But ask him to depict a ball-room, and to people it with beings whom we cannot disassociate from the notion of crinoline and the uniform of the Blues — bid him describe in melodious verse the giddy sensations of the waltz, or give poetic utterance to the whispered conversations at a table laid out with the delicacies of Gunter — and you will find a woeful difference between his treatment of the past and of the present. We see no incongruity when Shylock talks, in good blank verse, of his ducats, or the rate of usance, on the Rialto; but gravity itself would not be proof against the heroics of a modern banker or broker deploring a change in the rate of interest, or a depreciation in Venezuelan securities. However dexterously Sir E. B. Lytton has tried to surmount this obvious difficulty of giving poetical treatment to a subject essentially modern, we do not think that he has succeeded; but it is no disgrace to have failed in an attempt which might have tasked to the uttermost, if even he could have achieved it, the marvellous ingenuity and unparalleled versatility of Chaucer.

Turning to the minor poems, we recognise, with no ordinary pleasure, one which has already graced the pages of the Magazine, and which we regard as one of the most perfect specimens of that difficult style of composition, the allegorical, which has been composed during the present century. We confess to have, in the abstract, no great liking for allegories, which generally are sickly things, "that palter to us in the double sense," and seldom lead to any satisfactory conclusion. Our opinions upon this point may appear to many heretical, but with all our love for Edmund Spenser — the sweetest poet, who was not likewise a dramatist, of the noble Elizabethan era of literature — we cannot

help wishing that he had made 'The Faerie Queene' a grand historical epic, with Arthur for its hero, instead of a shadowy representation of cardinal virtues and the issue of opposing faiths. Spencer, we are assured, but yielded or conformed to the taste of his age, then imbued with Italian tendencies; and the school of which he was the brightest ornament came to an ignoble end in the hands of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. The finest sustained allegory of the world is, undoubtedly, that of John Bunyan, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and with our language alone can it perish. But a short allegory is, like a parable or an apologue, most effective if true to its conditions; and we know of none which are more perfectly appropriate or musically expressed than this of 'The Boatman,' which, for the gratification of our regular readers, who have seen and admired it already, it is quite unnecessary that we should quote. Most musical is it in its flow; reminding us, almost unconsciously, of the passage of Thalaba with the maiden in the enchanted boat, one of the most exquisite strains of poetry that are to be found in the English language. But we pass to another in which we can claim no paternity even by adoption — and we pray you, reader, to hearken to the strain of

"THE PILGRIM OF THE DESERT.

"Wearily flaggeth my Soul in the Desert;

Wearily, wearily.

Sand, ever sand, not a gleam of the fountain;

Sun, ever sun, not a shade from the mountain;

Wave after wave flows the sea of the Desert,

Drearly, drearily.

Life dwelt with life in my far native valleys,

Nightly and daily;

Labour had brothers to aid and beguile;

A tear for my tear, and a smile for my smile;

And the sweet human voices rang out; and the valleys

Echoed them gaily.

Under the almond-tree, once in the spring-time,

Careless reclining;

The sigh of my Leila was hush'd on my breast,

As the note of the last bird had died in its nest;

Calm look'd the stars on the buds of the spring-time,

Calm—but how shining!

Below on the herbage there darken'd a shadow;

Stirr'd the boughs o'er me;

Dropp'd from the almond-tree, sighing, the blossom;

Trembling the maiden sprang up from my bosom;

Then the step of a stranger came mute through the shadow,

Pausing before me.

He stood grey with age in the robe of a Dervise,

As a king awe-compelling;

And the cold of his eye like the diamond was bright,

As if years from the hardness had fashion'd the light:

'A draught from thy spring for the way-weary Dervise,

And rest in thy dwelling.'

And my herds gave the milk, and my tent gave the shelter;

And the stranger spell-bound me

With his tales, all the night, of the far world of wonder,
Of the ocean of Oman with pearls gleaming under;
And I thought, 'Oh, how mean are the tents' simple shelter
And the valleys around me!'

I seized as I listen'd, in fancy, the treasures
By Afrites conceal'd;
Scared the serpents that watch in the ruins afar
O'er the hoards of the Persian in lost Chil-Menar;—
Alas! till that night happy youth had more treasures
Than Ormus can yield.

Morn came, and I went with my guest through the gorges
In the rock hollow'd;
The flocks bleated low as I passed them ungrieving,
The almond-buds strew'd the sweet earth I was leaving;
Slowly went Age through the gloom of the gorges,
Lightly Youth follow'd.

We won through the Pass—the Unknown lay before me,
Sun-lighted and wide;
Then I turn'd to my guest, but how languid his tread,
And the awe I had felt in his presence was fled,
And I cried, 'Can thy age in the journey before me
Still keep by my side?'

'Hope and Wisdom soon part; be it so,' said the Dervise,
'My mission is done.'
As he spoke, came the gleam of the crescent and spear,
Chimed the bells of the camel more sweet and more near;—
'Go, and march with the Caravan, youth,' sigh'd the Dervise,
'Fare thee well!—he was gone.

What profits to speak of the wastes I have traversed
Since that early time?
One by one the procession, replacing the guide,
Have dropp'd on the sands, or have stray'd from my side;
And I hear never more in the solitudes traversed
The camel-bell's chime.

How oft I have yearn'd for the old happy valley,
But the sands have no track;
He who scorned what was near must advance to the far,
Who forsaketh the landmark must march by the star,
And the steps that once part from the peace of the valley
Can never come back.

So on, ever on, spreads the path of the Desert,
Wearily, wearily;
Sand, ever sand—not a gleam of the fountain;
Sun, ever sun—not a shade from the mountain;
As a sea on a sea, flows the width of the Desert,
Drearly, dearly.

How narrow content, and how infinite knowledge!
Lost vale, and lost maiden!
Enclosed in the garden the mortal was blest:
A world with its wonders lay round him unguest;
That world was his own when he tasted of knowledge—
Was it worth Aden?"

After this, is it necessary to give more specimens of this delightful volume? Perhaps not. It might disappoint some to dwell upon what they might esteem drearier fancies—for, as we have already hinted, some of the poems are so grave and sombre, that they rather suggest autumnal fancies than those which are suitable for the period of spring. French critics have said that our recent English poetry is, as a whole, too melancholy in its tone; and we cannot, with truth, aver that they are altogether mistaken in that judgment. Why it should be so we cannot understand. The elder poets, both of England and Scotland, were joyous in the extreme; and merrier men—within the limits of becoming mirth—you could not find than Geoffrey Chaucer, or Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. Why should Sir E. B. Lytton be dolorous? He stands acknowledged as the first novelist

of the age—he has achieved the highest dramatic success—he has added to his literary triumphs the renown of a philosopher, an orator, and a statesman—and he should not now, unless his ambition is altogether satiated and extinguished, proclaim that all is vanity. There are, we are well aware, variations in the poetic temperament, as there are differences in the singing of the birds; and though the nightingale is admitted to be the sweetest, as she is the most plaintive, of the woodland choristers, we are not sure that, as a perpetuity, we would not give the preference to the livelier trilling of the thrush. That Sir Edward himself has some secret consciousness of this, we gather from expressions which we find occurring ever and anon throughout his poems; and, as an antidote against his more sombre moods, we would repeat his own advice,—

“Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December.”

The poems entitled ‘*Parcæ, or Leaves from History*,’ are finely conceived, especially that relating to Mary Stuart. We must, however, refer our readers for these to the volume, from which we have

already drawn largely; and our last extract shall be one that Schiller might have been proud to own, though it bears the unmistakable mark of the original genius of his translator:—

“THE TRUE JOY-GIVER.

“Oh *Cævoë*, Liber Pater,
Oh, the vintage feast divine,
When the god was in the bosom
And his rapture in the wine;

When the Faun laugh’d out at morning;
When the Mænad hymn’d the night;
And the Earth itself was drunken
With the worship of delight;

Oh *Cævoë*,* Liber Pater,
Thou, whose orgies are upon
Moonlit hill-tops of Parnassus,
Shady slopes of Helicon;—

Ah, how often have I hail’d thee!
Ah, how often have I been
The gay swinger of the thyrsus,
When its wither’d leaves were green!

Then, the boughs were purple-gleaming
 With the dew-drop and the star;
 As, in chanting, came the wood-nymph,
 And, in flashing, came the car.

But how faded are the garlands
 Of the thyrsus that I bore,
 When the wood-nymph chanted 'Follow!'
 In the vintage-feast of yore.

Yet my vineyards are the richest
 That Falernian slopes bestow;
 Has the vineherd lost his cunning?
 Has the summer lost its glow?

Dullard, never on Falernium
 The true Care-Dispeller trod;
 There, the vine-leaves wreath no thyrsus,
 There, the fruits allure no god.

Liber's wine is Nature's life-blood;
 Liber's vineyards bloom upon
 Moonlit hill-tops of Parnassus,
 Shady slopes of Helicon.

But the hill-tops of Parnassus
 Are still free to every age;
 I have trod them with the Poet,
 I have mapp'd them with the Sage;

And I'll take my young disciple
 To heed well, with humbled eyes,
 How the rosy Gladness-giver
 Welcomes ever most the wise.

Lo, the arching of the vine-leaves;
 Lo, the sparkle of the fount;
 Hark, the carol of the Mænads;
 Lo, the car is on the Mount!

'Ho, there!—room, ye thyrsus-bearers,
 For your playmate I have been!'
 'Once it might be,' laugh'd Lyæus,
 'But thy thyrsus then was green.'

And adown the gleaming alleys
 See, the gladness-bringer glide;
 And the wood-nymph murmurs 'Follow!'
 To the young man by my side."

And now we have done, how- out our waking thoughts into the
 ever reluctant we are to lay the phantoms of sleep, which often con-
 tinue precogitations, making cables
 volume aside. But there is an end to all things. Our lamp is burning
 of cobwebs, and wildernesses of
 dim; and, like old Sir Thomas handsome groves."
 Browne, "we are unwilling to spin

GUY NEVILLE'S GHOST.

No: I have met plenty of ghost-seers, and have heard them tell their stories with a sincerity of awe and a shuddering recollection of the terror past that left no sort of doubt as to their belief. And history assures me that, ever since the days of Homer, and perhaps before then, ghosts have from time to time been seen of men, and have made the hair of the seers stand on end, and their blood curdle with fear. But I never saw a ghost myself, except once. And then? Yes; then I must do the ghost the justice to say that I was horribly frightened.

I was very glad to accept Charlie Neville's invitation to pass a few days with him in the cottage which he inhabits in one of the pleasantest valleys in Westmoreland — right through which valley runs the road from Lancashire to Scotland. I was very tired of being chained to my desk in one of the dirtiest, gloomiest, dampest towns in England — a town that for six months in the year alternates between fog and sleet, and for the rest between fog and rain — a town where nobody lives except to make a fortune, where nobody does anything or thinks of anything but his fortune till he has made it, and whence, the fortune made, every one goes as far away as possible to spend it. I had been a prisoner, or a slave, all summer, and it was now September. All the more did I delight in my journey, knowing that September is the pleasantest of months in Westmoreland, where May is cold, the summer mostly wet, and August dense and oppressive. Charlie was a pleasant member of a pleasant family, and the idea of once more enjoying the society of young ladies — a species unknown in the neighbourhood of my prison-house — was enough to excite my spirits to the uttermost. Even a long railway

journey, in a carriage from which the presence of an asthmatic director-looking old gentleman banished alike the breath of fresh air and the hope of tobacco, failed to subdue them. It was in a joyous mood that I sprang upon the platform at Windermere, valise in hand, and looked out for Charlie.

A big dog made his appearance first, who, after suspiciously glancing and snuffing at a travelling suit which retained an atmosphere of the printing-office about it, rubbed his nose against the hand that held my valise just as my friend came up and shook me heartily by the other.

"Is that monster yours?" I said, as we walked to the phaeton. "He was more friendly than I expected, and more formidable than I liked."

"Ah," said his master, "Cæsar was puzzled by the smell of factory-smoke and cotton-fluff about you. If it had been tobacco-smoke and cigar-ashes he would have recognised it. But Cæsar always finds out a gentleman. There is a baronet of my acquaintance who goes about in such rags that the servants offer him a penny when he calls for the first time on a friend; but Cæsar recognised his title at first sight, and made him the humblest obeisance. And the best dressed of burnt-out tailors or shipwrecked sailors, in whom I might expect a visitor, cannot take in Cæsar. He never lets them open the gate. Dogs are the most aristocratic of living creatures."

And this commenced a discussion, in which Charlie, who quartered the Kingmaker's Bear and Ragged Staff, and could recite his whole pedigree since the battle of Barnet, bore his part with great spirit and vivacity. This occupied our tongues while the pony traversed many miles of the loveliest scenery in England. This, and the

speculations with which it branched off, wholly irrelevant to the subject of my tale, were interrupted only when we reached the valley, at the other end of which the windows of Neville Grange flashed back the golden light of the sun that was sinking behind the western mountains.

"That is my home," said Charlie, as I gazed in silent admiration at the beautiful sight. "It is small, as you see: it has been very much larger. The ruins of what in the olden days was Neville Grange lie on the other side of the cottage, which my great-grandfather built on part of the old site. Our present abode is so small that, with our large family, it requires some close packing to take in the few guests whom we can persuade to relieve our solitude. Relief it is, for there is no other gentleman within a dozen miles, except the curate."

"Is that the curate?" I asked, pointing to an elegant figure which, in a sporting costume, and with his back turned to us, was climbing at some little distance a steep path which led to a little farmhouse, the residence of one of the poorer of those "statesmen" who are the pride of the English Highlands. "I think even your fastidious eyes will admit him to have the air of a gentleman."

"No; that is not the curate. That is Crosthwaite's house. His family have held that farm longer than history runs back—probably in the days of Alfred. I don't know who the man is—some tourist, I suppose. It has a look of Guy Monthermer, my cousin; but Monthermer is with his regiment in India, and, if he were not, he would hardly come so near us."

I remembered that there had been a fierce quarrel between Guy Monthermer and Charlie's father, who was Monthermer's guardian. Guy was a few years senior to Charlie, but very young at the time of the quarrel. He had been foolish enough to make the feud public by challenging his relative, but had,

of course, been met with a contemptuous refusal. Thus much I knew; but I did not know then, nor do I know now, the exact merits of the quarrel, or the demerits of Guy Monthermer. I can only tell my readers that he distinguished himself in India alike by his courage and his insubordination; that, some years after the date of my visit to Neville Grange, he engaged in the Garibaldian expedition; and that—but the rest they will learn from my story, and I will not spoil it by anticipation. I knew then only enough to let my companion's remark pass unanswered. He looked for some time after the stranger, who, however, was too distant for recognition.

We reached Neville Grange, and were greeted with hearty welcome by two boys and three little girls, the junior branches of the house, who had rushed out to meet their brother at the door. Without going into the drawing-room, Charles undertook to show me up-stairs; and for this, remembering Cæsar's opinion of my travelling suit, I was not ungrateful. The part of the cottage into which I was introduced was clearly of old date. The oak flooring was perfectly black; it had become irregular in its level from the gradual "settling" of the walls, and it was broken at uncertain intervals by capricious steps. The walls were panelled with dark old oak; the doors were of the same material, with old-fashioned latches in place of hidden locks and rounded handles. One of these Charles opened. Two downward steps led into a small room, oak-floored, with scanty carpet and oak-panelled walls, on which hung two or three modern sketches and one ancient portrait in oils. One window gave a view over the valley; the other, in a strange situation, just beside the fireplace, reaching to the ground, without sill or sash, apparently a mere hole in the wall, looked out upon a network of broken walls, mouldering and moss-covered, in

which it was possible to trace the ruins of a larger house than the present cottage which had renewed the name of Neville Grange.

My toilet made, I left my room, without bestowing much attention on the details of its appearance. I was joined by Charles; and when we reached the drawing-room he introduced me to his mother, a lady still beautiful and elegant, in middle age and widow's weeds, and to her elder daughters, girls between sixteen and twenty. Annie, the younger, resembled her mother. Her beauty was of the best Saxon type; that which, in spite of fair hair, blue eyes, and clear, soft complexion, is redeemed by something of refined elegance about the features, and of intellectual expression in eye and brow, from the painfully close resemblance to a wax doll, which is so generally characteristic of Teutonic loveliness. Flora was thoroughly Norman—such as might have been the heiress of Warwick ere her marriage with the last hereditary chief of the house of Neville—with slender form, a hand which every sculptor must have admired in perfect despair of imitation; a head small, gracefully set on, and of exquisite shape, with ringlets of raven blackness and—the only instance I ever saw of true black hair that was not coarse—as soft and fine as her sister's. Her eyes were dark; of their exact colour I never could satisfy myself, but of their brilliancy there could be no doubt or forgetfulness, nor yet of that exquisite softness which belongs only to dark eyes when earnest emotion finds unconscious expression in their upturned gaze. Why I did not fall in love with Flora is not now to the purpose. But so penetrated was I with interest in her and admiration for her beauty, that during the evening I could not help observing her with a close attention which made me aware—certain beyond the possibility of doubt—that some painful anxiety was preying upon

her mind. A jest from her brother, a sudden appeal to her notice from the children, would bring colour to her cheek in warm, fast-fading flushes; when unnoticed she seemed absorbed, not so much in reverie as in calculation. I am not a close observer of countenances, but I can tell the difference between the face of a dreamer and a thinker—can even discriminate between meditative thought and that kind of consideration which is preparing for the future, planning the achievement of a plot or the avoidance of a misfortune. The closer my observation, the clearer became my comprehension of the nature of the thoughts which disturbed that transparent countenance. Always, as she seemed to despair for a moment, and intermit her calculation, a shadow that spoke of fear, and of something that seemed like shame, passed over her face. If it had been possible to associate with that face and form, so evidently belonging to the highest "aristocracy of nature," so lofty and so pure, any thought of dishonour or untruth, or if Flora had been young enough for the innocent scrapes of childhood, I should have said that she anticipated some fatal discovery—was scheming to avoid being "*found out*." Most men, perhaps most women, are subject to such alarms from time to time; but men do not like to believe that there can be anything to be "*found out*" in the mind of a young and beautiful girl.

We talked pleasantly and frankly, all of us. Flora spoke unfrequently; but when she did speak, the clear tones of a voice that "like a silver clarion rang," though only like the clarion's notes subdued by distance, and something noble as well as novel in what she said, gave our conversation its chief zest and charm. I had fallen into the bachelor habit of smoking a cigar immediately after the evening meal, and that digestive had become to me as necessary as the meal itself;

and Charlie was fully of my mind. But after tea that evening—for the Nevilles dined early, and Charles was too true a gentleman not to know that nothing so annoys a guest as household changes made for him—I was pleased that there was no excuse for the accustomed departure of the ladies, and deaf to his hints, that pointed towards sunset clouds and meant tobacco-smoke. And when bedtime came—their hours were early—my regrets were more sincere than Annie believed them.

"You will get your cigar with Charlie, and 'thank us much for going.' I know he has been watching for ten o'clock a full hour and a half."

"I plead guilty to the cigar, Miss Neville; but I, who have that every night of my life, and enjoy ladies' society only by such rare chances as this, would readily go to bed cigarless if you would postpone your retirement but half an hour."

"Take care lest they take you at your word," said Charlie, in horror; and his sister, smiling, followed Mrs. Neville and Flora from the room. Charlie and I turned out. The wind blew hard; it generally blows in Westmoreland throughout the autumn, and to smoke, save under shelter, had been impossible. We wrapped railway rugs round us, and sought shelter in an angle of the ruins. A wall, some eight feet high, joined that of the cottage just beneath the second window in my room. Cæsar's kennel, where he lay unchained, stood at a little distance by what had once been the opposite wall of a small room or closet, apparently enclosed in the centre of the old house. Here it was possible to light a match; here we found seats upon the fallen fragments of the wall, and smoked in peace.

"This place," said Charlie, "or rather some ten feet above our heads, was the scene of the family tragedy, from which our house

dates its decay, and the doom—if your modern principles will let me call it so—that hangs over us."

"And what is that doom?" I inquired, in perhaps a sceptical tone.

"Do you not know," my friend asked, "that in no generation does more than one male of the house live to reach the full maturity of manhood, and that he never dies in his bed? Ah, you may smile. But so truly have we believed in the doom, that every chief of my line has married before he reached my age, lest his race should end with him; and yet never since Sir Guy's time have two brothers of our blood been men together. And never has any head of the family died save by a violent or a sudden death. My great-grandfather fell at Yorktown; his father had been drowned while bathing in Grasmere; my grandfather was killed at Badajos——"

I knew why he paused. I remembered the riot unquelled; the blame of civilian imbecility laid on the soldier; the forbearance slandered as cowardice, the sentence of the court-martial avoided by suicide, four months before Charlie's youngest sister was born. I remembered for what cause his mother wore the widow's weeds she had never abandoned. The superstition of my friend began to touch me. I could not turn to indifferent matters, as I might have done had any other man spoken to me of his family misfortunes; for Charlie was my intimate friend. So I asked him.

"And what is the story of the crime by which this doom has been entailed on all Sir Guy's posterity?"

"What, have you never heard the legend of our house? Well, it is not so strange, for it is not one of which we care to talk to strangers; and even to you, I should hardly have cared to speak of it anywhere but here. Elsewhere you might have doubted it or

smiled at it; here, where it occurred, though you have no better reason to believe it, you are more likely to do so."

I felt that there was some truth in this. My companion proceeded.

"Sir Guy's picture hangs over your fireplace. It is worth a careful scrutiny, for much of his strange and wayward character is to be traced in those lineaments. He quitted his house at an early age for the Court of King Charles I., leaving behind him his aged father and a brother, a mere child, to whom he was tenderly attached. This boy had been Sir Guy's constant companion in boyish pranks, while yet so little that his brother would carry him on his shoulder; he rode out for miles perched before Guy on the saddle, went with him up the hills or on the lake, followed him like a dog, and was cherished by him as if he had been not a brother but an only son. Ere the elder went from home, the old man called him to his chamber and earnestly commended the child to his brotherly affection. 'You love him now, Guy; but you are wayward of mood, ambitious of heart, unforgiving of temper. Many things may change you; many clouds may come between you and your youth before you return home. You will not see him again for many years, and time changes affection and wears out memory. Swear to me that you will never wrong him or neglect him; that he shall never have reason bitterly to feel the difference between a father's and a brother's love.' 'May God forget me; may good fortune desert me and my house,' answered Guy, 'if by fault or default of mine my brother come to harm.' And with these words Sir Guy left his father and went forth into the world.

"News came of him now and anon. At first he was in favour with the King, and rose to rank and influence in the royal service. His father died, believing that all

was well, and more hopeful for his son than he had ever been. Then he was expected at home. But he wrote, arranging for his brother's education under the care of the venerable clergyman of the parish, and came not. He had ties at Court; the wife of a great nobleman, one of the loveliest in Henrietta's train, had fixed his fancy, and, as he thought, had smiled upon him. He was a man of ungoverned passions and fearless temper; he pursued the lady with a fierce fervour which terrified herself, and with a reckless vehemence which endangered both. Whether she yielded or not was never known; enough was said to excite suspicion, and her husband, a man of calm and generous disposition, but of unflinching determination, resolved to save his wife, if there were yet time. He obtained from the King a foreign appointment for young Neville. It was peremptorily and not very respectfully refused. Lord — then withdrew his wife from the Court, and sent her to his country seat. Sir Guy suspected his purpose, and was infuriated. In those days it was easy to force a quarrel, even on so eminent a man. Guy Neville contrived publicly to insult his enemy; a duel followed, and Lord — was mortally wounded. Ere his enemy had quitted the ground, Lord —'s mother, who had suspected the nature of his engagement, came to the spot in time to see her son expire. Beside his bleeding corpse she cursed his assassin, and prayed that, as he had brought desolation on a happy home, so his own might be desolate; that as he had cut short an honourable and useful life, so might his own life, and the lives of his descendants, be cut short in their prime. Sir Guy cowered beneath her curse, and it was with difficulty that his second hurried him from the field. He had to hide himself for the time, of course. Presently he learned that there was no such chance of pardon for his crime as

he had hoped. The childless dowager had thrown herself at the King's feet, and Charles, greatly moved, had promised her justice in the emphatic words of David, 'As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die.' Sir Guy fled his country and took refuge in Holland, tormented alike by the bitterness of remorse and the fury of vindictive hatred towards the sovereign who had refused to treat his quarrel as a fair use of the chivalric practice of private combat, and dealt with him not as a duelist but as a murderer. In Holland he fell in with Puritan exiles, who, while not pretending to palliate his crime, encouraged and fostered his lust for vengeance against the King who had sought to punish it. Sir Guy became the associate of Puritans; married a daughter of one of their chiefs; and, while refusing to lead the life of an ascetic, joined heart and soul in the wildest and most wicked of their conspiracies.

"The rebellion broke out, and Sir Guy Neville returned to England, and joined the armies of the Parliament. He held a command in a force which was operating in the north of Lancashire. One day information was received through a spy that a messenger had been sent, with a mounted escort, to convey despatches from the royal partisans in the same quarter to the Marquess of Montrose, and Sir Guy, with his troop, was detached to intercept him.

"They came up in sight of the escort a few miles from hence, and gave chase. Seeing themselves completely outnumbered, the Cavaliers set spurs to their horses, and, being admirably mounted, contrived to distance the majority of their pursuers. Neville, with a few of his troopers, outstripped the rest, and pressed the fugitives hard. Suddenly the latter drew bridle, turned round, and rode full upon this vanguard, evidently intending to overpower it before the remainder of

the troop could come up. The leader of the Royalists was a very young man, without a beard, and with a mustache almost silken in softness, with slender form and very youthful air and figure, but with the same stern expression, the same dark deep-set eyes and black eyebrows that you will recognise in the portrait of Sir Guy. His long lovelocks, which escaped from his steel cap and fell over his shoulders, were of raven black. In a word, we have his portrait; to-morrow you shall see it. Flora resembles it as much as a girl may resemble a man. The Cavalier rode straight at Neville, who was a yard or so in advance of his foremost troopers, and swords were crossed. Sir Guy was a first-rate swordsman, but in the young Royalist he had met his match in skill and courage. It was to sheer strength that the Roundhead owed the advantage which enabled him twice to overpower his opponent's guard, and inflict two fearful wounds, one on the head, and one on the left shoulder. The Cavaliers, meanwhile, had beaten back the rebels; two of them rode to the rescue of their young chief, and it was only by a desperate exertion of his own swordsmanship and his horse's power that Sir Guy evaded their swords, and made good his retreat. The remainder of his troopers were now fast approaching, and the Cavaliers resumed their flight, carrying off with them the victim of the Puritan's sword.

"The rebels continued the chase, and though they were distanced, and the turns and windings of the mountain-road concealed their enemy, Neville was confident of success. He knew the road—he knew that it led directly to his ancestral home, and that the fugitives could not go much farther without halting, especially as they had to carry with them a man, in all likelihood mortally wounded. There, or at the neighbouring residence of the clergyman, they would probably leave him. The troopers

rode on rapidly. They reached the rectory; it was deserted, and they searched it in vain. With difficulty their captain restrained their savage wish to fire the home of the man who had been the friend and teacher of his youth, the guardian of his brother—now, as Guy had learned from rumour, serving with the King in the south. It was that rumour which had determined Guy to seek service in Lancashire. The band rode up to Neville Grange. The Cavaliers were not there: they had passed by, said the one domestic who was visible, at full gallop, and without drawing bridle. Guy looked at the man hard and sternly, and he trembled and turned pale beneath that gaze.

“‘Ride on in pursuit,’ said the captain to his lieutenant; ‘I, with four men, stay here to search the house.’ And he dismounted and entered the house. The servant followed him, with voluble protests that no one had crossed the threshold except the aged clergyman, who had consented to take charge of it, since Master Philip had quitted it to join the King. Guy cast a hasty glance over the lower rooms and then passed on up-stairs. The servant accompanied him in ever-increasing terror, which might, however, be attributed to the fact that two troopers followed him with loaded carbines, and two others held theirs at full-cock pointed at either side of his shaking head. Passing through room after room Neville paused at the door of that you are to sleep in to-night. It looked then much as it looks now, save that where this window is was then a panel of the oak which lines the rest of the wall. The door was half-open, and Guy entered. A stain on the bare floor caught his eye. He stooped and touched it with his hand.

“‘Blood!’ he said, sharply; but he said no more. He asked no question. He strode straight to the fireplace; and, putting forth

his right hand, touched a part of the panel where that window is now placed. The troopers stared. He pressed it hard; still harder did they stare, while the servant stood with his eyes almost starting from his head, gazing in mute and motionless terror on the proceedings of the unknown intruder.

“‘Bring your carbines here, three of you!’ said Sir Guy, in a low tone. ‘One of you keep his at that rascal’s ear, and blow out his brains if he speaks. Now, bring the butts to bear one above the other in a line with my hand; knock me this panel in.’ The soldiers looked at each other, clearly thinking their leader mad. Why should he choose to try to knock to pieces this part of the wall rather than another! Nevertheless they obeyed. The carbine-butts went with full force against the oak panelling; a hollow sound was returned. They struck again with all the strength they could muster. A sound of crashing wood followed; the panel was broken. Still it held its place, until Sir Guy thrust his arm through the hole broken in by a carbine blow, and drew a bolt. A shot was fired from the other side; and, as he drew back his broken wrist, the panel gave way and fell before the renewed blows of the troopers.

“A secret room, or rather closet, stood open, just above our heads. Opposite the door was a pallet, by the side of which a light was burning. Beside this pallet knelt an aged man in the robes of a priest, his back to the intruders; upon it lay a youth, his head bandaged, his shirt blood-stained, his face livid with the hue of approaching death, and yet grasping a smoking pistol in his right hand. Guy Neville recognised the adversary with whom he had crossed swords an hour before. He recognised more. He grew suddenly pale, and staggered back: he strove an instant for utterance. A look of surprise, anguish, and horror, but also

of recognition, crossed the face of the dying man. An exclamation rose to his parted lips; but ere it was uttered, ere Guy could recover breath, a ball from one of the carbines crashed through the bandaged head, and the Cavalier, without a word or a groan, fell back—dead.

“Paralysed with horror, the fratricide stood on the threshold of the death-chamber. His staring eyes were fixed upon the corpse, his hand had fallen by his side, the pain of his wound unfelt, his very senses frozen with the terror that had stricken him to the soul. He was wakened to consciousness by a voice that he knew well, speaking in tones of prophetic denunciation that pierced the conscience of the assassin. The aged priest—his tutor—had risen, and confronted the startled troopers and their cowering chief.

“‘So, Guy Neville, rebel to thy King, recreant to thy God, murderer of thy brother! is it thus we meet for the last time? Go hence: the curse of Cain is upon thee, and the measure of thy crimes is not yet full.’

“He passed out, untouched by the troopers, holding his robes together lest the murderer’s touch should pollute them. Guy Neville stood rooted to the spot till the old man was gone. Then he turned—fled from the chamber and from the house, mounted his horse, and rode none knew whither.

“Fifteen years later, an old and worn man, a young woman, and an infant, arrived late one night, and took possession of the Grange. They were all dressed in deep mourning; the father, wife, and child of a second Philip Neville, the heir of the race, who had just perished in a drunken brawl. The widow and orphan were lodged in the most distant quarter of the house; the old man, aged in middle life, occupied the chamber that opened into the secret room. They sought him the next day; his

chamber was vacant. One old servant of the house, who alone knew the secret of the panel, entered the hiding-place whither a brother had led his brother’s murderers. There lay Sir Guy, on the bed on which that corpse had lain, still spotted with blood. There was no sign of violence on his person, but he was dead. Nothing to account for his death, but the expression of mortal terror on a countenance that had never blanched in the face of battle; the features convulsed with such an agony of fear as might well suffice to kill. The dead body lay in state, and the trembling peasantry and the horror-struck yeomen, who looked upon it, whispered one another that only some fearful visitant from another world could have wrought on those iron nerves the terror which had driven the blood-stained soul from a frame still erect and vigorous. And it is an accepted creed among their descendants to this day, that either his brother’s spirit, or some yet more terrible apparition, had come to summon the fratricide to his last account.”

I listened in silence. Charles told the story with a faith that imposed upon and awed me, and I have since satisfied myself that it is as true as documentary history can make it; that Sir Guy really caused his brother’s death, and really died in that chamber of terror—the terror of a guilty conscience or a ghostly vision.

I once spoke with a young Crimean soldier of his feelings under fire; a man of whose physical courage no one who looks in his face could doubt. Speaking lightly of musketry and of round shot, he confessed his horror of shells in the naive expression: “I never became so used to them but that I let my cigar out when they passed over my head.” So did my extinct Cabana bear witness to the effect of the Neville legend. It was a minute or two before I could shake off the spell sufficiently to light a second.

"Some unbeliever in ghosts remarks," I observed, "that whenever a man really believes that he sees a visitor from another world, either his life or his reason gives way. If this be so, it is nowise wonderful that the vision of his brother's ghost should frighten to death your amiable ancestor."

"Don't jest with my tale," said Charlie, somewhat displeased. "If you don't believe it, I do; and on ample evidence."

"One sometimes jests with things that are too terrible to be seriously contemplated, just by force of reaction," I replied. "Hence it is that the two most awful ideas known to man—Death and Satan—are most frequently the themes of jest, even to those who believe in the one as heartily as when they realise it they dread the other."

After a pause, Charles said:

"I have never thought that the sight of a ghost, apart from the horror which may environ an evil spirit or a bad conscience, would be terrible. On the contrary, I have often longed to see one—one that I knew—as a proof that would set at rest for ever all doubts concerning the future. I have great sympathy with those bargains between friends of which we hear in legend, that the soul of the one first deceased should return to warn the survivor."

"I doubt," I answered, "whether a ghost would serve your purpose. From the days of Homer down to these, men have seen ghosts from time to time. But they have all been alike. What are Homer's inhabitants of Hades but ghosts, as they are seen of ghost-seers—empty phantoms without sense or speech, rather the shadows than the spirits of the departed, whose form they assume? And who that should collect his idea of a future existence from the ghosts that have been seen of men—wandering about churchyards, gibbering over buried treasures, haunting the scenes of crimes done or suffered—to say nothing

of those which rap out bad verses and bad grammar by the aid of ill-educated tables—but would echo with sad foreboding the wish of the dead Achilles:—

"Make not light of death, I beseech thee, gallant Odysseus.
Fain would I, still living on earth, be slave to another,
Slave to a landless master with scanty store of subsistence,
Rather than reign below, a prince of the dead that are perished."

"You ought not to confound the seen ghosts with the table-rapping phenomena. Whether human or not, the agency of the latter is certainly not *superhuman*. Now, the ghosts that are seen may be all that we could wish to be as spirits, wanting nothing but the power of communicating with us, and that through our deficiency, not through theirs. As to their occupations, do they not agree exactly with what philosophy would suggest as the future fate of those who, while on earth, had no ideas above or beyond the best of earth's pursuits?"

"Well," said I, "I won't debate the philosophy of Mr. Owen, or the evidences of Mrs. Crowe, after sunset. If you would like to see a ghost, I would not; and he who falls asleep talking of them may well meet one in his dreams. We will talk politics till our cigars go out, and then I shall go to bed."

But I did not. My nerves were too much excited for sleep. I had not spent an evening of pleasant talk for a long time, nor heard a family legend before, as told by a firm believer in its horrors, and the effect of the double stimulus was to render me thoroughly wakeful. As I took off my coat, and looked for a peg to hang or a chair to lay it on, my eye was caught by a garment hung in one corner—it was a lady's shawl. Then one of the drawers which I opened, in order to deposit the contents of my valise, was full of those pretty feminine trifles which seem to a bachelor so mysterious and so charming—sleeves and col-

lars, and needlework that did not seem intended for either. It shows strongly the innate grace of woman that she should spend so much art and labour in rendering ornamental what is never to be seen; and this trait alone should dispose of the slander that women dress only to fascinate men. A pincushion here, an unfinished fragment of work there, a general prettiness and tasteful arrangement of the whole, proved to me that I occupied a lady's room. "Whose? If any of the family have sole possession of this room, it must be the eldest daughter. I have, therefore, ousted Flora from her apartment. I hope she does not dislike a change as much as I do. I think I should be glad, however, to escape the gloom of these panelled walls and oaken ceiling, and the eyes of that portrait, which follow one everywhere." And here my observations brought me face to face with the picture of Sir Guy Neville. Painted in his youth, it nevertheless betrayed, or I fancied in its expression, the passions which blasted his life. The dark, deep-set eyes spoke at once of fiery spirit and of iron will; the mouth, despite the mustache which half-hid it, betrayed in the fulness of the under lip the vehemence of passion, and in the curved upper lip the scornful impatience of control which made that passion his master. In a word, the face was one in which a glance could detect a nature which would hardly be held within the bounds of law, either by conscience or by fear; which would never know how to forego a purpose or forgive an injury. I gazed long upon the portrait, and then turned away. I have said that it hung over the fireplace, and, therefore, beside the strange window that had once been the secret door. I took up a book, wrapped a dressing-gown about me, and sat down in a rocking-chair by the grate, to read. I sat on one side, so as to have the window on my right hand, and my eyes directed away from it. I read for some few

minutes before I began to feel uncomfortable. An impression that I was not alone—a nervous horror, as of the presence of some unseen evil—gained so powerful a hold of my senses, that for some time I could not resolve to move or look around. Some at least of my readers will recognise the sensation. When I did move by a strong effort, I turned my eyes full upon the window, smiling at my own folly, while I avoided the fixed look with which the portrait seemed to haunt me. My reason contemptuously assured my shrinking nerves that there was nothing there; that I should turn only to look upon vacant darkness.

Wrong! what are these eyes fixed on mine with no painted stare? what is this face, on a level with my own, and almost within reach of my hand, between which and me is nothing but a thin sheet of glass? There, at the window, rose the head and bust of Sir Guy Neville, each feature the exact semblance of the portrait, with pale, terror-stricken countenance, and dark piercing eyes gazing in horror upon me, as they had gazed on that vision which scared his soul from her habitation! For a time, which could not be counted by moments, I sat fascinated, paralysed, my sight fixed upon those spectral eyes that glared into mine. For an instant I regained will enough to hide my face with my hand. When I looked again the spectre had vanished. At that moment a sound which broke the dead silence of night startled me, and made me spring to my feet, trembling in every limb. It was the stroke of the clock, which, from the neighbouring church, rang out the signal of midnight. I heard that, and for a long time I saw and heard no more.

When I woke from that trance, or swoon—for I have no idea of the nature of the insensibility that had fallen upon me—my candle was flickering in the socket, and my teeth chattered, and my limbs shook with cold. Happily for me there

was a nightlight in the room; I lighted that, mechanically undressed, and crept beneath the blankets. I looked at my watch as I took it off: it was two in the morning. Strange as it may seem, I was scarcely in bed before I fell asleep.

I was wakened from a dreamless rest by Charlie's emphatic summons, and had to dress myself with a haste which left no time for reflection over the horror of the night. I was startled, however, when I looked in the glass, by the ghastly pallor of my face, and was conscious of sensations of mental exhaustion and bodily pain such as often follow a day of severe toil and exposure, but rarely trouble us when we wake from a rest however short. When I joined the family at breakfast, Mrs. Neville almost started as she greeted me, and Charlie exclaimed, "Why, old fellow, you look like a ghost!" I could not repress a shudder at the word, and Annie asked, laughingly, "Did you meet one in the ruins last night?" "Not in the ruins," I answered, half unconsciously. By this time the attention of the whole party was fixed upon me, and I made a desperate effort to rouse myself, and shake off my absence of mind and the sense of gloom and terror that hung over me. Annie had ventured another question, but was silenced by her mother, and Charles, to relieve himself from the general feeling of curiosity and embarrassment, took up the newspaper of the previous day, which the post had brought in time for their breakfast. I forced myself to look up, and attend to what was going on. Flora was tea-maker, and I held out my hand to take a cup from hers. In doing so I felt that her wrist trembled so that she could hardly hold it; and, looking in her face, I saw an expression of alarm and dismay, where yesterday there had been only uneasiness and perplexity. Certainly she feared something, and the danger had come nearer. The ghost could

have nothing to do with it. It was a very earthly fear that troubled that sweet face. Suddenly Charlie uttered an exclamation, and read the following paragraph from the newspaper:—

"Captain Monthermer, —th Hussars, was tried on the 10th July by court-martial, for disobedience to orders and insulting his superior officer on parade. The court assembled at Meerut, under the presidency of Colonel ——. Captain Monthermer was found guilty, and sentenced to be dismissed her Majesty's service. The sentence has been confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief."

I noticed the deep colour that came over Flora's face as this was read, and comments were made upon it by Annie, Mrs. Neville, and Charles. Certainly, I thought, this is no news to Flora, and it has some painful interest for her. Does she know this scapegrace? Surely not; she was a mere infant when he quarrelled with her father.

After breakfast, Charlie summoned me to join him in a cigar. I could not repress a shudder as we came to the very spot where we had sat the night before, just under the haunted window.

"What's the matter?" said he, in surprise. "It is not cold. And you look as pale as a ghost, or as if you had seen one. Did my story spoil your night's rest?"

"Its hero did," said I, trying to smile. "Don't laugh at me, Charlie, and don't be in a hurry to attribute what I tell you to my own fancy. Hundreds of times have I sat at night recalling much more horrible stories, and expecting when I looked up to see some frightful spectre with its eyes glaring into mine: and yet never has my imagination painted a visible form upon the darkness. But last night I saw at that window the ghost of Sir Guy, the exact semblance of the picture over the mantelpiece; ay, saw it as distinctly as I see you now; and that with a light

burning by my side, bright enough to read a penny newspaper by?"

"The deuce you did! Are you sure you were not dreaming?"

"I had a book in my hand, and had just looked up from it. I was as wide awake as you were when you told me the story."

"Sir Guy's ghost was never seen by a stranger before, and but once or twice by the men of our own family. Are you certain it was that face, and that your imagination did not lead you to attribute to some intending robber the features of Sir Guy, whose image just then filled your mind?"

"I am as certain of the face as that I saw the—thing at all. Feature for feature, it was the face of the portrait, save that it lacked the long flowing hair, and seemed somewhat older. I cannot say that I observed it attentively, but it burnt itself into my memory in that moment; and if I were a painter I could draw it line for line, with the very expression of horror, or of consternation, that it wore. I may, though I feel assured that I was not, have been deceived altogether. It may have been a spectral illusion, the vision of a diseased brain. But if I saw anything I saw what I have described. Besides, who could have climbed to that window and not have been torn down by your dog? Cæsar was loose."

"Strange—very strange," observed Charles, musingly. "How was he dressed?"

"In black; at least perfect blackness surrounded the face. That was all I observed. It is folly to talk of the dress of a ghost." I said this a little angrily. I was quite certain that I had seen, and not fancied the apparition—that it had really been there, and that it was no ordinary denizen of this world.

Charlie did not answer, and we smoked on in silence. After some ten minutes he threw away his cigar and rose.

"I am going over to Crosthwaite's. I should like to know

who was the guest we saw yesterday. My mind misgives me, now that I know that Guy Monthermer is in England. Will you come with me?"

"Gladly," I answered, as we went off together. "But what should bring Monthermer here? The place has few attractions for one excluded from Neville Grange."

"I may as well tell you, for if he is here you may render assistance in getting rid of him, or in keeping the watch on him, which I must maintain. Guy has inherited, apparently, the romantic temper and ungovernable passions of our ancestor—whom, by the way, he resembles exceedingly in personal appearance. His mother and great-grandmother were both Nevilles, descendants of Sir Guy, and members of our own house. Early left an orphan, my father brought him up, till he was about eighteen. Flora, then a little girl in short frocks, was his especial favourite, and was warmly attached to him; and the quarrel which separated him from our family affected her so much, child as she was, that she became seriously ill. About three years and a half ago she was staying with a relative in Liverpool, and Monthermer's regiment was quartered there. He, being unknown except by name to my aunt, met Flora more than once at the houses of friends, and I fear in her walks; and both of them persuaded themselves that the love they had felt for each other in their childhood had ripened into passionate attachment. Before they were separated, some rash pledge had passed between them. Flora was brought home, and gradually seemed to forget this bit of romance, as we forbore to allude to it, and took it for granted that nothing of a serious kind had occurred. But she has seen no one comparable to Guy in personal beauty, intellectual brilliancy, or romantic humour, since her return home: her quiet life in this secluded place has been but

too likely to leave her time to dwell on the one interesting episode in her life. If she and Monthermer were to meet again, one interview would fix his hold on her imagination as strongly as ever. I hope to God that my fancy deceives me, and that my fear that Guy Monthermer was the man you saw yesterday evening just by Crosthwaite's house, is as unfounded as it seems improbable."

We reached the farm, and questioned the stout old yeoman. He was very uncommunicative, and evidently suspected that our questions had some unfriendly purpose. Thus put on his guard, the spirit of hospitality made him vigilant in his guest's behalf; and we could only gather that a young gentleman had been there some days, and had left very early this morning—whether suddenly or not, we could not ascertain. Charles felt satisfied at finding that the stranger was gone. If he had been Guy Monthermer, he would hardly have departed without seeing Flora. I pondered and debated, but came to no conclusion.

My visit was a pleasant one. Flora grew cheerful and at ease; she and her sister were charming, frank, amusing companions, as free from affected shyness as from that fast and forward manner which is the more popular and fashionable affectation of to-day. The children were pleasant and well-behaved; their mother kind and hospitable; Charles as agreeable a companion as ever. Many were our pleasant excursions; incessant our conversation on all subjects, grave and gay, that did not partake of a political flavour; and I never left a friend's house more reluctantly than when an editorial summons warned me that I had overstayed my leave at Neville Grange. I certainly slept more soundly at home; but, though expected with fear and trembling, the ghost never again appeared at the window, or entered the haunted chamber.

Next May I ran up to London, to visit theatres and exhibitions,

and enjoy three days of dissipation. On the morning before my return, I entered the rooms of the Royal Academy. I had looked at a dozen of the most bepraised and best-abused pictures, when, hanging just above the line, a striking portrait caught my eye. I staggered against an elderly gentleman, whose gouty foot was unhappily next to me; his lusty curses restored me to myself, and I gazed again at the picture with more self-possession. Above the collar of a cavalry uniform, one sleeve whereof—of course with the arm in it—rested on the saddle of a fine bay charger, looked out right into my eyes the face I had seen at the window of Neville Grange. But not as I should have painted it. The features were the same; but they were calm and stern, save that the upper lip seemed to curl slightly, as with the expression of habitual pride. The same eyes gazed into mine; but the expression was no longer that which they had borne on that terrible night. Then, they were full of a terror which overspread the whole countenance; now, they looked forth with a glance of scornful fire. The picture was that of a soldier on the instant before battle; it bore no other title than "An Officer," and the catalogue gave the name of an artist just deceased. I had no clue to the individuality of the figure; was it perchance a fancy sketch by one who had seen the portrait of Sir Guy Neville? I could not tell.

I visited Chester on my way back, having business with the editor of a county paper. On returning to the station I had some half an hour to wait, and I strolled up and down the platform. A train came up from Liverpool, and out of it flowed a stream of passengers. A young lady was left standing by the carriage, whence her companion had gone in quest of their luggage. As she turned her face towards me I recognised Flora Neville.

She saw me, and coloured and

trembled violently. I was greatly surprised, but advanced to speak to her. She gave me her hand mechanically, and strove to answer my greeting, but in vain.

"How comes it that I meet you here, Miss Neville?" I asked. "I understood from Charlie that you had been in Liverpool, but were to return to the north to-day. Are you paying a visit to Chester, or going on elsewhere?"

My questions seemed to trouble Flora extremely. But I had not time for surprise or conjecture. A figure was coming towards us, with a large portmanteau in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other. It was my turn to tremble, and, if not to colour, to turn very faint and very pale. Unspiritual as his present occupation was, I saw there not only the original of the Academic portrait, but the very face that had gazed in upon me through the window of Neville Grange. Again an expression of dismay, though far less intense than then, overspread that face as its owner recognised me. But his approach restored to Flora the self-possession which had deserted both of us. Turning round, and fairly looking me in the face, with a blush and a smile, she said:

"Allow me to introduce my husband, Guy Monthermer!"

It flashed across me at once. I had heard from Charles three days before, and not a word of this marriage; nay, words which distinctly implied that Flora was returning home. Instead of doing so, she had turned off, by appointment, at some point on her route; met Monthermer, and married him, having gained in this manner a full day's start of all pursuit. I looked gravely at Monthermer.

"Come, sir," he said, in answer to my look, "be just to us both. I was a hot-headed youngster when I quarrelled with her father; on that account I knew it was hopeless to ask the consent of her family: on that and others, if you will. I have

done many foolish things, but never anything that should make a gentleman blush for himself, or a woman weep for him. I have loved her since she was a child; she has loved me for nearly five years." Flora pressed his arm. Her face was turned from me, and her eyes were looking up into his. He went on:

"I met her again last autumn, at great risk, in her own home. We should then have concerted our marriage but for you. I had only ventured to see her at night, for there were too many about who knew my person, and would have recognised me instantly had they seen me by day. Several nights in succession had I climbed the wall and spoken with Flora through the single pane of that window which opens with a rustic latch. One day, when I had ventured down into the valley, I saw at a distance young Neville returning from a drive; I hastened home, but was still in sight as he drove by. That night I postponed my visit to Flora's window later than usual; it was midnight when I climbed to my accustomed place—the dog, who had been civil to me from the first, evidently understanding that I did not belong to the usual order of trespassers, remaining silent—and was about to tap at the window, when I recognised a stranger—a man—in Flora's usual seat. The blood rushed back to my heart, and I nearly fell; he shrank as if he had seen a spectre, and covered his eyes with his hand. I recovered my presence of mind, dropped instantly to the ground, ran home, and left at daylight. Some days afterwards I received a letter from Flora, in which she gave me a graphic account—derived from her brother—of your ghostly vision. Heartily I laughed over our mutual terror, mine of a spy, and yours of a spectre."

"Then it was no visitant from another world I saw that night? it was—you were——"

"I was Guy Neville's Ghost."

ETONIANA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PART II.

THE briefest notice of the Etonians of the eighteenth century would imply a biographical dictionary of half the distinguished names in Church and State. It is only some few, whose school-days are best known to us, that must find record here. Their maturer fame is written in English history; it is in the few and scattered memorials of their boyhood that our special interest lies.

Foremost of such names should stand Horace Walpole; sprung from an Etonian family, he was all his life an Etonian, heart and soul. That fact alone should save him from the charge of heartlessness. Like his great father, he never forgot an Eton schoolfellow. His references to the old school-times have a sort of self-accusing pathos, as if he felt that he was *not* growing wiser as he grew older, and that the world of folly and fashion was hardening a kindly heart. "The playing-fields of Eton" are his notion of a lost paradise. "An expedition against bargemen" (so early were those hereditary feuds), "or a match at cricket," were worth all the pleasures of riper ambition. "Alexander at the head of the world, never tasted the true pleasure that boys enjoy at the head of a public school." Cambridge was a wilderness to him, compared with the "dear scene" he had left. How could Gray "live so near it, without seeing it"? He was at Eton nearly seven years; being entered at ten years old, under Bland as head-master, in 1727, and leaving for King's College (but as a fellow-commoner) in 1734. He made many friendships there, marked by some of the fantastic romance of his day. Gray was there with him, quiet and studious, reading Virgil for amusement in his play-hours, writ-

ing graceful Latin verse, and almost as fond of Eton as himself. With him and with Richard West and Thomas Ashton (afterwards fellow) Horace formed the "quadruple alliance," in which, like Sir William Jones and his friends at Harrow, they figured under heroic names, and appear to have ruled imaginary kingdoms. Walpole himself was Tydeus; Gray, Orosmales; Ashton, Plato; and West, Almanzor. Then, again, he was one of another "triumvirate," as their schoolfellows called them, in which he was associated with George and Henry Montagu. His letter to the former, dated from "The Christopher," when he revisited Eton three years after leaving school, is one of the most charming in all his pleasant correspondence, especially as it breathes no thought but of kindly recollections. Even the memory of a flogging only amuses him, as he looks forward to hearing a sermon on Sunday from his old schoolfellow Ashton, who, when he last saw him in chapel, was "standing funking over against a Conduct to be catechised," and thinks he "shall certainly be put in the bill for laughing in church."

Charles James Fox entered under Dr. Barnard in 1758; Francis, the translator of Horace, being his private tutor. He was a troublesome and irregular pupil—"more of a mutineer than a courtier," says one of his contemporaries; yet he gave out flashes of ability from time to time. He had his father to thank for much irrational indulgence; in the middle of his Eton career he took the boy off to Paris and to Spa for four months. He came back to school, as might be expected, not at all improved, "with all the fopperies and follies of a young man." It speaks volumes for the whole-

some discipline of Eton under Barnard that the boys teased and laughed at him, and the Doctor took the first opportunity of administering a flogging. The two contemporaries of Fox who most distinguished themselves in after life were William Windham and William (afterwards Lord) Grenville; but no school friendship appears to have been formed between them.

But the most remarkable scholar trained under Barnard, in the reputation of all his Eton contemporaries, was one whose memorial has almost perished—Sir James Macdonald of Sleat. "A miracle of talent," George Hardinge calls him, who was in the same remove. He came to Eton with few previous advantages, but a ripe scholar in almost every point but Latin verse, Barnard saw his powers at once, and placed him exceptionally high at his entrance. "Boys," said he to the form, "I am going to put over your heads a boy who cannot write a verse; but I trust you—for I know your generous feelings." The result justified the master in every way. He was "the Marcellus of his day," both at Eton and at the University. But he died early, abroad, before his great abilities were matured.

Dr. Foster entered upon his school list, in 1771, the name of perhaps the most elegant Latin scholar whom Eton can boast, Richard Colley Wellesley. As Marquess Wellesley, he will be long remembered there, not only for the honour which he did the school, but for the love which he bore it to his dying day. Years only strengthened his affec-

tion for Eton, and distance only increased his longing for the old familiar scenes. In those inimitable school exercises preserved in the 'Musæ Etonenses'—the ode *Ad Genium Loci*, the elegiacs on the "Willow of Babylon," or those in which he takes his farewell—it is difficult to know whether to admire most the classic beauty of the verse, or the tenderness of the feeling. He was buried by his expressed wish in the college chapel, where his own beautiful Latin lines* record the satisfaction with which he looked forward to resting there. Six weeping willows were planted by his request on the river-bank in different parts of the playing-fields, and a bench fixed at one particular point which commanded his favourite view. His younger brother, the Great Duke, was at Eton a few years afterwards,—a shy retiring boy, who left the school before he had ever risen into the Fifth Form, and in whom neither masters nor schoolfellows seem to have detected the germs of future greatness. He, like his brother, loved his old school, and took his two sons to see the place where he had cut his name on the kitchen-door of his dame's house.

Richard Porson was a contemporary of Lord Wellesley, entering as a collegier four years subsequently, but his senior in age. It is more singular that the great scholar should have failed to earn any remarkable distinction there, than that the future hero should have passed unnoticed. They "thought nothing," wrote one of his schoolfellows, "of the Norfolk boy," who had come there with such an alarm-

* "Fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum:
Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te didici puer, atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Si qua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitavit honos,
Muneris, Alma, tui est; altrix da terra sepulchrum,
Supremam lachrymam da, memoremque mei."

ing reputation. But Porson's early training was deficient, though his powers were great and his classical reading voracious. He was inaccurate in his prosody—a fatal defect at Eton;* and his Latin verses, almost the only road to distinction there, were never remarkable. In that, as in other points of elegant scholarship, Lord Wellesley was far his superior. But he was a very popular boy, ready at all games, and clever at schoolboy satire—narrowly escaping the penalty of this dangerous gift in the shape of a thrashing from Charles Simeon, who, strange to say, was a fop at school. Porson addressed an ode to him as “the ugliest boy in Dr. Davies's dominions;” but as he had written it with his left hand, Simeon could never bring it home to him. The late age at which Porson entered college gave him no chance of succession to King's. He retained no great love for Eton in after life, perhaps feeling that he had hardly his fair share of success there. “The only thing he recollected with pleasure,” he said, was the rat-hunting in Long Chamber.

Dr. Jonathan Davies, one of the assistant-masters, succeeded Foster at this time in the head-mastership. He ruled for nearly twenty years, when (upon his election to the provostship) Dr. George Heath succeeded. The school continued to flourish under both, enjoying the especial favour of King George III., who desired that the boys on the foundation should be henceforth called “The King's Scholars.” The numbers slowly rose, with occasional fluctuations, reaching 489 in Heath's second year, but declining as low as 357 in his last. Not many details of the administration of either of these masters are readily

to be obtained; but the Eton names were great names still—Grey, Canning, Lamb (Lord Melbourne), were all Etonians, as were a host of those who held office under them: it was pre-eminently the school of statesmen, as Westminster had been of theologians.

In the first year of the present century, Heath resigned, and Joseph Goodall, who had been for eighteen years an assistant-master, was elected in his place. Under him the numbers rose to 511—not yet up to the point which had been reached fifty years back under Barnard. Goodall had many of the best qualifications of a master. A ripe and excellent scholar and a thorough gentleman, he commanded on those grounds the entire respect of his pupils. His bearing was dignified and courteous, and he looked every inch the head-master of the first school in England; and no man more fully appreciated the position. Eton was his all in all. But there was a lack in his character of some of the harder qualities which his office required. “There was a pleasant joyousness in him,” says one of his pupils, “which beamed and overflowed in his face; and it seemed an odd caprice of fortune by which such a jovial spirit was invested with the solemn dignity of a schoolmaster.” The blandness and good-nature which made him universally popular both as schoolmaster and as provost, were an element of weakness when he had to cope with the turbulent spirits who will always be found in a large school; and Eton discipline did not improve under his rule. His rich fund of anecdote, sprightly wit, and genial spirit, made his society very much sought in days when those pleasant qualifications

* Præd's clever lines in his ‘Eve of Battle’ [Etonian], allude to this well-known Eton test in the happiest way. He supposes the emancipated schoolboy eager for the fight—

“And still in spite of all thy care,
False quantities will haunt thee there;
For thou wilt make amidst the throng
Or *ζωη* short, or *κλειος* long.”

were perhaps more valued than in our more practical generation: and he was a great personal favourite with the King. It was not so much the fault of the individual as of the age, if (as is said) he had a profound respect for the peerage, and could see few defects of scholarship in his more aristocratic pupils.

There was considerable licence in Goodall's days, and at one time heavy complaints were made as to the moral habits of the boys, not without too much foundation. Ascot races were regularly attended by many of the older boys. Hunting and tandem-driving were not uncommon. Henry Matthews, author of the 'Diary of an Invalid,' a very clever and eccentric boy, drove a tandem right through Eton and Windsor. Billiards were very popular, not only with the boys but with their masters. At Gray's rooms, at the foot of the bridge, says a player of those days, "one had sometimes to give up the table to one's tutor."

The lower-master during most of Goodall's time was John Keate, who ruled his own department, literally as well as metaphorically, with a very vigorous hand. On Dr. Goodall's election to the provostship in 1809, Keate succeeded as head-master. His reign was long and successful, though not always peaceful, by any means. "Keate's time" is quoted by those who remember it, with various comments, differing probably very much with the character of the individuals who came under his rule, but always as important in Eton's history. He was not a weak ruler, at all events, even if he were not always a judicious one. There were times when he was terribly unpopular, and when the boys rose in actual rebellion; but his firmness and decision carried the school through more than one dangerous crisis without serious damage. Although the numbers at Eton were larger than at any other

public school, and the class of boys might be fairly considered to stand more upon their personal independence, and to be less amenable to rigid discipline, it is remarkable that at Eton there seems to have been none of those determined outbreaks which, in their consequences, were almost the ruin of the smaller schools of Winchester and Harrow, or at least they were more readily suppressed. Possibly the very severity of Keate's discipline, so far as corporal punishment went, acted as a safety-valve. Boys will stand flogging, and have no absurd notions of injured personal honour on that score, whatever modern theorists may hold. It is anything like interference with recognised privileges, right or wrong, which they resent as an indignity. Their notions of the liberty of the subject are as lively and as strongly defined, however absurd the definition may sometimes be, as those of any independent Englishman of riper years; and no head-master will rule a public school successfully, who has not tact enough to understand and recognise the claim. Either he will spoil the honesty and the manliness of his boys, or he will ruin the interests of his school. School rebellions have been caused, not by severity of discipline, but by its laxity or irregularity, or by some interference, real or imagined, with these popular rights.

Dr. Keate's personal appearance has been graphically described by one of his ablest pupils—the well-known author of 'Eothen.' The sketch, if somewhat broadly touched, is drawn with characteristic humor:—

"He was little more, if more at all, than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth; but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, and this he could modulate with great skill; but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire re-

spect. He was a capital scholar, but his ingenuous learning had *not* 'softened his manners,' and *had* 'permitted them to be fierce'—tremendously fierce. He had such a complete command over his temper—I mean over his good temper—that he scarcely ever allowed it to appear: you could not put him out of humour—that is, out of the ill-humour which he thought to be fitting for a head-master. His red shaggy eyebrows were so prominent that he habitually used them as arms and hands, for the purpose of pointing out any object towards which he wished to direct attention; the rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own. He wore a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, and partly that of a widow woman."

The resemblance to Napoleon is to be explained by the fact that all the masters at Eton, up to a comparatively recent date, wore cocked-hats, and that Keate retained the fashion when it had been given up by others.

But in spite of some personal eccentricities, and in spite of his vigorous penal discipline, which led to the schoolboy derivation of his name from *χεω-αρη*—"dispenser of woe"—his pupils learned to honour and respect him as they grew up, for what one of them justly calls "his unbending moral courage and conscientiousness;" and Eton never enjoyed a higher reputation than under his vigorous rule. The scene at his taking leave was positively affecting, from the hearty enthusiasm which made the school ring with cheers as he withdrew.

Anecdotes of his day abound in all Eton memories. Practical jokes were more common then than now, and there was perhaps an additional enjoyment of them by Keate's pupils from the certain explosion of rage which they called forth from him when discovered. This enjoyment was intense when what may be called the serious business of the school was suddenly interrupted by the disappearance of the flogging-block, an instrument

of indispensable daily use, which the young Marquess of Waterford and some companions, after a Fourth of June supper, had abstracted, in some mysterious manner, from that chamber of horrors known as the "Library." It was little less than sacrilege in Keate's eyes, and his wrath was terrible; but it was supposed that he soon found out the culprit, and as he was one whose escapades were to a certain degree privileged, the matter was allowed to drop. Another young nobleman, disguised in an old gown and cocked-hat, so as to present by moonlight a passable likeness of the Doctor, painted Keate's door a brilliant red one night, before the very eyes of the college watchman, who stood looking on at a respectful distance, wondering what the Doctor could be at, but not questioning his right to do what he would with his own. Amongst other forbidden indulgences in the school, Keate had thought proper to include umbrellas, which he regarded as signs of modern effeminacy. Boys are perverse; and when to the comfort of an umbrella was added the spice of unlawfulness, it became a point of honour with some of the bigger boys to carry one. The Doctor harangued his own division on the subject in his bitterest style, and ended by expressing his regret to find that Eton boys had degenerated into "school-girls." The next night a party made an expedition to the neighbouring village of Upton, took down a large board inscribed in smart gilt letters "Seminary for Young Ladies," and fixed it up over the great west entrance into the school-yard, where it met Keate's angry eyes in the morning. He had also declared war against a fashion, creeping in among the "swells" of those days, of sporting-cut coats with brass buttons, which he denounced as against the statutes. One morning several boys appeared in school in knee-breeches extemporised out of flannel, which

they defended as strictly statutable.

But few stories of that day are complete without a flogging. It is said that on one occasion, when a confirmation was to be held for the school, each master was requested to make out and send in a list of the candidates in his own form. One of them wrote down the names on the first piece of paper which came to hand, which happened unluckily to be one of the slips of well-known size and shape used as flogging-bills, and sent up regularly with the names of delinquents for execution. The list was put into Keate's hands without explanation; he sent for the boys in the regular course, and in spite of all protestations on their part, pointing to the master's signature to the fatal "bill," flogged them all (so the story goes) there and then. Another day, a culprit who was due for punishment could no where be found, and the Doctor was kept waiting on the scene of action for some time in a state of considerable exasperation. In an evil moment for himself, a namesake of the defaulter passed the door; he was seized at once by Keate's order, and brought to the block as a vicarious sacrifice. Such legends may not always bear the strictest investigation; but they have at least the sort of truth which some Romanist writers claim for certain apocryphal *Acta Sanctorum*—they show "what sort of deeds were done." Etonians of that day narrate them with a kind of pride, as savouring of the heroic; they tell, with something of the gusto with which a fox-hunter talks of "a very fast thing," of the number of boys whom Keate would finish off (and in workmanlike style) in twenty minutes. Rapid as the performance was, there was much ceremonial etiquette observed; two collegers always "assisted" to hold the culprit down to the block—an office which did not tend to improve their social relations with the oppidans. It has, very properly, long since ceased to be required of them.

There was an outbreak at one period of Keate's rule—in 1818—which was the nearest thing to a rebellion ever known at Eton. For nearly a week the school was almost in a state of anarchy. It was caused chiefly by impatience of Keate's general bearing and language towards the boys, but the immediate grievance was an alteration in the hour of locking up.

"You ask for an impartial account of it," writes an Etonian friend who saw it. "Well, it was a foolish and ferocious outbreak on the part of the boys. Great evils had arisen from the lateness of the hour (6 P.M.) at which they were locked up in the winter, and Keate resolved to mend matters by turning the key at five, to the which the school generally demurred. Windsor Fair, which was going on at the time, afforded ample means for supplying the commissariat with eggs, and the mutineers generally with whistles, crackers, and detonating balls. This warfare, carried on in the dim light of afternoon school, lasted for several days, until the more audacious of the rebels entered the school and smashed the head-master's desk, exhibiting him, during the next lesson-time, on a bare scaffold, something like a diminutive Charles I. An unhappy little colleger was pounced upon as a suspected vidette: he was imprisoned in Chambers, and, under the pressure of the *peine forte et dure*, at last revealed the culprits. They were summarily and publicly expelled. There was something solemn in the proceeding; for it was then generally believed that expulsion involved ruin in after life—that the army, navy, and universities rejected the expelled, and that the follies of a boy were to be more heavily visited than the sins of a man. One incident I well remember: as Keate passed sentence, I saw the tears rise to the eyes of one of the masters and flow down his cheeks. He is the only one of the whole staff now living—may God bless his kindly old heart! That Keate was right throughout does not admit of a shadow of doubt; but somehow he always had an unlucky way of acting right in a wrong manner. He had, as Kinglake truly says, 'the pluck of ten battalions,' but he was always parading his battalions; he always acted fiercely as well as firmly;

he was an utter infidel as to the existence of chivalry in boys. Still, he was a great scholar, an elegant poet, a capital teacher; and we must not hold lightly the man who has flogged half the ministers, secretaries, bishops, generals, and dukes of the present century.

"There has been but stingy recognition of Keate's merits as a head-master. On examining the lists of Cambridge prizemen from 1816 to 1826, I find the following results—and we must remember that every Eton man at the university between those dates was Keate-taught *pur et simple*:

	Total.	Eton.
Browne's Medallists, . . .	26	22
Prize Comp., Lat. & Eng.,	15	5
Chancellor's Medal, . . .	20	1
Porson Prize, . . .	10	2
Chanc. Eng. Medal, . . .	10	3
Craven Scholars, . . .	7	2
Battye do., . . .	2	1

or considerably more than one-third of the classical prizes which were open to the world."

"'You have seen,' said an old school-fellow high in university honours and office, 'only the rough side of Keate. I called at Hartley not long ago, and on the grass in front of the house stood the old man with his coat off, surrounded by a parcel of happy children, boys and girls, playing baby-cricket. The first words I heard were, 'Mrs. Keate, that's not fair—petticoat before wicket.'"

An anecdote which Mr. Coleridge tells in his evidence before the late Commission refers to an earlier outbreak of a similar character, and speaks strongly for Keate's generosity.

"A boy in school threw a large stone at the head-master's head in the middle of school-time. What the master would

have done had he not been a sensible and generous man, I do not know: it would have been open to him to have expelled the boy on the spot; but he knew that to have adopted such a course would have been to have ruined him for life. But what he did do was to rise from his seat and say, 'I require to know who the individual was who threw that stone.' It was a boy who was unknown to him [a son of Sir George Dallas]; and the boy stood up and said, 'It was I did it, sir, and I beg your pardon: ' and the master forgave him on the spot."

Until the foundation by the Duke of Newcastle, in 1829, of the scholarship which bears his name honours at Eton (and indeed the school exercises, in great measure) were confined to Latin verse. Such a limitation is not to be defended; but there is no doubt that the consequence was that the Eton versification was very good indeed. The specimens preserved in the 'Musæ Etonenses' are chiefly those exercises which, from their excellence, were laid before the provost, by a time-honoured custom, as a claim for the weekly half-holiday called "Play,"—a ceremony which some other public schools have borrowed. In those volumes are some admirable verses by Eton celebrities of many generations—by Fox and Canning, "Bobus" Smith and William Frere, Henry Hallam and Lord Derby; but perhaps none rivalling in beauty those by the Marquess Wellesley already mentioned. The average Eton education perhaps was not high; but there was among the few a genuine love of elegant scholarship for its own sake, not always found in our great schools at present: few mo-

* Mrs. Keate was a very elegant woman. In the year 1814, during a match with Epsom, the Eton champion, John Harding, scored 74—an extraordinary number in those days, when the bowling generally beat the bat. It called forth a poem from a clever collegier ("Marshal" Stone), in which were the following lines. The Doctor saw them and was vastly amused by them:—

"No vulgar wood was the bat of might
That swung in the grasp of Harding wight;
No vulgar maker's name it wore,
Nor vulgar was the name it bore.
It was a bat full fair to see,
And it drove the balls right lustily;
Without a flaw, without a speck,
Smooth as fair Hebe's ivory neck—
It was withal so light, so neat,
That Harding called it—Mrs. Keate."

dern scholars have studied Homer like Gladstone, and certainly none have translated him like Lord Derby.

The classical work was very much limited to Homer, Horace, and Virgil. Attic Greek was learned chiefly in a sort of private class, first established by Dr. Goodall, consisting of the Sixth, and a few of the upper division of the Fifth. These read up for the head-master some extra work, called "Play," because a Greek play was commonly the subject. This was almost confined to collegers, few oppidans reaching that position in the school. The Sixth Form at Eton has always been remarkably small, numbering only 20 boys, even when the total numbers exceed 800—a much smaller proportion than at any other school. It now always consists of ten collegers and ten oppidans; consequently, very few of the latter have any chance of reaching it—a manifest disadvantage, as cutting off a very legitimate object of ambition.

The numbers at Eton fell off considerably during the last year of Dr. Keate's long mastership. When he retired after his twenty-five years' service, Edward Craven Hawtrey, one of the assistant-masters, succeeded him. He introduced into the school reforms which both those who approved and those who disapproved agreed in pronouncing "sweeping." Keate, who was consulted on the subject, was generous enough to recognise the courage and the wisdom of the changes, which, as he fairly said, he had grown too old to think of introducing. Hawtrey at once subdivided the overgrown forms, or divisions, as they are termed at Eton, in which above one hundred boys had worked under the same master. Keate, when head-master, had at one time in his own division nearly two hundred—the Sixth and the upper division of the Fifth—all of whom he was supposed to teach personally. A boy might reckon

upon being called up twice or three times during the whole half-year. New assistant-masters were gradually added in some proportion to the numbers of the boys; the promotion of boys in college (and consequently the regular succession to King's) was made to depend more upon the results of the examination "trials," and not as before, almost entirely upon seniority of admission. Up to this time a boy's place on the foundation was secured to him once for all at his entrance, unless he forfeited it by some gross idleness or misconduct. "Little children are sent to Eton," says a young contemporary writer in the '*Etonian*,' "hardly escaped from petticoats, and in a sort of manner predestinated for King's: they work their way upwards by degrees—by removes." Even if a boy came to the school at first as an oppidan, as was common, still, if he was "entered for college," upon his election he took his place above all those who were entered subsequently; so that the object, of course, was to enter the school as early as possible, if "King's" was an object of ambition. A child was actually admitted in 1820 as an oppidan, when he was four and a half years old.

These changes made Dr. Hawtrey unpopular at first with the boys—schoolboys are wonderfully conservative—as well as with some of the older masters. There were tremendous hootings when the new head-master appeared at "Absence;" and such of the assistant-masters as were supposed to have aided the new reforms by their advice and support, were mobbed on their going in and out of evening school on the dark winter days, and saluted with discharges of squibs and crackers intended to be anything but complimentary. But the feeling soon wore away, and the school grew and prospered. The numbers, in 1846, reached the hitherto unprecedented mark of 777.

Of Hawtrey's successors, Dr.

Goodford (now provost) and Mr. Balston, this chronicle shall be silent. That Eton's reputation has not suffered in their hands, may be sufficiently gathered from there being 825 names on the list.

The seventy scholars on the foundation are elected annually, as vacancies occur, by the provost, vice-provost, and head-master of Eton, and the provost and two fellows (called "posers") of King's College, who come down to Eton for the purpose, generally about the end of July. Much form and ceremony was wont to be observed on the occasion, which under the freedom of modern habits has been gradually disused. The two provosts used to meet at the College gates, and greet each other with the "kiss of peace," even within present memory, and many other antique courtesies passed between the Eton and Cambridge electors. The senior collegier still welcomes the visitors, as at Winchester, with a Latin oration at the gates. The election itself, until within the last few years, had become a mere matter of private nomination. By the original statutes it was to be entirely open, with the exception of the few preferential claims which have been mentioned; and up to Queen Elizabeth's time, if the Latin "*Consuetudinarium*" then drawn up is to be trusted, it had continued to be so. Notice was to be posted on the college gates seven weeks before the election, announcing that the royal foundation was free to all boys "*liberalis ingenii et egregiæ indolis*," and charging the electors to choose the fittest out of all Britain. But there is sufficient record that from very early times — perhaps even from the first — the appointments were looked upon more or less as pieces of patronage, for which interest was continually made. The notice was put up as usual; but the election came to this, that the pro-

vost of Eton nominated to the first vacancy, the provost of King's to the second, the vice-provost of Eton to the third, and so on through the four other electors, each taking his proportion of patronage according to this amicable arrangement. As to examination there was an examination of the candidates, certainly; and this is the account given of it in 1811 by a living witness:—

"One of the assistant-masters 'coached' the boys before they went to the examination. Passages were selected from those books which we were in the habit of doing—a few verses from 'Farnaby,' a fable of Æsop, a piece of Cæsar or Ovid—but they were all prepared beforehand with the passages. The electors had copies of the books put before them, and the junior 'poser,' who had the arrangement and labour of the election, just opened the book and turned down the leaf at the passage; A was called on to construe a line, and B another, and so on. Certain questions were then asked in the shape of parsing, and that was the amount of examination for those boys who went in to college."*

There were seldom more candidates, however, than vacancies in those days, owing to the hardships and discomforts of college. The same witness remembers one case of a boy being rejected: "it was found utterly impossible to get him to decline *bonus*, and on that occasion all the electors were of opinion that he really was not eligible." Attempts at a reform in this matter were often made by individuals, but without success until 1820, when the examination was made rather more of a reality. It was not until Dr. Hawtrey's reign, however, that much real reform took effect. For the last twenty years the election has been by a perfectly open competition, and the number of candidates far exceeds the vacancies. The result is that the colleges are always, in point of ability, the *élite* of the school.

* Evidence of the Provost of King's Coll. Public Schools Report, iii. p. 284.

A similar change has taken place in the election to the scholarships at King's College. The King's scholars (who alone are eligible) no longer go off by seniority in regular rotation, as vacancies occur, but four are now elected annually by a strictly competitive examination.

The condition of the collegers remained, for many generations, apparently little altered from what it had been in the days when the complaint was made to Laud. The Eton witnesses who were examined before the Royal Commission only confirmed the account of it which might have been heard from every living Etonian who had suffered under the system. Not the strongest love for their old school, nor the peculiar *esprit de corps* which has always marked the King's scholars, could check the unanimous reprobation with which they spoke of the arrangements which were allowed, by the neglect and indifference (to say no worse) of those in authority, to disgrace a liberal foundation for the sons of gentlemen. Things reached their worst under the long provostship of Dr. Goodall. It is sad to remember that, during the thirty years of his absolute and irresponsible power, he should have shown himself so utterly neglectful of the rights and interests of the scholars of the noble foundation over which he presided. While their expenses were little less than those of the oppidans—for a colleger's bills amounted to £80 or £100 a year, when the oppidans were lower than at present—"they had," says an Etonian writer, "all the discomfort and degradation of charity boys." Perhaps this is rather strong language; but the discomforts, at any rate, were very great—so great, that for many years the numbers were not kept up. Instead of 70 scholars there were at one time not more than 35. In one year there were but six candidates for forty vacancies. Not all the prospective advantages of King's could induce parents to send young boys to en-

counter such hardships and deprivations. They were lodged, as they might have been from the original foundation, in one large and three small chambers, where they were supposed to live, and work, and sleep. They hired for themselves, as was almost a necessity, a room somewhere in the town (of course at an additional expense), where they took their breakfast and tea, and lodged during the day. These private rooms were considered sacred from the intrusion of any master or college authority, and their occupants were, so far, not amenable to the slightest control. The comfort and independence of this domicile was no doubt very highly enjoyed. There was no breakfast at all provided for them in college. The dinners consisted entirely of mutton until about 1840, when Provost Hodgson added roast and boiled beef, each one day in the week. Though the mutton was always of excellent quality, the manner in which it was served (to say nothing of the want of variety) made it often impossible for a young boy who had not a robust appetite to get any dinner at all that he could eat. The joints were served in messes, a leg or a shoulder serving for eight boys, a loin or neck for six—the best joints going to the elder boys. They were put upon the table, and the boys carved for themselves. The captain of the joint cut his own portion liberally from the best part of the joint, and passed it on to the next in seniority, who slashed away at it after his own taste. It may be imagined what sort of a chance was left for the junior, if the joint happened to be a loin or a shoulder, and he had not appetite enough for the fat and bones. The knives and forks often ran short, and he was obliged sometimes to be content with the reversion of those modern conveniences—which, perhaps, the authorities might have argued were not contemplated by their pious founder. There was on Sundays

the addition, for such as could eat it, of plum-pudding of a peculiar construction, made of unchopped suet and unstoned raisins. The beer, which was often very bad, was drunk out of painted tin mugs, which gave it anything but a relish. At eight o'clock every evening the doors of the lower school passage were locked; and from that time until seven in the morning, or half-past in the winter, when they were unlocked again for school, the collegers were left entirely to themselves; for the masters, who originally slept in the same building, had long removed into their private houses; and it is only of late years that a special assistant-master has been appointed to live in college, and exercise some sort of domestic superintendence over the boys. It may be imagined that Long Chamber became the scene of considerable irregularities. The Sixth form did just as they pleased; and if any among them were vicious or tyrannical, the life of a junior was sometimes very miserable indeed. A good deal of his ordinary life was passed in the combined occupations of valet, cook, housemaid, and shoeblack to his master; but that was endurable enough, if, like those functionaries in the outer world, he was allowed to have his meals and his sleep in peace, which was a blessing by no means secure to him. He might have to sit up half the night to arrange and attend upon a late Sixth-form supper (frequently including the concoction of a bowl of punch); or if he had the luck to get into his bed (where he found scant bed-clothes and no pillow) in tolerably good time, he had a good chance of being awoken by the sudden tilting of his bed, and finding himself half-smothered, heels upwards, in the darkness. Many of the scenes which Long Chamber saw during successive generations of occupants it may be well to bury in oblivion; but its reminiscences had also their comic side, which, if

not remarkably edifying, was harmless enough. Never, probably, were performances more thoroughly enjoyed, or productive of more uproarious fun both to actors and audience, than the theatricals which were there got up, before the more ambitious amateurs set up their establishment in Datchet Lane; and certainly never were suppers more enjoyed than those which were brought in surreptitiously through "lower-chamber window" from the old "Christopher." There was at least some excuse for this contraband supply; for there was no such meal as tea, and the college supper consisted exclusively of fat breasts of mutton. The old story of the sow who was carried up to the leads of the roof when in an "interesting" condition, and there fed upon the fragments of the hall dinners until every one of her young family in succession supplied roast pig for Long Chamber suppers, may be admitted to be apocryphal: not so the fact that a donkey—though with what possible motive is hard now to conjecture, as there could be no hope of suppers from that quarter—was kept in chamber for at least one night, and regaled with the unaccustomed luxury of veal-pie. Ducks and fowls were fattened to perfection there by the fags, and eaten with great satisfaction by their masters.

It may easily be supposed that, with such a variety of occupants, Long Chamber stood in need of occasional purification. It was nominally swept out by the college servants every morning; but cobwebs hung from the roof in picturesque profusion, and under and behind the beds disturbing brush or broom seldom penetrated. Once in the year, just before election week, there was a solemn lustration. All animal lodgers, except the boys, were banished by authority, and the floor—which was never known to be washed—was polished after a highly original and ingenious fashion known as "rug-riding." A

strong rug from one of the beds was gathered up in the fashion of a hammock, with a folded blanket for a seat, and a rope made fast to it, to which were attached, at due intervals, two or three cricket-stumps crosswise. A heavy boy sat, or rather lay back, in the hollow of the rug, holding on by each side, while a team of four or six others, laying hold of the stumps to pull by, dragged him as fast as they could go up and down the chamber. An hour or so of this process left a very tolerable polish on the floor—and upon the person of the rug-rider. The beds were then covered with grand green cloth rugs, and the room decorated with green boughs—of which waggon-loads were brought from Burnham Beeches and Hedgerley for the occasion—a very ancient mode of decoration, alluded to in the “*Consuetudinarium*” before quoted, and common to other public school anniversaries. In this holiday trim it was supposed to be ready for the inspection of visitors, who then, as now, thronged Eton in election week.

But Long Chamber, with all its traditions, good or evil, is now a thing of the past. It was totally altered in 1844, and now the scholars have each their separate room, where they sleep and study, except a few of the juniors, who occupy a small dormitory partitioned off into cubicles. The invariable mutton has given place to roast beef two days in the week; the head-master, or his deputy, dines in hall; and the breakfast and tea are as comfortably arranged as in the oppidan boarding-houses.

Formerly these houses were almost entirely kept by “Dames” or “Dominies,”—the latter being the term when there was a male head of the establishment, though now the term “Dame” applies to all without reference to sex. Tutors and assistant-masters used to live in most of these houses, but had no charge over the boys. Only the lower-master, and some of the senior

assistant-masters, kept houses of their own. There are now twenty boarding-houses kept by masters, and ten by “Dames,”—of whom four only are ladies. Some of these latter have as few as ten boys in their house, and the younger ones take all their meals with them, and come into the drawing-room in the evenings. In some of the masters’ houses there are as many as fifty. If there is any fault with the commissariat in any of these establishments, it may be safely said to be the prevalent modern error of encouraging boys in luxury.

A peculiarity in the arrangements at Eton is, that the school is practically divided into two. The division seems to have been in force from the very earliest times—the three lower forms having been then, as now, under the charge of the *ostiarius*, or, as he is now called, the lower-master, who has the appointment of his own assistants, and is practically independent of the head-master, and subject only to the control of the provost. This lower school has been comparatively remodelled of late years. Very much of the improvement was due to Mr. Coleridge while lower-master, and it has continued since. Boys are entered in this department as early as seven years old—in fact, as soon as they are able to read, and often when they can hardly write. Though nominally members of a great public school, they are really secured from most of the dangers and difficulties which might be supposed to make such a school objectionable for very young boys. Ever since 1842 a separate boarding-house has been set apart for these, and they have even a separate playground into which no upper-boy may intrude. They take all their meals under domestic superintendence, and, in fact, lead a much more “home”-like life than at many schools which are called private. The Eton authorities are probably right in considering that there is no school more desirable

for a boy in delicate health. That the arrangements are popular with parents may be concluded from the fact, that whereas some years ago—from 1834 to 1839—the numbers in this lower school varied from 22 to 11, they have lately reached 150. It is intended eventually to have two large boarding-houses, confined exclusively to these boys, so as to take in all whose friends desire it.

The jealousy between collegers and oppidans was at one time very strong, and led to a very reprehensible amount of ill-feeling. It seems to have been at its height about thirty or forty years ago; for before that time they appear to have mixed together much more amicably. There was, of course, some difference of social position between the two classes in many individual cases; but this has never been sufficient to account of itself for the superiority assumed by the oppidans; for there have always been amongst the King's scholars many boys of good and well-known family. The traditionary hardships and roughnesses of their life in college may seem partly the explanation; and the slovenly and forlorn appearance of some of the lower boys, who were condemned to that life at an early age, was enough to discredit the whole body in the eyes of their more fortunate school-fellows. But in the schoolboy life, the mere fact of a distinctive dress and a separate domicile is sufficient to account for a good deal of antagonistic feeling, which exists under the same circumstances at other schools, though not so strongly developed. The animosity used formerly to be such that an oppidan never ventured, of his own free will, into the college hall or into Long Chamber: though, if a lower boy, he was sometimes called in by a colleger who had the right to fag him, and employed to perform some menial office, in retaliation for the insults which were continually being heaped upon the

collegers outside their own domain. The snow-balling fights between the two bodies had more earnest than sport in them: and in these the collegers' gowns served them as shields, and gave them a better chance of holding their own against superior numbers. At present, the great struggle is at the annual football match "at the wall," upon St. Andrew's Day, between the picked elevens of each body. In this fierce contest a good deal of "spite" is shown—more than in the most savage days of the Sixth-form match at Rugby—and the "chaff" is fast and furious. If the collegers gain the victory, prudence generally counsels a retreat as soon as possible into their own fastnesses (especially for the younger boys who have been cheering on their champions) in order to escape vengeance from the overwhelming numbers of their irate antagonists. But, on the whole, the relations between the two bodies have become much more peaceable, if not very cordial, of late: and though we are told in evidence that it is still "almost a natural thing for a small oppidan to dislike a small colleger," yet, as boys rise into the upper part of the school, this feeling wears off.

Fagging at Eton has now become almost nominal, except in college. The privilege belongs to the Sixth Form, and the whole of the Fifth except the lowest division. These last hold a neutral position; and all below the Fifth (about 400) are fags. Unlike most other public schools, there is no fagging either at football or cricket; the latter was abolished by Dr. Hawtrey. In the boarding-houses a fag has little more to do than to bring up the kettle for his master's breakfast, boil his eggs, and toast his bread—which a slovenly lower boy is sometimes accused of doing over his lamp, as the most expeditious method of at least blacking it. The same services are required from him at tea; and, with the excep-

tion of carrying an occasional message, this is about the amount of work which an oppidan fag has to do; and this only lasts until he gets into the Fifth Form, which many boys do now within their first year. Even in college, the life of a fag is liberty itself compared with older days. A junior collegier calls his master at half-past six or seven, makes his tea and toast, and sometimes has to wait, if the senior be more than usually exacting; and, as he has also to attend an early construe with his tutor, this may have the result of throwing back his own breakfast until as late as ten o'clock—the only real hardship in the matter. At the college dinner three lower boys (called *servitors*) wait to hand the plates and pour out beer: their dinner is half an hour later, with the “upper servitor”—one of the higher boys, who superintends the hall economy. The duties fall heavier upon individual fags in college, owing to there being fewer fags in proportion to the masters: there are seldom more than twelve lower boys, whose services are divided amongst the ten of the Sixth, and the Senior Fifth-form collegier.

One form of punishment used by a Sixth-form boy for a misdemeanour in a junior is peculiar to Eton, and probably dates from a very early period. He sets the offender to compose an epigram in English, Greek, or Latin, at his option—usually of four lines. The amount of point required from the unwilling poet appears to be indefinite; and these performances have probably suffered considerably in this respect, since one very tempting resource has been cut off. It was usual for the author to turn such wit as he might possess against the imposer of the penalty—and, if fairly done, it was held perfectly lawful; but this kind of retaliation on the victim's part has long been forbidden.

The most peculiar and striking of all old Eton customs is now a

thing of the past—though never to be forgotten by any who have been present, whether as actors or spectators—the *MONTM*, or more properly “*Ad Montem*,” procession. In its later phases, as known to any now living, it was a muster of the whole school in a sort of semi-military array, with band and colours, to march out to a mound in a field about a mile and a half distant—the well-known Salt-Hill—where the “ensign” waved his flag, the boys cheered, and the ceremony so far was over. The professed object was to collect from the crowds of visitors who were always gathered on the occasion, contributions of money, called “*Salt*,” to supply the “captain” of the day—the head collegier—with funds for his Cambridge expenses. For this purpose two “*Salt-bearers*”—usually the second in seniority of the collegiers and the captain of the oppidans—assisted by some ten or twelve “runners” or “servitors,” and all dressed in fancy costumes, scoured all the approaches to Windsor and Eton, within the county of Buckingham—for the collection of “salt” was confined, for some traditional reason, to those limits—and levied contributions, by a sort of civil compulsion, from every comer, from the nobleman in his carriage-and-four, to the rustic on foot. The cry was “Salt, Salt!” for which embroidered bags were held forth, and anything accepted, from sixpence to a fifty-pound note. In return, the donor received a little blue ticket, with a Latin motto upon it—“*Mos pro Lege*,” and “*Pro More et Monte*,” were latterly used in alternate years; and this ticket, stuck in the hat, or otherwise shown, protected the bearer for the rest of the day from any further demand. The salt-bearers and their satellites carried staves of office, on which were also inscribed mottoes, more or less appropriate, according to the wit or fancy of the wearer—“*Mutat quadrata rotundis*” (the square ticket for the round

coin) — “Εξ ἄλως ἄγρα” — “*Cum sale panis*,” or some such classical facetiæ. The sums collected varied very much in amount; they have been known to amount to above £1000; but out of this the captain had to pay sundry expenses for the day, including a breakfast given to all the Sixth and Fifth Forms, and a dinner to his friends afterwards—seldom, in fact, netting more than half the proceeds. There was also a custom of the boys parading after *Montem* in the gardens belonging to the Windmill Inn at Salt-Hill, where the “sergeants” and “corporals” fleshed their maiden swords upon the shrubs and flowers *ad libitum*: for these and all other damages the captain had to pay out of the “salt,” and, if he were unpopular, the bill was purposely made a heavy one. In the procession, every boy in the Sixth Form ranked as a sergeant, and every Fifth-form boy as corporal; there were also, besides the captain, a marshal, colonel, lieutenant, ensign, and sergeant-major. These all wore an officer’s red dress-coat, with a cocked-hat and sword; and the appearance of some of the younger and slighter boys in this costume was ludicrous in the extreme. Not so the fancy dresses of the salt-bearers and servitors, and of the “servants,” as they were called, who followed after the captain and other commissioned officers in the procession; these, especially in later years (for at one time they were hired from some theatrical warehouse), were often exceedingly rich and tasteful. Turks, Albanians, courtiers of Charles II. and George I., Highlanders and hidalgoes, mixed together in this strange mid-day masque, with the handsomest and best-dressed women in London, who came down to see their sons or their brothers in this ephemeral glory, made the gardens at Salt-Hill and the school-yard, on a bright May day, one of the gayest sights that can well be imagined. The lower boys followed in the pro-

cession, one or two behind each Fifth-form “corporal,” as “polemen,” dressed in the Eton costume of blue jacket and white trousers, and carrying long thin wands, which, at the close of the procession in the school-yard, were cut in two by the swords of the corporals. George III., for nearly forty years, seldom missed being present, which gave it all the prestige of royalty. The King and Queen both took the greatest interest in the proceedings, and his Majesty’s contribution in the way of salt was usually fifty guineas.

But besides the military features of the day, there was, in earlier times, a very curious addition to the *dramatis personæ*—a “parson” and a “clerk” represented by two of the senior boys—possibly a relic of an earlier festival. They read upon Salt-Hill some kind of burlesque Latin service; and when it was concluded, the “parson” solemnly kicked the “clerk” down the hill, to the intense delight of the rustic portion of the spectators. This not very edifying proceeding continued until Queen Charlotte’s first visit to the festival; when that worthy and decorous lady was so shocked at the uncanonical behaviour of the representatives of the Church, that (to her great credit) she made it a personal request that the concluding ceremony might be omitted in future programmes.

The earliest account of a *Montem* that we have been able to find is that quoted by Brand from the ‘Public Advertiser’ of 1778. On that occasion Charles Hayes was captain; Charles Simeon was marshal; Sumpter was lieutenant; Goodall (afterwards head-master and provost) was ensign; Brown was “captain of oppidans;” and Barrow was “parson,” with Reeves for his “clerk.” The Latin service, whatever it was, was read as usual; “the clerk was dressed in the fashion of ’45, and created great amusement.” The King and Queen were both present, and gave fifty

guineas each. In 1793 it was held on Whit-Tuesday; they then marched round the school-yard, and thence into "stable-yard," where they paraded before the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and others of the royal family, and so passed on *ad Montem*, through the playing-fields. The motto was "*Mos pro Lege*," and the salt reached £1000. The salt-bearers and runners appeared afterwards on Windsor Terrace, in their fancy costumes, "and were noticed by their Majesties." In 1796, the next occasion, the royal family were again present, and the King and the Prince met the procession, on horseback, at Salt-Hill. The people crowded too much upon the carriage in which the Queen and Princesses were, and the King called out to some of the most forward, and asked whether they were "Etonians" — "he did not remember their faces, and was sure that Etonians were better-behaved." Henry Whitfield was the captain; and Ensign Hatch waved his flag in such "masterly style" (says the 'Gentleman's Magazine'), as to secure "the satisfaction of every person present." In 1817 the poor King was in no condition to attend, but the Queen and the Princesses attended.

The origin of this peculiar school festival is obscure. The Winchester statutes (which were adopted for Eton in almost every particular) made provision for the out-door exercise of the scholars, by a daily procession *ad Montem* to St. Catherine's Hill, outside the city walls, which is still known as "going on hills," and takes place there regularly on half-holidays; and from this there can be little doubt that the term itself was borrowed. Some peculiarities in the Eton festival have led most of the antiquarian authorities to conjecture that it was originally the election of the Boy-bishop by his schoolfellows, enjoined by the statutes on December 6, St. Nicholas's — still kept, as

Founder's Day. But the "Con-suetudinarium" of 1560 speaks of that custom as already obsolete, while it describes the *Montem* in considerable detail. At that time it had much of the character of an initiation of new boys into the Eton mysteries.—"The boys go *ad Montem*, in the accustomed fashion, on some day fixed, at the discretion of the master, about the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25). The 'hill' is a place sacred in the religion of Etonians, owing to the beauty of the country, the pleasantness of the greensward, the coolness of its shade. They make it the revered seat of Apollo and the Muses. They celebrate it in their verses, call it 'Tempe,' prefer it to Helicon. Here the novices or freshmen, who have not yet learnt to stand up manfully and vigorously to bear the brunt of the Eton battle, are first *seasoned with salt*, then are humorously described in verses which have as much *salt* wit and jest in them as can be contrived. Next they make epigrams on the new boys, each vying with the other in happy turns of expression and facetiousness. Any one may give vent to whatever comes into his head, provided only it be in Latin, have no ungentlemanlike expressions, nor, foul or scurrile words. Lastly, they made their cheeks run down with *salt* tears; and then, when all is over, they are initiated into all the rights and privileges of veterans."—Something of the burlesque military character of the festival appears even in this description; and a "Captain of Montem" (Knightly Chetwood), is recorded as early as 1670. The constant allusions to *salt*, in all forms, is curious. It formed, as we know, an important item in the mystic symbols of pagan initiations, as it was also used in the Mosaic sacrifices, and in the purification of newborn children. It has long been used in the German universities—much as it appears from the passage above to have been used at Eton—

for the burlesque ceremonies at the admission of the "Beanus" or "Fuchs" (freshmen), to the full privileges of student-life; and at both our own universities, two or three generations back, it was used on similar occasions.*

How it came to represent money is not quite so clear; it may possibly be the Roman "salarium." If Hugget's account is to be trusted, the two Eton salt-bearers used in his time to be dressed in white, and to carry each a bag of real salt, a little of which was offered to each contributor; thus admitting him, it would seem, by this symbol, to the full privileges of an Etonian, for the day at least, when he had duly "paid his footing." Within the present century, each salt-bearer was followed by a man dressed in the conventional *white* costume, who gave, to every one who had made his offering, no longer a pinch of salt, but one of the tickets already mentioned. The time of year for holding the Montem continued to be winter, until the year 1758, when it was changed by Dr. Barnard, then head-master, to Whitsun-Tuesday, as a more convenient and agreeable time of year. Dr. Davies, when provost, said he remembered a passage having to be cut from the school-yard to Salt-Hill, through the snow, for the march of the procession. The date of the change is fixed, beyond doubt, by a copy of Latin verses, written by Benjamin Heath, as captain:—

"Jam satis instructas solito pro more
cobortes
Turbidus hybernis terruit imber aquil;
Lætior æstivo tempore pompa nitet."

From an annual festival it had come to be biennial, and was sometimes even deferred to a third year. From 1778 it was regularly triennial until its final suppression, to

the great regret of most old Etonians, in 1847.

Prince Albert was present at the last celebration, in 1844: his carriage was stopped on Windsor Bridge, and he gave the salt-bearer the royal donation of £100.

It was not without considerable hesitation and regret that Dr. Hawtrey decided upon a step which brought upon him at the time some undeserved unpopularity. But the most conservative Etonians who look back calmly on the question now admit that there were good reasons for the suppression. Not to lay much stress upon the fact that the whole thing had become little more than a burlesque, wholly incongruous with the altered habits and character of the times, there were other and more serious objections. The facilities of railway travelling brought down shoals of visitors, who not only swamped the genuine Eton element, but who were too often very objectionable in themselves, and seriously injured the moral discipline of the school. The expenses had also increased very much; vested interests in cheating of all kinds, and encroachments on the natural liberality of the captain, swallowed up the larger proportion of the day's "salt." An attempt was made to check some of these evils on the last celebration, by having the dinner on Fellows' Eyott, within the college precincts, instead of at Salt-Hill; but even this change failed to secure any reasonable amount of privacy. It ought to be known and remembered that Dr. Hawtrey, aided by some Eton friends, made a present to the captain-expectant of 1847, of the sum which he had ascertained to be the average of a captain's net receipts.

The senior collegier was never sure of his captaincy until twenty day before Montem. Standing as he did at the head of the roll for

* It would appear, from one of John Owen's epigrams, that *pepper* was used at Winchester for the purpose:—

"Oxonis salsus (juvenis tum) more vetusto,
Wintonisæque (puer tum) piperatus eram."

succession to King's College, he might, in case of a vacancy there being announced, be summoned from Eton to Cambridge at any moment; and unless he presented himself for admission within twenty days, he forfeited his claim. Therefore, the night which followed the twentieth day before the Montem was called *Montem-sure-night*, and kept as high festival in college. At midnight, at the last stroke of twelve, for which all were watch-

ing, down came every bed in Long Chamber with a crash upon the oaken floor, shutters were banged to with all possible noise, every boy shouted "Montem sure!" and the captain was congratulated by his friends upon the honour which was now his surely and indefeasibly. The ceremony was kept up with all formality to 1841, but for some reason was disused in the year of the last Montem, 1844.

(To be continued.)

THE TUFT-HUNTER.

"A word for an ill-used class."—O'Dowd.

THEY say I'm a Tuft-hunter; but I say the *Tuft* hunts me,
And in the mutual league we've made, I'm needed more than he.
He finds the wine, I find the wit: we both are well requited
But ask, if his *good things* or mine have most the guests delighted.
I bring it to this issue, and there cannot be a plainer:
At last night's feast, should he, or I, be called the Entertainer?

PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Some make love in poetry, and some—in Piccadilly."—TENNYSON.

PART I.

PICCADILLY, *February 1865.*

IN a window, a few doors from Cambridge House, the following placard some time since invited, apparently without much effect, the notice of the passers-by:—"To let, this desirable family mansion." After a considerable period "the desirable family" seem to have given it up in despair, and vanished from the scene, but the board in the window, beginning "to let" remained, while the "mansion" itself was converted upon it into "unfurnished chambers."

As in the words of that "humble companion," whose life was rendered a burden to her by my poor dear mother, "Money was not so much an object as a comfortable home," I did not hesitate to instal myself in the first floor, which possessed the advantage of a bay-window, with a double sash to keep out the noise, together with an extensive view of Green Park, and a sailor without legs perpetually drawing ships upon the opposite pavement, as a foreground. My friend, Lord Grandon, who is an Irish Peer with a limited income, took the floor above, as I was desirous of securing myself against thumping overhead; moreover, I am extremely fond of him. When I say that the position which I enjoy socially is as well adapted for seeing life as the locality I selected for my residence, most of my more fashionable readers will intuitively discover who I am; fortunately, I have no cause to desire to maintain an incognito which would be impossible, though, perhaps, I ought to explain the motives which induce me now to bring myself even more prominently before the public than I have been in the habit of doing. Sitting in my bay-window the other evening, and reading the 'History of Civilisa-

tion,' by my late lamented friend Mr. Buckle, it occurred to me that I also would write a history of civilisation—after having seen the world, instead of before doing so, as was the case with that gifted philosopher. Having for many years past devoted myself to the study of my fellow-men in all countries, I thought the time had come when I could, with profit to myself and the world, give it the benefit of my extended experience and my quick observation. No sooner had I arrived at this determination, than with characteristic promptitude I proceeded to put it into execution; and singular though it may appear, it was not until then that I found myself quite incompetent to carry out the vast project I had undertaken. The reason was at once apparent—I had seen and thought too much; and was in the position which my predecessor had failed to reach, of experimentally discovering that the task was beyond the human power of accomplishment. Not easily vanquished, I then thought of subdividing it, and dealing exclusively with a single branch of civilisation. Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows, thought I, has written a very elaborate chapter upon the progress of civilisation as regarded from a Chinese point of view, why should not I look upon it from a purely Piccadillean?—so I immediately looked at it. The hour 11 P.M.; a long string of carriages advancing under my windows to Lady Palmerston's; rain pelting; horses with ears pressed back, wincing under the storm; coachmen and footmen presenting the crowns of their hats to it; streams running down their water-proofs, and causing them to glitter in the gaslight; now and then the

flash of a jewel inside the carriages; nothing visible of the occupants but flounces surging up at the windows, as if they were made of some delicious creamy substance, and were going to overflow into the street; policemen in large capes, and, if I may be allowed the expression, *helmet-ically* sealed from the wet, keeping order; dragged women on foot "moving" rapidly on. The fine ladies in their carriages moving on too, but not quite so fast.

This Piccadillean view of the progress of civilisation suggested to me many serious reflections; among others, that if I intended to go to Cambridge House myself, the sooner I went to dress the better. Which way are we moving? I mused, as I made the smallest of white bows immediately over a pearl stud in my neck. I give up the "history" of civilisation. I certainly can't call it "the progress" of civilisation; that does all very well for Pekin, not for London. Shall I do the Gibbon business, and call it "the decline and fall" of civilisation?—and I absently thrust two right-hand gloves into my pocket by mistake, and, scrambling across the wet pavement into my brougham, drove in it the length of the file, and arrived before I had settled this important question.

While Lady Veriphast, having planted me *en tête-à-tête* in a remote corner, was entertaining me with her accustomed vivacity, I am conscious of having gazed into those large swimming eyes with a vacant stare so utterly at variance with my usual animated expression, that she said at last, rather pettishly, "What *are* you thinking about?"

"Civilisation," I said, abruptly.

"You mean Conventionalism," she replied; "have you come to the conclusion, as I have, that all conventionalism is vanity?"

"No; only that it is 'vexation of spirit;' that is the part that belongs to us—we leave the 'vanity' to the women."

"Dear me, I never heard you so

solemn and profound before. Are you in love?"

"No," I said; "I am thinking of writing a book, but I don't see my way to it."

"And the subject is the Conventionalism which you call civilisation. Well, I don't wonder at your looking vacant. You are not quite up to it, Lord Frank. Why don't you write a novel?"

"My imagination is too vivid, and would run away with me."

"Nothing else would," she said, laughing; "but if you don't like fiction, you can always fall back upon fact; be the hero of your own romance, publish your diary, and call it 'The Experiences of a Product of the Highest State of Civilisation.' Thus you will be able to write about civilisation and yourself at the same time, which I am sure you will like. I want some tea, please; do you know you are rather dull to-night?" And Lady Veriphast walked me into the middle of the crowd, and abandoned me abruptly for somebody else, with whom she returned to her corner, and I went and had tea by myself.

But Lady Veriphast had put me on the right track; why, I thought as I scrambled back again from my brougham across the wet pavement to my bay-window, should I not begin at once to write about the civilisation of the day? 'The Civilisation of the British Isles, as exhibited in Piccadilly, an Episode of Contemporaneous Biography,' that would not be a bad title; here I squared my elbows before a quantity of foolscap, dipped my pen in the ink, dashed off the introduction as above.

Next morning I got up and began again as follows: Why should I commit the ridiculous error of supposing that the incidents of my daily life are not likely to interest the world at large? Whether I read the Diary of Mr. Pepys, or of Lady Morgan—whether I waded through the Journal of Mr. Evelyn, or pleasantly while away an hour with the memoirs of "a Lady of Quality," I am equally struck with

this traditional practice of the bores and the wits of society, to write at length the records of their daily life, bottle them carefully up in a series of MS. volumes, and leave them to their grandchildren to publish, and to posterity to criticise. Now, it has always appeared to me that the whole fun of writing was to watch the immediate effect produced by one's own literary genius. If, in addition to this, it is possible to interest the public in the current events of one's life, what nobler object of ambition could a man propose to himself? Thus, though the circle of my personal acquaintances may not be increased, I shall feel my sympathies are becoming enlarged with each succeeding mark of confidence I bestow upon the numerous readers to whom I will recount the most intimate relations of my life. I will tell them of my aspirations and my failures—of my hopes and fears, of my friends and my enemies. I will narrate conversations of general interest as touching current, social, and political events, and of a private character when they concern nobody but myself. I shall not shrink from alluding to the state of my affections; and if the still unfulfilled story of my life becomes involved with the destiny of others, and entangles itself in an inextricable manner, that is no concern of mine. I shall do nothing to be ashamed of, or that I can't tell; and if truth turn out stranger than fiction, so much the better for my readers. It may be that I shall become the hero of a sensation episode in real life, for the future looks vague and complicated enough; but it is much better to make the world my friend before anything serious occurs, than allow posterity to misjudge my conduct when I am no longer alive to explain it. Now at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever happens I shall give my version of the story first. Should the daily tenor of my life be undisturbed, I can always fall back upon

the exciting character of my opinions. Upon most subjects these are quite original—or where by chance I am commonplace, there is my friend Grandon upstairs who is not. What I want my readers to understand is why I write and what I am going to write about. I am going to write about myself and everything else that happens from day to day, and to publish it periodically, so that I may by degrees become the most popular topic in railways and omnibuses. Thus a member of Parliament and a City man, quite unknown to each other, leaving town by afternoon train, will open a conversation somewhat in this strain:—

M.P.—“Seen the evening papers?”

C. M.—“Only the ‘Pall Mall Gazette,’ but I could not find any news in it.”

M. P.—“Perhaps nothing has happened since it was started. What do you think of these peace negotiations in America?”

C. M.—“They can't come to anything, though there is a report in the City that gold went up just before the steamer left New York, but that is in a private telegram. However, the Confederate loan rose two in consequence. Do you think there is to be a dissolution of Parliament in April?”

M. P.—“Not if Palmerston can help it. By the way, I see he came to town yesterday—from Broadlands. Do you know at all what Lord Frank Vanecove [that's me] is doing just now?”

C. M.—“Ah, we shan't know till the first of next month: there was one report that that extraordinary adventure of his ended in the most singular and unexpected manner; another that he was married after all; and a third, that he was ill of brain fever. The fact is, the suspense is very trying to everybody.”

M. P.—“Yes; the odd thing is that a friend of mine who knows him tells me that you would never imagine it at all to look at him. Well, he would be a serious loss to the country,”—and so on. But though,

of course, I am myself my own most popular topic, I fully intend to introduce the public to my friends. I have not asked their permission any more than the public's, as I know it will be a mutual benefit.

I don't mean that I shall go through the ceremony of a formal introduction, accompanied by a prefatory notice of each after the manner of Americans—they shall speak for themselves; several of them who are members of the present Government have, indeed, already done this to a considerable extent; still it too often happens that a certain coldness subsists between the Cabinet and the country,—they don't thoroughly understand each other; their extra-parliamentary utterances, for example, very often require a key: this article it will fall to me to supply. Thus, for instance, if our Foreign Minister makes a speech in a Highland valley, or even on the brow of a suburban hill, committing the country to a policy of which I do not approve, how consolatory it will be to the public when I am enabled to inform them on the first of the following month, that I at once remonstrated with his Lordship on the subject, and that he has in consequence entirely altered his views, and adopted the despatches with the drafts of which I had supplied him, and which I may possibly find it necessary to publish myself. It shall be my duty, not only to put my friends on better terms with the people at large, but to draw those together whom I think congenial spirits, and separate those who are contracting an improper or injurious intimacy. As I write, the magnitude of the task I propose to myself assumes still larger proportions. I yearn to develop in the world at large those organs of conscientiousness and benevolence which we all possess but so few exercise. I invoke the co-operation of my readers in this great work; I implore them to accompany me step by step in the crusade which I am about to preach in favour of the

sacrifice of self for the public good, I demand their sympathy in this monthly record of my trials as an uncompromising exponent of the motives of the day, and I claim their tender solicitude should I writhe, crushed and mangled by the iron hand of a social tyranny dexterously concealed in its velvet glove. I will begin my efforts at reform with the Bench of Bishops; I will then descend to the parsonic body of the Church of England, with an upward digression to Catholicism, and a downward cut into Dissent; I will branch off to the present Cabinet and analyse it minutely; I will cross over to the Opposition, and dissect the motives which actuate their policy; I will extend the sphere of my operations into the ultra-Radical ranks, and mix in the highest circles of society in the spirit of a missionary. I will endeavour to show everybody up to everybody else in the spirit of love; and if they end by quarrelling with each other and with me, I shall at least have the satisfaction of feeling myself divested of all further responsibility in the matter. In my present frame of mind apathy would be culpable and weakness a crime.

Candour compels me to state that when, as I told Lady Veriphast, my imagination becomes heated, my pen travels with a velocity which fails to convey any adequate impression of the seething thoughts which course through my brain. I lose myself in my subject, and become almost insensible to external sensations; thus it happened that I did not hear the door open as I was writing the above, and I was totally unconscious as I was reading fervidly aloud the last paragraph, containing those aspirations which I promised to confide to the public, that I had already a listener. Judge of my surprise—I may say dismay—when, just as I had finished, and was biting the end of my pen for a new inspiration, I heard the deep-toned voice of Grandon close behind my chair.

"Well, considering, my dear Frank, that you have borrowed all those sentiments from your friends, from the conversion of the Ecclesiastical Bench down to Missionary Enterprise in the ball-room, I think you have put it as forcibly as I could have wished. I am glad to hear that I shall not only have the benefit of your valuable assistance in propagating my views, but that you propose enlisting public sympathy in the matter as well. As you have so boldly begun by taking the public into your confidence, perhaps you will go on to tell them the mode in which you intend commencing operations. How, for instance, do you propose to open the campaign against the Bishops?"

If there is one quality upon which I pride myself more than another, it is readiness. I certainly had not formed the slightest conception of how any of these burning thoughts of mine—I mean my friends—should be put into execution; but I did not hesitate a second in my answer. "I shall go down to one and stay with him in his palace," I replied promptly.

"Which one?" said Grandon.

I was going to say "Oxford," as he is the only one I happen to know; but, in the first place, I am a little afraid of him; and, in the second, I am hardly on sufficiently intimate terms with him to venture to propose myself—so I said, with some effrontery, "Oh, to a Colonial bishop, whom you don't know."

"Nor you either, I suspect," laughed Grandon. "Just at present colonial bishops are rather scarce articles, and I have never heard of one in England with a palace, though there are a good many of them dotted about in snug livings, retaining only their lawn sleeves, either to laugh in or remind them of the dignity and the hardships of which they did not die abroad. Their temptations are of a totally different nature from those who are members of the House of Peers, and they must be treated apart; in fact, we will take them

with the Missionaries and Colonial Clergy. If there is one thing that is more urgently needed than a Missionary to the ball-room, it is a Missionary to the Missionaries; and as you have had so much experience of their operations abroad, you might become a very useful labourer in the ecclesiastical vineyard."

I need scarcely say that my heart leaped at the thought; it was a work for which I felt myself specially qualified. "Why," I have thought, "should there be a set of men who preach to others, and are never preached at themselves? Every class and condition of life has its peculiar snares and temptations, and one class is set apart to point them out—surely there should be somebody to perform that kind office for them which they do for others. He who is paid to find out the mote that is in his brother's eye, and devotes his energies to its discovery, is of all men the one who requires most the kind and faithful friend to show him the beam which is in his own. I will be that friend, and charge nothing for it," thought I.

Grandon saw the flush of enthusiasm which mounted to my brow, and looked grave.

"My impulsive friend," he said, "this is a very serious subject; we must beware lest we fall into the error which we blame in others; it is one thing to see the need of the missionary, it is another to rush headlong upon the work. However, I am able to offer you an opportunity of beginning at once, for Dickiefield has given us a joint invitation to go down to-morrow to Dickiefield, to stay till Parliament opens; we shall be certain to find a nondescript heathen society in that most agreeable of country-houses, and you may possibly meet the identical Colonial Bishop at whose palace you proposed staying. The three-o'clock train lands us exactly in time for dinner. Will you come?"

"Well, I'm not sure," said I, with some hesitation, not having of course a shadow of doubt on the matter. "I'll try and get off my visit to Joseph

Caribbee Islands, so perhaps, you may find me on the platform."

On our arrival at Dickiefield we found the party consisted of old Lady Broadbrim, with that very aspiring young nobleman, her son, the young Earl (old Lord Broadbrim died last year), and his sisters, Ladies Bridget and Ursula Newlyte, neither of whom I had seen since they emerged from the nursery.

When Grandon and I entered the drawing-room, we found only the deserted apparatus of the afternoon tea, a Bishop and a black man—Dickiefield is the most careless fellow in this sort of thing, and only turned up when it was time to dress for dinner—so we had to introduce ourselves. The Bishop had a beard and an apron, his companion a turban, and such very large shoes, that it was evident his feet were unused to the confinement. The Bishop looked stern and determined; perhaps there was just a dash of worldliness about the twist of his mustache. His companion looked subdued and unctuous; his face was shaved; and the whites of his eyes very bloodshot and yellow. Neither of them were the least embarrassed when we were shown in; Grandon and I both were slightly. "What a comfort that the snow is gone," said I to the Bishop.

"Yes," said his Lordship; "the weather is very trying to me, who have just arrived from the Caribbee Islands."

Joseph himself, thought I, with confusion, as Grandon glanced slyly at me; but I quickly recovered my composure, and apologised for not recollecting him. The Bishop seemed surprised, but was too well-bred to repudiate me, and Grandon came to the rescue, by asking the swarthy individual whether he had also come from the Caribbee Islands.

"No," he said; "he had arrived some months since from Bombay."

"Think of staying long in England?" said Grandon.

"That depends upon my pros-

pects at the next general election. I am looking out for a borough."

"Dear me!" said Grandon; and we all, Bishop included, gazed on him with astonishment.

"My name is Chundango," he went on. "My parents were both Hindoos. Before I was converted my other name was Juggonath; now I am John. I became acquainted with a circle of dear Christian friends in Bombay, during my connection, as catechist, with the Church Missionary Society, was peculiarly favoured in some mercantile transactions into which I subsequently entered, in connection with cotton, and have come to spend my fortune, and enter public life, in this country. I was just expressing to our dear friend here," pointing in a patronising way towards the Bishop, "my regret at finding that he shares in views which are becoming so prevalent in the Church, and are likely to taint the Protestantism of Great Britain and part of Ireland."

"Goodness," thought I, "how this complicates matters! which of these two now stands most in need of my services as a Missionary?" As Dickiefield was lighting me up to my bedroom, I could not resist congratulating him upon his two guests. "A good specimen of the 'unsound muscular,' the Bishop," said I.

"Yes," said Dickiefield, "but he is not unique, like the other. I flatter myself I have under my roof the only well-authenticated instance of the Hindoo converted millionaire. It is true he was converted when he was a poor boy of fifteen, and began life as a catechist; then he saw a good mercantile opening, and went into cotton, out of which he has realised an immense fortune, and now is going into political life in England, which he could not have done without becoming a Christian. Who ever heard before of a Bombay man wanting to get into Parliament, and coming home with a *carte du pays* all arranged before he started? He advocates extension of the franchise, ballot, and the

Evangelical Alliance, so I thought I would fasten him on to Broadbrim—they'll help to float each other." And my warm-hearted and eccentric friend, Lord Dickiefield, left me to my meditations and my toilet.

"I shall probably have to take one of these Broadbrim girls in to dinner," thought I, as I followed the rustle of their crinolines downstairs back to the drawing-room. So I ranged myself near the one with dark hair and blue eyes—I like the combination—to the great annoyance of Juggonath, who had got so near her for the same purpose that his great foot was on her dress.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Juggernaut," said I, giving him a slight shove, "I think you are standing—"

"Chundango, sir, if you please," said he, unconsciously making way for me, "Juggonath is the name which my poor benighted countrymen—"

"Juggernaut still speaking, as they say in the telegraphic reports from the House of Commons," I remarked to Lady Ursula, as I carried her off triumphantly; and the Indian's voice was lost in the hum of the general movement towards the dining-room.

I have promised not to shrink from alluding to those tender sensibilities which an ordinary mortal jealously preserves from the rough contact of his fellow-men; but I am not an ordinary mortal, and I have no hesitation in saying, that never in my life have I gone through such a distinct change of feeling in the same period as during the two hours we sat at that dinner. Deeply versed as I am in every variety of the sex, married or single, how was I to know that Lady Ursula was as little like the rest of the species as our Bombay friend was to wealthy Hindoos generally? What reason had I to suppose that Lady Broadbrim's daughter could possibly be a new type?

Having been tolerably intimate at Broadbrim House before she was out, I knew well the atmosphere which had surrounded her youth, and took it for granted that she had imbibed the family views.

"Interesting creature, John Chundango, Esq.," said I, for I thought she had looked grave at the flippancy of my last remark; "he has quite the appearance of a 'Brand.'"

"A what?" said Lady Ursula, as she looked up and caught him glaring fixedly at her with his great yellow eyeballs from the other side of the table.

"Of course I don't mean of the 'whipper-in' of the Liberal party, but of one rescued from fire. I understand that his great wealth, so far from having proved a snare to him, has enabled him to join in many companies for the improvement of Bombay, and that his theological views are quite unexceptionable."

"If his conversion leads him to avoid discussing either his neighbours or their theology, Lord Frank, I think he is a person whom we may all envy."

Is that a hit at her mother or at me? thought I. At Broadbrim House, society and doctrine used to be the only topics of discussion. My fair friend here has probably had so much of it that she has gone off on another tack; perhaps she is a "still deep fast" one. As I thought thus, I ran over in my mind my young lady categories, as follows: first, { The wholly worldly
and
The worldly holy.

In this case the distinction is very fine; but though they are bracketed together, there is an appreciable difference, which, perhaps, some day when I have time, I shall discuss.

Second, "The still deep fast."

This may seem to be a contradiction in terms; but the fact is, while the upper surface seems tranquil enough, there is a strong rapid undercurrent. The danger is, in this case, that you are very apt to go in what is called a "header." The moment you dive you get caught by the undercurrent, and the chances are you never rise to the surface again. Third, "The rippling glancing fast."

This is less fatal, but to my mind

not so attractive as the other. The ripples are produced by quantities of pebbles, which are sure to give one what is called in America "a rough time." The glancing is only dangerous to youths in the first stage, and is perfectly innocuous after one season.

Fourth, "The rushing gushing fast."

This speaks for itself, and may be considered perfectly harmless.

There are only two slows—the "strong-minded blue slow," and "the heavy slow."

The "strong-minded blue slow" includes every branch of learning. It is extremely rare, and alarming to the youth of the day. I am rather partial to it myself.

The "heavy slow" is, alas! too common.

To return to Lady Ursula: not "worldly holy," that was quite clear; certainly neither of the "slows," I could see that in her eye, to say nothing of her retort; not "rippling glancing," her eye was not of that kind either; certainly not "rushing gushing." What remained? Only "wholly worldly," or "still deep fast."

These were the thoughts that coursed through my mind as I pondered over her retort. I had not forgotten that I had a great work to accomplish. The missionary spirit was ever burning within me, but it was necessary to examine the ground before attempting to prepare it for seed. I'll try her as "still deep," thought I.

"I suppose you don't mind talking about people who are mentioned in the newspapers," said I, with rather a piqued air; "we are not called upon to extend our charity to those we don't know."

"Oh no," said Lady Ursula, "I take the greatest possible interest in politics, and in the events which are going on around me. The 'Times' seems as necessary to me as it does to Broadbrim."

"Yes," said I, "there is a good deal of curious reading in its columns. Singular case that was of

Smith v. Smith, in which Jones was co-respondent. I can't say I pitied Smith. Did you?"

I was helping myself to potatoes as I made this observation in a tone of easy indifference; but as she did not immediately answer, I glanced at her, and was at once overcome with remorse and confusion; her neck and face were suffused with a glow which produced the immediate effect upon my sensitive nature of making me feel a brute; her very eyelids trembled as she kept them steadily lowered: and yet what had I said which I had not repeatedly said before to both the "slows," one of the "worldlys," and all the "fasts"? Even some of the "worldly holys" rather relish this style of conversation, though I always wait for them to begin it, for fear of accidents. Fortunately, however much I am moved, I never lose my presence of mind, so I deliberately upset my champagne-glass into her plate, and, with the delicacy and tact of a refined nature, so worded the apologies with which I overwhelmed her, that she forgave my first *gaucherie* in laughing over the second.

She can be nothing now, thought I, but "wholly worldly," but she should be ticketed like broadcloth, "superfine;" so I must tread cautiously.

"I hear Lord Broadbrim is going to make his political *début* in a few days," I remarked, after a pause. "What line does he think of taking?"

"He has not told me exactly what he means to say, as I am afraid we do not quite agree in what philosophers call first principles," she replied with a smile and a slight sigh.

"Ah!" I said, "I can guess what it is; he is a little too Radical for you, but you must not mind that; depend upon it, an ambitious young peer can't do better than ally himself with the Manchester school. They have plenty of talent, but have failed as yet to make much impression upon the country for

lack of an aristocrat. It is like a bubble company in the City; they want a nobleman as chairman to give an air of respectability to the direction. He might perhaps be a prophet without honour if he remained in his own country, so he is quite right to go to Manchester. I look upon cotton, backed by Exeter Hall, as so strong a combination, that they would give an immense start in public life to a young man with great family prestige, even of small abilities; but as Broadbrim has good natural talents, and is in the Upper House into the bargain, the move, in a strategical point of view, so far as his future career is concerned, is perfect."

"I cannot tell you, Lord Frank," said Lady Ursula, "how distressed I am to hear you talk in this way. As a woman, I suppose I am not competent to discuss politics; and if Broadbrim conscientiously believes in manhood-suffrage and the Low Church, and considers it his duty before God to lose no opportunity of propagating his opinions, I should be the first to urge his using all the influence which his name and wealth gave him in what would then become a sacred duty; but the career that you talk about is not a sacred duty. It is a wretched Will-o'-the-Wisp that tempts men to wade through mire in its pursuit, not the bright star fixed above them in the heavens to light up their path. I firmly believe," she went on, as she warmed to her theme, "that that one word, 'Career,' has done more to demoralise public men than any other word in the language. It is one embodiment of that selfishness which we are taught from our cradles. Boys go to school with strict injunctions if possible to put self at the top of it. They take the highest honours at the university purely for the sake of self. How can we expect when they get into Parliament that they should think of anything but self, until at last the most conscientious of them is only conscientious by contrast? I know you think me

foolish and unpractical, and will tell me mine is an impossible standard; but I don't believe in impossible standards where public morality is concerned. At all events, let us make some attempt in an upward direction; and as a first step I propose to banish from the vocabulary that most pernicious of all words, 'A Career.'"

She stopped, with eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed; by the way, I did not before remark, for I only now discovered, that she was lovely—"wholly worldly"—what sacrilege! say rather "barely mortal;" and I forthwith instituted a new category. My own ideas, thought I, expressed in feminine language; she is converted already, and stands in no need of a missionary. Grandon himself could not take higher ground; as I thought of him I looked up, and found his eyes fixed upon us. "My friend Grandon would sympathise most cordially in your sentiments," I said, generously; for I had fallen a victim in preparing the ground; I had myself tumbled into the pit which I had dug for her; for had I not endeavored to entrap her by expressing the most unworthy opinions, in the hope that by assenting to them she would have furnished me with a text to preach upon?

"Yes," she replied, in a low tone, and with a slight tremor in her voice, "I know what Lord Grandon's views are, for he was staying with us at Broadbrim a few weeks ago, and I heard him upon several occasions discussing the subject with my brother."

"Failed to convert him, though, it would appear," said I, thinking what a delightful field for missionary operations Broadbrim House would be. "Perhaps I should be more successful. Grandon wants tact. Young men sometimes require very delicate handling."

"So do young women," said Lady Ursula, laughing. "Will you please look under the table for my fan?" and away sailed the ladies, leaving me rather red from having

got under the table, and very much in love indeed.

I was roused from the reverie into which I instantly fell by Dickiefield telling me to pass the wine, and asking me if I knew my next neighbour. I looked round and saw a young man with long flaxen hair, blue eyes, and an unhealthy complexion, dexterously impaling pieces of apple upon his knife, and conveying them with it to his mouth. "Mr. Wog," said Dickiefield, "let me introduce you to Lord Frank Vanecove."

"Who did you say, sir?" said Mr. Wog, in a strong American accent, without taking the slightest notice of me.

"Lord Frank Vanecove," said Dickiefield.

"Lord Frank Vanecove, sir, how do you do, sir?—proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Wog. "I have come over here during the unhappy crisis through which my country is just now passing, furnished with letters of introduction to the leading members of your aristocracy, to report upon the state of feeling in your highest circles. We know what it is in your middle and lower classes, your oppressed classes, I may say; but some misapprehension exists with reference to the feeling of the British aristocracy in connection with our country which I should like to correct. My father, sir, you may have heard of by name—Apollonius T. Wog, the founder, and, I may say, the father of the celebrated 'Pollywog Convention,' which was named after him, and which unfortunately burst up just in time to be too late to save our country from bursting up too."

I expressed to Mr. Wog my condolences on the premature decease of the Pollywog Convention, and asked him how long he had been in England, and whom he had seen.

"Well, sir," he said, "I have only been here a few days, and I have seen considerable people; but none of them were noblemen, and they are the class I have to report upon.

The Earl of Broadbrim here is the first with whom I have conversed, and he informs me that he has just come from one of your universities, and that the sympathies of the great majority of your rising youth are entirely with the North."

"And of our old women too," said I. "You may report to your Government, that the British youth of the present day, hot from the university, are very often prigs."

"Most certainly I will," said Mr. Wog; "the last word, however, is an Anglicism with which I am not acquainted."

"It is an old English term for profound thinker," I replied.

Mr. Wog took out a pocketbook, and made a note; while he was doing so, he said, with a sly look, "Have you an old English term for 'quite a fine gurl'?"

"No," I said; "they are a modern invention."

"Well, sir, in our country we sometimes call them 'snorters,' and I can tell you the one that sat 'twixt you and me at dinner would knock the spots out of some of our Boston belles."

In my then frame of mind the remark caused me such acute pain that I plunged into a conversation that was going on between Grandon and Dickiefield on the present state of our relations with Brazil, and took no further notice of Mr. Wog for the rest of the evening; only, as my readers will probably see a good deal of him in society during this season, I have thought it right to introduce him to them at once.

We all went to hear Broadbrim's speech next day, and whatever might have been our private opinion upon the matter, we all, with the exception of Grandon and Lady Ursula, warmly congratulated him upon it afterwards. Jehn Chundango and Joseph Caribbee Islands both made most effective speeches, but we did not feel the least called upon to congratulate them: they each alluded with great affection to the heathen and to Lord Broadbrim.

Ohundango drew a facetious contrast between his Lordship and an effeminate young Eastern prince, which was highly applauded by the audience that crowded the town-hall of Gullaby; and Joseph made a sort of grim joke about the probable effect of the "Court of Final Appeal" upon the theological tenets of the Caribbee Islanders, that made Lady Broadbrim cough disapprobation, and everybody else on the platform feel uncomfortable. I confess I have rather a weakness for Joseph. He has a blunt off-hand way of treating the most sacred topics, that you only find among those who are professionally familiar with the subject. There is something refreshingly muscular in the way he lounges down to the smoking-room in an old grey shooting-coat, and lights the short black meerschaum, which he tells you kept off fever in the Caribbee Islands, while the smoke loses itself in the depths of his thick beard, which he is obliged to wear because of his delicate throat. There is a force and an ease in his mode of dealing with inspiration at such a moment which you feel must give him an immense ascendancy over the native mind.

He possesses what may be termed a dry ecclesiastical humour, differing entirely from Ohundango's, whose theological fun takes rather the form of scriptural riddles, picked up while he was a catechist. Neither he nor Broadbrim smoke, so we had Wog and the Bishop to ourselves for half an hour before going to bed. "You must come and breakfast with me some morning in Piccadilly to meet my interesting friend, Brother Orysostom, my Lord," said I.

I always like to give a bishop his title, particularly a missionary bishop; it is a point of ecclesiastical etiquette about which I have heard that the propagators of Christianity were very particular.

"If you will allow me, sir, I will join the party," said Mr. Wog, before the Bishop could reply; "and as I don't know where Piccadilly is, I'll just ask the Bishop to bring me

along. There is a good deal of law going on between your Bishops just now," our American friend went on, "and I should like to know the rights of it. We in our country consider that your Ecclesiastical Court is a most remarkable institution for a Christian land. Why, sir, law is strictly prohibited in a certain place; and it seems to me that you might as well talk of a good devil as a religious court. If it is wrong for a layman to go to law, it must be wrong for a bishop. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; that proverb holds good in your country as well as mine, don't it?"

"The Ecclesiastical Court is a court of discipline and doctrine rather than of law," said Dickiefield.

"Well, it's a court anyhow you fix it; and your parsons must be a bad lot to want a set of lawyers reg'larly trained to keep them in order."

"Perhaps Parson Brownlow would have been the better of a court of some kind," said the Bishop. "Just now your Church in America is for the most part militant; however, as you have been so good as to secure my services to pilot you to Lord Frank's, we shall have plenty of opportunity of discussing the subject when we get to town;" and the Bishop, having finished his pipe, stalked off to bed.

"Gentlemen—noblemen, I should say," remarked Mr. Wog, when the Bishop had disappeared, and he lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper, "I have waited till the Parson was gone, for in our country we don't place much reliance upon 'em, to read to you quite an interesting document;" here Mr. Wog pulled some MS. out of his pocket, looking like an official despatch. "Before leaving my own country," he went on, "I had an interview with Mr. Seward at Washington on the subject of my mission, and he was good enough to read me the draft of the despatch he is about to send to your Foreign Office so soon as Mr. Lincoln is officially declared

President of the United States. That ceremony takes place, as I suppose you don't know, in the presence of the members of both the Houses of Congress at Washington about the 11th of this month, and the term of his new Presidency begins on the 4th of March next. Well, gentlemen, while I was talking to Mr. Seward he was called suddenly away, and left the draft on the table. I am pretty smart with my pen, and before he came back I took a copy of it. With your permission I'll read it to you, as I want your opinion on the answer which your Minister is likely to give before the boat leaves for New York. I shall be very happy, in exchange, to get anything done for you on Wall Street you may have a mind to. I should say it is customary, in announcing a new President, to write direct to the Foreign Minister, otherwise it would have been addressed to Mr. Adams.

“WASHINGTON, *February.*

“My Lord,—I have the honour respectfully to announce to the Government of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, that on the 11th of this month Abraham Lincoln was re-elected upon the majority of votes cast for him in the electoral colleges as President of the United States of America, from the 4th of March next. The suggestion has been made in our northern papers, that the British Government will refuse to recognise him as presiding over States which have not voted for him at all, and which have elected their own president. I am well aware that this idea would never have occurred to you, my Lord; but in case it has been brought to your notice, and you may be inclined to adopt it, I think it right to inform you that any refusal to acknowledge Mr. Lincoln as president of the whole Union, will be followed by an immediate declaration of war against England by the Government to which I belong, and that the conquest of Canada and the annihila-

tion of British commerce will be the immediate results. I have the honour to be, my Lord, yours respectfully, &c. &c.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Mr. Wog, “what do you think of that? if that don't wake up your canting, nosouled, bellows-winded Parliament—excuse me, if my language is forcible—I ain't Apollonius's son, and I give up the Pollywog Convention. What answer do you think your Foreign Minister will make to that?”

“Think! my dear Mr. Wog,” said I; “I know!—One advantage of extreme simplicity in the conduct of our foreign affairs is, that we always know what our Foreign Minister is going to write before he writes it, as well as he does himself. For instance, in this case he will say,—

“Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of the — ult., informing Her Majesty's Government that Abraham Lincoln is re-elected,” and so on, quoting all that stuff about the electoral colleges, word for word; then he'll go on like this—‘And, in reply, I have to state, that as I do not see the New York papers, the idea of refusing to recognise Mr. Lincoln as President of the whole Union, from the 4th of March, did not occur to me until I read it in the forcible terms stated in your letter. It does appear to me that you have shown in the clearest possible manner the absurdity which this Government would commit in following the course required of it in your despatch; at the same time, you deprive Her Majesty's Government of the power to pursue that which has been suggested as probable in the New York papers, by menaces of a description calculated to strike terror into the nation. Permit me to remark that nothing can be in worse taste than threats of this kind. Moreover, I have invariably found that they fail in accomplishing the desired end. As, however, they have produced a considerable

impression upon me, I will comply with your request to recognise Mr. Lincoln, and at the same time write to Lord Cowley to suggest to his Majesty the Emperor, the expediency of his refusing to recognise him as President of the seceded States, upon the ground that such an act would be inconsistent with the Imperial policy, and with the principles by virtue of which his Imperial Majesty occupies his own throne. Thus I shall be enabled to deprive your Government of any excuse to go to war with this country, and at the same time secure the recognition of the Southern States by a Power whose policy is logical and mysterious, and whose "ideas" are no less practical than sentimental.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, with great truth and regard, and so on."

"Well, now," said Mr. Wog, "do you really calculate, sir, that Earl Russell will be 'cute enough to get the Emperor to do his dirty work for him? Strikes me Napoleon ain't that kind."

"That depends," said Grandon, "upon which is the dirtiest work,—to acknowledge an accomplished fact, and adhere to a principle, thereby securing to a gallant nation its independence, or, through an unworthy sentiment of cowardice and self-interest, to consecrate by an official act on the part of our Government the solemn farce of calling Mr. Lincoln the elected president of thirteen States who have chosen a president of their own. Even from a selfish point of view, it is a short-sighted policy, as a war with America is inevitable, sooner or later, and we had better choose our own moment for making it."

"Grandon," said Dickiefield, who perceived that Mr. Wog was puffing volumes of indignation in the form of clouds of tobacco-smoke during this speech, "you are getting oracu-

lar and dull; moreover, my friend Mr. Wog is sent over here to give an accurate picture of the feelings of the British aristocracy, and he will get a wrong impression of them if he takes you as a specimen, so perhaps we had better go to bed, more especially as some of us are to start at an early hour in the morning."

I went into Grandon's bedroom with him for a moment before going to my own. "We must leave by the early train to-morrow, if we want to get to town in time for the opening of Parliament," he said.

"I think I shall stay over to-morrow," I answered. "Broadbrim is going up, but the ladies are going to stay two days longer, and the House can open very well without me; besides, Chundango and the Bishop are going to stay over Sunday."

"That is an inducement, certainly," said Grandon. "Come, you must have some other reason!"

"My dear old fellow," said I, putting my hand on Grandon's shoulder, "my time has come at last. Haven't you remarked what low spirits I have been in since dinner? I can't bear it for another twenty-four hours! You know my impulsive sensitive nature. I must know my fate at once from her own lips."

"Whose own lips?" said Grandon, with his eyes very wide open.

"Lady Ursula's, of course!" I replied. "I knew her very well as a child, so there is nothing very sudden about it."

"Well, considering you have never seen her since, I don't quite agree with you," he said, in a deeper tone than usual. "In your own interest, wait till you know a little more of her."

"Not another day! Good night!" and I turned from him abruptly.

"I'll put myself out of suspense to-morrow, and keep the public in it for a month," thought I, as I fell into a troubled sleep.

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MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART III.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not till Miss Marjoribanks had surmounted to a certain extent the vexation caused her by her unlucky confidence in Tom, that that unhappy young man took the step which Lucilla had so long dreaded, but which she trusted to her own genius to hinder him from carrying into execution. Miss Marjoribanks had extricated herself so triumphantly from the consequences of that unhappy commencement of the very charming luncheons which she gave in after times, that she had begun to forget the culpability of her cousin. She had defeated the Rector in his benevolent intentions, and she had taken up his *protégée* just at the moment when Mr. Bury was most disgusted with the unfortunate woman's weakness. Poor Mrs. Mortimer, to be sure, had fainted, or been near fainting, at the most inopportune moment, and it was only natural that the Rector should be annoyed; but as for Lucilla, who was always prompt in her actions, and whose good nature and liberality were undoubted, she found her opportunity in the failure of Mr. Bury's scheme. After the

Rector had gone away, Miss Marjoribanks herself conducted the widow home, and heard all her story; and by this time Mrs. Mortimer's prospects were beginning to brighten under the active and efficient patronage of her new friend. This being the case, Lucilla's good-humour was perfectly restored, and she had forgiven Tom his maladroitness. "He cannot help it, you know," she said privately to old Mrs. Chiley: "I suppose some people are born to do ridiculous things." And it was indeed as if he had intended to give a practical illustration of the truth of this conclusion that Tom chose the particular moment he did for driving Miss Marjoribanks to the extremity of her patience. The upholsterers were in the house, and indeed had just finished putting up the pictures on the new paper in the drawing-room (which was green, as Lucilla had determined it should be, of the most delicate tint, and looked, as she flattered herself, exactly like silk hangings); and Mr. Holden himself waited with a certain complaisance for Miss Marjoribanks's opin-

ion of the effect. He had no doubt on the subject himself; but he was naturally impressed, as most people were, with that confidence in Lucilla's judgment which so much facilitates the operations of those persons who are born to greatness. It was precisely at this moment that his evil genius persuaded Tom Marjoribanks to interrupt Thomas, who was carrying Mr. Holden's message to his young mistress, and to shut the library door upon the external world. Lucilla had taken refuge in the library during the renovation of the drawing-room; and she was aware that this was Tom's last day at Carlingford, and had no intention of being unkind to him. To tell the truth, she had at the bottom of her heart a certain regard and impulse of protection and patronage towards Tom, of which something might have come had the unlucky fellow known how to manage. But, at the same time, Miss Marjoribanks was aware that things must be approaching a crisis up-stairs, and was listening intently to the movements overhead, and wondering why she was not sent for. This was the moment of all others at which Tom thought fit to claim a hearing; and the state of Lucilla's feelings may be easily imagined when she saw him plant himself by her side, all trembling, with his face alternately red and white, and all the signs of a desperate resolution in his countenance. For the first time in her life a certain despair took possession of Miss Marjoribanks's mind. The sounds had suddenly ceased up-stairs, as if the artists there were making a pause to contemplate the effect of their completed work—which indeed was precisely the case—and at the same time nobody came to call her, important though the occasion was. She made a last effort to emancipate herself before it was too late.

"Ring, please, Tom," she said; "I want to know if they have finished up-stairs. I am so sorry you are going away; but you know it is

one of my principles never to neglect my duty. I am sure they must be waiting for me—if you would only be kind enough to ring."

"Lucilla," said Tom, "you know I would do anything in the world you liked to tell me; but don't ask me to ring just now: I am going to leave you, and there is something I must say to you, Lucilla," said the young man, with agitation. Miss Marjoribanks was seated near the window, and she had a moral certainty that if any of the Browns happened to be in that ridiculous glass-house where they did their photography, they must have a perfectly good view of her, with Tom in the background, who had placed himself so as to shut her into the recess of the window. This, coupled with the evidence of her senses that the workmen up-stairs had ceased their work, and that a slow footstep traversing the floor now and then was all that was audible, drove Lucilla to despair.

"Yes," she said, temporising a little, which was the only thing she could do, "I am sure I am very sorry; but then, you know, with the house in such a condition! Next time you come I shall be able to enjoy your society," said the designing young woman; "but at present I am so busy. It is one of my principles, you know, that things are never rightly done if the lady of the house does not pay proper attention. They are sure to make some dreadful mistake up-stairs if I don't look after them. I shall see you again before you go."

"Lucilla, don't be so cruel!" cried the unlucky Tom, and he caught her hand though they were at the window; "do stop a moment and listen to me. Lucilla! what does it matter about furniture and things when a man's heart is bursting?" cried the unfortunate lover; and just at that moment Miss Marjoribanks could see that the curtain was drawn aside a little—ever so little—in the glass-house.

She sat down again with a sigh, and drew her hand away, and prepared herself to meet her fate with heroism at least.

"What in the world can you have been doing?" said Lucilla, innocently; "you used always to tell me, I know, when you got into any difficulty; and I am sure if I can be of any use to you, Tom——. But as for furniture and things, they matter a great deal, I assure you, to people's happiness; and then, you know, it is the object of my life to be a comfort to dear papa."

When she said this, Miss Marjoribanks settled herself again in the recess of the window, so that the Miss Browns could command a full view if they chose; for Lucilla's courage was of the highest order, and nothing, except, perhaps, a strategical necessity of profound importance, would have moved her to retreat before an enemy. As for Tom, he was bewildered, so that with, by this solemn repetition of her great purpose.

"I know how good you are, Lucilla," he said, with humility; "but then my uncle, you know—I don't think he is a man to appreciate——. Oh, Lucilla! why should you go and sacrifice to him the happiness of your life?"

"Tom," said Miss Marjoribanks, with some solemnity, "I wish you would not talk to me of happiness. I have always been brought up to believe that duty was happiness; and everybody has known for a long time what was the object of my life. As for poor papa, it is the worse for him if he does not understand; but that does not make any difference to my duty," said the devoted daughter. She gave a little sigh as she spoke, the sigh of a great soul, whose motives must always remain to some extent unappreciated; and the sight of her resignation and beautiful perseverance overwhelmed her unlucky suitor; for indeed, up to this moment, Lucilla still entertained

the hope of preventing Tom from, as she herself described it, "saying the very words," which, to be sure, are awkward words to hear and to say.

"Lucilla, when you are so good to my uncle, you ought to have a little pity on me," said Tom, driven to the deepest despondency. "How do you think I can bear it, to see you getting everything done here, as if you meant to stay all your life—when you know I love you?" said the unfortunate young man; "when you know I have always been so fond of you, Lucilla, and always looked forward to the time——; and now it is very hard to see you care so little for me."

"Tom," said Miss Marjoribanks, with indignant surprise, "how *can* you say I care little for you? you know I was always very fond of you, on the contrary. I am sure I always stood your friend at home, whatever happened, and never said a word when you broke that pretty little pearl ring I was so fond of, and tore the scarf my aunt gave me. I wonder, for my part, how you can be so unkind as to say so. We have always been the very best friends in the world," said Lucilla, with an air of injury. "I always said at school I liked you the best of all my cousins; and I am very fond of all my cousins." Miss Marjoribanks concluded, after a little pause; "it is so unkind to tell me that I don't care for *you*."

Poor Tom groaned within himself as he listened. He did not know what to answer to Lucilla's aggrieved yet frank confession of her fondness. Naturally it would have been much less displeasing to Tom to understand that she hated him, and never desired to see him any more. But Miss Marjoribanks was far from entertaining any such unchristian sentiments. She even began to forget her anxiety about what was going on up-stairs in that delightful sense of power and abundant resources with which she was mastering the present difficulty.

She reflected in herself that though it was excessively annoying to be thus occupied at such a moment, still it was nearly as important to make an end of Tom as to see that the pictures were hung rightly; for, to be sure, it was always easy to return to the latter subject. Accordingly, she drew her chair a little nearer to the window, and regarded Tom with a calm gaze of benevolent interest, which was in perfect accordance with the sentiments she had just expressed; a look in which a little gentle reproach was mingled. "I have always been like a sister to you," said Lucilla; "how can you be so unkind as to say I don't care?"

As for the unhappy Tom, he got up, as was natural, and took a little walk in front of the table, as a young man in trouble is apt to do. "You know very well that is not what I mean, Lucilla," he said, disconsolately. "It is you who are unkind. I don't know why it is that ladies are so cruel; I am not such a snob as to persecute anybody. But what is the good of pretending not to know what I mean?"

"Tom, listen!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, rising in her turn; "I feel sure they must have finished. There is Mr. Holden going through the garden. And everybody knows that hanging pictures is just the thing of all others that requires a person of taste. If they have spoiled the room, it will be all your fault."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, never mind the room!" said Tom. "I never thought you would have trifled with a man, Lucilla. You know quite well what I mean; you know it isn't a—a new thing," said the lover, beginning to stammer and get confused. "You know that is what I have been thinking of all along, as soon as ever I had anything to live on. I love you, Lucilla; you know I love you! how can you trifle with me so?"

"It is you who are trifling,"

said Miss Marjoribanks, "especially when you know I have really something of importance to do. You can come up-stairs with me if you like. Of course we all love each other. What is the good of being relations otherwise?" said Lucilla, calmly; "it is such a natural thing, you know. I suppose it is because you are going away that you are so affectionate to-day. It is very nice of you, I am sure; but, Tom, I feel quite certain you have not packed your things," Miss Marjoribanks added, in an admonitory tone. "Come along with me up-stairs."

And by this time Lucilla's curiosity was beginning again to get the upper hand. If she only could have escaped, it would have been impossible for her cousin to have renewed the conversation; and luckily he was to leave Carlingford the same evening; but then a man is always an inconsequent creature, and not to be calculated on. This time, instead of obeying as usual, Tom—having, as Miss Marjoribanks afterwards described (but only in the strictest confidence), "worked himself up to it"—set himself directly in her way, and seized upon both her hands.

"Lucilla," cried the unlucky fellow, "is it possible that you really have misunderstood me all this time? Do you mean to say that you don't know? Oh, Lucilla, listen just five minutes. It isn't because I am your cousin. I wish to heaven I was not your cousin, but some one you had never seen before. I mean I want you to consent to—to—to—marry me, Lucilla. That is what I mean. I am called to the bar, and I can work for you, and make a reputation. Lucilla, listen to what I have got to say."

Miss Marjoribanks left her hands in his with a calmness which froze poor Tom's heart in his breast. She did not even take the trouble to draw them away. "Have you gone out of your senses, Tom?" she

asked, in her sensible way; and she lifted her eyes to the face of the poor young fellow who was in love, with an inquiring look, as if she felt a little anxious about him. "If you have any feeling as if fever was coming on," said Lucilla, "I think you should go up-stairs and lie down a little till papa comes in. I heard there had been some cases down about the canal. I hope it is not the assizes that have been too much for you." When Miss Marjoribanks said this, she herself took fast hold of Tom's hands with a motherly grasp to feel if they were hot, and looked into his eyes with a certain serious inspection, which, under the circumstances, poor fellow! was enough to drive him out of the little rationality he had left.

Tom was so far carried away by his frenzy that he gave her a little shake in his impatience. "You are trying to drive me mad, Lucilla!" cried the young man. "I have got no fever. It is only you who are driving me out of my senses. This time you must hear me. I will not let you go till you have given me an answer. I am called to the bar, and I have begun my Career," said Tom, making a pause for breath. "I knew you would have laughed at me when I was depending on my mother; but now all that is over, Lucilla. I have loved you as long as I can remember; and I always thought—that you—cared for me a little. If you will have me, there is nothing I could not do," said Tom, who thoroughly believed what he was saying; "and if you will not have me, I will not answer for the consequences. If I go off to India, or if I go to the bad——"

"Tom," said Lucilla, solemnly, and this time she drew away her hands, "if you ever want to get married, I think the very best thing you can do is to go to India. As for marrying just now at your age, you know you might as well jump into the sea. You need not

be vexed," said Miss Marjoribanks, in her motherly way. "I would not speak so if I was not your best friend, Tom. As for marrying me, you know it is ridiculous. I have not the least intention of marrying anybody. If I had thought of that, I need never have come home at all. As for your going to the bad, I am not afraid of that. If I were to let you carry on with such a ridiculous idea, I should never forgive myself. It would be just as sensible to go into a lunatic asylum at once. It is very lucky for you that you said this to me," Lucilla went on, "and not to one of the girls that think it great fun to be married. And if I were you, Tom, I would go and pack my things. You know you are always too late; and don't jump on your portmanteau and make such a dreadful noise if it won't shut, but ring the bell for Thomas. You know we are to dine at half-past five to-day, to give you time for the train."

These were the last words Tom Marjoribanks heard as Lucilla left the room. She ran up to the drawing-room without losing a minute, and burst in upon the vacant place where Mr. Holden had stood so long waiting for her. To be sure, Miss Marjoribanks's forebodings were so far fulfilled that the St. Cecilia, which she meant to have over the piano, was hung quite in the other corner of the room, by reason of being just the same size as another picture at the opposite angle, which the workmen, sternly symmetrical, thought it necessary to "match." But, after all, that was a trifling defect. She stood in the middle of the room, and surveyed the walls, well pleased, with a heart which kept beating very steadily in her bosom. On the whole, perhaps, she was not sorry to have had it out with Tom. So far as he was personally concerned, Miss Marjoribanks, being a physician's daughter, had great faith in the *vis medicatrix*, and was not afraid

for her cousin's health or his morals, as a less experienced woman might have been. If she was angry with anybody, it was with herself, who had not taken sufficient precautions to avoid the explanation. "But, after all, everything is for the best," Lucilla said to herself, with that beautiful confidence which is common to people who have things their own way; and she devoted her mind to the St. Cecilia, and paid no more attention to Tom. It was not till more than an hour after that a succession of dreadful thumps were not only heard but felt throughout the house. It was

Tom, but he was not doing any harm to himself. He was not blowing out his brains or knocking his head against the wall. He was only jumping on his portmanteau, notwithstanding that Lucilla had warned him against such a proceeding—and in his state of mind the jumps were naturally more frantic than usual. When Lucilla heard it, she rang the bell, and told Thomas to go and help Mr. Tom with his packing; from which it will be seen that Miss Marjoribanks bore no grudge against her cousin, but was disposed to send him forth in friendship and peace.

CHAPTER X.

It was nearly six weeks after this when all Miss Marjoribanks's arrangements were completed, and she was able with satisfaction to herself to begin her campaign. It was just before Christmas, at the time above all others when society has need of a ruling spirit. For example, Mrs. Chiley expected the Colonel's niece, Mary Chiley, who had been married about six months before, and who was not fond of her husband's friends, and at the same time had no home of her own to go to, being an orphan. The Colonel had invited the young couple by way of doing a kind thing, but he grumbled a little at the necessity, and had never liked the fellow, he said—and then what were two old people to do to amuse them? Then Mrs. Centum had her two eldest boys home from school, and was driven out of her senses by the noise and the racket, as she confided to her visitors. "It is all very well to make pretty pictures about Christmas," said the exasperated mother, "but I should like to know how one can enjoy anything with such a commotion going on. I get up every morning with a headache, I assure you; and then Mr. Centum expects me to be cheerful when he comes in to dinner; men are so

unreasonable. I should like to know what *they* would do if they had what we have to go through: to look after all the servants—and they are always out of their senses at Christmas—and to see that the children don't have too much pudding, and to support all the noise. The holidays are the hardest work a poor woman can have," she concluded, with a sigh; and when it is taken into consideration that this particular Christmas was a wet Christmas, without any frost or possibility of amusement out of doors, English matrons in general will not refuse their sympathy to Mrs. Centum. Mrs. Woodburn perhaps was equally to be pitied in a different way. She had to receive several members of her husband's family, who were, like Miss Marjoribanks, without any sense of humour, and who stared, and did not in the least understand her when she "took off" any of her neighbours; not to say that some of them were Low Church, and thought the practice sinful. Under these circumstances it will be readily believed that the commencement of Lucilla's operations was looked upon with great interest in Carlingford. It was so opportune that society forgot its usual

instincts of criticism, and forgave Miss Majoribanks for being more enlightened and enterprising than her neighbours; and then most people were very anxious to see the drawing-room, now it had been restored. This was a privilege, however, not accorded to the crowd. Mrs. Chiley had seen it under a vow of secrecy, and Mr. Cavendish owned to having made a run upstairs one evening after one of Dr. Majoribanks's little dinners, when the other *convives* were in the library, where Lucilla had erected her temporary throne. But this clandestine inspection met with the failure it deserved, for there was no light in the room except the moonlight, which made three white blotches on the carpet where the windows were, burying everything else in the profoundest darkness; and the spy knocked his foot against something which reduced him to a sudden and well-merited agony. As for Mrs. Chiley, she was discretion itself, and would say nothing even to her niece. "I mean to work her a footstool in water-lilies, my dear, like the one I did for you when you were married," the old lady said; and that was the only light she would throw on the subject. "My opinion is that it must be in crimson," Mrs. Woodburn said, when she heard this, "for I know your aunt's water-lilies. When I see them growing, I always think of you. It would be quite like Lucilla Majoribanks to have it in crimson—for it is a cheerful colour, you know, and quite different from the old furniture; and that would always be a comfort to her dear papa." From this it will be seen that the curiosity of Carlingford was excited to a lively extent. Many people even went so far as to give the Browns a sitting in their glass-house, with the hope of having a peep at the colour of the hangings at least. But Miss Majoribanks was too sensible a woman to leave her virgin drawing-room exposed to the sun when

there was any, and to the photographers, who were perhaps more dangerous. "I think it is blue, for my part," said Miss Brown, who had got into the habit of rising early in hopes of finding the Doctor's household off its guard. "Lucilla was always a great one for blue; she thinks it is becoming to her complexion;" which, indeed, as the readers of this history are aware, was a matter of fact. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she did her best to keep up this agreeable mystery. "For my part, I am fond of neutral tints," she herself said, when she was questioned on the subject; "anybody who knows me can easily guess my taste. I should have been born a Quaker, you know, I do so like the drabs and greys, and all those soft colors. You can have as much red and green as you like abroad, where the sun is strong, but here it would be bad style," said Lucilla; from which the most simple-minded of her auditors drew the natural conclusion. Thus all the world contemplated with excitement the first Thursday which was to open this enchanted chamber to their admiring eyes. "Don't expect any regular invitation," Miss Marjoribanks said. "I hope you will all come, or as many of you as can. Papa has always some men to dinner with him that day, you know, and it is so dreadfully slow for me with a heap of men. That is why I fixed on Thursday. I want you to come every week, so it would be absurd to send an invitation; and remember it is not a party, only an Evening," said Lucilla. "I shall wear a white frock high, as I always do. Now be sure you come."

"But we can't all go in high white frocks," said Mrs. Chiley's niece, Mary, who, if her *trousseau* had been subtracted from the joys of marriage, would not, poor soul! have found very much left. This intimation dismayed the bride a little; for, to be sure, she had de-

cided which dress she was to wear before Lucilla spoke.

"But, my dear, you are married," said Miss Marjoribanks; "that makes it quite different; come in that pretty pink that is so becoming. I don't want to have any dowdies, for my part; and don't forget that I shall expect you all at nine o'clock."

When she had said this, Miss Marjoribanks proceeded on her way, sowing invitations and gratification round her. She asked the youngest Miss Brown to bring her music, in recognition of her ancient claims as the songstress of society in Carlingford; for Lucilla had all that regard for constituted rights which is so necessary to a revolutionary of the highest class. She had no desire to shock anybody's prejudices or wound anybody's feelings. "And she has a nice little voice," Lucilla said to herself, with the most friendly and tolerant feelings. Thus Miss Marjoribanks prepared to establish her kingdom with a benevolence which was almost utopian, not upon the ruins of other thrones, but with the goodwill and coöperation of the lesser powers, who were, to be sure, too feeble to resist her advance, but whose rights she was quite ready to recognise, and even to promote, in her own way.

At the same time it is necessary here to indicate a certain vague and not disagreeable danger, which appeared to some experienced persons to shadow Lucilla's conquering way. Mr. Cavendish, who was a young man of refinement, not to say that he had a very nice property, had begun to pay attention to Miss Marjoribanks in what Mrs. Chiley thought quite a marked way. To be sure, he could not pretend to the honour of taking her in to dinner, which was not his place, being a young man; but he did what was next best, and manoeuvred to get the place on her left hand, which, in a party composed chiefly of men, was not difficult to

manage. For, to tell the truth, most of the gentlemen present were at that special moment more interested in the dinner than in Lucilla. And after dinner it was Mr. Cavendish who was the first to leave the room; and to hear the two talking about all the places they had been to, and all the people they had met, was as good as a play, Mrs. Chiley said. Mr. Cavendish confided to Lucilla his opinions upon things in general, and accepted the reproofs which she administered (for Miss Marjoribanks was quite unquestionable in her orthodoxy, and thought it a duty, as she said, always to speak with respect of religion) when his sentiments were too speculative, and said, "How charming is divine philosophy!" so as, for the moment, to dazzle Lucilla herself, who thought it a very pretty compliment. He came to her assistance when she made tea, and generally fulfilled all the duties which are expected of a man who is paying attention to a young lady. Old Mrs. Chiley watched the nascent regard with her kind old grandmotherly eyes. She calculated over in her own mind the details of his possessions, so far as the public was aware of them, and found them on the whole satisfactory. He had a nice property, and then he was a very nice, indeed an unexceptionable young man; and to add to this, it had been agreed between Colonel Chiley and Mr. Centum, and several other of the leading people in Carlingford, that he was the most likely man to represent the borough, when old Mr. Chiltern, who was always threatening to retire, fulfilled his promise. Mr. Cavendish had a very handsome house a little out of Carlingford, where a lady would be next thing to a county lady—indeed, quite a county lady, if her husband was the member for Carlingford. All these thoughts passed through Mrs. Chiley's mind, and, as was natural, in the precious moments after dinner, were suggested in occasional words of meaning

to the understanding ear of Miss Marjoribanks. "My dear Lucilla, it is just the position that would suit you—with your talents!" the old lady said; and Miss Marjoribanks did not say No. To be sure, she had not at the present moment the least inclination to get married, as she truly said; it would, indeed, to tell the truth, disturb her plans considerably; but still, if such was the intention of Providence, and if it was to the Member for Carlingford, Lucilla felt that it was still credible that everything might be for the best. "But it is a great deal too soon to think of anything of that sort," Miss Marjoribanks would reply. "If I had thought of that, I need never have come home at all, and especially when papa has been so good about everything." Yet for all that she was not ungracious to Mr. Cavendish when he came in first as usual. To marry a man in his position would not, after all, be deranging her plans to any serious extent. Indeed, it would, if his hopes were realised, constitute Lucilla a kind of queen in Carlingford, and she could not but feel that, under these circumstances, it might be a kind of duty to reconsider her resolution. And thus the time passed while the drawing-room was undergoing renovation. Mr. Cavendish had been much tantalised, as he said, by the absence of the piano, which prevented them from having any music, and Lucilla had even been tempted into a few snatches of song, which, to tell the truth, some of the gentlemen present, especially the Doctor himself and Colonel Chiley, being old-fashioned, preferred without the accompaniment. And thus it was, under the most brilliant auspices, and with the full confidence of all her future constituency, that Miss Marjoribanks superintended the arrangement of the drawing-room on that momentous Thursday, which was to be the real beginning of her great work in Carlingford.

"My dear, you must leave yourself entirely in my hands," Lucilla said to Barbara Lake on the morning of that eventful day. "Don't get impatient. I daresay you don't know many people, and it may be a little slow for you at first; but everybody has to put up with that, you know, for a beginning. And, by the by, what are you going to wear?"

"I have not thought about it," said Barbara, who had the painful pride of poverty, aggravated, much by a sense that the comforts of other people were an injury to her. Poor soul! she had been thinking of little else for at least a week past; and then she had not very much choice in her wardrobe; but her temperament was one which rejected sympathy, and she thought it would look best to pretend to be indifferent. At the same time, she said this with a dull colour on her cheeks, the colour of irritation; and she could not help asking herself why Lucilla, who was not so handsome as she was, had the power to array herself in gorgeous apparel, while she, Barbara, had nothing but a white frock. There are differences even in white frocks, though the masculine mind may be unaware of them. Barbara's muslin had been washed six times, and had a very different air from the vestal robes of her patroness. To be sure, Lucilla was not taken in, in the least, by her companion's look of indifference, and, to tell the truth, would have been delighted to bestow a pretty dress upon Barbara, if that had been a possible thing to do.

"There will be no dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, with solemnity. "I have insisted upon that. You know it is not a party, it is only an Evening. A white frock, *high*—that is all I mean to wear; and mind you don't lose patience. I shall keep my eye on you; and after the first, I feel sure you will enjoy yourself. Good-bye for the present." Miss Marjoribanks went

away to pursue her preparations, and Barbara proceeded to get out her dress and examine it. It was as important to her as all the complicated paraphernalia of the evening's arrangements were to Lucilla. To be sure, there were greater interests involved in the case of the leader; but then Barbara was the soldier of fortune who had to open the oyster with her sword, and she was feeling the point of it metaphorically while she pulled out the breadths of her white dress, and tried to think that they would not look limp at night; and what her sentiments lost in breadth, as compared with Lucilla's, they gained in intensity, for—anything she could tell—her life might change colour by means of this Thursday Evening; and such, indeed, was her hope. Barbara prepared for her first appearance in Grange Lane, with a mind wound up to any degree of daring. It did not occur to her that she required to keep faith with Miss Marjoribanks in anything except the duet. For other matters Barbara was quite unscrupulous, for at at the bottom she could not but feel that any one who was kind to her was taking an unwarrantable liberty. What right had Lucilla Marjoribanks to be kind to her? as if she was not as good as Lucilla any day! and though it might be worth her while to take advantage of it for the moment, it was still an insult, in its way, to be avenged if an opportunity ever should arise.

The evening came, as evenings do come quite indifferently whether people are glad or sorry; and it was with a calmness which the other ladies regarded as next to miraculous, that Miss Marjoribanks took Colonel Chiley's arm to go to the dining-room. We say the other ladies, for on this great occasion Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn were both among the dinner-guests. "To see her eat her dinner as if she had nothing on her mind!" Mrs. Centum said in amazement:

"as for me, though nobody can blame me if anything goes wrong, I could enjoy nothing for thinking of it. And I must say I was disappointed with the dinner," she added, with a certain air of satisfaction, in Mrs. Woodburn's ear. It was when they were going upstairs, and Lucilla was behind with Mrs. Chiley. "The fuss the men have always made about these dinners! and except for a few made dishes that were really nothing, you know, I can't say I saw anything particular in it. But as for Lucilla, I can't think she has any feeling," said the banker's wife.

"Oh, my dear, it is because you don't understand," said Mrs. Woodburn. "She is kept up, you know, by a sense of duty. It is all because she has set her heart on being a comfort to her dear papa!"

Such, it is true, were the comments that were made upon the public-spirited young woman who was doing so much for Carlingford but then Lucilla only shared the fate of all the great benefactors of the world. An hour later the glories of the furniture were veiled and hidden in a radiant flood of society, embracing all that was most fair and all that was most distinguished in Carlingford. No doubt this was a world of heterogeneous elements; but then if there had not been difficulties where would have been the use of Miss Marjoribanks's genius? Mr. Bury and his sister, who had been unconsciously mollified by the admirable dinner provided for them down-stairs, found some stray lambs in the assembly who were in need of them, and thus had the double satisfaction of combining pleasure with duty; and though there were several people in the room whose lives were a burden to them in consequence of Mrs. Woodburn's remarkable gift, even they found it impossible not to be amused by an occasional representation of an absent individual, or by the dashing sketch of Lucilla, which she gave at intervals in her corner, amid the

smothered laughter of the audience, who were half ashamed of themselves. "She is never ill-tempered, you know," the persons who felt themselves threatened in their turn said to each other with a certain piteous resignation; and oddly enough it was in general the most insignificant people about who were afraid of Mrs. Woodburn. It is needless to say that such a dread never entered the serene intelligence of Miss Marjoribanks, who believed in herself with a reasonable and steady faith. As for old Mrs. Chiley, who had so many funny little ways, and whom the mimic executed to perfection, she also was quite calm on the subject. "You know there is nothing to take off in me," the old lady would say; "I always was a simple body: and then I am old enough to be all your grandmothers, my dear;" which was a saying calculated, as Miss Marjoribanks justly observed, to melt a heart of stone. Then the Miss Browns had brought their photographs, in which most people in Grange Lane were caricatured hideously, but with such a charming equality that the most *exigeant* forgave the wrong to himself in laughing at his neighbours. Miss Brown had brought her music too, and sang her feeble little strain to the applause of her immediate neighbours, and to the delight of those who were at a distance, and who could talk louder and flirt more openly under cover of the music; and there were other young ladies who had also come prepared with a little roll of songs or "pieces." Lucilla, with her finger as it were upon the pulse of the company, let them all exhibit their powers with that enlightened impartiality which we have already remarked in her. When Mr. Cavenish came to her in his ingratiating way, and asked her how she could possibly let all the sparrows chirp like that when the nightingale was present, Miss Marjoribanks proved herself proof to the

flattery. She said, "Do go away, like a good man, and make yourself agreeable. There are so few men, you know, who can flirt in Carlingford. I have always reckoned upon you as such a valuable assistant. It is always such an advantage to have a man who flirts," said Miss Marjoribanks. This was a sentiment perhaps too large and enlightened, in the truest sense of the word, to meet, as it ought to have done, with the applause of her audience. Most of the persons immediately surrounding her thought, indeed, that it was a mere *bon-mot* to which Lucilla had given utterance, and laughed accordingly; but it is needless to explain that these were persons unable to understand her genius. All this time she was keeping her eyes upon a figure in the corner of a sofa, which looked as if it was glued there, and kept staring defiance at the world in general from under black and level brows. Lucilla, it is true, had introduced Barbara Lake in the most flattering way to Mrs. Chiley, and to some of the young ladies present; but then she was a stranger, and an intruder into those regions of the blest, and she could not help feeling so. If her present companions had not whispered among themselves, "Miss Lake! what Miss Lake! Good gracious! Lake the drawing-master's daughter!" she herself would still have reminded herself of her humble paternity. Barbara sat as if she could not move from that corner, looking out upon everybody with scared eyes, which expressed nothing but defiance, and in her own mind making the reflections of bitter poverty upon the airy pretty figures round her, in all the variations of that costume which Miss Marjoribanks had announced as the standard of dress for the evening. Barbara's muslin, six times washed, was not more different from the spotless lightness of all the draperies round her, than was her air of fright, and at the same time of de-

fiance, from the gay babble and pleasant looks of the group which, by a chance combination, she seemed to form part of. She began to say to herself that she had much better go away, and that there never could be anything in common between those frivolous creatures and her, who was a poor man's daughter; and she began to get dreadfully exasperated with Lucilla, who had beguiled her into this scene to make game of her, as poor Barbara said; though so far from making game of her, nobody took much notice, after the first unsuccessful attempt at conversation, of the unfortunate young woman. It was when she was in this unhappy humour that her eye fell upon Mr. Cavendish, who was in the act of making the appeal to Lucilla which we have already recorded. Barbara had never as yet had a lover, but she had read an unlimited number of novels, which came to nearly the same thing, and she saw at a glance, that this was somebody who resembled the indispensable hero. She looked at him with a certain fierce interest, and remembered at that instant how often in books it is the humble heroine, behind backs, whom all the young ladies snub, who wins the hero at the last. And then Miss Marjoribanks, though she sent him away, smiled benignantly upon him. The colour flushed to Barbara's cheeks, and her eyes, which had grown dull and fixed between fright and spite, took sudden expression under her straight brows. An intention, which was not so much an intention as an instinct, suddenly sprang into life within her; and without knowing, she drew a long breath of eagerness and impotence. He was standing quite near by this time, doing his duty according to Miss Marjoribanks's orders, and flirting with all his might; and Barbara looked at him just as a hungry schoolboy might be supposed to look at a tempting apple just out of his reach. How was she to get at this suitor

of Lucilla's? It would have given her so pure a delight to tear down the golden apple, and tread on it, and trample it to nothing; and then it came into her head that it might be good to eat as well.

It was at this moment that Miss Marjoribanks, who was in six places at once, suddenly touched Barbara's shoulder. "Come with me a minute; I want to show you something," she said loud out. Barbara, on her side, looked round with a crimson countenance, feeling that her secret thoughts must be written in her guilty eyes. But then these were eyes which could be utterly destitute of expression when they pleased, though their owner, at present just at the beginning of her experience, was not quite aware of the fact. She stumbled to her feet with all the awkwardness natural to that form of shyness which her temper and her temperament united to produce in her. She did all but put her foot through Miss Brown's delicate skirt, and she had neither the natural disposition nor the acquired grace which can carry off one of those trifling offences against society. Nevertheless, as she stood beside Lucilla at the piano, the company in general owned a little thrill of curiosity. Who was she? A girl with splendid black hair, with brows as level as if they had been made with a line, with intense eyes which looked a little oblique under that straight bar of shadow. Her dress was limp, but she was not such a figure as can be passed over even at an evening party; and then her face was a little flushed, and her eyes lit up with excitement. She seemed to survey everybody with that defiant look which was chiefly awkwardness and temper, but which looked like pride when she was standing up at her full height, and in a conspicuous position, where everybody could see her. Most people concluded she was an Italian whom Lucilla had picked up somewhere in her travels. As

for Mr. Cavendish, he stopped short altogether in the occupation which Miss Marjoribanks had allotted to him, and drew close to the piano. He thought he had seen the face somewhere under a shabby bonnet in some by-street of Carlingford, and he was even sufficiently learned in female apparel to observe the limpness of her dress.

This preface of curiosity had all been foreseen by Miss Marjoribanks, and she paused a moment, under pretence of selecting her music, to take the full advantage of it; for Lucilla, like most persons of elevated aims, was content to sacrifice herself to the success of her work; and then all at once, before the Carlingford people knew what they were doing, the two voices rose, bursting upon the astonished community like a sudden revelation. For it must be remembered that nobody in Carlingford, except the members of Dr. Marjoribanks's dinner-party had ever heard Lucilla sing, much less her companion; and the account which these gentlemen had carried home to their wives had been generally pooh-poohed and put down. "Mr. Centum never listens to a note if he can help it," said the banker's wife, "and how could he know whether she had a nice voice or not?" which, indeed, was a powerful argument. But this evening there could be no mistake about it. The words were arrested on the very lips of the talkers; Mrs. Woodburn paused in the midst of doing Lucilla, and, as we have before said, Mr. Cavendish broke a flirtation clean off at its most interesting moment. It is impossible to record what they sang, for those events, as everybody is aware, happened a good many years ago, and the chances are that the present generation has altogether forgotten the duet which made so extraordinary an impression on the inhabitants of Grange Lane. The applause with which the performance was received reached the length of a perfect ovation.

Barbara, for her part, who was not conscious of having ever been applauded before, flushed into splendid crimson, and shone out from under her straight eyebrows, intoxicated into absolute beauty. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she took it more calmly. Lucilla had the advantage of knowing what she could do, and accordingly she was not surprised when people found it remarkable. She consented, on urgent persuasion, to repeat the last verse of the duet, but when that was over, was smilingly obdurate. "Almost everybody can sing," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a magnificent depreciation of her own gift. "Perhaps Miss Brown will sing us something; but as for me, you know, I am the mistress of the house." She had to go away to attend to her guests, and she left Barbara still crimson and splendid, triumphing over her limp dress and all her disadvantages by the piano. Fortunately, for that evening Barbara's pride and her shyness prevented her from yielding to the repeated demands addressed to her by the admiring audience. She said to Mr. Cavendish, with a disloyalty which that gentleman thought piquant, that "Miss Marjoribanks would not be pleased;" and the future member for Carlingford thought he could not do better than obey the injunctions of the mistress of the feast by a little flirtation with the gifted unknown. To be sure, Barbara was not gifted in talk, and she was still defiant and contradictory; but then her eyes were blazing with excitement under her level eyebrows, and she was as willing to be flirted with as if she had known a great deal better. And then Mr. Cavendish had a weakness for a contralto. While this little by-play was going on, Lucilla was moving about, the centre of a perfect tumult of applause. No more complete success could be imagined than that of this first Thursday Evening, which was remarkable in the records of Car-

lingford; and yet perhaps Miss Marjoribanks, like other conquerors, was destined to build her victory upon sacrifice. She did not feel any alarm at the present moment; but even if she had, that would have made no difference to Lucilla's

proceedings. She was not the woman to shrink from a sacrifice when it was for the promotion of the great object of her life; and that, as everybody knew who knew Miss Majoribanks, was to be a comfort to her dear papa.

CHAPTER XL

"You have never told us who your unknown was," said Mr. Cavendish. "I suppose she is professional. Carlingford could not possibly possess two such voices in private life."

"Oh, I don't know about two such voices," said Miss Marjoribanks; "her voice suits mine, you know. It is always a great thing to find two voices that suit. I never would choose to have professional singers, for my part. You have to give yourself up to music when you do such a thing, and that is not my idea of society. I am very fond of music," said Lucilla—"excessively fond of it; but then everybody is not of my opinion—and one has to take so many things into consideration. For people who give one party in the year it does very well—but then I hate parties: the only pleasure in society is when one's friends come to see one without any ado."

"In white frocks, *high*," said Mrs. Woodburn, who could not help assuming Lucilla's manner for the moment, even while addressing herself; but as the possibility of such a *l'es-majesté* did not even occur to Miss Marjoribanks, she accepted the observation in good faith.

"Yes; I hate a grand toilette when it is only a meeting of friends," she said—"for the girls, you know; of course you married ladies can always do what you like. You have your husbands to please," said Lucilla. And this was a little hard upon her satirist, for, to tell the truth, that was a particular of domestic duty to which Mrs. Wood-

burn did not much devote herself, according to the opinion of Grange Lane.

"But about the contralto," said Mr. Cavendish, who had come to call on Miss Marjoribanks under his sister's wing, and desired above all things to keep the peace between the two ladies, as indeed is a man's duty under such circumstances. "You are always statesmanlike in your views; but I cannot understand why you let poor little Molly Brown carry on her chirping when you had such an astonishing force in reserve. She must have been covered with confusion, the poor little soul."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Woodburn, pursuing her favourite occupation as usual. "She only said, 'Goodness me! how high Lucilla goes! Do you like that dreadfully high music?' and made little eyebrows." To be sure, the mimic made Miss Brown's eyebrows, and spoke in her voice, so that even Lucilla found it a little difficult to keep her gravity. But then Miss Marjoribanks was defended by her mission, and she felt in her heart that, representing public interest as she did, it was her duty to avoid all complicity in any attack upon an individual; and consequently, to a certain extent, it was her duty also to put Mrs. Woodburn down.

"Molly Brown has a very nice little voice," said Lucilla, with most disheartening gravity. "I like to hear her sing, for my part—the only thing is that she wants cultivation a little. It doesn't matter much, you know, whether or not you have a voice to begin with.

It is cultivation that is the thing," said Mrs. Marjoribanks, deliberately. "I hope you *really* thought it was a pleasant evening. Of course everybody said so to me; but then one can never put any faith in that. I have said it myself ever so many times when I am sure I did not mean it. For myself, I don't give any importance to the first evening. Anybody can do a thing once, you know; the second and the third, and so on—that is the real test. But I hope you thought it pleasant so far as it went."

"It was a great deal more than pleasant," said Mr. Cavendish; "and as for your conception of social politics, it is masterly," the future M.P. added, in a tone which struck Lucilla as very significant; not that she cared particularly about Mr. Cavendish's meaning, but still, when a young man who intends to go into Parliament congratulates a young lady upon her statesmanlike views and her conception of politics, it must be confessed that it looks a little particular; and then, if that was what he meant, it was no doubt Lucilla's duty to make up her mind.

"Oh, you know, I went through a course of political economy at Mount Pleasant," she said with a laugh; "one of the Miss Blounts was dreadfully strong-minded. I wonder, for my part, that she did not make me literary; but fortunately I escaped that."

"Heaven be praised!" said Mr. Cavendish. "I think you ought to be Prime-minister. That contralto of yours is charming raw material; but if I were you, I would put her through an elementary course. She knows how to sing, but she does not know how to move; and as for talking, she seems to expect to be insulted. If you make a pretty-behaved young lady out of that, you will beat Adam Smith."

"Oh, I don't know much about Adam Smith," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I think Miss Martha thought him rather old-fashioned.

As for poor Barbara, she is only a little shy, but that will soon wear off. I don't see what need she has to talk—or to move either, for that matter. I thought she did very well indeed for a girl who never goes into society. Was it not clever of me to find her out the very first day I was in Carlingford? It has always been so difficult to find a voice that went perfectly with mine."

"For my part, I think it was a great deal more than clever," said Mr. Cavendish; for Mrs. Woodburn, finding herself unappreciated, was silent and making notes. "It was a stroke of genius. So her name is Barbara? I wonder if it would be indiscreet to ask where Mademoiselle Barbara comes from, or if she belongs to anybody, or lives anywhere. My own impression is that you mean to keep her shut up in a box all the week through, and produce her only on the Thursday evenings. I have a weakness for a fine contralto. If she had been existing in an ordinary habitation like other people in Carlingford, I should have heard her, or heard of her. It is clear to me that you keep her shut up in a box."

"Exactly," said Lucilla. "I don't mean to tell you anything about her. You may be sure, now I have found her out, I mean to keep her for myself. Her box is quite a pretty one, like what Gulliver had somewhere. It is just time for lunch, and you are both going to stay, I hope; and there is poor Mary Chiley and her husband coming through the garden. What a pity it is he is such a goose!"

"Yes; but you know she never would take her uncle's advice, my dear," said the incorrigible mimic, putting on Mrs. Chiley's face; "and being an orphan, what could anybody do? And then she does not get on with *his* family. By the way," Mrs. Woodburn said, falling into her natural tone, if indeed she could be said to have a natural tone—"I wonder if anybody ever does get on with her husband's

family." The question was one which was a little grave to herself at the moment; and this was the reason why she returned to her identity—for there was no telling how long the Woodburns, who had come for Christmas, meant to stay. "I shall be quite interested to watch *you*, Lucilla, when it comes to be your turn, and see how you manage," she went on, with a keen look at Miss Marjoribanks; and Mr. Cavendish laughed. He too looked at her, and Lucilla felt herself in rather a delicate position: not that she was agitated, as might have been the case had the future M.P. for Carlingford 'engaged her affections,' as she herself would have said. Fortunately these young affections were quite free as yet; but nevertheless Miss Marjoribanks felt that the question was a serious one, as coming from the sister of a gentleman who was undeniably paying her attention. She did not in the least wish to alarm a leading member of a family into which it was possible she might enter; and then at the same time she intended to reserve fully all her individual rights.

"I always make it a point never to shock anybody's prejudices," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I should do just the same with *them* as with other people; all you have to do is to show from the first that you mean to be good friends with everybody. But then I am so lucky: I can *always* get on with people," said Lucilla, rising to greet the two unfortunates who had come to Colonel Chiley's to spend a merry Christmas, and who did not know what to do with themselves. And then they all went down-stairs and lunched together very pleasantly. As for Mr. Cavendish, he was "quite devoted," as poor Mary Chiley said, with a touch of envy. To be sure, her *trousseau* was still in its full glory; but yet life under the conditions of marriage was not nearly such fun as it had been when she was a young lady, and had

some one paying attention to her: and she rather grudged Lucilla that climax of existence, notwithstanding her own superior standing and dignity as a married lady. And Mrs. Woodburn too awoke from her study of the stupid young husband to remark upon her brother's behaviour: she had not seen the two together so often as Mrs. Chiley had done, and consequently this was the first time that the thought had occurred to her. She too had been born "one of the Cavendishes," as it was common to say in Carlingford, with a certain imposing yet vague grandeur, and she was a little shocked, like any good sister, at the first idea. She watched Lucilla's movements and looks with a quite different kind of attention after this idea struck her, and made a rapid private calculation as to who Dr. Marjoribanks's connections were, and what he would be likely to give his daughter; so that it is evident that Lucilla did not deceive herself, but that Mr. Cavendish's attentions must have been marked indeed.

This was the little cloud which arose, as we have said, no bigger than a man's hand, over Miss Marjoribanks's prosperous way. When the luncheon was over and they had all gone, Lucilla took a few minutes to think it over before she went out. It was not that she was unduly flattered by Mr. Cavendish's attentions, as might have happened to an inexperienced young woman; for Lucilla, with her attractions and genius, had not reached the mature age of nineteen without receiving the natural homage of mankind on several clearly-defined occasions. But then the present case had various features peculiar to itself, which prevented Lucilla from crushing it in the bud, as she had meant to do with her cousin's ill-fated passion. She had to consider, in the first place, her mission in Carlingford, which was more important than anything else; but though Miss Marjoribanks had

vowed herself to the reorganisation of society in her native town, she had not by any means vowed that it was absolutely as Miss Marjoribanks that she was to accomplish that renovation. And then there was something in the very idea of being M.P. for Carlingford which moved the mind of Lucilla. It was a perfectly ideal position for a woman of her views, and seemed to offer the very field that was necessary for her ambition. This was the reason, of all others, which made her less careful to prevent Mr. Cavendish from "saying the words" than she had been with Tom. To be sure, it would be a trial to leave the drawing-room after it had just been furnished so entirely to her liking—not to say to her complexion; but still it was a sacrifice which might be made. It was in this way that Miss Marjoribanks prepared herself for the possible modifications which circumstances might impose. She did not make any rash resolution to resist a change which, on the whole, might possibly be "for the best," but prepared herself to take everything into consideration, and possibly to draw from it a superior good: in short, she looked upon the matter as a superior mind, trained in sound principles of political economy, might be expected to look upon the possible vicissitudes of fortune, with an enlightened regard to the uses of all things, and to the comparative values on either side.

Barbara Lake, as it happened, was out walking at the very moment when Miss Marjoribanks sat down to consider this question. She had gone to the School of Design to meet Rose, with an amiability very unusual in her. Rose had made such progress, after leaving Mount Pleasant, under her father's care, and by the help of that fine feeling for art which has been mentioned in the earlier part of this history, that the charge of the female pupils in the School of Design had

been confided to her, with a tiny little salary, which served Mr. Lake as an excuse for keeping his favourite little daughter with him. Nothing could be supposed more unlike Barbara than her younger sister, who just came up to her shoulder, and was twice as serviceable and active and "nice," according to the testimony of all the children. Barbara had led her father a hard life, poor man! the time that Rose was at Mount Pleasant; but now that his assistant had come back again, the poor drawing-master had recovered all his old spirits. She was just coming out of the School of Design, with her portfolio under her arm, when Barbara met her. There were not many pupils, it is true, but still there were enough to worry poor Rose, who was not an imposing personage, and who was daily wounded by the discovery that after all there are but a limited number of persons in this world, especially in the poorer classes of the community, and under the age of sixteen, who have a feeling for art. It was utterly inconceivable to the young teacher how her girls could be so clever as to find out each a different way of putting the sublime features of the Belvedere Apollo out of drawing, and she was still revolving this difficult problem when her sister joined her. Barbara, for her part, was occupied with thoughts of a hero much more interesting than he of Olympus. She was flushed and eager, and looking very handsome under her shabby bonnet; and her anxiety to have a confidant was so great that she made a dart at Rose, and grasped her by the arm under which she was carrying her portfolio, to the great discomposure of the young artist. She asked, with a little anxiety, "What is the matter? is there anything wrong at home?" and made a rapid movement to get to the other side.

"Oh, Rose," said Barbara, panting with haste and agitation, "only

fancy; I have just seen him. I met him right in front of Masters's, and he took off his hat to me. I feel in such a way—I can scarcely speak."

"Met—who?" said Rose—for she was imperfect in her grammar, like most people in a moment of emergency; and besides, she shared to some extent Miss Marjoribanks's reluctance to shock the prejudices of society, and was disturbed by the idea that somebody might pass and see Barbara in her present state of excitement, and perhaps attribute it to its true cause.

"Oh you stupid little thing!" said Barbara, giving her "a shake" by her disengaged arm. "I tell you, *him*!—the gentleman I met at Lucilla Marjoribanks's. He looked as if he was quite delighted to see me again; and I am sure he turned round to see where I was going. He couldn't speak to me, you know, the first time; though indeed I shouldn't be the least surprised if he had followed—at a distance, you know, only to see where I live," said Barbara, turning round and searching into the distance with her eager eyes. But there was nobody to be seen in the street, except some of Rose's pupils lingering along in the sunshine, and very probably exchanging similar confidences. Barbara turned back again with a touch of disappointment. "I am quite sure he will find out before long; and don't forget I said so," she added, with a little nod of her head.

"I don't see what it matters if he found out directly," said Rose. "Papa would not let anybody come to our house that he did not approve of; and then, you know, he will never have anything to say to people who are patronising. I don't want to hear any more about your fine gentleman. If you were worried as I am, you would think much more of getting home than of anybody bowing to you in the street. One of the gentlemen from Marlborough House once took off

his hat to me," said Rose, with a certain solemnity. "Of course I was pleased; but then I knew it was my design he was thinking of—my Honiton flounce, you know. I suppose this other one must have thought you had a pretty voice."

This time, however, it was an angry shake that Barbara gave to her sister. "I wish you would not be such a goose," she said; "who cares about your Honiton flounce? He took off his hat because—because he admired me, I suppose—and then it was a great deal more than just taking off his hat. He gave me such a look! Papa has no sense, though I suppose you will blaze up when I say so. He ought to think of us a little. As for patronising, I should soon change that, I can tell you. But then papa thinks of nothing but paying his bills and keeping out of debt, as he says—as if everybody was not in debt; and how do you suppose we are ever to get settled in life? It would be far more sensible to spend a little more, and go into society a little, and do us justice. Only think all that that old Doctor is doing for Lucilla; and there are four of us when the little ones grow up," said Barbara, in a tone of injury. "I should like to know what papa is thinking of? If mamma had not died when she did——"

"It was not poor mamma's fault," said Rose. "I daresay she would have lived if she could for all our sakes. But then you have always taken a false view of our position, Barbara. We are a family of *artists*," said the little mistress of the School of Design. She had pretty eyes, very dewy and clear, and they woke up under the excitement of this proud claim. "When papa is appreciated as he deserves, and when Willie has *made a name*," said Rose, with modest confidence, "things will be different. But the true strength of our position is that we are a family of artists. We are

everybody's equal, and we are nobody's equal. We have a rank of our own. If you would only remember this, you would not grudge anything to Lucilla Marjoribanks; and then I am sure she has been very kind to you."

"Oh, bother!" said the unfeeling Barbara. "You do nothing but encourage papa with your nonsense. And I should like to know what right Lucilla Marjoribanks has to be kind to me? If I am not as good as she, it is a very strange thing. I should never take the trouble to think about *him* if it was not that Lucilla believes he is paying her attention—that is the great fun. It would be delicious to take him from her, and make game of her and her kindness. Goodness! there he is again. I felt sure that he would try to find out the house."

And Barbara crimsoned higher than ever, and held Rose fast by the arm, and called her attention by the most visible and indeed tangible signs to the elegant apparition, like any other underbred young woman. As for Rose, she was a little gentlewoman born, and had a horror unspeakable of her sister's bad manners. When Mr. Cavendish made a movement as if to address Barbara, it was the pretty grey eyes of Rose lifted to his face with a look of

straightforward surprise and inquiry which made him retire so hastily. He took off his hat again more respectfully than before, and pursued his walk along Grove Street, as if he had no ulterior intention in visiting that humble part of the town. As for Barbara, she held Rose faster than ever, and almost pinched her arm to move her attention. "I knew he was trying to find out the house," she said, in an exultant whisper. "And Lucilla thinks he is paying her attention!" For to be sure when Miss Marjoribanks took to being kind to Barbara, she conferred upon the contralto at the same moment a palpable injury and grievance, which was what the drawing-master's daughter had been looking for, for several years of her life. And naturally Lucilla, who was at this moment thinking it all over under the soft green shadows from her new hangings, was deprived of the light which might have been thrown on her reflections, had she seen what was going on in Grove Street. But the conditions of humanity are such that even a woman of genius cannot altogether overstep them. And Lucilla still continued to think that Mr. Cavendish was paying her attention, which, indeed, was also the general opinion in Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XII.

The second of her Thursday evenings found Miss Marjoribanks, though secure, perhaps more anxious than on the former occasion. The charm of the first novelty was gone, and Lucilla did not feel quite sure that her subjects had the good sense to recognise all the benefits which she was going to confer upon them. "It is the second time that counts," she said in confidence to Mrs. Chiley. "Last Thursday they wanted to see the drawing-room, and they wanted to know what sort of thing it was to be.

Dear Mrs. Chiley, it is to-night that is the test," said Lucilla, giving a nervous pressure to her old friend's hand; at least a pressure that would have betokened the existence of nerves in any one else but Miss Marjoribanks, whose magnificent organisation was beyond any suspicion of such weakness. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Chiley, who watched her with grandmotherly interest, was comforted to perceive that Lucilla, as on the former occasion, had strength of mind to eat her dinner. "She wants a little sup-

port, poor dear," the old lady said in her heart; for she was a kinder critic than the younger matrons, who felt instinctively that Miss Marjoribanks was doing what they ought to have done. She took her favourite's arm in hers as they went up-stairs, and gave Mr. Cavendish a kindly nod as he opened the door for them. "He will come and give you his assistance as soon as ever he can get away from the gentlemen," said Mrs. Chiley, in her consolatory tone; "but, good gracious, Lucilla, what is the matter?" The cause of this exclamation was a universal hum and rustle as of many dresses and many voices; and, to tell the truth, when Miss Marjoribanks and her companion reached the top of the stairs, they found themselves lost in a laughing crowd, which had taken refuge on the landing. "There is no room, Lucilla. Lucilla, everybody in Carlingford is here. Do make a little room for us in the drawing-room," cried this overplus of society. If there was an enviable woman in Carlingford at that moment, it certainly was Miss Marjoribanks, standing on the top of her own stairs, scarcely able to penetrate through the throng of her guests. Her self-possession did not forsake her at this supreme moment. She grasped Mrs. Chiley once again with a little significant gesture which pleased the old lady, for she could not but feel that she was Lucilla's only *confidante* in her brilliant but perilous undertaking. "They will not be able to get in when they come up-stairs," said Miss Marjoribanks; and whether the faint inflection in her voice meant exultation or disappointment, her old friend could not make up her mind. But the scene changed when the rightful sovereign entered the gay but disorganised dominion where her subjects attended her. Before any one knew how it was done, Miss Marjoribanks had re-established order, and, what was still more important, made room. She said, "You girls have

no business to get into corners. The corners are for the people that can talk. It is one of my principles always to flit in the middle of the company," said Lucilla; and again, as happened so often, ignorant people laughed and thought it a *bon mot*. But it is needless to inform the more intelligent persons who understand Miss Marjoribanks, that it was by no means a *bon mot*, but expressed Lucilla's convictions with the utmost sincerity. Thus it happened that the second Thursday was more brilliant and infinitely more gratifying than the first had been. For one thing, she felt sure that it was not to see the new furniture, nor to criticise this new sort of entertainment, but with the sincerest intention of enjoying themselves, that all the people had come; and there are moments when the egotism of the public conveys the highest compliment that can be paid to the great minds which take in hand to rule and to amuse it. The only drawback was, that Barbara Lake did not show the same modesty and reticence as on the former occasion. Far from being sensibly silent, which she had been so prudent as to be on Miss Marjoribanks's first Thursday, she forgot herself so far as to occupy a great deal of Mr. Cavendish's valuable time, which he might have employed much more usefully. She not only sang by herself when he asked her, having brought some music with her unseen by Lucilla, but she kept sitting upon the stool before the piano ever so long afterwards, detaining him, and, as Miss Marjoribanks had very little doubt, making an exhibition of herself; for the fact was, that Barbara, having received one good gift from nature, had been refused the other, and could not talk. When Lucilla, arrested in the midst of her many occupations, heard her *protégée's* voice rising alone, she stopped quite short with an anxiety which it was touching to behold. It was not the jealousy of a rival cantatrice which

inspired Miss Marjoribanks's countenance, but the far broader and grander anxiety of an accomplished statesman, who sees a rash and untrained hand meddling with his most delicate machinery. Lucilla ignored everything for the moment—her own voice, and Mr. Cavendish's attentions, and every merely secondary and personal emotion. All these details were swallowed up in the fear that Barbara would not acquit herself as it was necessary for the credit of the house that she should acquit herself; that she should not sing well enough, or that she should sing too much. Once more Miss Marjoribanks put her finger upon the pulse of the community as she and they listened together. Fortunately, things went so far well that Barbara sang her very best, and kept up her *prestige*: but it was different in the second particular; for, unluckily, the contralto knew a great many songs, and showed no inclination to stop. Nothing remained for it but a bold *coup*, which Lucilla executed with all her natural coolness and talent. "My dear Barbara," she said, putting her hands on the singer's shoulders as she finished her strain, "that is enough for to-night. Mr. Cavendish will take you down-stairs and get you a cup of tea; for you know there is no room to-night to serve it up-stairs." Thus Miss Marjoribanks proved herself capable of preferring her great work to her personal sentiments, which is generally considered next to impossible for a woman. She did what perhaps nobody else in the room was capable of doing: she sent away the gentleman who was paying attention to her, in company with the girl who was paying attention to him; and at that moment, as was usual when she was excited, Barbara was splendid, with her crimson cheeks, and the eyes blazing out from under her level eyebrows. This Miss Marjoribanks did, not in ignorance, but with a perfect sense of what

she was about. It was the only way of preventing her Evening from losing its distinctive character. It was the Lamp of sacrifice which Lucilla had now to employ, and she proved herself capable of the exertion. But it would be hopeless to attempt to describe the indignation of old Mrs. Chiley, or the unmitigated amazement of the company in general, which was conscious at the same time that Mr. Cavendish was paying attention to Miss Marjoribanks, and that he had been flirting in an inexcusable manner with Miss Lake. "My dear, I would have nothing to do with that bold girl," Mrs. Chiley said in Lucilla's ear. "I will go down and look after them if you like. A girl like that always leads the gentlemen astray, you know. I never liked the looks of her. Let me go down-stairs and look after them, my dear. I am sure I want a cup of tea."

"You shall have a cup of tea, dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks—"some of them will bring you one; but I can't let you take any trouble about Barbara. She had to be stopped, you know, or she would have turned us into a musical party; and as for Mr. Cavendish, he is the best assistant I have. There are so few men in Carlingford who can flirt," said Lucilla, regretfully. Her eyes fell as she spoke upon young Osmond Brown, who was actually at that moment talking to Mr. Bury's curate, with a disregard of his social duties painful to contemplate. Poor Osmond started when he met Miss Marjoribanks's reproachful eye.

"But then I don't know how," said the disconcerted youth,—and he blushed, poor boy, being only eighteen, and not much more than a schoolboy. As for Lucilla, who had no intention of putting up with that sort of thing, she sent off the curate summarily for Mrs. Chiley's cup of tea.

"I did not mean you, my dear Osy," she said, in her motherly tone. "When you are a little

older we shall see what you can do; but you are not at all disagreeable for a boy," she added, encouragingly, and took Osmond's arm, as she made her progress down the room, with an indulgence worthy of her maturer years; and even Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn and the Miss Browns, who were, in a manner, Lucilla's natural rivals, could not but be impressed with this evidence of her powers. They were like the Tuscan chivalry in the ballad, who could scarce forbear a cheer at the sight of their opponent's prowess. Perhaps nothing that she could have done would have so clearly demonstrated the superiority of her genius to her female audience as that bold step of stopping the music, which began to be too much, by sending off the singer down-stairs under charge of Mr. Cavendish. To be sure the men did not even find out what it was that awoke the ladies' attention; but, then, in delicate matters of social politics, one never expects to be understood by *them*.

Barbara Lake, as was to be expected, took a very long time over her cup of tea; and even when she returned up-stairs she made another pause on the landing, which was still kept possession of by a lively stream of young people coming and going. Barbara had very little experience, and she was weak enough to believe that Mr. Cavendish lingered there to have a little more of her society all to himself; but to tell the truth, his sentiments were of a very different description. For by this time it must be owned that Barbara's admirer began to feel a little ashamed of himself. He could not but be conscious of Lucilla's magnanimity; and at the same time, he was very well aware that his return with his present companion would be watched and noted and made the subject of comment a great deal more amusing than agreeable. When he did take Barbara in at last, it was with a discomfited air which tickled the spectators beyond measure. And as his

evil luck would have it, notwithstanding the long pause he had made on the landing, to watch his opportunity of entering unobserved, Miss Marjoribanks was the first to encounter the returning couple. They met full in the face, a few paces from the door—exactly, as Mrs. Chiley said, as if it had been Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish on their wedding visit, and the lady of the house had gone to meet them. As for the unfortunate gentleman, he could not have looked more utterly disconcerted and guilty if he had been convicted of putting the spoons in his pocket, or of having designs upon the silver tea-service. He found a seat for his companion with all the haste possible; and instead of lingering by her side, as she had anticipated, made off on the instant, and hid himself like a criminal in the dark depths of a group of men who were talking together near the door. These were men who were hopeless, and good for nothing but to talk to each other, and whom Miss Marjoribanks tolerated in her drawing-room partly because their wives, with an excusable weakness, insisted on bringing them, and partly because they made a foil to the brighter part of the company, and served as a butt when anybody wanted to be witty. As for Lucilla, she made no effort to recall the truant from the ranks of the Incurables. It was the only vengeance she took upon his desertion. When he came to take leave of her, she was standing with her hand in that of Mrs. Chiley, who was also going away. "I confess I was a little nervous this evening," Miss Marjoribanks was saying. "You know it is always the second that is the test. But I think, on the whole, it has gone off very well. Mr. Cavendish, you promised to tell me the truth; for you know I have great confidence in your judgment. Tell me sincerely, do you think it has been a pleasant evening?" Lucilla said, with a beautiful earnestness, looking him in the face.

The guilty individual to whom this question was addressed felt disposed to sink into the earth, if the earth, in the shape of Mr. Holden's beautiful new carpet, would but have opened to receive him; but, after all, that was perhaps not a thing to be desired under the circumstances. Mr. Cavendish, however, was a man of resources, and not disposed to give up the contest without striking a blow in his own defence.

"Not so pleasant as last Thursday," he said. "I am not fit to be a lady's adviser, for I am too sincere; but I incline to think it is the third that is the test," said the future M.P.; and Lucilla made him, as Mrs. Chiley remarked, the most beautiful curtsy; but then nothing could be more delightful than the manner in which that dear girl behaved through the whole affair.

"If everybody would only help me as you do!" said Miss Marjoribanks. "Good-night; I am so sorry you have not enjoyed yourself. But then it is such a consolation to meet with people that are sincere. And I think, on the whole, it has gone off very well for the second," said Lucilla, "though I say it that should not say it." The fact was, it had gone off so well that the house could hardly be cleared of the amiable and satisfied guests. A series of the most enthusiastic compliments were paid to Lucilla as she stood in state in the middle of the room, and bade everybody good-bye. "Next Thursday," she said, with the benevolent grace of an acknowledged sovereign. And when they were all gone, Miss Marjoribanks's reflections, as she stood alone in the centre of her domains, were of a nature very different from the usual reflections which the giver of a feast is supposed to make when all is over. But then, as everybody is aware, it was not a selfish desire for personal pleasure, nor any scheme of worldly ambition, which moved the mind of Lucilla. With such motives it is only natural that the

conclusion, "All is vanity," should occur to the weary entertainer in the midst of his withered flowers and extinguished lights. Such ideas had nothing in common with the enlightened conceptions of Miss Marjoribanks. Perhaps it would be false to say that she had suffered in the course of this second Thursday, or that a superior intelligence like Lucilla's could permit itself to feel any jealousy of Barbara Lake; but it would be vain to deny that she had been *surprised*. And any one who knows Miss Marjoribanks will acknowledge that a great deal was implied in that confession. But then she had triumphed over the weakness, and triumphantly proved that her estimate of the importance of her work went far beyond the influence of mere personal feeling. In these circumstances Lucilla could contemplate her withered flowers with perfect calmness, without any thought that all was vanity. But then the fact was, Miss Marjoribanks was accomplishing a great public duty, and at the same time had the unspeakable consolation of knowing that she had proved herself a comfort to her dear papa. To be sure the Doctor, after looking on for a little with a half-amused consciousness that his own assistance was totally unnecessary, had gradually veered into a corner, and from thence had finally managed to escape down-stairs to his beloved library. But then the sense of security and tranquillity with which he established himself at the fire, undisturbed by the gay storm that raged outside, gave a certain charm to his retirement. He rubbed his hands and listened, as a man listens to the wind howling out-of-doors, when he is in shelter and comfort. So that, after all, Lucilla's sensation of having accomplished her filial duties in the most effective manner was to a certain extent justified, while at the same time it is quite certain that nobody missed Dr. Marjoribanks from the pleasant assembly up-stairs.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS
IN GENERAL.

PART XIV.

CHANGING HOUSE.

ALMOST all of us know what it is to "change house"—to go off from our old haunts, the corners we have loved so well, the time-worn ways of home, and install ourselves in some new domicile, where everything is new, strange, and unsettled. There are few things in life so full of discomfort. The more a man sees of the world, the more is he disposed to believe that a certain routine—a sort of quiet monotony in the general tenor of life—is one of the choicest aids to happiness. In fact, until this same "dull monotony," as some would call it, be established, the real enjoyment of variety can never be experienced. There can be no furlough where there is no discipline.

The business of life, besides, requires that even the idlest and most indolent of us should have a certain method. There must be meal-times, and these, let me observe, are in a great measure the determining influences which render us active, energetic, and useful, or dispose us to sloth, neglect, and good-for-nothingness. Tell me when a man eats, and I will tell you when he works.

We are, in a word, far more slaves to ourselves than we like to acknowledge; but I am decidedly inclined to believe that, on the whole, the servitude works well. Now the house we live in for a number of years cannot fail to exert a great influence over us. The same places impress the same trains of thought, till at last we give ourselves up to a ritual, in which the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the study are the masters, and certain inanimate objects, on which we scarcely bestow

a thought, become our impulses and our directors.

With a change of house all this is revolutionised. You have to plot out your home—that is, your life—*anew*. You have to discuss aspects and views, the points of the compass, and the prevailing winds—to balance with yourself the advantages of the rising against the setting sun—to think where you can sleep most profoundly, and dine most snugly; and above all, if a man of my own temperament, where you can install yourself in a so-called study, a spot religiously believed sacred, to meditation and labour, but in sober reality a little Sleepy Hollow of refuge, dedicated to that noble pastime that is said to pave a disreputable region—a pastime which, in all its vague unreality, I would not exchange for many a practical tangible pleasure. With a change of house all these devolve upon you. You cannot begin the daily work of life till they be determined, nor can you determine them without a constant reference to the past. Your drawing-room may be larger and loftier, your study may offer more space or more accommodation; but depend upon it there will always be something, be it insignificant or small, to regret—something in which the by-gone will contrast favourably with the present. That this is a condition of human thought, I am inclined to believe; at least all my friends who have been married a second time have confidentially imparted to me something that would go far to confirm it.

Déménagement is a dreary process, however we look at it. It

is not alone that the old "properties" are very generally ill suited to the new dwelling, but that we never knew they were so old and timeworn until we had turned them out of their vested localities, and exposed them ruthlessly to remark and inspection. It is like reviewing a veteran battalion, where the crutches outnumber the muskets.

How long is it, too, before you can reconcile yourself to the new ways about you! There is a perpetual distraction in the sight of new objects, very jarring and uncomfortable; things which had no pretension to press themselves upon your thoughts stand obtrusively forward and ask to be considered; and, last of all, nobody can find anything. It is either locked up in the green packing-case or the brown box, or it has been left behind, or perhaps stolen. Scores of useless old trumperies are sure to be transported—things that could not possibly pay for the carriage, but which have an immense value in your servants' eyes, if only that they guarantee the immaculate integrity that remembered them. These, like poor relations, will thrust themselves reproachfully in your way at every moment, and it will be weeks before the last of them shall be consigned to its appropriate *oubliette*.

The change of domicile is always regarded as an act of indemnity with regard to every domestic shortcoming. The cook cannot manage the new spit; he has not yet learned the ways of the new oven. The footman has not found out how to make the dining-room fire without filling the house with smoke. No matter how favourable may be the circumstances of your new abode in comparison with the late one, your household will find abundant subject of disparaging contrast. How unjust to accuse human nature of ingratitude! Only listen to any man's account of his first wife's virtues.

It is clear, then, that whatever may be the compensations eventually, the first moments of change

are neither ways of pleasantness nor paths of peace. Indiscipline is master of the situation, and life is carried on, like the American war, by substitutes—a process to the full as costly as it is uncomfortable.

Now, if these be very serious inconveniences to the family, what, let me ask, will they be when incurred by a whole nation—when it is not a mere household of some fifteen or twenty people who change their domicile, but a people? Such is the case now with Italy; and really it is one of the most formidable pieces of internal convulsion a State has ever been called on to encounter. I speak not of a Court. A Court can comparatively easily change its seat. The King who receives at Caserta may without difficulty, on that day week, hold his levee at the Pitti. Court furniture and Court flunkies are everywhere much alike, and for the few commonplaces uttered by royalty all localities are pretty equally adapted. The difficulties in the present case are not the transfer of a kingly household, but the displacement of a legislature—the transport of a whole executive, with all its various orders of people, from the Minister of State in his cabinet to the porter at the gate—the conveyance of these people and their belongings to another city a couple of hundred miles off—the disruption of all the ties that bind them to home and friends, all the little ways and habits by which they fashioned their daily lives—the sudden removal of some forty or fifty thousand people to a country as much foreign to them as though under another rule; for, bear in mind, the Piedmontese is only partly intelligible to the rest of Italy, and is even less like the Tuscan in his nature than in his tongue.

I have once or twice heard the complaints of an English official on being sent to Dublin or Edinburgh, and heard how piteously he bewailed for his family the hardship of such a banishment, though in

his case there were not really any of those elements which impart the sense of a strange country. Let us imagine, then, what a heavy grievance this change of capital must be to all the servants of the State. These are all now to be drafted off like settlers to a new colony—they and their wives and children, their man-servants and their maid-servants, and all that is theirs. And, as though to make the illusion more perfect, a contract for wooden houses to hut the new settlers has been entered into, so that on their arrival on the savannahs of Tuscany they may feel themselves like squatters in the bush, only needing a few Calabrian brigands to complete the *tableau*, and realize all the horrors and cruelties of a cannibal neighbourhood. It is said that Cipriano la Gala and his ruffian associates, whose murders and assassinations have been the terror-themes of southern Italy, have had their sentence of death commuted to perpetual imprisonment through the direct interference of the Emperor Napoleon! Is it too rash a guess to surmise, that when that great disposer of Italian destiny decreed the change of capital he also intended to liberate these wretches, so that when the poor Piedmontese found himself in the new land of his destitution he might be able to realise in his own experiences the horrors of brigandage without the expense of a journey to the Neapolitan provinces? We are told that the change of capital is a popular measure throughout central and southern Italy, and that even Lombardy looks on it without displeasure. I can readily believe this. There is no more beautiful spectacle than the equanimity of our friends at our misfortunes. Piedmont was not liked; she had not any of the graceful gifts which conciliate and win regard. I am not very certain that, even if she had possessed them, she would have deployed them to cultivate

the good will of the Neapolitans. But this is an aspect of the question I decline to regard. It is the material difficulties of the situation alone I desire to consider, and I return to them.

Florence is about to receive the population which will be withdrawn from Turin, and she prepares for the task in a most suitable spirit by doubling the price of everything. It is not then, merely that the Turinese has to quit his home and his friends, but he has to take up his abode in a city rendered doubly costly by the very news of his coming. This, of course, must be submitted to. Political economy has its maxims about supply and demand, and there is no help for the hardship. But there is, besides this, another, and, I think, a most unfair grievance. The Florentines are not content with the immense boon that has befallen them, but go about complaining loudly of the hardship of the invasion that awaits them, how life will be rendered dear, and, above all, what competition they will have to encounter with the Turinese traders and shopkeepers, who are certain to open houses in Florence, and contest with them the traffic of their own city. Already such complaints are rife, and even in ranks of the community where one might have thought a more liberal and just spirit would have prevailed. The very bankers of Florence are in arms at the thought that Turinese capital should seek employment in the new metropolis, and Piedmontese enterprise demand a sphere for its exercise beyond the walls of their now deserted city.

It is not merely, then, that you have to change house, remove your properties and *penates*, desert the pleasant familiar places you had grown to; but you have to remove to a land where you are not loved, and will not be welcomed. This makes the task much harder. The change is a charming thing for your

neighbours: they will make fortunes by it—become richer, and greater, and more influential than ever they dreamed of being—and yet your presence amongst them detracts terribly from the enjoyment. They want the offices you filled—not *you* who filled them. They want that rich population of foreign Ministers and their followings; they want that Court you were so proud of, and the King you loved so well; and they are quite ready to tell you that their claim to them all lies in their superior civilisation, and in the higher culture of “gentle Tuscany.” Of all the daily difficulties, the hourly embarrassments, the plan is to entail, it is needless to speak. Let any one imagine the condition of an ordinary family, with half its baggage at its late residence, and one-third of the other half on the road, with all the losses and damage of the way, with the discomforts of a new abode, and the not over-civil disposition of the new neighbourhood;—let him magnify this to the size of a nation, and he will have to own that these are not slight nor fanciful grievances.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs has to refer to a despatch, and he is told it is with the archives waiting to be shipped at Genoa. His colleague of Home Affairs is in the midst of a correspondence with the prefects, and finds, for want of the early part, that he has been contradicting himself most flatly. He of Grace and Justice is unable to remember without his notes, that are not to be found, whether a certain brigand was protected or not by the French at Rome, and is consequently in doubt whether he should be shot or pensioned. All is confusion, disorder, and chaos. Nobody can answer any question, and, what is worse, none can be called to account for his insufficiency. It is a bill of indemnity with regard to every official's shortcoming; and just as you would be slow to arraign the cook for the

burnt surloin, or the butler for the dingy look of the silver, on the first days of your *déménagement*, so must Ministers bear with patience every indiscipline around them, on the plea that everything has to be done for “the best,” which, in plain English, means in the very worst of all imaginable ways.

How Florence is suddenly to dilate itself to the proportions the exigency calls for—how the Post is to receive and transmit them, the increased correspondence—how Government officials are to know at once how to find each other—how all that work of executive rule, which requires both exactitude and despatch, is to go on in a new place, as though it were a mere clock which had been transferred from one town to another—is not easy to see.

Let a man take his own case. How soon, after the turmoil and disturbance of a change of abode, does he resume the ordinary business of his daily life? Can he continue with the unbroken thread of any occupation he has been engaged in? Is he able, in the midst of the disturbing elements of a new home, to sit down calmly to any work that demands deep thought and consideration?

Think, then, what these difficulties become where the labor is not only vast but complicated—where each department has to depend on some other, and co-operation is all essential—where the delay of an answer or the want of clearness in an order might be the cause of great disaster; and then imagine what are the difficulties which await the Italian executive, at a moment, too, when it is called on to confront the perils of an embarrassed exchequer and a dissatisfied population.

They say Florence is but the first stage on the way to Rome. My impression is that the present experience will suffice for them, and that, when they have counted the cost of the *déménagement*, they

will be satisfied to stay quietly truth of the proverb, that "two where they are, believing in the removes are as bad as a fire."

THE "ROPE TRICK."

We must surely have fallen on dull times—there must be a very remarkable dearth of subjects to interest or amuse, or we should not have given so much of our attention to the proceedings of the Davenport Brothers, and have our newspapers daily occupied with the attack or defence of these "Circulating mediums." It is hard to say whether credulity or incredulity comes best out of the controversy, or whether a calm bystander would incline to the side of those who see in these performances the dawn of a new era of discovery, or hastily put these men into the category of common conjurors.

For my own part, I think they deserve full credit for the way in which they have baffled discovery and evaded exposure. Just as some one said that the Great Duke had "a little more common sense than all the rest of the world," so have these men one trick more than all mankind. The Hindoo and the Professed Juggler could do some, but neither of them could do *all* of the Davenport rogueries; and though this be a small bill with which to draw on Fame, let us not dishonour it.

The Rope trick, as it is called, would appear to be familiar to a large number of persons; at least there is scarcely a lecture-room in a provincial town, scarcely a mechanics' institute, which has not seen one or two amateur performers perfect adepts in this exploit. In this feat, after all, originated the great celebrity of these men. It was the fact that, being bound by persons thoroughly conversant with all the mysteries of knots, tied with the practised skill of sailor hands, their bonds crossed, recrossed, and interwoven with every device of subtlety, yet, as the newspapers say, "in an

incredibly short space of time they were found to have released themselves, greatly astonishing a crowded audience, who cheered lustily."

Nor is this all. The lights being once more extinguished, and in a space equally brief, they were discovered to be once again involved in all the intricacies of their bonds, every knot and every crossing being exactly as at first, so that the most minute examination could not detect the slightest variation. To a man like myself, to whom a moderately tight coat is a strait-waistcoat, and who regards the commonest impediment to freedom as little short of a convict's fetter, this performance does indeed appear miraculous. I am consoled, however, for my own ineptness, by remembering what a number of specialities this world has room for, and that there are a variety of other tricks which I could not perform, and very probably never shall be called on to attempt. At first, therefore, my sympathies were in favor of these nimble fellows, and it was with a sort of impatience I read those letters to the 'Times' and the 'Post,' of people offering to perform the rope trick for the benefit of this or that charitable institution. I suppose drowsiness stole over me as I sat. I am naturally indignant at any imputation of being asleep, so that it could not have gone to the extent of slumber; but I certainly had reached the hazy stage, when sounds are murmurs and sighs mere dissolving views in a foggy atmosphere. I fancied a friend was discoursing with me on these Davenport people, and that his arguments were a mere *résumé* of all these furious letters I had been reading. "It was an old trick—one of the stalest tricks; a trick that no conjuror of credit would have deemed it

worth while to exhibit. The tying might be more expertly done in one case than another, and a few seconds more consequently employed in the act of liberation; in the end, however, the conjuror was certain to succeed, with no other inconvenience than a certain flushed look and a slightly accelerated pulse. What I cannot comprehend," said he, "is your astonishment! Are you really amazed, Cornelius O'Dowd?" asked he; "or is this a got-up astonishment—one of those traits of youthful trustfulness I have seen you more than once perform before a too confiding public? Come, old fellow, none of these penny-a-liner affectations with me. You know well—ay, sir, you *know well*—that you have, as our neighbours say, 'assisted' at exhibitions of this kind scores of times."

For a moment I felt as if passion would suffocate me. My head, I believe, had got jammed into the corner of the chair, and I breathed with difficulty.

"If that grunt means dissent, sir," continued he, "unsay it at once. I will stand no dissimulation." I felt choking, but he went on. "You claim to be a sort of 'own correspondent to all humanity;' you presume to say that you are eternally on the watch to report whatever goes on of new, strange, and remarkable in this world of ours; and here you stand with pretended astonishment at a feat of which even the last dozen years have offered us fully as many instances—ay, instances which called forth ample discussion and noise enough to addle the whole kingdom. The first time I ever witnessed the trick myself," he went on, "it was done by Lord John Russell." I started with amazement, but he resumed. "The tying had been done by Cobden and John Bright, but very clumsily and very ineffectually. Whether it was their enormous self-confidence, or that they underrated the performer on account of his size, I cannot say; but the preva-

lent opinion was, none of the knots were drawn tight enough, nor was there sufficient cord employed. At all events, when the lights were produced, he was found seated with his bonds at his feet—a little flurried, as was natural, and with a heightened colour. The lights being extinguished—the 'House up'—after a very brief interval, we found him tied up exactly as before, every knot fastened just as Cobden and Bright had left it. The company 'cheered lustily,' some fully convinced there was more in it than our philosophy had yet fathomed; others, manifestly out of envy, alleging it was the simplest of all the rogueries in a conjuror's wallet. The discussion grew positively angry, and Mr. Disraeli stepped forward and said that there was really nothing in the trick at all, that he had done it scores of times to amuse a family circle, and was quite ready to exhibit now, if it could amuse the public. Loud applause followed, all the louder that the performer professed he was quite willing that Lord John himself should assist in the tying. Nothing could be fairer than this; all seemed charmed by the magnanimity. I wish I could say that the result was as favourable as the opening promised. Unfortunately, however, when the lights came, there he sat with the cords around him, somewhat deranged and disordered indeed, but still sufficiently tied to show he was perfectly powerless, and so exhausted by his efforts besides, that it was necessary to cut the ropes and get him out into the fresh air to recover!

"His friends were much disappointed; his own self-confidence had seized them, and they went about saying, 'Don't be afraid, he's sure to do it; he has watched John closely; he knows the trick thoroughly, and so on. And now they were driven to all sorts of devices to explain the failure. They even went so far as to say that in John's

case the tyers were accomplices, and the whole thing a 'sell'; others declared that Dizzy would have done it if the lights had not come so soon; that he was not fully ready: but a very shrewd friend of my own told me that it was a knot of his own making—a bit of vainglorious display he had insisted on exhibiting—that really bound him, and but for this he would have done the trick just as well as the other.

"Of course this brought John back enthusiastically into public favour, and all went about saying he has never failed yet; and though they have got a rope over from America, and even tried some special hemp from Russia, it's all the same; he steps through the meshes, and sits there as free and unconcerned as need be.

"It is true, however, he objects to let a Frenchman tie him—a conjuror by profession—a certain Louis Nap, who proposed to test him by what they call 'the Polish Trap.' John demurred, and said it was a game that would never amuse an English public; not to say that the representation was too far off, and in a part of the town very inconvenient to come at. In fact, he made twenty pretexts, and ended by saying that if he were to be bothered any more, he'd remove his lodgings, go and live up-stairs, and give up conjuring altogether.

"Cob and Quaker John are perhaps not on as good terms with him as they were formerly, for they go about grumbling, and darkly hinting what they'd do if they had only another chance with him. My own opinion is, that they'd fail just as they failed before. He is a master of his art. We all of us saw how, tied and fastened in every direc-

iton, his feet to his neck, and his hands to his ankles, he contrived one day to put on Mr. Newdegate's coat, and actually wrote a letter to the Bishop of Durham; and before the ink was well dry on it, there he sat in his own clothes, innocently asking who could have composed that indiscreet epistle?

"There is not much music in his performances, I admit. In that respect the Brothers Davenport may beat him; but for the 'rope trick,' I'll back him against all Yankeedom; and yet few men think less of their 'bonds' than Pennsylvanians."

P.S.—While I write I read that a son of the original juggler has made his first appearance, and the newspapers call it a very successful appearance, before the public. He boldly declares he is prepared to do all the old tricks of his father, and a few new ones especially his own. He called upon a very crowded assembly to test his qualifications, and tie him in any way they pleased; but they were good-humouredly disposed to applaud his pluck and not prove his efficiency. As they very reasonably observed, what can it possibly signify whether he be tied or loose? I agree with them perfectly; but if he should persist in these appeals, and torment us with a repetition of his challenge, let me suggest one species of tying that I have never known fail. It has held the most unruly spirits as peaceable as lambs, and requires neither skill nor trouble in the application. It is simply done by a few yards of red tape. The man who has these draped round him, ever so loosely, never struggles any more.

RAIN—RAIN—MUCH RAIN.

Of all the people of small pursuits, I know of none equal to those who chronicle the weather,

measure the rainfall, and keep a register of the falling barometer. In the unbroken series of their

observations you are led to mark how unceasingly they seem to labour. Watching the clouds night and day, not a drift, not a shower escapes them. Noting each change of wind, they tell you how, at 40 minutes after 2 A.M. on the 17th the wind changed to S.S.W., and at the same time the moon, being then in the second day of the last quarter, a slight rainfall occurred, after which a fresh breeze sprang up and continued till daybreak.

What hopeless and unprofitable twaddle is this! and why, to record it, should any man sit up all night, to the destruction of his domestic habits and the risk of bronchitis? These things tell nothing — lead to nothing. Mon. Mathieu de la Drôme himself only predicts rain when we all of us see it approaching; and there is another animal, not noted for wisdom, who has done as much as this in our behalf for centuries back!

Chronicle the rainy days in an English climate! Why not register the infanticides in Pekin? Why, rain is our normal condition. We live in a perpetual conflict with rain. We invent mackintoshes and mud-boots, capes, coats, and alpaca umbrellas. We diet ourselves against moisture by a course of stimulant living; and the prospect of being "wet to the skin" begins at our school-days, and dogs our steps throughout life. No wonder if we be moody; but the gloom for which foreigners give us credit is not so much that we are depressed as that we are damp. No wonder is it that we take from time to time such despondent views of our national prospects, our oppressive debt, our growing pauperism, our decaying coal-fields. We are all frogs, and what so natural as that we should croak!

Now, instead of inflicting us with a census-return of our calamities, why should not some bright-natured Christian keep a record—a very small note-book will suffice for it—of our days of sunshine, of

those passing moments when the sky was blue and the air dry? Here would be matter for pleasant retrospect and enjoyment. Keeping an annual rain-score is simply writing down three hundred and sixty-five days, with one more for a leap-year.

That climate has an immense influence over temperament cannot, I think, be questioned. The mingled indolence and impulsiveness of the natives of southern regions, the apathy and the energy, are the very reflex of long seasons of calm broken by violent hurricane and storm. There is that in those lands of warmth and sunshine which disposes to a life of ease and enjoyment. Nature herself gives you the initiative, and in the glorious vegetation, the brilliant colouring, and the balmy air around you, you would stamp yourself as ungrateful not to be disposed to happiness.

Our dreary skies, however, suggest work; there is no holiday look about that leaden canopy and that beating drift. It will do to toil in, however, though not made for pleasure. Have at it, therefore, in the mill, or the factory, or the graving-dock, or the saw-pit. Other skies may be filling the olive berries and swelling the grapes—yours is the one to make money in—*Suum cuique*. The gods have given you a rare workshop, see that you make good use of it. Nothing so plainly shows how an Englishman conforms to his climate as his misery—his actual misery—in a land of bright weather. His *ennui* is suicidal. Of all the things he has learned, how "to do nothing" has never been acquired by him, and he finds himself suddenly in a situation where exertion is impossible. Now, the Spaniard or the Italian can live as devoid of all occupation as the lizard on the wall yonder. Like him, let there be only sunshine; they ask no more. "Bull," however, wants to be up and stirring. He wants to ride,

or walk, or row—to do something, anything rather than sit down in unemployed monotony. He has never risen so high, or sunk so low—which is it?—as to believe mere existence enjoyment; and there is an honest shame associated with his notion of idleness that spoils him utterly for the *Far niente*.

Take him away from volcanic rocks and arid mountains, with dried-up torrents and a basking sunshine; carry him back to an Indian-ink atmosphere, muddy roads, and a swooping shower, and you will see the man will recover himself at once. He'll put on his second epidermis, a mackintosh, and be off to his occupation, whatever it be, without wasting a thought on the weather. The moody temperament is in reality only the working temperament. It is the resolute fixedness of a man on something to be done that gives him this air of stern determination. Now, foreigners neither understand us nor our climate, and I declare I am not surprised that they are as little charmed by the one as the other. They only see the gloom of either.

A damp people may be humorous, but I suspect they will rarely be witty, except in that sardonic drolery which we see in Ireland, and where the jest is so often made at the jester's own expense. We certainly have little of that light-hearted wit which characterises Frenchmen, and which makes an epigram worth a long discourse.

Being damp, we are an indoor folk, given to coal fires and much canvassing of our neighbours; and I have little doubt that a great deal of the prudery of our social life, that strict watch and ward we keep over each other's morals, is a question of rainfall, and that if we had more sunshine we should have less scandal. Perhaps it may be, that, being always moist, we imbibe overmuch of what goes on around us; but of a verity we are the

most gossip-loving people of Europe.

If marriages, too, be made in a region where there is no rain, one can imagine under what difficulties conjugalities are carried on in moist, wet countries. We have all heard how mud has influenced the fate of Poland. More than one revolution has grown out of it. Some of the heaviest reverses that brave people have ever met with have come of mud. I believe that rain is as potent an element with us; and if you would subtract from our lives all the times we have been soaked through, and all the hours spent in repairing damage, you would find a tremendous gap in the working period of our existence.

No wonder that the Roundhead injunction about "keeping one's powder dry" should be transmitted as the expression of wisdom, only that in its seeming difficulty it appears to resemble another adage about putting salt on birds' tails.

Like Mark Tapley, we come out strong under difficulties, and in spite of this everlasting drip, drip, we have become a people not ill to do in worldly wealth, though perhaps not exactly as influential and powerful as our Daily Press would represent us. What we might have been, what we might have done, if we had not been always in a drizzle, is not so easy to say, though it might be matter of curious speculation to inquire whether an occasional glimpse of sunshine, or a transient gleam of warmth, might not have rallied us out of that air of gloomy depression which is recognised throughout the world as the English temperament.

At all events, let us have no more of these rain-registries. No man was ever the jollier from having a catalogue of his small debts hung up over his chimney-piece. Rain it will, that I know, and I can't help it; but I've no reason in life for conning over a comparison of all the days I was wet through in last

January, with my pluvial experiences of the present month. Why cannot these Prophets of Evil take up some other theme of national humiliation? Why not give a list of the people, with names and addresses, who have drawn blanks in

the Frankfort Lottery? Why not of those who believe in the success of the Federal cause, and regard Mr. Seward as the model of a polite letter-writer?

Now for my umbrella; I'm off for a walk.

A NEW CAREER.

It is a very hopeful consideration, that as the world moves on the march of discovery is always opening some new sphere for the employment of human skill and human intelligence, so that occupations which at first only engaged the attention of a few individuals, as it were specially fitted for the task, become by degrees fashioned into regular professions—careers as distinctively marked as any of the recognised walks by which men stamp their social station. Photography, the telegraph, the various forms of manufacture of gutta-percha, are instances of what I mean, whose followers are numbered by tens of thousands.

It is very pleasant to reflect on this. It is gratifying to think that with the spread of knowledge there is a spread of the means of supporting life; nor is it less agreeable to find that what were regarded as the luxuries of the rich but a few years back, have now become the adjuncts of even humble fortune. Nothing more decidedly evidences the march of civilisation than the number of a man's wants. Simplicity is savagery—this we may rely on; and I was much struck the other day by the force of this fact, as I saw an Italian shepherd with a red umbrella and blue spectacles tending his sheep on the slope of the Apennines. How unlike, if you will, the picturesque Melibœus; but how far less exposed to rheumatism than Tityrus, as he lay on the wet grass under his beech-tree!

I am old enough to remember the anxious discussion there used to be about overstocked professions and

careers crammed to excess. I can recall a time when people spoke of thatching their barns with unemployed barristers, and making corduroy roads with idle curates. We hear very little about these things now. Grumbles there are about under-pay occasionally; but it is rare to hear a man say there are too many doctors or too many attorneys. Novel-writing, indeed, is perhaps the only career actually overstocked: but the fiction-writers have their uses too; they have banished from society in a great degree the colloquial novelist—the most intense bore in creation—so that we should be grateful to them, as we are to the dogs in Constantinople: there are no other scavengers, and but for them the streets would be impassable.

I like, then, to think that if I were beginning life again I should have a wider field for my choice of a career, and that there are now a number of pleasant pasturages which, in the time of my boyhood, were dried up and unprofitable wastes. I like to feel that a number of men who like myself never felt a vocation for regular labour, need no longer be a burden on their richer relatives, and that while the great highways of the world are as wide as ever, there are scores of bypaths, and even some little short cuts, to Fortune, well suited to those who are not hard walkers, or over-well prepared for the road. The capable men will always take care of themselves. For your clever fellow I have no more sympathy than I have a sense of charity for the rich man. Neither needs what

I should give him ; all my interest, all my anxiety, is for those hopeless creatures who can do nothing. Stupid as boys, stupider as men, they grow up to be the reproach of their friends for not having "done something for them." How few families without one of these shooting-jacketed, cigar-smoking, dreary nonentities, who gazes at his own image in 'Punch,' and thinks it the caricature of his friend—fellows with no other aptitudes than for eating, and with a settled melancholy of disposition that seems to protest against the wrongs the world is doing them.

It is for these incurables I want an asylum. Hitherto we have been satisfied to send them to our colonies ; we have shipped them to New Zealand, Australia, Vancouver Island—wherever there was talk of gold to be grubbed we have despatched them: not hopefully, indeed, far from it ; but with that craving for momentary relief that makes a man glad to renew his bill without distressing himself at the instant how he is to meet it eventually ; and, like the bill, these fellows come back to us with a heavier debt to pay—their manners a little coarser, their hands a little harder, more given to brandy, and less burthened with scruples. Sydney or Auckland or Brisbane, or wherever it was, was a humbug—no place for a gentleman: the settlers were all scoundrels. Life was a general robbery there, and throat-cutting and garotting were popular pastimes. What scores of such stories have I heard from these green-eyed, yellow-faced, long-necked creatures, to whom emergency had never suggested manhood, nor any necessity called forth a single quality of energy or independence!

Bad as they were before, they are far worse now. They have venerated their indolence with the coarse habits of a lawless, undisciplined existence, and they bring back to "the family" their slothful self-

indulgence, garnished with the graceful amenities of life "in the bush." What are we to do with them? It would be absurd to think of educating them for a learned profession, and many of them are above a trade. You pestter your friends in power to get them something. You peril your soul's safety in all the lies you tell of them—of their rectitude and good conduct, and suchlike. You apologise for their educational deficiencies on pleas of bad health or accident, and profess a heartfelt belief in their capacity to be policemen, tide-waiters, vice-consuls, or tax-gatherers. You know in your heart what a mine you are charging, but you meanly hope that you may not be there on the day of the explosion. But I will not go on. I need not dwell on what is in the experience of almost every one. These creatures belong to our age just as much as the cholera. All times have probably had them in one form or other, but we see them as a class, and we recognise them by traits as marked as any that stamp a career in life. What will you do with them? I ask. Are you content to see them settled on the country as a sort of human national debt, and to call on others to support the charge? or do you desire to regard them as something eminently conservative—some remnant of ancestral wisdom that it would be an act of desecration to destroy?

Certainly such are not my sentiments. If there be nothing for which these people are fitted, I say then, let them do something for which they are not fitted. The spectacle of idle incapacity is as offensive to an active and industrious nation as the public exposure of any hideous disease.

Now it is not always easy to hit upon a remunerative career which shall neither require education nor abilities, neither skill, capacity, nor even industry ; and such is our present desideratum. We want an employment suitable for a gentle-

man—all these creatures I speak of are so-called gentlemen—which shall not demand anything above the first rudiments of knowledge; which shall neither exact early rising nor late retiring; which can be fulfilled in any easy morning hour, or, if left undone, will entail no evil results; and above all, which shall be well paid. I ask proudly, is it not a triumph to our age that such a career exists, and that hundreds, I might say thousands, are now deriving from it means of ease and enjoyment, who, but for it, would have been in hopeless indigence and want?

In this age, too, of pestilent examination and inquiry, in which the humblest occupation must be approached through a fellowship course, what a blessing to think there is a career that asks no test, for which there is neither fitness nor unfitness, and whose followers stand on an equality that even angels might envy!

You are impatient to know what I allude to, and I will not torture your eagerness. If, then, there be of your family one too ignorant for a profession, too indolent for commerce, too old for the army or navy, hopelessly incapable of every effort for himself, and dreadfully disposed to lie down on others, with a vague idea that he has a vested right to smoke, lie a-bed, wear lackered boots, and have his hair dressed daily by a barber—if, I say, it be your privilege to include a creature of this order in the family census-return, make him a Director. Director of what? you ask. Director of a company—a joint-stock company with a capital of two millions sterling, paid up—whatever you like. It shall be Zinc, Slates, Sardinian cotton bonds, a Discount bank at Timbuctoo, or Refrigerators for Lancaster Sound. It shall have its offices in Cannon Street, and a great City capitalist its banker. Two guineas a day—five when the Board meets—cab-hire, luncheon, the morning papers, a roaring fire, and a rather jocular style of conversa-

tion over the shareholders and their aspirations, are the rewards of office. Can you picture to your mind an easier existence than this? Time was that every indolent man wished to be a bishop; but a bishop is not what he used to be. A bishop is now badgered and baited by all around him. His dean inclines to painted glass, and the archdeacon would shy a stone at it; and there is a thin-faced vicar who writes weekly for advice and guidance, and has grave doubts about the interpretation of a passage in Joshua. I tell you the bishop has other trials as well as Mrs. Proudy. But the Director—the Director before whom the green door with the oval pane sways noiselessly, while the gorgeous porter, whose very gold lace hints a dividend, bows obsequiously as he throws wide another portal—is indeed a great man.

To stand back to the fire, and talk thousands and tens of thousands; to glance over the balance-sheet, and sign your name after six or seven figures in a row, as though your autograph had some virtue in it; to listen to that slang of the share markets that has a clink of money in its jingle, and hear of gigantic "Operations" with overwhelming profits; and then to sit down to your basin of turtle and fried fin, with a pint of madeira, are not mere material enjoyments, but soar to the height of noble emotions, in which the individual feels himself an honour to humanity and a benefactor to his species.

To employ the simple language of a report now before me, I would say "the institution now supports above eight thousand persons who, but for its timely succour, would be not only in a state of utter pauperism and destitution, but from their previous habits and well-known tendencies positively perilous to peaceful citizens. Besides those permanently on the books of the society are a large number who have received occasional aid, and who may be said to

have been rescued by the institution from the paths of vice and debasement."

To this touching appeal, which I have copied almost literally from

the advertisement of another Magdalen, I will not add one word; but I fervently hope we shall hear no more of Destitution, now that we have got Direction.

AN IMMORAL CONSIDERATION.

I read in the journals that "an officer of rank" at Vienna has bequeathed the whole of his fortune to his nephew, on the condition that "he should never read a newspaper."

I believe our English law strictly prevents any testator from imposing an immoral condition on his heir; and I therefore am strongly disposed to think that such a bequest as this I have quoted should not be considered as binding.

Had the "officer of rank" declared by his last will that his nephew, in order to inherit, should be blinded or deprived of his hearing, he could not have more egregiously violated every sentiment of right feeling than by this cruel edict. In fact, he would virtually consign his unhappy heir to both of these calamities together.

Now, it may be fair enough to tolerate the eccentricities of the living man. It is not impossible that in his character there may be many traits which will compensate for all his oddities. The whim or caprice he may ride as his hobby may not indispose him to generous actions or kindly sentiments; and we may, besides, always indulge the hope that, with a wider experience of the world and its ways, he may live to get over the delusions which once haunted him, and act and behave like his fellows.

Death, however, excludes this charitable hope, and I think it very questionable policy to give the character of permanence to what every consideration of sound sense or true physiology would regard as an abnormal and mere passing condition.

That the man who made such a

will as this was insane, I will not say; but I unhesitatingly declare that he imposed a condition repugnant to good sense, and totally opposed to every consideration of reason and judgment. First of all, he assumed—and of all tyrannies I know of none greater—to dictate to another, for the whole term of his life, a condition of moral blindness. Secondly, he presumed to judge not alone what all newspapers were in all lands, but what they might be in years long after his death.

That any man about to leave the world should like to declare to it before he went, "I have no sympathy with you; I don't care for you—for your wars, your struggles for liberty, your sufferings, or your triumphs. Nothing to me whether you be rich or poor, in sickness or in health; whether your homes be happy, or your fields be desolate; whether the crimes of your people decrease, or that new forms of vice call for new modes of repression. I don't want to know if education be spreading through your land, or to hear what results have followed such enlightenment. I am alike indifferent to the nature of your laws, and the mode in which they are administered. Uninterested in the great changes which affect States, I do not ask to be informed what the world thinks of them; of that public opinion which is the record of what condition humanity stands in at a given era, I have no desire to hear. Enclosed in the shell of my selfishness, I am satisfied to lead the life of an oyster. I compound for mere existence, and no more."

Now, I ask, is it such a nature as this that should be permitted

to make a formal bequest of his bigotry and ignorance? Should the law lend itself to ratify a compact whereby this man's crass stupidity shall be perpetuated?

I am aware he was a German; and much may be forgiven him on the score of narrowness. I know, too, that his warning applied peculiarly to the journals of his own land. And it is but fair to own that a German "Blatt" is about the dreariest reading a man can fall upon. The torrent of rubbishy phraseology in which this beer-bemuddled people involve their commonest thoughts—the struggles they make at subtle distinctions through the mazes of their foggy intellects—the perpetual effort to regard everything under some fifteen or five-and-twenty different aspects, belabouring a theme, and kneading it as a baker kneads his dough—make up a mass of entanglement and confusion that would drive a practical energetic people to the verge of distraction.

That a man should interdict such readings as these is no more strange than that he should forbid the use of some besotting narcotic, dreary in its effects and depressing in its consequences. Perhaps this testator had recognised in his own case some of the dire results of this dyspeptic literature. Still, with all its faults, its story was the world. It spoke of man in his works and ways with other men, how he bought and sold, made peace or war, built up or threw down; of the virtues he held high, of the vices he reprobated; what were the views he extended to the world at large, and what were the hopes that he cherished for those who were to come after him. Even through the labyrinth of German involution glimpses of these might be had; and why should not his heir be permitted to look at life, albeit through the smoked glass of his native language?

One of our most brilliant essayists, and most accomplished think-

ers, has declared that he regards a number of the 'Times' as the last report of what the world has achieved of progress; and I thoroughly agree with him. That broadsheet is the morning's "return" of Humanity, not alone recounting what it has accomplished in the preceding twenty-four hours, but how it feels after it. You have not alone the bulletin of the great battle the world is fighting, but you have an authentic report of the effective state of humanity on the next morning.

Take the most thorough man of the world of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in what goes on in life, not in one class or section of society, but throughout all ranks and conditions of men—who knows where and for what the world is fighting in this quarter or in that—how it builds its ships—what it pays for gold—how it tills its fields, smelts its metals, cooks its food, and writes its novels—and I ask you, what would he be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could he learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the last news from Shanghai, and the last ballet at Paris—the state of the funds at San Francisco—the winner at Newmarket—the pantomime at the Olympic—the encyclical of the Pope? Do not reply to me with a *Cui bono*?

For I say that it is with the actual passing, daily-arising incidents of life a man ought to be thoroughly acquainted, bringing to their consideration all the aid his reading and reflection can supply, so that he neither fall into a dogged incredulity on one side, or a fatal facility of belief on the other. In an age so wildly speculative as the present—eager to inquire, and not over given to scruple—such men as these are invaluable to society, and a whole corps of college professors would be less effective in dispelling error or asserting truth than these people trained in all the dialectics of the daily press.

If the testator, in the case before us—for I return to him now—was simply moved by a desire to conceal from his heir the late events occurring in Germany, I own a plea might without great difficulty be advanced in his behalf. It would be hard to condemn him if he wished to shroud in obscurity the ignominious subserviency of Austria, and the insolent pretension of her ancient rival Prussia. The lamentable part assigned to the Empire in this Danish conflict might well suggest to an officer in the Imperial service such an intention. Austrian wars have not been remarkable for success, but they have always been distinguished for the splendid valour of the troops, and the noble devotion of men who, however worsted, never regarded defeat as overthrow. In the terrible battles of the first Empire, this character of their courage displayed itself on every field. So also was it conspicuous in the last Lombard campaign. What an indignity, then, for such soldiers to be arrayed against the greatly inferior numbers of a nation unused to war—to a brave handful of men ready to sell their lives rather than surrender their native soil to the foot of the invader! The white-coated legions of the Empire had no need to inscribe Duppel or the Danewerke on their ensigns. And what inglorious companionship was that in which they found themselves! Dupes of M. Bismarck! I am not in the least surprised that an Austrian officer might desire to obliterate any memory of these things; but it is not so easily done. A codicil enjoining the condition that his heir should become a Trappist might possibly succeed; I know of nothing else.

I have to speak with diffidence as to how I should feel in any new or untried situation in life: I cannot, therefore, say what my feelings might be if I were to awake and discover that somebody had bequeathed to me something. I can

no more answer for my conduct, than could the gentleman on being asked what he should do if he met a white bear. But so far as I can understand my own nature, I should reject a legacy coupled with such a condition as this. Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in consols, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by that railroad smash; and I sympathise with the newly-married couple so beautifully depicted in the 'Illustrated,' as they drove off in a chaise and four, the bald old gent at the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of the correspondents, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the Liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season.

As for the advertisements, I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "Wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilisation of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness and of story are they! Think of the social circle at Clapham that advertise for a lodger who has a good tenor voice, and would appreciate the domestic life of a retired family devoted to music and the fine arts! Imagine the more exalted propriety of those who want "a footman in a serious family, where there are means of grace, and a kitchen-maid kept"! Here it is a shooting-box to be disposed of; here a widow in affluent circum-

stances announces her intention to re-marry; here a scientific naturalist professes his readiness to exchange bugs or caterpillars with another devotee; and here a more practical physiologist wants from three to four dozen lively rats for his bull-terrier. Are not those life-etchings? Do you want anything more plain or palpable to tell you where and how we live?

Now, I neither want shooting-box, beetles, rats, or widow, but I am not to be cut off from my sympathies with the people who do. On the contrary, in the very proportion that all these things do not enter into my requirements, do I desire to know who and what are the people who need them, why they need them, and what they do with them when they get them.

Perhaps my nature may have its excess of this fellow-feeling—I cannot say; but I know I'd give more than I should like to say to be able to pass an evening with the musical circle, or even to have the privilege of a few sweet moments with the serious family. I am human to the very tips of my fingers, and there is not a mood in humanity without its interest for me. If, therefore, some admirer of these O'Dowderies, on learning that I am not a sleeping partner in Baring's, or a large shareholder in the Great Western, should desire to express his satisfaction in a testamentary form, let him not couple his bequest with such a condition as I have recorded. I may possibly be able to "rub on" without my legacy, but I couldn't exist without my 'Times.'

DRESS.

THERE has always been an immense amount of moralizing about dress, but much of it does not at all go to the root of the matter. A stern conventional view of the subject has evidently suited the preacher best, who, assuming vanity to be universal, has preferred to found his arguments on the excesses of vanity, rather than to enter upon the niceties of the question, and listen to what another side may have to say; and philosophers, piquing themselves on pure reason, have treated the subject as simply despicable: the man is everything, the clothes he wears are absolutely nothing—things with which he has no real relation, which hang on him till they drop off or are exchanged for others, without establishing any real connection, possessing any influence, or affecting him any more than the table-cloth the table which it covers. Now, in fact, since the first garment of all, clothes have been knowledge, influence, and expression, and house and home to the wearer. They

have taught him his first conscious idea; they were his first link with this outer scene; they first made him realise that he was a personage in the world of vaguely apprehended forms, of which his unpracticed senses partially informed him. A life without clothes, not to mention its other inconveniences, would, we verily believe, be a life without thought. Deep and fanciful minds have speculated on existence, and how they can arrive at the certainty of it in their own person; but they would never have attained to the power of constructing theories, working out problems, reasoning upon their being at all, but for the cultivating, educating, convincing instruction and logic of their clothes. It is fundamentally unreasonable, and a mistake, in a sculptor of any age to represent a philosopher as even partially undraped. "I think, therefore I am," is the conclusion of adult reason; the baby has leapt to a similar conclusion forty years sooner—"I have shoes and a red sash, therefore I

am." People will call this infant discovery vanity, because they do not know what else to call it, and it seems always safe to attribute human action to some weak or bad motive; but our instinct serves us better than received opinion. The chord struck by this smiling, prettily-expressed, pointedly-enforced argument, is one of fellowship; we like to see the child's pleasure in his gay movable skin, because we recognise an act of recognition of himself as a distinct separate member and sharer of form, life, and thought. We perceive that he begins to see his way, to feel and know where he is; it is an act of taking his place; "Yes, I am here," he seems to say; "I have something of my own which belongs to me." It is a consciousness of adjuncts, attributes, belongings, without which no sort of existence can be understood. And not only does dress first awaken to the infant thought the idea of separate existence and consciousness, but it continues with vast numbers the medium by which they realise their part and ownership in visible things. It is this feature of dress as property, estate, possession, and, consequently, ambition, which is not recognised by the moralist. With the young dress is almost the only thing they can call their own; with the great majority of women it includes all to which they can ever in strict truth apply the potent, influential, entrancing words "my" and "mine." A wife is indeed permitted by custom to say "my house," "my drawing-room;" and her cook can say "my kitchen;" but in these cases a third party has the stronger ownership. The moral effects of independent possession depend on its strict reality; and with most women dress is their one tenement and holding—the one thing that, once theirs, is acknowledged theirs by law and custom: it is with them still as it once was with by far the greater part of mankind.

It is true, civilisation teaches us to attach different ideas to the notion of property and its effects on the character. Men in our day have lands, houses, stocks in trade, argosies, as securely their own as their coats, all effectual means of declaring themselves to the world, and taking a prominent part in it; and these supersede in the mind the more intimate proprietorship of clothes—those treasures of Babylonish garments and changes of raiment which once represented wealth. But it needs great security of tenure and centuries of good government for the mind to be satisfied with things not absolutely tangible and ever present, as symbols of weight and importance—of vigorous and successful life. Probably in every country that is, or has been, where property is insecure, and the conditions of life liable to sudden and abrupt changes, the love of dress will be found a strongly-developed instinct; and, in opposition to more highly civilised communities, most conspicuous in the men—splendid dress being the received symbol of property and consequence. In all absolute monarchies where men have had no certain hold of their possessions, where the imagination at least is not satisfied with the security, dress has ever been the standard, the accepted sign, of consequence and high place in the world, of that distinction which is the one universal craving and temptation of humanity. In the country where Haman could hang up his enemy and be hung up himself at a word, royal apparel and a crown represented all that this world could do for a man. It is a sign, no doubt, of progress, that with us men can be reverentially servile to a threadbare and seedy coat. Wherever there is no law, or one man's will is law, there fine clothes become potential things. Look, for example, at the courts of the two Napoleons. In feudal times the assumption was, that men held their

possessions as tenants rather than owners. Dress, then, was an evidence of possession outfacing mere theory. Men were lavish in display through mere self-assertion, and jealously guarded the right of personal magnificence as the token of substantial power. In the class beneath them just struggling into power and individual consequence, dress was one main arena for expressing their pretensions. To assume the garb of their betters was to claim the same rights, and amounted to a declaration of political ambition, which the snub of sumptuary laws was powerless to quench. The order lower in the scale, hopeless of a particular individual prominence, still declared collective rights and their place as a body with inalienable, not to be ignored claims, by dressing as one man, and proclaiming the strength and importance of numbers in a gay, spirited, class-asserting costume.

We are now past distinctly-marked costume; we have advanced beyond it, and everywhere personal circumstances, rather than mere assertion of class, influence dress. We in England do not see old women unvenerable in spite of themselves, their grey scanty locks miserably contrasting with the tinsel glitter of ornaments stuck about them—ornaments which charm us on the thickly-braided dark tresses of the young Italian peasant-girl. And so far as we have passed the age of costume, it marks the stirrings of ambition in classes where this was once impossible. Nothing could be token more hopeless self-abandonment than for the lowest classes to ape their betters in this particular from mere unreasoning imitation, as the negroes the fashions of their masters and mistresses; but with us the artisan aims at fashion in his Sunday coat, from the dim, unexpressed, though not the less influential notion that he may alter his station before he dies, or his son may after him—that there is no impassable barrier. Our rural popu-

lation, whom such ideas, even in their most embryo form, have scarcely reached—who know little, indeed, of the sensation of a personal ambition—for this reason, amongst others, retain a habit bordering upon costume, though the tendency of the age—that is, the spread of counteracting opinion—is gradually driving the smock-frock into the southern counties and the rule of small wages as its last resort.

Ages of growing security, a long reign of peace and order, have no doubt modified and weakened the first natural instincts on this subject. The owner of wealth, having a recognised undisputed place independent of appearances, may leave this method of assertion to his dependants and subordinates. A man with servants in splendid liveries, and with wife and daughters by their dress doing justice to his position, may wear what coat he pleases, and often pleases to wear a very shabby one; and some persons assume, from this anomaly of high civilisation, that men are by nature indifferent to dress and appearance in a way women can never be—that the difference is not only in degree but in kind. That both sexes are equally capable of vanity in this particular, our reading, if not our eyes, may convince us. So long as women valued men for show and glitter, masculine extravagances fell not one whit behind feminine. When Pepys records his vow—"Henceforth I am resolved my chief expense shall be in lace bands"—he reflects, as he always does, the tastes of his age,—and his age was one in which the men were passionately addicted to lace. While the ladies thought Sir Fopling a fine fellow, he outdid them in the elaborate research of his costume, as well as in his conscious enjoyment of it:—

"His various modes from various fathers follow;

One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow;

His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed,
 And this the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gained,
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned ;
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake."

We believe the main difference to be that women are still most dependent on dress for their standing, and that dress represents property to their imagination as it no longer does to men. How often women of independent fortune adopt some eccentricity of costume to get rid of all feminine prettinesses and vanities ! When is a woman with a mean, bare sufficiency seen to assume a man's coat and hat, and to cut short her hair—a freak every experience can recall in some woman of property ? If "woman's rights" should ever be established, we shall know, and not till then, whether love of dress belongs to her in a sense absolutely peculiar to her sex. We own we do not wish to see the day when, making herself a sphere, controlling opinion, preaching, physicking, haranguing, and turning sea-captain, she competes with man on equal terms ; but if ever we do see it, we expect to see some negligent toilets, and some extreme defiance of the mode along with it, and that the ladies will prove their right to an extended franchise by contempt of the old limited field they now call their own. If this is in any sense true, it will show that love of dress is not necessarily vanity, because whatever it looks now, it rises out of sentiments capable of other and very different developments. It proves that if one class shows more conspicuous thought for dress than another, it may only imply different social conditions, a less share of this world's best things, and exclusion from its more varied

scenes for display ; that when a savage is in frenzied rapture at a new gaily-striped blanket or string of beads, he may be, according to his lights, in a dream of gratified ambition, that he is realising consequence, dignity, fame, respect from his tribe, in a spirit akin to some magnate amongst ourselves who more demurely uses his property and influence for the same ends ; and that when the earl's daughter, in her "simple straw bonnet," is aghast at the village girl's smart hat, and sets it down to the corruption of the human heart, she may forget that the village street is not her own scene for showing off—that she has a hundred resorts where finery, chastened by cultivated taste, is a duty, and that the rustic maiden has but one, and if she is ever to be fine at all, must be fine then and there. We are not advocating rustic finery, but accounting for and excusing it. Love of dress may be, and no doubt constantly is, vanity ; but it is more frequently quarrelled with as pretension, and is more an object of jealousy and disparagement when it is ambition—an apparent intrusion into the objector's exclusive privileges. Half the literature intended for the poor of fifty or eighty years ago, went on the assumption that the poor have no right to indulge in love of dress—that is, that not only dress itself, but love of dress also, is a class privilege ; and in our own time we notice some moral writers of undoubted high principle who are exceedingly severe on the wives and daughters of wealthy tradespeople for wearing feathers and flowers, which they think perfectly becoming and Christian in the members of county families.

Now dress is an art, and like all other arts cannot be excelled in without love. Nobody can dress well without some love of dress, though when people approve of it they call it *taste*, not love ; and as taste leads people to dress properly, it ought not to be desired as an exclusive or class gift. So far as

dress represents standing, taste, self-estimate, and personal qualities; it should be a universal consideration; rich, poor, high, and low alike should so choose and so wear their clothes that they should seem integral parts of themselves—that they should be instinct with a certain deputed life and character. In our day, for the reasons already given, the effects and influences of dress are conspicuous in women, if not less real in men. In men the idea of mere utility is so impressed upon their costume, there is such enforced sobriety of tint, richness and splendour are so suppressed by present custom, that female attire must be taken to personify dress in the abstract, as the female form personifies all abstract things.

It would sometimes seem indeed as if men's dress were fixed beyond all power of its adjustment to character; but no laws or repressing influences can really hinder a man's nature showing itself in his outer garments. Still, wherever there is a strongly pronounced character, a character of such originality, independence, or crotchettiness as to break loose from the habits and tone of thought of the age, though it be on points merely abstract, with no conceivable relation to the coat or necktie or arrangement of hair, these externals will be affected by them, and will declare the man a dissentient from, or a leader of, the thought of his age. Something about the sit, the colour, the form of his attire, will show him remarkable. This, of course, applies to speculators and theorists. Men of action, practical men, politicians—all who carry on the world's business, whose concern is with men as they are, and whose occupation depends on the continuance of the existing state of things—dress, as they think and act, with the world; but every deviation of thought, every consistent resolution in a man to think and act for himself in any material point, social, political, or religious,

certainly expresses itself in some external peculiarity. It is indeed wonderful how this connexion between the inner principle and the impulse—though perhaps unconscious—of marking this by some corresponding external development, will show itself in spite of every hindrance that custom, and we might almost say intention, imposes. A man cannot help himself. We know men who in their time have appeared calmly indifferent to dress, sensitive under anything odd, loth to make themselves in any way conspicuous, leaving themselves in the hands of tailor, hatter, haircutter, to insure their being like other people, who, as their genius developed in novelty, strangeness, and isolation, have slipped, we can hardly tell by what process, into garments which unmistakably represent these exceptional, anomalous states of mind; so that the man's clothes declare what he is in spite of himself. We believe that every one's experience, if he only search into it, will furnish him with examples. In this day of compulsory uniformity in custom or fashion, he will be able to recall some fetterer of opinion in the garb of a sect, some latitudinarian breaking out into the wildest vagaries of form and colour; some misanthrope folding himself in the cloak of Diogenes. Possibly he may have known some clerical convert or *pervert*, as the term is, declaring his emancipation in hues impossible to laymen, or lapsing into licentiousness in the matter of waistcoats: after the example of the great Independent divine John Owen, who, having entered into holy orders, and being further Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, expressed his Christian liberty, as Wood tells us, "by going in *cuorpo* like a gay scholar, with powdered hair, snakebone bandstrings (or bandstrings with very large tassels), lawn band, a large set of ribbons pointed at his knees, and Spanish leather boots with large lawn tops,

and his hat mostly cocked;" an exuberant costume which we have no doubt pictured many qualities which had been impatient for expression under the compulsory gravity and uniformity of the clerical garb. A man cannot be a prig in his notions without the tie of his cravat, or some lines somewhere, showing it. He cannot be a sceptic, actively, controversially intent on making proselytes, without not only his features, his hair, his gait, his backbone, showing it, but some eccentric upper garment, collar, shoes, something about him, betraying him. A man cannot set about industriously subverting the constitution of his country without everything, from his hat to his boots, and every loose-sitting intervening garment, telling the tale: a man cannot be a liberator without some signal answering to Garibaldi's shirt: the mantle of the prophet was necessary to express the spirit of the prophet;—such intimate connexion is there between man and the outer self that immediately surrounds him. Clothes are but an extension and further emanation of the same subtle influence which moulds the features into a reflection of the habitual working of the mind. Until a man's garments have formed this intimate relation with him, he is an image, a property of the scene, a lay figure. We can predicate nothing concerning him. Who could tell what a king is in his coronation robes? a herald in his tabard? or a soldier on parade? Who can tell what a beggar is—hung about in garments that have received every crease and fold from other men's wear? Even the dogs bark at him as something incomprehensible and in disguise.

And as every strong mental peculiarity shows itself, it may be against a man's will, in his dress, so every peculiarity in dress betrays a singularity or a weak point. Dress ought to express individual

character; but also—and in our present compact, organized, social state, more distinctly—his citizenship and community with the great fabric of society. Wherever he deviates from custom, either by caprice or negligence of costume, he shows a corresponding mental failure. A man who disregards in things called indifferent—but which are really outworks guarding the stability of human institutions—the customs of society, and refuses to satisfy its requirements, exhibits a signal by which we judge that he is not altogether to be depended upon, that he holds himself loose from ties that others hold binding. We cannot trust a man eccentric or slatternly with the business or the traditions of our commonwealth. He will be setting up private judgment at inconvenient times. On this point Steele had recollections very much to our purpose. "When I was a young man," he tells us, "I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth who was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long time to have any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of everybody but myself, who had long expected the folly to break out, he married his own cook-maid." The experience is so much to our point that it would be superfluous candour to stop to inquire whether the most irreproachable toilet in the wisest of men could have carried him safe through the ordeal of such a scrutiny. It is enough for our argument that the practical good sense of the last age saw the connexion between self-will in attire and a corresponding flaw in the inner nature. The writer, as belonging to an age in more undoubting allegiance to

social decrees than our own, is as severe as we might expect on the impertinent fortitude by which a man accustoms himself to bear public censure and ridicule for singularities or negligences; rightly arguing that giving in to uncommon habits of this kind "is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind."

All slatternliness or meanness of attire marks some intellectual deficiency. A man who is shabby from any but dire necessity, is in a state of disagreement with his circumstances. It does not mean that he is wanting either in self-esteem or high expectations, but that he has fixed them upon objects out of his reach—that his ideas have no relation to his powers or possibilities. There are men who go shuffling about in threadbare coats, carrying cotton umbrellas, who nourish in their hearts fancies or remembrances of the wildest ambition. Nothing short of the unattainable seems to them worth the trouble of adapting their externals to. Constant trimness of attire does not at all represent the state of mind that thinks nothing but the great prizes of life worth caring for. The scholar who neglects his person, as the phrase is, ten to one is possessed by the notion of certain supposed faculties and attainments, which set him above the people he associates with, and offends by his slovenliness. Dominic Sampson was a bad dresser; but underneath was an immense opinion of his own learning, and a sense of distinction and elevation above other men. And wherever we see this discrepancy and want of fit, the hitch which the dress typifies stands in the way of success. There is certainly something in the popular idea of a genius which does not fall in with our view. It is an old notion that the first step to be a wit is to commence a sloven; a notion which has largely encouraged the conceit of untidiness. Some men of genius have, we suppose, been slovens, but

it is not the genius which is represented by this costume, but those defects and disorders in him which have prevented his genius from doing all it might have done. No one can imagine Shakespeare a sloven; nor can any one, as an old writer has it, picture to himself Tully delivering an immortal oration in a blanket. For ourselves we cannot see a scholar take to slipshod slovenly ways without our hopes of him suffering abatement. He will scarcely make a great name in the world—he will not connect himself by real ties with society. A well-cut coat and faultless linen might have practical effects on the inner processes of thought, at present too vague, lawless, and assuming for this world's use. The young man wholly indifferent about his dress will be found to have tracts of his brain deficient or wholly uncultivated—will want that harmony between body and soul essential to the perfect man. It is so much more common for care of the body to predominate that education does not sufficiently provide against the other extreme. Parents, through fear of foppery, allow untidiness. It is so great an evil for a human being to be intent on mere wants and instincts, that we do not see the evil there is in the same human being becoming a mere book, and, as such, naturally indifferent to its binding.

However, the dress of men in our day is so fixed, and what latitude is allowed is so much in favour of ease and unrestraint, that, except in these exceptional cases of the wearer being at odds in some way with his age and generation, and dissatisfied with the existing state of things, or daringly aggressive in bad taste, it does not express individual character so generally as with women. While a good deal may be learnt of most men by their dress, a man may still look very like other people—his clothes may be sufficiently in the fashion, always fresh, becoming, appropriate—and

he may have qualities that all this by no means answers to. Yet, in spite of this stronger sway of convention over male costume, we believe that consciousness on the subject of dress, or sensitive perception of the intimate relation between form and its covering, belongs to men in a stronger degree than to women; any departure in shape or colour from what they have been used to costs them a struggle; they cannot forget themselves in a novel garment, or, however reason and fashion may approve, shake off a shy embarrassment under the sense of change. It is owing to this that we see some men cling so resolutely to high shirt-collars, in defiance of the banter of their male friends, and the appealing entreaties of wives, sisters, daughters. No! exposure of throat and ears would be loss of identity—they would no longer be themselves. Women, apparently, are never affected in the same way by change or novelty, and, so they be fitting in the abstract, are never put out of countenance by their clothes.

And here we would touch upon one of the many subtleties of our subject: nobody has yet drawn such a distinction between shyness and reserve as satisfied other minds. One man's definition for reserve answers to our notion of shyness; while another elaborates shyness into so complex and deep a sentiment, that we must accept it for nothing less than reserve. We are inclined to think that shyness proper and simple is connected in some way with the primitive conception and judicial ordinance of dress as a covering. Shyness, acting on undisciplined instinct, always manifests itself by an endeavour to hide whatever is bare and exposed about us. The child among strangers turns away its face, contracts its shoulders, and either conceals its hands, or uses them to cover a more sensitive feature. The boor uses incredible

expedients to put his feet out of sight—whatever betrays the outline of his form. A writer in the 'Saturday Review' says, "There are two things that an Englishman detests, especially in evening dress—one is, to be obliged to pose where he can be generally observed—the other, to have no comfortable mode of disposing of his hands. It is a very common saying," he continues, "that Englishmen can never meet together without eating; but it is not because they are a peculiarly gluttonous people, but because eating puts them at their ease. When your legs are fairly stowed under the table, and your hands are busy with the knife and fork, there is no difficulty about attitude. Directly the question of attitude is settled, an Englishman's heart begins to open. His proverbial shyness does not arise from his being timid or proud, but simply unready." But why, we ask, is he unready, but because shyness directs his thoughts to the exposed points in his position? Why, in addition to the other reasons, is he at ease at dinner, but because other eyes are off duty? We are never so shy as when others stand by and see us eat. The highest accomplishment of training—the greatest victory over raw nature—is to be able to sit at perfect ease with the outline of the form visible. We see this even in women not used to a full evening toilet—an ordeal which nothing but education and practice can enable them to sustain—but in men no doubt much more conspicuously. And if it is so in looser modern costume, what must it have been in the days of Sir Charles Grandison and silk stockings? This may have had something to do with the proverbial awkwardness of scholars in those days, when dragged from their colleges to the light of day, without the protecting shelter to leg and knee of the academic gown. Their shamefacedness was more akin to shyness than heart-modesty. A

Turkish woman, veiled and swathed from head to foot, from all accounts is not shy ; but set her before the stranger she inspects so boldly in English costume, and she would be overwhelmed. A mask makes its wearer unashful, not from sense of concealment, which is felt to be fallacious, but simply because the face is covered. It is the same with the coquettish veils we see worn. The delicate web of lace touches the cheek, drapes it to the imagination, and sometimes gives to the eye a courage which can hardly be maintained on its withdrawal. When Cherry Pecksniff, on the eve of that wedding-day that had no dawning, held her Moddle's hand, and veiled the transaction with the extreme corner of her shawl, she testified to a principle. Possibly the love of accessories to the toilet to which some natures are addicted, as it were extending the personality to extraneous things, has its source in this sentiment, the hand sharing with the face the pains of uniform exposure. The stick, the fan, the snuff-box in civilised circles—the Kentuckian's knife, or the Greek's string of beads in simpler forms of life—are all expedients for forgetting this difficult member ; and even where display is the object, veiling the exhibition by the artifices of affectation. Our view, then, is that people are reserved at all hours of the day or night ; sun or shade, twilight or candles, makes little or no difference ; but that nobody is shy in the dark.

All general considerations on dress must, however, converge towards feminine costume. When we think of dress in the abstract, we mean woman's dress ; whatever has been in the world's youth, in our time, her costume represents the art. It is, above all, through the female toilet that fashion transacts its weighty part in the world, and by its ebbs and flows keeps the world at work. Weak and trivial as the subject is deemed, and frivolous as many phases of it un-

doubtedly are, yet fashion has some mysterious connection with thought and intellect, so close and intimate as to render it almost the type of progress. Wherever thought is free, there fashion works its changes and carries on its constant war, and as constant victory, over habit and custom. Where thought is stagnant and tied down, there fashion finds no place. Where men think in the same groove for centuries, and the son inherits every opinion and prejudice of the father, there the costume of a country remains inexorably the same, and the children succeed to the paternal wardrobe without need to alter a fold or to substitute a colour. And this must be borne in mind when we hear accounts of the ludicrous sway of fashion under all but impossible circumstances. Where the Kaffir girl, who has only just submitted to the bondage of petticoats, insists on distending her solitary garment with a hoop, we augur better things for the progress and civilisation of her countrymen than if she clung with fanatical perseverance to the unchanging blanket of a long line of progenitors. Where we can introduce European fashions, we have a better chance of introducing European modes of thought, in all their variety and activity. The sameness of Oriental dress, and the endless change and variety in the West, figure forth all the mighty differences which have set the West above the East.

Nor need it be merely a sign. We cannot tell what effect on thought perpetual change to the eye may have brought about—what liberty and play of mind, the right to change the outer semblance at will may have induced. There must be a connection closer than we have time or space to go into, or knowledge to prove, between the course of fashion, its steady inexorable march of change—so that the most favourite, convenient, popular modes can have no more than their day—its freaks and vagaries, as

they are called; the laws which rule those freaks; its uniform victory over abstract good taste (so that even the artist's eye demands what his judgment censures) — between the subtle power that creates all this, and the various thoughts and opinions current with these various modes of man's presentment of himself. For instance, the powder and patches, the stiff and gorgeous costume of the eighteenth century, must figure some moral and intellectual characteristics of that period. And if we see this in the broad features of a past age, we do not doubt that minor distinctions and growths of the toilet have their counterpart in some intellectual development, or in some error or fallacy of our day. There must be some necessity, as we will call it, something in the nature of things—that is, in the thought and action of the age—to bring about certain fashions, as it might sometimes seem, against everybody's will, and in spite of a general protest. Thus the present touch of the masculine imparted by hat and paletot and booted ankle to our ladies' toilets must surely have had some connection, as it has been coincident with, the talk and clamour, half jest, half earnest, about Women's Rights: while we gladly accept the hoop and sweeping skirts as an admission that they are very women after all, unfitted by nature and constitution to move easily, or to feel in their place, in the bustle of crowds and the stir of active outdoor life. Nothing strikes us as more unphilosophical than the tracing of prevalent fashions to individual caprice; as, for instance, prodigious, overgrown cravats to the Prince Regent's health, or long petticoats to a duchess's thick ankles. Fashion is a power more potent than rank. Kings and queens do not rule it; rather, like sorrow, it makes kings come bow to it. It personifies an age, not the grandees of an age. Not even the Empress Eugenie can alter a fashion of set purpose, or deliberately introduce a new colour or a

new form. French milliners, who may be accounted the priestesses of fashion, and through whom those changes, which can never be traced to a source, are probably brought about, do not, we believe, do anything deliberately; they unconsciously follow a law. What is new is the inevitable sequence of the old. There was, in this sense, truth in the modest disclaimer of a great artiste upon a more than commonly felicitous adjustment of a feather, "I did it in a moment of inspiration." The time had come when feathers had to be put in that way. No doubt there had been a process of ratiocination, but it seemed to her intuition. Fashion, then, is one of the powers of this world, subject to the same moral treatment as all other mundane influences. It is folly to run directly counter to it, as it is folly to oppose our weak individual protest against the changes brought about by the discoveries of science. All persons who enter upon such contests, either start with narrow minds or narrow them in the process. Yet it must be owned that obedience to fashion has led to excesses so palpable, that we cannot wonder, when dress as a taste and indulgence has been taken up by preachers and reformers, that it has been attacked root and branch. But reformers, though a necessary part of this world's moral economy, are an indiscriminating, whole-sale sort of people in all cases, apt to sweep off the use with the abuse; in their zeal as ready to denounce the innovation of woven stockings as of paint and patches. Fathers, monks, Scotch divines, Puritans, have agreed in tone on this subject, and all have had to be met and counteracted by the common sense of mankind: or by their irrepressible instincts, and the fact, always patent, that dress is expression, and if converted into a mould for the representation of a few chosen, dictated qualities, must become an intolerable and most injurious bondage, destructive of all natural graces. Where body and

mind are in harmony, where the perceptive and active faculties are in due proportion, where there is exact understanding between the several qualities that make the ideal man or woman, so that we may regard them as representatives and model examples, there is no question that each will be distinguished by an exact, decorous, and delicate fitness, an expressive propriety of attire, that will result in beautiful form, and, so far as choice is open, in fair, noble material and charming colour. No circumstances of sex or calling, of custom or class, will prevent some evidence of taste at work, something distinguishing, which it is the aim of sumptuary edicts from whatever source, religious or political, to suppress.

There is an appreciation of dress distinct from vanity, which shows rather singularly the realisation of dress as part of self. Just as Mr. Pullet tied his cravat on higher principles than those of personal ease, so the people we mean like to be reminded of their clothes by some sense of discomfort. All enthusiasm courts pain, as though this were needed to give force and dignity to the pleasure. All who attach importance to dress as a thing of state, whose idea of company is a formal one connected with display rather than easy relaxation, do not desire to lose the consciousness of their clothes. We have known a lady who owned she never felt herself dressed unless her shoes pinched her. Quite independent of looks, it is a question whether tight-lacing is not an evidence of this state of mind. There is the sense of bracing up for an occasion; to be comfortable and self-forgetting is to be in *deshabille*. The dress of the last century, demanding such constant sacrifices, testifies to this principle. From the fact that *Clarissa Harlowe's* laces have to be cut each time that her sorrows reach a climax, we must believe that pattern of her sex to have laced up to a point which would

render lolling and lounging as great a physical as they were in her case a moral impossibility. Her custom, she tells her confidante, was to be dressed for the day as soon as breakfast was over; and even when kept close prisoner by her cruel relations, she did not relax in the duties of the toilet. "We owe it," she says, "to ourselves and to our sex, you know, to be always neat, and never to be surprised in a way we should be pained to be seen in." And what was the attire that duty enjoined? How was *Clarissa* dressed from eight o'clock in the morning? "Her head-dress," writes her impassioned lover, describing her at the moment of abduction, "was a Brussels lace mob, peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features; a sky-blue ribbond illustrated that. But although the weather was somewhat sharp, she had not on either hat or hood, for she loves to use herself hardily. Her morning gown was a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy; the cuffs and robings curiously embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming *Arachne* in a running pattern of violets and their leaves, the light in the flowers silver, gold in the leaves; a pair of diamond snaps in her ears; a white handkerchief, wrought by the same inimitable fingers, concealed her bosom. Her ruffles were the same as her mob. Her apron a flowered lawn; her coat white satin, quilted; blue satin her shoes, braided with the same colour, without lace, for what need has the prettiest foot in the world for ornament? neat buckles in them; and on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs of her own invention." As the story goes on, never were clothes invested with a more tragic importance. Under the most terrible circumstances they are a conscious part of herself. "My cloathes," she writes in pathetic delirium, "will sell for what will keep me in *Bedlam!*" She never forgets their value: "My father loved," she

says, "to see me fine;" at one time he had not grudged a hundred guineas for a dress. She knows she sells a dress a great bargain at twenty guineas, and lace at fifteen. By the end of the piece we are so up in her wardrobe, and so possessed by the importance of appearances under every circumstance of life, that we realise the extremity of her despair, when dying in the sponging-house, on finding that she had not sent for laces to replace the out ones; and feel an added reverence for her purity when we see her kneeling on the dark floor in white damask, her white-flowing robes, for she had no hoop, illuminating the dingy corners; and her linen beyond imagination white, considering where she was, and how long she had been there.

All this represents the *feeling* about clothes in the last century. It belonged to the views of the period to treat them seriously; and it could hardly be otherwise, for they imposed on society the severest discipline it had to undergo, and were for ever inflicting painful lessons of self-restraint. How seriousness hung about the subject beyond these buckram days we learn from the inimitable pen of George Eliot. Who can forget the solemn, trebly-locked seclusion of Mrs. Pullet's best bonnet, or Mrs. Glegg's virtuous boast of having better lace in her drawers than ever she had on! so coldly free from vanity as to forget the idea of dress as adornment, and resolving all into a sense of property and calm self-esteem. And in more genial natures than Mrs. Glegg's there often exists an intense appreciation of fine clothes with the most innocent indifference to the question of the becoming. There are women who pique themselves on being judges of quality and texture, and who like costly shawls and furs, and to stand on end in rich silks, and yet have never thought whether the colour suits their complexion, and only care to

have their clothes admired, not themselves in them. The natural instinct thus severed from its use, which is to set off and individualise the person, was to be seen in full force in the days of plain Quakerism. The fair friend was forbidden all exercise of fancy; no "latitude in apparel," as it was quaintly called, no choice in form or colour, was allowed her; every hem and border was under a law. The Quaker child was gravely counselled to cut off the tassel on her boot to which she clung in desperation, and promised "peace in so doing;" but the passion cropped out all the same, and found scope in expense, in finest lawns and richest silks, and many of them. And this suggests two remarks: one, that wherever taste is checked love of mere expense comes in—as the London citizens' wives once lined their program gowns with the velvet they were forbidden to wear outside; and the other, that wherever women are educated with ultra strictness in matters of dress, and forbidden any exercise of their own will and fancy in this sphere, they will as they grow up find some other and larger field of independence. The daughter who has never been allowed to have a dress in the fashion will defy her father and mother in the question of religion, and choose a faith for herself, if she may not dictate the shape of a sleeve. This is so conspicuously the case in the Quaker sect, that it is notorious the women in their plain garb have ever taken the spiritual conduct and the preaching of the Society entirely into their own hands, and utterly quenched the men. If they were circumscribed in skirts and flounces, at least they would be "very large in the ministry," and so indemnify themselves.

There are two sorts of love of dress in the full sense of the word—one taste, the other passion; and these act on precisely opposite principles. That passion for dress, which is at once the expression of

and stimulus to vanity, tends to all manner of illusions pervading all classes:—in the first place, to preposterous, superstitious faith in its efficacy. Passion for dress leads to the ignoring of all unpalatable truths; it blinds a woman to her own defects, and constantly betrays her into parading them; it deadens her to the harmony of things, and tempts the old and plain into humiliating self-comparison with youth and grace, deluding them into the notion that dress makes the beauty—that the cowl *does* make the monk. This it is that tempts the poor into rivalry with the rich; into bedizening themselves with tawdry frippery—content with the barest seeming and rudest imitation; into spending their small means on the merest outside show. And in all cases passion for dress of this nature is excited and kept alive by a mistaken view, often fatally mistaken, as to the objects to be pleased and attracted by the display; so that we might almost say that no woman will be too fine or in any marked degree unsuitably attired who is right in the eyes she wishes to satisfy, and who confines herself to her legitimate sphere of attraction. Taste in dress, on the contrary, can scarcely lead its possessor astray, and is indeed a moral guide. It is full of reminders and admonitions; nor can a woman dress herself in perfect taste without a distinct knowledge of her personal defects. A hundred fashions are pretty and charming in themselves, but she knows they are not for her, and resists them. They are forbidden by something in figure, complexion, station, age, or character, which, though not flattering to her vanity, she does not permit herself to forget. Passion for dress is profuse and extravagant: taste in dress is full of wise, philosophical economies, knowing that the merit of decoration is not in its elaborate richness or expense, but in its adaptation. Taste in dress is essentially moderate and self-collected; never

forgetting that the object of dress is not to exhibit itself but its wearer; that all that the most splendid toilet has to do is to set off a noble, graceful, and winning presence, and itself to be lost in a pleasing or effective, or, it may be, dazzling general impression. Passion for dress is always intent on what others will think—on taking some new eye by storm; taste has self-respect, and, before all things, must satisfy its own notions of propriety and grace.

With all these limitations and reservations dress has still its wonders to boast of. Sometimes it would seem that its more marked triumphs must be sought for in past historic ages, when poets, essayists, or chroniclers dazzle our imaginations with garments which must have been gifted with the powers of Venus's girdle, and so have lifted their wearers out of humanity. It does not often fall to our lot to see miracles of dress, or what our neighbours call ravishing toilets, effecting their proper work of transformation. But such an achievement has been performed quite lately and on the noblest scale. Any one who can recall the journalist's first cold-blooded description of Maria Pia, the young Queen of Portugal, as he unflinchingly noted down every homely point of face and feature, and admitted how little favoured by nature was this young princess; and subsequently read his vivid description of her presentation as queen, such as he saw her from the illuminated square of Turin when she sat in state in the balcony of the Royal Armoury, must own the mystic power of dress, and the adjuncts of which dress is the chief principle. "There seated in state," he wrote, "white-robed, bejewelled, besflowered, with a high diamond crown—a genuine queen's crown—on her head; the delicate orange-blossoms gracefully interlacing with the richest gems of the diadem:—for two or three hours was the timid princess, the girl of sweet fifteen,

made to exhibit herself to those hundreds of thousands of pairs of eyes throughout the long ordeal; serene, composed, every inch a queen, beautiful in that moment with her native grace and modesty, beaming with incipient, instinctive, half-conscious happiness." This is what dress and the consciousness of splendour can do for sweet fifteen, a pale, fair cheek, and a graceful form; and when we read of the heroines of antiquity, the dazzling gleaming beauties of the past, we may know something of the secret of their lustre from what produces it in modern days.

But let not our fair readers suppose that we attach only to a magnificent "get up" these magic powers. If splendour can now and then work wonders, neatness constantly achieves triumphs as real though less dazzling. No woman (unless she be indeed a Mrs. Conrady, one of those exceptions which prove the rule) strikes us as hopelessly plain if her dress is irreproachable. There is, we believe, a close connection between such homely virtues as cleanliness or order, and taste in its highest meaning. The eye that cannot bear the smallest hole or rent, or spot or crease, has taste by nature, or presently acquires it. We cannot think of a neat toilet but it suggests well-chosen colour, and material which has the most important of all qualities in material—a good hang; and this we see as often in a well-fitting cotton gown as in anything else. Witness the pretty modest costume of our housemaids and parlour-maids, or at least the more estimable and sensible of that sisterhood. Neatness is the conscience of the toilet; it keeps jealous watch over little things, and is nice rather in the cause of self-respect than to attract other eyes, though we believe no charm is more felt by the observer, or is accepted so much as a reflection and index of the wear-

er's hidden graces. Neatness, too, is unselfish and free from the rivalries and jealousies which so often characterise love of show and effect. The lady always delicately and poetically neat would have every woman she can influence as trim and pure as herself; while the lover of fine clothes aims at being, wherever she goes, the best dressed woman of the company.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Our subject is apt, we think, to be treated in a conventional spirit. Uninspired wisdom has always been hard upon fine clothes, and we think, as regarding dress from a narrow and prejudiced point of view, takes a different line towards it than we can detect in Scripture, which surely recognises attire as the fit natural exponent of rank, condition, and character. It is a case for fair liberty of private judgment. No man has a right to prescribe a repulsive, disfiguring, or mean costume to his dependants: no woman, defiant of fashion in her own person, and dressed in a little brief authority as lady of the manor, has a right to prescribe the cut of her own protesting garment on the women around her who have no state and no manor to fall back upon; and if they are denied taste, independence of choice, and conformity to custom in this direction, lose the only field the world offers for satisfaction in their possessions. There is no necessary connection between a bit of bright colour—that delightful scarlet that lightens up the landscape—and vanity; and, as we have said, if a woman will mainly seek to please father and mother, brothers, sisters, friends, lover, or husband, she will not be too gay or pleasant to look upon for her own wellbeing and best interests, however bright, pretty, or charming she may make herself by adorning herself in modest apparel under the teaching of a refined and cultivated taste.

THE ILIAD, TRANSLATED BY LORD DERBY.

"Mira colui con quella spada in mano
Che vien dinanzi a' tre, sì come sire:
Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano,"

is Virgil's address to Dante in the nether world, as he directs his eye towards the lordly presence of Homer, towering, sword in hand, above his three attendant bards. He, on whom the parent of modern song gazed at Virgil's bidding with reverent awe as his own remote intellectual ancestor; as the father of poetry, the

"Signor dell' altissimo canto:
Che sovra gli altri, com' aquila, vola;"

has met from generation to generation with the common fate of real greatness: to be admired and to be misunderstood. Not to speak of how little his own countrymen in later and more artificial times entered into his spirit when they allegorised his simple strains and imported into them meanings never intended by himself—not to dwell on the manner in which he was travestied by his Latin imitators—we (looking nearer home) can point to neither of the standard English translations of Homer with satisfaction as faithful to his spirit; to one of the two only as faithful to him in letter.

Great as is the pleasure conveyed to most minds by Pope's high-sounding verse and never-flagging spirit, he is as little to be relied on for a faithful representation of the feelings and spirit of Homer's age as is *Racine* himself. Pope's defective scholarship made him depend largely on a *French* translation; and his guide and he have contrived to let many of the most refined beauties and most characteristic touches of their great original escape them.

Cowper is much more literal, but

infinitely less poetical in his translation than Pope.

The scholars of England have therefore long felt that there is a fair field open to those who wish to do honour to Dante's "Sovereign Poet," and a great prize for them to win; and we have seen of late not a few duly-qualified champions stand forth to break a lance therein.

The book now before us endeavours to supply the want to which so many tentative efforts have pointed. And, so far as we know, there is but little diversity of opinion as to Lord Derby's success in the undertaking.

It is indeed a high gratification to see the great leader of the Conservative party employing his brief leisure from political strife in presenting to his countrymen the strains of the most ancient of poets, in imperishable English verse;—using his own great and varied experience of life to set before us worthily that bard who, more than any, requires other qualities besides scholarship in his interpreter; who sang of human life in all its forms; of men's sports as well as of their earnest; of camp and council; of the fierce joy of battle and the arts of peace. Most of all, perhaps, is it delightful to hear the winged words of Ulysses or of Nestor, the fierce debates of Agamemnon and Achilles, repeated to us by the lips of our greatest living orator; to have the vigour of Homer's language echoed back to us by that eloquence whose force has often held listening senators breathless; his minutest shades of meaning reproduced to us with that precision and finished neatness of expression, which have so often won their admiration. Scholars (who to enjoy

Pope must forget Homer) will delight in Lord Derby's accuracy. The English public, which yawned over Cowper, will rejoice to find that a translation can keep close to its original and yet not be dull; and that no extraneous tinsel is required to set off Homer's great and varied beauties.

We called our readers' attention a few months ago to the judgment of our greatest living poet on the fittest form of English verse into which to translate the Iliad: a judgment which, it will be remembered, was conveyed in an example likely to prove much more persuasive than any number of precepts. When we did so, we were far from anticipating the signal confirmation which that judgment was to receive, so soon after, from the work before us. The perusal of a hundred lines of Lord Derby's version would be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that, if previous translations in blank verse have failed, the fault has not been in the weapon, but in the arm that wielded it.

His preface sets forth, in these few convincing sentences, the theory which he goes on to illustrate so admirably by his practice. "In the progress of this work I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion which I expressed at its commencement, that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), 'if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet, it can only be in the heroic blank verse.' I have seen isolated passages admirably rendered in other metres; . . . but the blank verse appears to me the only metre capable of adapting itself to all the gradations, if I may use the term, of the Homeric style; from the finished poetry of the nu-

merous similes, in which every touch is nature, and nothing is over-coloured or exaggerated, down to the simple, almost homely, style of some portions of the narrative. Least of all can any other metre do full justice to the spirit and freedom of the various speeches in which the old warriors give utterance, without disguise or restraint, to all their strong and genuine emotions. To subject these to the trammels of couplet and rhyme would be as destructive of their chief characteristics as the application of a similar process to the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton, or the tragedies of Shakespeare." * To our mind there can be no question that these are sound principles;—that in rendering an *epic* into English, great regard should be had to the metre of the greatest epic poem in our language; that in translating the speeches of a poet who represents character so *dramatically* as Homer does, great regard should be had to the example of Shakespeare. Indeed we should not have been displeased had the noble translator followed that example farther, and frequently mixed hendecasyllables with the ordinary decasyllabic iambs.† Such an intermixture is a great defence against monotony, and a source of new and varied musical combinations.

On the prior question, whether the translator of the Iliad is at liberty to *choose* a metre by reason of the metre of his original being incapable of reproduction in English, we have once before expressed an opinion, which we see no reason to change. And we cannot resist quoting Lord Derby's most emphatic protest against what he calls "that 'pestilent heresy' of the so-called English Hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be

* Preface.

† As in—

"To be or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler for the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," &c.

pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody; and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalise it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning's—

'Dactyls call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!'"*

There is another matter, of minor importance however, in which Lord Derby has preferred following the example of Shakespeare and Milton to that of some moderns. Like them he uses the Latin names which are conceived to represent those of the Greek deities instead of their own. We cannot say that the reason which he gives for adopting this plan is to our mind a very convincing one, as we are at a loss to know what class of English readers can be "familiar with Zeus and Aphrodite,"† and utterly ignorant of "Ares and Hephæstus." But we think that stronger arguments may be advanced for this practice. And that it may be asserted with great show of reason that a work which, like that before us, deserves to become an English classic, should not lightly depart from the tradition of the great English poets. That, however we may regret that the English muse did not become a more perfect Grecian in her youth, she is too old to learn a strange language now. And that we cannot well spare the grand-sounding names of the heathen deities with which Milton has made us familiar in his numberless classical allusions. For our part, therefore, we are quite ready for a compromise; to agree to use the correct designations in prose, but to keep the old and well-known names for poetry.

We need not apologise for quoting the preface once more, as it is every translator's due to be allowed to state himself the objects which he has had in view in his work: "It

has been my aim throughout," says Lord Derby, "to produce a translation and not a paraphrase; not, indeed, such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage and of every line; omitting nothing and expanding nothing; and adhering as closely as our language will allow even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character.‡ In the attainment of this aim, all who are qualified to judge pronounce that the translator's success has been great indeed; and these are unquestionably the right objects to keep in view, especially in the translation of a *poem*. To sacrifice the spirit of a fine passage for the sake of literal accuracy, is to grasp the shadow and lose the substance; while a loose paraphrase must be always unsatisfactory.

Lord Derby's principle in dealing with the Homeric epithets meets with our full approval, though we may feel inclined to differ with him in one or two details of its application. Perhaps all our readers may not be aware how constantly Homer appends distinctive epithets to every person and thing he mentions. He calls goddesses and women the white-armed Ilérë, the fair-haired Helen, the long-robed, the neat-footed, &c. He distinguishes men by some title derived from their birth, their arms, or their personal gifts; such as the Jove-born, the brazen-helmed, the swift-footed, and the like. His gods are the Cloud-compeller, the Earth-shaker, or the Far-darting. It is the same with inanimate objects. His ships are well-benched, or beaked, or hollow. Mount Ida is the many-fountained (spring-abounding, as Lord Derby renders

* Preface.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

it), and so on. Now, to translate these epithets wherever they occur would be pedantic. Their constant repetition would give a foreign air to the poem. In many cases, too, they can only be expressed in English by a paraphrase; and, even when otherwise, their best English equivalents are such awkward compounds (compared with the beautiful Greek words which they represent), that the introduction of too many of them would make a poem heavy and cumbersome. On the other hand, to omit them altogether, or to replace them by the epithets of modern poetry, tends to efface the peculiar character of the poem, and to modernise Homer unjustifiably. Lord Derby has preserved the happy medium between these opposite errors. His epithets will seldom appear strange, even to the English reader, and never uncouth; while every scholar must be struck with their accuracy. Nothing can be happier than his "Hector of the glancing helm" for the frequent *κεραυβαίολος*; 'Εκτωρ of his original; or than his splendid paraphrase of *δερμιμονάτρη*, "the mighty daughter of a mighty sire;" or than his "gloom-haunting goddess" for *μηροφύτις*. He preserves the two fairest of the four Homeric epithets for Morn: the "saffron-robed" and the "rosy-fingered." His "many-dashing" gives something of the sound as well as the sense of the best known of Homer's names for the sea. Of the four designations of its colour in the *Iliad*, Lord Derby is content with one, the "dark blue." We could wish that he had preserved the rest, especially the *αἶονα πόντον* which we miss the more from having often enjoyed the "wine-dark sea" in Mr. Worsley's beautiful *Odyssey*.^{*} We likewise demur to Lord Derby's rendering of *βοῶπις* as "stag-eyed." There can be no doubt that it is a more complimentary term for the

eye of goddess or nymph than Pope's rendering "ox-eyed;" but still, as Homer does not use the comparison, it seems a pity that his translator should. "Large-eyed" would be, on several accounts, more satisfactory. Lastly, we cannot but prefer Mr. Worsley's version of *γλαυκῶπις*, the well-known epithet of Athens, which he always correctly renders the "stern-eyed," to that employed by Lord Derby (in which he follows Pope) of the "blue-eyed"—a designation which suggests gentler thoughts than are suited to so fierce a goddess; and an incorrect one, as it seems certain that Homer meant by the epithet to describe *expression*, not *colour*. But these are trifles; and on trifles we have little time to spend, when considering so great a work. Neither can we find much space for minute criticism of any sort; though by no plan could we exhibit some of the distinguished merits of this translation more satisfactorily to *scholars*, than by setting line after line of it by the lines they represent of the original; and so making apparent their singular fidelity and happy turns of expression. But such a process would be uninteresting to readers whose ignorance of Greek puts the most important term of the comparison beyond their reach. We prefer, therefore, in general to exhibit the excellence of this translation on as large a scale as we can, by quoting entire specimens of Lord Derby's great success in dealing with the exquisite similes, the sublime descriptions, and the nobly eloquent speeches of his great original; feeling sure that by so doing we shall best stir up our classical readers to refresh their Homeric recollections by reading this admirable version for themselves, and our unlearned readers to hasten to avail themselves of the best opportunity which has been as yet afforded them of becoming acquainted with the *Iliad*.

* We observe with pleasure that we may expect soon to see a version of the *Iliad* by the same skilful hand.

That the beauty of the passages we are about to extract will prove an ample apology for their length, we feel sufficiently persuaded to offer no other.

Our first quotation shall be some of the celebrated similes in the second book.

When Ulysses and Nestor have

restored the resolution of the troops (shaken by Agamemnon's over-subtle device to test their spirit, by feigning an eager desire to return home), and when Agamemnon has addressed them in different tones, we read, in lines which well preserve their original's restless movement, that—

"From th' applauding ranks of Greece
Rose a loud sound, as when the ocean wave,
Driv'n by the south wind on some lofty beach,
Dashes against a prominent crag, expos'd
To blasts from ev'ry storm that roars around."

Shortly after follow the three well-known comparisons of the Greeks assembling to pass in review before their leader:—

"As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,
Seizes the blazing woods, afar is seen
The glaring light; so as they mov'd, to Heav'n,
Flash'd the bright glitter of their burnish'd arms,
As when a num'rous flock of birds, or geese,
Or cranes, or long-neck'd swans, on Asian mead,
Beside Cäyster's stream, now here, now there,
Disporting ply their wings; then settle down
With clam'rous noise, that all the mead resounds;
So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,
Pour'd forth the countless tribes; the firm earth groan'd
Beneath the tramp of steeds and arm'd men.
Upon Scamander's flow'ry mead they stood,
Unnumber'd as the vernal leaves and flow'rs.
Or as the multitudinous swarms of flies,
That round the cattle-sheds in spring-tide pour
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail;
So numberless upon the plain, array'd
For Troy's destruction, stood the long-hair'd Greeks."

There is something surprising in the power with which the translator has compressed this fine passage within the limits of his original (they are each nineteen lines), without weakening any of the images which it presents.

The invocation of the Muses

which ushers in the succeeding catalogue of the Greek warriors (into which Pope inserts a couplet borrowed from Milton's imitation of the passage at the opening of 'Paradise Lost'), is literally rendered by Lord Derby in all its simple dignity:—

"Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,
Muses (for ye are Goddesses, and ye
Were present, and know all things: we ourselves
But hear from Rumour's voice, and nothing know)."

And the catalogue itself, as he rehearses it to us, has in places a Miltonic roll, with its high-sounding names piled one upon another.

Let us next quote the lines in

the third book, in which the aged Priam, viewing the Greeks from the Scæan gate, demands of Helen, the unhappy cause of so much grief:—

"Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong:
Others in height surpass him; but my eyes
A form so noble never yet beheld,

Nor so august; *he moves, a king indeed!*
 To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
 'With rev'rence, dearest father, and with shame
 I look on thee: *oh would that I had died*
That day when hither with thy son I came,
And left my husband, friends, and darling child,
And all the lov'd companions of my youth:
That I died not, with grief I pine away.
 But to thy question: I will tell thee true;
 Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Wide-reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,
 And valiant warrior; *in my husband's name,*
Lost as I am, I call'd him brother once.'"

And after she has pointed out the two manly forms strikes her, and she other chiefs to Priam, the absence of adds:—

"Now all the other keen-ey'd Greeks I see,
 Whom once I knew, and now could call by name;
 But two I miss, two captains of the host,
 My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,
 Castor and Pollux; Castor, horseman bold,
 Pollux, unmatched in pugilistic skill.
 In Lacedæmon have they stay'd behind?
 Or can it be, in ocean-going* ships
 That they have come indeed, but shun to join
 The fight of warriors, *fearful of the shame*
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?
Thus she; unconscious that in Sparta they,
Their native land, beneath the sod were laid."

The delicacy of this beautiful rendering of Helen's mournful self-reproaches, can be only fully appreciated by a reference to the original; to the spirit of which it is most entirely faithful.

We have been much struck by the description in the fourth book of the wound which Menelaus receives from the treacherous arrow of Pandarus. We invite especial attention to its first lines, on account of the success with which

they give us, not only the sense but the sound of the original; since in them (as in it) we hear the ringing bow and twanging string, as the arrow flies *eager* (*μενεαίονον*) to drink the life-blood.

We need scarcely draw our readers' attention to the exquisite following simile (faithfully rendered here), which expresses Athené's care to prevent the wound from being deadly.

"Then, when the mighty bow
 Was to a circle strain'd, sharp rang the horn,
 And loud the sinew twang'd, as tow'rd the crowd
 With deadly speed the eager arrow sprang.

Nor, Menelaus, was thy safety then
 Uncar'd for of the Gods; Jove's daughter first,
 Pallas, before thee stood, and turn'd aside
 The pointed arrow; *turn'd it so aside*
As when a mother from her infant's cheek,
Wrapt in sweet slumbers, brushes off a fly:
 Its course she so directed that it struck
 Just where the golden clasps the belt restrain'd,
 And where the breastplate, doubled, check'd its force."

* An excellent rendering of *μενεαίονον*; one of the epithets which show that to Homer a ship "walks the waters like a thing of life."

Homer has two splendid similes their rush upon their foes. Lord for the assembling of the Greeks to Derby thus translates the first:—
avenge the broken truce, and for

"And as a goatherd from his watch-tow'r crag
Beholds a cloud advancing o'er the sea,
By Zephyr's breath impell'd; as from afar
He gazes, *black as pitch, it sweeps along*
O'er the dark ocean's face, and with it brings
A hurricane of rain; he, shudd'ring, sees,
And drives his flock beneath the shelt'ring cave;
So thick and dark, about th' Ajaces stirr'd,
Impatient for the war, the stalwart youths,
Black masses, bristling close with spear and shield."

Nothing can be finer than the here rendered;—unless it be the way in which the terrific appearance of the gathering storm-cloud is upon the Trojans:—

"As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the *far-reounding shore*,*
Wave upon wave; *first curls the ruffled sea*
With whirling crests; anon with thund'ring roar†
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece
Pour'd, ceaseless, to the war."

There is a grand passage in the fifth book of the Iliad, in which Homer describes the descent of the two goddesses, Heré and Athéné, to aid the Greeks against Ares. From the fine version of it here we shall extract as many lines as we can; premising, however, that they contain the only instance (that has struck us) in which the noble translator has failed to give the full poetic force of one of Homer's conceptions. We mean the description of Athéné's shield in the lines we are about to

quote. Of it Homer sublimely says that it was encircled by Terror, and that it contained Strife, Courage, &c. But the manner of their existence he defines not; and it seems to lower the celestial ægis to the condition of an earthly shield, to speak of them as engraven on it (which Lord Derby does, to our surprise, in lines 840, 841), rather than as personally, though indescribably, present in it. With this exception, nothing can be finer than the whole passage.

"Pallas, the child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil,
Of airy texture, work of her own hands; 835
The cuirass donn'd of cloud-compelling Jove,
And stood accoutred for the bloody fray.
Her tassell'd ægis round her shoulders next
She threw, with Terror circled all around;
And on its face were figur'd deeds of arms, 840
And Strife, and Courage high, and panic Rout;
There too a Gorgon's head, of monstrous size,
Frown'd terrible, portent of angry Jove:
And on her head a golden helm she plac'd,
Four-crested, double-peak'd, whose ample verge 845
A hundred cities' champions might suffice:
Her fiery car she mounted: in her hand
A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith
The mighty daughter of a mighty sire
Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues. 850

* *ἡ ἀργιὰ πλοῦσιτι.*

† *μεγάλα βρέμει.*

Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds ;
 Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide
 Spontaneous open'd, guarded by the Hours,
 Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge
 To roll aside, or draw the veil of cloud. 855

She urg'd her horses ; nothing loth, they flew 875

Midway between the earth and starry Heav'n :

Far as his sight extends, who from on high

Looks from his watch tow'r o'er the dark-blue sea,

So far at once the neighing horses bound.

But when to Troy they came, beside the streams 880

Where Simois and Scamander's waters meet,

The white-arm'd goddess stay'd her flying steeds,

Loos'd from the car, and veil'd in densest cloud.

For them, at bidding of the river-God,

Ambrosial forage grew : the Goddesses, 885

Swift as the wild wood-pigeon's rapid flight,

Sped to the battle-field to aid the Greeks."

From the sixth book we shall extract the well-known but ever-touching comparison of the rapidly succeeding generations of men to forest leaves, in the dialogue between Glaucus and Diomed, as a good instance of the translator's

singular power of rendering Homeric expressions word for word, without any awkwardness or constraint: the third and seventh line are especially remarkable for their point and neatness:—

"To whom the noble Glaucus thus replied :
 'Great son of Tydeus, why my race enquire!
The race of man is as the race of leaves :
 Of leaves, one generation by the wind
 Is scatter'd on the earth ; another soon
 In spring's luxuriant verdure bursts to light.
So with our race ; these flourish, those decay."

It is in the same book that Hector retires to Troy for a brief space, to command the unavailing offering to Athené; and, returning again to the host, bids his wife and infant son that touching farewell, which is familiar to most of our readers as the 'Parting of Hector and Andromache' in Pope's *Iliad*. We have only space for Lord Derby's most beautiful version of the first part of Andromache's speech:—

"Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom :
 Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
 Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon :
 For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
 Assail and slay : for me, 'twere better far,
 Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod ;
 Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
 But endless grief ; to me nor sire is left,
 Nor honoured mother ; fell Achilles' hand
 My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms
 The populous city of Cilicia razed,
 The lofty-gated Thebes ; he slew indeed,
 But stripp'd him not ; he reverence'd the dead ;
 And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
 A mound erected ; and the mountain nymphs,
 The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove,
 Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.*

* The mournful satisfaction with which Andromache here recalls her father's funeral rites, adds additional pathos to her anguish at the ill-treatment of the dead body of her husband in the last books.

There were sev'n brethren in my father's house;
 All in one day they fell, amid their herds
 And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
 My mother, Queen of Placos' woody height,
 Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd
 For costly ransom; but by Diis's shafts
 She in her father's house was stricken down.
 But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
 Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!*
 Then, pitying us, within the tow'r remain."

We had marked Hector's rejoinder, but find it too long to insert here. It is equally well translated, and admirably preserves, like the speech of Andromache, all the fine touches by which the model husband and wife of antiquity are set before us in Homer. Many of them are lost to us in the dialogue between Pope's "beauteous princess" and her "too daring prince." But here we have Homer's unrivalled picture of conjugal and parental love in all its noble simplicity:

"Down sank his head, as in a garden sinks
 A ripen'd poppy charg'd with vernal rains;
 So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight."

The numerous speeches in the ninth book well justify the translator's confidence in the metre he has chosen. It seems impossible to give better effect than he has there done to their strongly-marked individuality; as the secret meanness of Agamemnon, the bravery of Diomed, the prudence of Nestor, stand forth each revealed by their own lips in council. No three characters in Homer are better contrasted, no speeches more characteristic, than those of

and that matchless delineation of gentle heroism and almost mournful resignation, by which he distinguishes, from the unreflecting courage of his antagonists, Hector, the support of a cause predestined to defeat, and of a city foredoomed to destruction.

The beautiful image by which Homer depicts the death of the young Gorgythion in the eighth book (which Virgil imitates with such effect for his Euryalus) is very well translated here:—

the three ambassadors sent by Nestor's advice to disarm the wrath of Achilles; old Phoenix, mighty Ajax, and sage Ulysses. But we have no space for the elaborate arguments with which the prudence of the last-named strives to effect the reconciliation, which Hector's exploits have made the Greeks long for so ardently. Nor would short extracts do justice to the vehement speech † in which Achilles scornfully rejects all Agamemnon's overtures; to its withering sarcasms, or to its

* Few of our readers will need to be reminded of the beautiful opening of one of the finest poems in the 'Christian Year' (Monday before Easter) furnished by these two lines—themselves perhaps the two most pathetic in any author.

† The gifts which Achilles in this speech indignantly rejects, he declares a strong wish for in the sixteenth book; where, when he sends Patroclus to the fight, he expresses a hope that he may obtain for him

"Honour and glory in the eyes of Greece;
 And that the beauteous maiden to my arms
 They may restore, with costly gifts to boot."

To some persons this apparent contradiction has seemed a strong argument for the different authorship of the two books. But, when we consider that the revenge of Achilles, unsatisfied in the ninth book, has nearly attained its end in the sixteenth; that even then the gifts he speaks of are from the Greeks, and not from Agamemnon; and, above all, that impetuous rage leads men to reject the very things which, in their calmer moments, they desire—we shall scarcely attach much weight to the objection.

passionate outpouring of burning indignation at undeserved ill-treatment. Its translation here is so admirable, that Lord Derby should not allow it to be blemished by even such a slight inaccuracy as appears in his version of the 382d line, in which he makes Achilles say of Agamemnon,

"He safe on board his ships, my spoils receiv'd"

The original is *κατὰ νηυσί*: and clearly requires (as does the well-known

ancient practice of hauling ships up on the beach and encamping by them)—

"He safe *beside* his ships," &c.

Equally successful is the version of the tender prolixity of the old man Phoenix, who vainly tries to prevail on his beloved pupil by lessons drawn from old-world tales; and of the soldier-like bluntness with which Ajax bids Ulysses break off the conference, saying,—

"Achilles hath allow'd his noble heart
To cherish rancour and malignant hate;
Nor reck's he of his old companions' love,
Wherewith we honour'd him above the rest.
Relentless he! a son's or brother's death,
By payment of a fine, may be aton'd;
The slayer may remain in peace at home,
The debt discharg'd; the other will forego,
The forfeiture receiv'd, his just revenge;
But thou maintain'st a stern, obdurate mood,
And for a single girl! we offer sev'n,
Surpassing fair, and other gifts to boot." Etc.

The grand pictures which the and are forced to withdraw and eleventh and twelfth books present suffer Hector to fight his way to of the tide of battle, surging now the ships, are translated here with forward, now backward, till nearly the utmost spirit. We must find all the Greek chiefs receive wounds, room for the advance of Ajax:—

"As a stream,
Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n, that from the hills
Pours down its wintry torrent on the plain;
And many a blighted oak, and many a pine
It bears, with piles of drift-wood to the sea:
So swept illustrious Ajax o'er the plain,
O'erthrowing men and horses;* though unknown
To Hector; he, upon Scamander's banks,
Was warring on the field's extremest left,
Where round great Nestor and the warlike King
Idomeneus, while men were falling fast,
Rose, irrepressible,† the battle-cry."

Hector is summoned to assist the Trojans upon whom Ajax is pressing:

"He said, and with the pliant lash he touch'd
The sleek-skinn'd horses; *springing at the sound,*
Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore

* Translated by Pope as follows:—

"Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng:
Men, steeds, and chariots roll in heaps along:"

the only point in which the comparison with the torrent could not hold.

† Most admirable for *ἀσβεστος*! Pope turns the "cry of battle" into "loud groans." And where, directly after, Hector is said to work deadly deeds, *ἔγχεσσι, ἰσχυροῦς τε*, which Lord Derby properly renders "with spear and car," Pope gives us:—

"There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight."

*The flying car, o'er corpses of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling: all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
Around the car, as from the horses' feet,
And from the fellows of the wheels, were thrown
The bloody gouts; yet on he sped, to join
The strife of men, and break th' opposing ranks.*

*But Jove, high thron'd, the soul of Ajax fill'd
With fear; aghast he stood; his sev'nfold shield
He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gaz'd
Upon the crowd; then, like some beast of prey,
Foot slowly following foot,* reluctant turn'd.
As when the rustic youths and dogs have driv'n
A tawny lion from the cattle fold,
Watching all night, and baulk'd him of his prey
Rav'ning for flesh, he still th' attempt renews,
But still in vain: for many a jav'lin, hurl'd
By vigorous arms, confronts him to his face,
And blazing faggots, that his courage daunt;
Till, with the dawn, reluctant he retreat:
So from before the Trojans Ajax turn'd,
Reluctant, fearing for the ships of Greece."*

Nothing can be finer than the manner in which these lines preserve to us the swiftness of Hector's approach; or the way in which they intimate to us, by the same frequent pauses as the original, in the retreat of Ajax, his stout heart's stubborn resistance to the unwonted fear which invades it. The force and precision with which Hector's noble

reply to Polydamas, in the twelfth book, is translated are also very striking. It is given word for word, and almost line for line. Polydamas has endeavoured to deter Hector from advancing farther towards the ships, by pointing out to him the adverse portent. Hector answers:—

*"Polydamas,
This speech of thine is alien to my soul:
Thy better judgment better counsel knows.
But if in earnest such is thine advice,
Thee of thy senses have the Gods bereft,
Who fain wouldst have us disregard the word
And promise by the nod of Jove confirm'd,
And put our faith in birds' expanded wings;
Little of these I reckon, nor care to look,
If to the right, and tow'rd the morning sun,
Or to the left, and shades of night, they fly.
Put we our trust in Jove's eternal will,
Of mortals and Immortals King supreme.
The best of omens is our country's cause."*

He leads the assault against the wall which defends the Greek ships. Missiles fly on each side.

*"Thick as the snow-flakes on a wintry day,
When Jove, the lord of counsel, down on men
His snow-storm sends, and manifests his pow'r:
Hush'd are the winds; the flakes continuous fall,
That the high mountain tops, and jutting crags,
And lotus-cover'd meads are buried deep,
And man's productive labours of the field;
On hoary Ocean's beach and bays they lie,
Th' approaching waves their bound; o'er all beside
Is spread by Jove the heavy veil of snow."*

* ὀλίγον γὰρ χρόνον ἀπέβη.

For a while the result is doubtful.

"As a woman that for wages spins,
Honest and true, with wool and weights in hand,
In even balance holds the scales, to mete
Her humble hire, her children's maintenance;*
So even hung the balance of the war,
Till Jove with highest honour Hector crown'd."

Then we have Hector's brief hour the gate is magnificently rendered of triumph. His crash against here:—

"Close to the gate he stood; and planting firm
His foot, to give his arm its upmost pow'r,
Fell on the middle dash'd the mighty mass.
The hinges both gave way; the ponderous stone
Fell inwards; widely gap'd the opening gates;
Nor might the bars within the blow sustain;
This way and that the sever'd portals flew
Before the crashing missile; *dark as night*
His lowering brow,† great Hector sprang within;
Bright flash'd the brazen armour on his breast,
As through the gates, two jav'lines in his hand,
He sprang; the Gods except, no pow'r might meet
That onset; blas'd his eyes with lurid fire.
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He call'd aloud to scale the lofty wall;
They heard, and straight obey'd; some scal'd the wall;
Some through the strong-built gates continuous pour'd;
While in confusion irretrievable
Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks."

Again, the translation of that splendid which describes Hector's second as-did passage in the fifteenth book, sault on the ships, is very good:—

"Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars
With brandish'd spear; or as a raging fire
'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side.
The foam was on his lips; bright flash'd his eyes
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly
Above his temples war'd amid the fray
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heav'n
His guardian haud extending, him alone
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men;
But short his term of glory; for the day
Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas' aid,
The might of Peleus' son should work his doom.
Oft he essay'd to break the ranks, where'er
The densest throng and noblest arms he saw;
But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain;
They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood;
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high,
Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd
The boisterous currents of the whistling winds,
And the big waves that bellow round its base;

* Pope omits this line; and, by doing so, destroys much of the beauty of this homely and touching comparison, in which the ancients loved to imagine a reference to Homer's own mother.

† Here Homer's fine contrast between the gloom of his hero's brow and the lightning flashes from his armour (damaged by Pope's unseasonable introduction of the "two shining spears"), is well preserved; and the awful fire of Hector's eyes is rightly reserved, as Homer does and as Pope does not, for the climax of the whole description.

So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undismay'd.
 At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang
 Upon the mass; *so plunging down, as when*
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds
A giant billow, tempest-nurs'd, descends:*
The deck is drench'd in foam; the stormy wind
Howls in the shrouds; th' affrighted seamen quail
In fear, but little way from death remov'd;
 So quail'd the spirit in every Grecian breast."

The danger of the Greeks, and aid them with his fresh troops.
 the entreaties of Patroclus, move The Trojans are finally driven from
 Achilles to send forth the latter to the ships.

"As in th' autumnal season, when the earth
 With weight of rain is saturate; when Jove
 Pours down his fiercest storms in wrath to men,
 Who in their courts unrighteous judgements pass,
 And justice yield to lawless violence,
 The wrath of Heav'n despising; every stream
 Is brimming o'er; the hills in gullies deep
 Are by the torrents seam'd, which, rushing down
 From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea,
 With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,
 Wasting the works of man; so urg'd their flight,
 So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groan'd."

But Patroclus, in the ardour of the grief of the immortal coursers
 victory, disregards the injunctions of Achilles for his friend's death,
 of Achilles; pursues the routed foe is rendered with truly admirable
 to the walls of Troy, and is slain by conciseness: the first seventeen
 the spear of Hector. The translation lines representing, and adequately
 of the touching passage in the expressing, the same number of the
 seventeenth book, which describes longer lines of the original:—

"But, from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds
 Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid
 Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand.
 Automedon, Diotes' valiant son,
 Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,
 In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats;
 Nor to the ships would they return again
 By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;
 But as a column stands, which marks the tomb
 Of man, or woman, so immovable,
 Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads
 Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding tears
 Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd
 Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed
 Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust defil'd.
 The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,
 And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mus'd:
 'Ah, hapless horses! wherefore gave we you
 To royal Peleus, to a mortal man,
 You that from age and death are both exempt!
 Was it that you the miseries might share
 Of wretched mortals? for of all that breathe
 And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought
 More wretched than th' unhappy race of man.'"

It is during the fight which troclus, that Ajax breathes that
 rages round the dead body of Pa- prayer, which many a champion,

* *δυσσώρευσις.*

on other fields and in far different kinds of conflict, has seen good cause to utter after him :—

“O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece
Remove this cloudy darkness; clear the sky,
That we may see our fate, and die at least,
If such thy will, in th' open light of day.”

The splendid description, in the Patroclus, is very beautifully translated :—
Achilles to rescue the corpse of

“Pallas threw
Her tassell'd ægis o'er his shoulders broad;
His head encircling with a coronet
Of golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleam'd.
*As from an island city up to Heav'n
The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round
Besiege, and all day with cruel war
From its own state cut off; but when the sun
Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon fires;
High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round
Their signal flash, if haply o'er the sea
May come the needful aid; so brightly flash'd
That fiery light around Achilles' head.*”

Nor must we omit to notice the ginning of the same book, over her lamentations of Thetis, at the be- son's calamity :—

“‘Me miserable! me, of noblest son,
Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,
My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief!
*Like a young tree he thrives: I tended him,
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant;
Till in the beak'd ships I sent him forth
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.*”

Attended by her sister Nereids readers), Thetis rises from the ocean (the long list of whose names Lord caves and goes to comfort her sorrowing son :—
Derby curtails, no doubt much to the satisfaction of his unlearned

“There, as he groan'd aloud, beside him stood
His Goddess-mother; weeping,† in her hands
She held his head, while pitying thus she spoke:
‘Why weeps my son! and what his cause of grief
Speak out, and nought conceal; for all thy pray'r
Which with uplifted hands thou mad'st to Jove,
He hath fulfilled, that, flying to their ships,
The routed sons of Greece should feel how much
They need thine aid, and mourn their insult past.†
To whom Achilles, deeply groaning, thus:
‘Mother, all this indeed hath Jove fulfill'd;
Yet what avails it, since my dearest friend
Is slain, Patroclus! . . .
Now is bitter grief for thee in store,
Mourning thy son; whom to his home return'd
Thou never more shalt see; nor would I wish
To live and move amid my fellow-men,

* διυσαριστορός.

† “Weeping” sounds but weak for *δὲ δὲ κωλύσασα*, which exactly means, “with a shrill shriek.”

‡ These four words are hardly an adequate rendering of *καθίσαι τ' ἀναβλεπεῖν*, though they certainly represent their spirit.

*Unless that Hector, vanquish'd by my spear,
May lose his forfeit life, and pay the price
Of foul dishonour to Patroclus done.*
To whom, her tears o'erflowing, Thetis thus;
' Ev'n as thou say'st, my son, thy term is short;
Nor long shall Hector's fate precede thine own.'
Achilles, answer'ing, spoke in passionate grief;
' Would I might die this hour, who fail'd to save
My comrade slain! far from his native land
He died, sore needing my protecting arm;
And I, who ne'er again must see my home,
Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks,
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid;
But idly here I sit, cumbering the ground:
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own
In fight.

From death not ev'n the might of Hercules,
Though best belov'd of Saturn's son, could fly,
By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdu'd.
I too, since such my doom, must lie in death;
Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will win;
And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosom'd dames,
Dardan and Trojan, bitter tears shall wipe,
And groan in anguish; then shall all men know
How long I have been absent from the field."

This noble version does full justice to one of the most touching scenes in the Iliad; a scene of which Pope's treatment is more than usually unsatisfactory. The immortal mother's sorrow over the short span assigned to her son's life; the grief of both over a prayer granted to its offerer's injury; the two grand redeeming features of the otherwise selfish character of Achilles, his love to his mother and his friend (this last so strong that, though passionately loving life, he would rather lose it than leave Patroclus unavenged); his self-reproach when standing face to face with the calamity which his long-indulged anger has brought forth; and his final determination

in favour of a glorious death rather than an inglorious life, affect us here as they do in Homer.

On the other hand, Pope exaggerates some of these elements to the destruction of the rest. The theatrical exclamations of *his* Achilles fail to give a just idea of the deep-seated sadness of the Achilles of Homer. Pope's Achilles curses the day of his parent's marriage, instead of only expressing tender pity for the sorrow which is so soon to afflict his mother. His wish to avenge Patroclus is ascribed by Pope chiefly to a tender concern for his own honour; so that *he* concludes the passage which *we* have italicised in the first speech of Achilles thus:—

" 'On these conditions will I breathe; till then
I blush to walk among the race of men.' "

But most amusing of all is Pope's have distinguished by italics at the version of the passage which we end of Achilles' second speech:—

" 'Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair!
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes!
Yes, I shall give the fair these mournful charms.' "

Such a view of a widow's grief crouns disguise for the savage exultation of the Homeric hero. Hellenic, and forms a most ludicrous We have not space for the visit

of Thetis to Hephæstus, nor for the celebrated description of the shield he prepares and the arms he forges at her request for Achilles; translated with the skill which distinguishes all Lord Derby's versions of the descriptive portions of the poem. Neither can we find room for the reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon; nor for the laments of the restored Briseïs over the body of Patroclus. We must hasten at once to the death of Hector. Achilles prepares to encounter him in the nineteenth book. He puts on the armour, his mother's gift:—

"Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence gleam'd
A light refulgent as the full-orb'd moon;
Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne
The watch fire's light, which, high among the hills,
Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold:
As they, reluctant, by the stormy winds,
Far from their friends are o'er the waters driv'n."

But various circumstances delay the other Trojans have found refuge within the city) to confront Achilles, who is first descried by Priam advancing—
the deadly combat till the twenty-second book. It is then that Hector, stayed by his evil doom, remains outside the Scæan gate (when

"In arms all dazzling bright,
Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant ray
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
Whom men the dog-star of Orion call;
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man
Of evil augury and fiery heat:
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast."

Hector's aged parents beseech him, but in vain, to shun his dreadful antagonist. Then follow his panic flight around the walls of Troy; the treachery by which Athené lures him to destruction; and his final stand against Achilles, exclaiming—

"Not in my back will I receive thy spear,
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n."

Lord Derby finely renders Hector's last heroic resolution, when, deserted by Athené, he sees himself given over to die:—

"Now is my death at hand, nor far away:
Escape is none, since so hath Jove decreed,
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.
Yet not without a struggle let me die,
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall'
Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he drew,
Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;
Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd:
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Through the black clouds swoops downward on the plain,
To seize some tender lamb, or cowering hare;
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword.
Achilles' wrath was rous'd; with fury wild
His soul was fill'd; before his breast he bore
His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on his brow
Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the breeze

* The beauty of this simile, in which both terms of the comparison, the light and the peril of those who behold it from afar, hold good, is very remarkable.

Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest
 By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd;
And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,
When twilight yields to night, one star appears,
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heaven,
 - *Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right*
 Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom
 Intent."

The lance finds the fatal opening in Hector's armour. He falls, and with his dying breath beseeches his victor to permit the ransom of his body. Achilles' fierce rejection of his suit is rendered with singular felicity, as is the expiring man's rejoinder:—

"I know thee well; nor did I hope
 To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.
 But see that on thy head I bring not down
 The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæan gate
 The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,
 Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."
 "Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death;
 And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,
 Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost.
 "To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied:
 'Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whene'er
 Jove and th' immortal gods shall so decree.'"

The lamentations of the Trojans at the fall of their brave defender; of Priam, who deploras Hector's death more than that of the many other "stalwart sons," of whom Achilles' hand before deprived him; of Hecuba, who bewails her fate—

"Bereft
 Of thee, who wast to me by night and day
 A glory and a boast;"—

lose none of their true pathos in this translation. Neither does that most affecting speech, in which Andromache laments alike her own widowed lot, and the sad fate likely to befall her infant son, deprived of a father's care; the orphan left to be despised and ill-treated, now that the strong arm, which was his shelter, is laid low. The burst of womanly grief at the end of this speech (the most characteristic expressions of which Pope has sacrificed to indolence or over-refine-

ment) receives full justice here. And Lord Derby suffers Andromache to give utterance to all her anguish at the thought of her husband's body, as it lies by the Greek ships, stripped and insulted; while not one single robe may shroud it from sight, of all the store of goodly raiment which she had taken delight in preparing for her lord.

Achilles, having in part appeased his thirst for vengeance, rests beside the sea, wearied out by his

"Hot pursuit
 Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy."

The "mournful shade" of Patroclus stands over him in his sleep, saying to him—

"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,
 Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?
 Hasten my fun'ral rites, that I may pass
 Through Hades' gloomy gates; ere those be done,
 The spirits and spectres of departed men
 Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross

Th' abhorrèd river; but forlorn and sad
 I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.
 And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep; *
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,
Shall I return from Hades; never more,
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,
As friends, sweet counsel take; for me, stern Death,
 The common lot of man, has op'd his mouth;
 Thou too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,
 Art destin'd here beneath the walls of Troy
 To meet thy doom; yet one thing must I add,
 And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request.
 Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,
 Achilles, but together, as our youth
 Was spent together in thy father's house,

So in ene urn be now our bones enclos'd,
 The golden vase, thy Goddess-mother's gift."

An exquisite rendering! Equally scribe the so-often-imitated failure
 good are the three lines which de- of Achilles to embrace his friend:—

"He spread his longing arms
 But nought he clasp'd; and with a *wailing cry*,†
 Vanish'd, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth."

The description of the funeral
 rites, which immediately follow, and
 that of the games celebrated in
 honour of the deceased Patroclus,
 are translated admirably; the latter
 with all the spirit called forth by a
 congenial theme. But we must not
 linger over them. We must hasten
 to make our latest extracts from
 the pathetic scenes which so beau-
 tifully conclude the Iliad.

In the commencement of the
 twenty-fourth book, Thetis† con-

veys to her son the mandate of
 Zeus to release Hector's body. Iris
 is sent by him to enjoin Priam to
 implore its restoration from Achil-
 leas. Hermes meets the old man on
 his way from Troy, and guides him
 in safety to the terrible hero's tent.
 On their way he gladdens Priam's
 heart by the assurance that the
 gods have guarded his son's corpse,
 and that it is yet untouched by
 corruption. The old man joyfully
 responds—

"See, my son, how good it is
 To give the immortal Gods their tribute due;
 For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,
 Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell;
 And thence have they remember'd him in death."

The supplication of Priam, when so well translated here, that no-
 he enters the tent of Achilles, one thing could possibly give the Eng-
 of the most deeply moving of all lish reader a better notion of its
 the pathetic passages in Homer, is powerful effect in the original:—

"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,
 Upon thy father, ev'n as I myself

* Unless Lord Derby can establish some different reading for the (perhaps sus-
 picious) ὀλοφύρομαι of the usual text, it should be rendered, "I beg with tears."
 † τετραγυῖα.

‡ Lord Derby preserves the description of her anticipated mourning for her
 son, in all its naïveté, as well as old Chapman himself does by his—

"She said, and took a sable vail; a blacker never were
 A heavenly shoulder."

Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:
 And haply he, from them that dwell around,
 May suffer wrong, with no protector near
 To give him aid; yet he, rejoicing, knows
 That thou still liv'st; and day by day may hope
 To see his son returning safe from Troy;
 While I, all hapless, that have many sons,
 The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,
 Begotten, deem that none are left me now.
 Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece;

Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;
 And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down
 On me, more needing pity; since I bear
 Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
 Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."

Achilles grants the old man's pray- the herald, his companion, return to
 er: and, by early morning, he and Troy with Hector's body:—

"They with fun'ral wail
 Drove cityward the horses; following came
 The mules that drew the litter of the dead.
 The plain they travers'd o'er, observ'd of none,
 Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair
 As golden Venus, from the topmost height
 Of Pergamus, her father in his car
 Upstanding saw, the herald at his side.
Him too, she saw, who on the litter lay;
 Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud
 To all the city, 'Hither, Trojans, come,
 Both men and women, Hector see restor'd;
 If, while he liv'd, returning from the fight,
 Ye met him e'er rejoicing, who indeed
 Was all the city's chiefest joy and pride.'
 She said; nor man nor woman then was left
 Within the city; o'er the minds of all
 Grief pass'd resistless; to the gates in throngs
 They press'd, to crowd round him who brought the dead.
 The first to clasp his body were his wife
 And honour'd mother; eagerly they sprang
 On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head
 Of Hector; round them, weeping, stood the crowd.
 Weeping, till sunset, all the live-long day,
 Had they before the gates for Hector mourn'd;
 Had not old Priam from the car address'd
 The crowd: 'Make way, that so the mules may pass;
 When to my house I shall have brought my dead,
 Ye there may vent your sorrow as ye will,'"

Then follow the three lamenta- these, as has often been remarked,
 tions over the slain hero; the wife's, is the deepest in its pathos; and
 the mother's, and that of the un- affords the last and the fairest tes-
 happy Helen. The translator has timony to the gentleness and true
 done justice to the varied character nobleness of soul of the *real* hero of
 of each of them. The third of the Iliad.

"Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd:
 'Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
 True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
 Who bore me hither—would I then had died!
 But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,
 And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee

*I heard one scornful, one degrading word,
 And when from others I have borne reproach,
 Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
 Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind
 Ev'n as a father), thou hast check'd them still
 With tender feeling, and with gentle words,
 For thee I weep, and for myself no less;
 For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,
 None kindly look on me, but all abhor.'"**

In concluding our extracts from this most satisfactory translation, we can assure our readers that the lines which have been quoted are only fair specimens of its general excellence. They will find the whole work distinguished by the same power of language, the same clearness of expression, and the same high poetic beauty, as the passages cited. If we have stopped here and there to indicate what appear to us to be slight inaccuracies, it has been from no love of fault-finding, from no wish to attach importance to the trifling oversights inevitable in such a great undertaking—"namque opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum;"—but simply from the feeling that a single useful suggestion towards the perfecting of so noble a work is a worthier tribute to it than would be whole pages of unintelligent admiration. We rather wonder that the mistakes seem so few, and, in general, so unimportant; and that the translator has succeeded so happily in combining so much accuracy of detail with such a spirited and life-like reproduction of his great original. To set the men of the Homeric age before us as they breathed and moved; to think their thoughts; to glow with their wrath, to melt with their tenderness, unrestrained by conventional restrictions; to rush in spirit to the fight with those old warriors, who had nothing but the still small voice with-

in to teach them reverence for the weak, and pity for the fallen; to do justice to the sincerity of their belief in the gods whom they so ignorantly worshipped; to sympathise with that fear of death which could not but enslave heroes to whom this present life was all in all: can we wonder that Pope, the artificial product of a highly artificial age, proved as conspicuously incapable of all, or of any, of these things, as even the few extracts which we have given from his *Iliad*, suffice to show him to have been? We feel a pardonable pride when we see all this done by an English statesman of our own day.

And if there is any one of the olden poets, a good translation of whom can never fail to be acceptable; of whom even those who care least for the classics in general, must wish to know all they can; concerning whom no decay of learning can ever wholly extinguish curiosity: it must surely be Homer. Not to speak here of the nice discrimination of character, the truly poetic imagery, the vast resources of invention, the genuine love of nature, the deep pathos, the sublime and transcendent genius, which delight us in each book of the Homeric poems (gifts, it may be observed, not so common in any age as to incline us readily to adopt the suggestion, that those books were the work of many different minds); Homer comes to us in-

* Pope's version of Homer's simple, "Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd," is this:—

*"So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye;
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by."*

This unjust representation of the Trojans, as distracting their attention from the bier of their brave defender, to gaze on Helen in her grief, is a grave error.

vested, to an eminent degree, with the combined charm of novelty and of antiquity.

Of novelty and freshness: for we know no poet (except the sacred bard) before him. When we read Homer, we stand by the well-head whence gush out the fresh waters, which we first saw hundreds of miles on their downward course. The metaphor, which poet after poet has borrowed from him—and improved upon sometimes, more frequently spoilt—was a new thing in *his* lips. The poetical fictions which his successors have learned from him, used as mere machinery, worn threadbare and then dropped, are realities to Homer. The Muses whom he invokes are true goddesses; to him the gods actually dwell upon Olympus. He had no need to pause before expressing a sentiment, as poets do now, to ask, Is it new enough to interest? Is it sufficiently dignified? To him everything in life and nature was interesting; and all truth had dignity. For he sang in the childhood of the world. Unworn, unwearied by centuries of crime and sorrow, to him its grass was greener, its sky was brighter than to us. Should we not rather pity than blame Pope for having failed to understand his childlike simplicity: for having thought to do honour to his pure light, by transmitting it to others through a highly-coloured medium?

Again those attributes of extreme old age, with which a youthful poem* of the Laureate invests Homer, belong of right to the most ancient of profane writers; the man on whom so many ages have gazed with reverence; who looms forth to us through the mist of intervening centuries, great and venerable as one of the majestic objects of nature. When we try to bridge over in some way the wide chasm which separates us in our modern

life from "the mighty spirits of the elder day"—when, after reflecting on the many things which *we* possess and they wanted, and on much in *their* life to which ours is altogether a stranger, we turn at last to the things which we enjoy in common with them,—we may recollect that they looked (though with a somewhat different eye) on the same great sights of nature that we see—upon sun and moon, upon sea and upon land—and that they read the same Homer. From him is derived the story which forms the groundwork of the noble trilogy of the grandest of the tragic poets of Greece. In two out of the seven extant plays of Sophocles, in no less than eight of the dramas of Euripides, are there characters from the *Iliad*. Plato allegorises Homer's legends of the gods in his 'Dialogues,' and confesses their power of banishing them from his 'Republic.' Aristotle draws illustrations, from Homer's writings, of moral and political truth. His pupil, "the great Emathian conqueror," was not satisfied till he had imitated Homer's Achilles even in one of his worst deeds; and mourned to think that he had no such poet to sing his exploits, as had that ancient hero. Evidently the Homeric poems were to him and to his officers, all that were the lays of Arthur and of Charlemagne to the chivalry of medieval Europe. Cicero found a pleasant pastime in the grounds of his Tusculan villa, in trying to fit a Latin garb on to chosen fragments of Homer; while Virgil and the later Latin poets drank inspiration from him, and handed down such traditions of his story as enabled the romancers of the middle ages to sing of the tale of "Sir Hector of Troye," and of "Faire Dame Helene." Quotations from the Homeric poems were as completely "household words" to the ancient world, as are citations

* 'The Palace of Art.'

from Shakespeare to the English now. Nay, they held a higher place still, as we might naturally expect, among those who knew of no book more venerable. It is a striking illustration of this that we hear a line out of the *Iliad* from the dying lips of one of the vilest men of antiquity; another from those of its best and greatest sage. Nero, awaiting the punishment of his evil deeds, rouses himself to anticipate his executioners, as he hears the distant trampling of their horses, with the exclamation, "Ἰππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτέρας οὐρα βάλλει." * — *Il.* x. 585. And Socrates informs Crito, three days before the fatal hemlock-draught, that a majestic female form appeared to him in his sleep, clad in white, and thus addressed him—*ὦ Σώκρατες, ἡμαρ κεν τριτάρῃ Φθίην ἐπιβόλον ἴκοιο.* †

* Three days will bear thee home to Phthia's shore!"—*Il.* ix.

Lord Derby has put it within the power of the general English public, as it never was before in the same degree, to become acquainted with an author on so many accounts so interesting. In their name we beg to thank him, and in our own also for all the pleasure which his delightful book has given us. We are glad to think that in a work which will procure for others so much enjoyment, he has himself found satisfaction and interest. And we congratulate him most heartily on having added to his other laurels this unprecedented success. An English *Iliad* alike satisfactory to the scholar by its accuracy; to the tasteful lover of ancient literature, by its wonderful reproduction of Homer's characteristic epithets and picturesque expressions; and to all readers, by its vigour and transparent clearness of style, and by the easy flow of its grand and harmonious verse.

* "The sound of horses, hurrying, strikes mine ear."

† Crito. 44.

THE LAWS OF SHORT WHIST.

It was a good inspiration that suggested the little volume whose title we have placed above. Cases were continually occurring in which men disputed certain points, on the assumption that the rules which applied to the old game of Long Whist were not applicable to the new game; and others were disposed to quote the practice of particular clubs as an authority; so that some standard was really necessary, to which all great Whist-playing communities might conform, and to whose *dicta* all should subscribe.

The present volume has fulfilled this requisite, and we have no doubt that it will be accepted, not only by the long list of clubs which have already given in their adhesion, but largely wherever this delightful game is played and enjoyed.

Nothing is more common in the world than the censure which indiscriminately and unjustly classes all manner of "Games" under one head, and distributes the same measure of condemnation to each. It would be good service to etymology, as well as to ethics, if people would distinguish between gamester and gambler—between the man who plays for the pleasure imparted by an intellectual pastime, and him who sits down to play as a pecuniary speculation.

The non-playing community will make no difference between these, and are prone to confound the Chess and the Whist player with the votary of *Rouge-et-noir* and the follower of *Roulette*. This is illiberal, and it is unwise.

Now, a game of skill and address is to a game of pure hazard pretty much as the legitimate pleasures of life are to the unlicensed excesses of the debauchee. In the one case there are laws to which you must conform—obligations to

fulfil—limits to observe—penalties to submit to. There is, in fact, a little code to which you must yield obedience, instilling in all its details those lessons which in the larger affairs of life are no mean aids to civilisation. Besides there are the necessities for a mental effort, for watchfulness, caution, memory, promptitude, and readiness. In the game of chance none of these are called for. He who can go through the manual exploit of depositing his stake is the equal of the best around the table.

Whist, in a pre-eminent degree, exacts the exercise of a large range of faculties—and faculties, too, of a very varied and dissimilar order. It is very common to hear a preference accorded to Chess over Whist, on the ground that in Chess no element of chance enters, and that the whole conduct of the game is resolvable to mathematical certainty. Now, it is precisely for this very difference that we claim the superiority for Whist. It is in this same element of chance that Whist so closely resembles real life. It is in this same element of what may or may not be, that we have a field for the exercise of those powers which calculate probabilities, and argue from the likely or unlikely, and draw conclusions from premises not absolutely certain, but still as probable as are the greater number of the unaccomplished events in our actual lives. If there be a game which sets the fine edge on the reasoning powers of the man of the world—of him who is to be conversant with the daily incidents of life, and those who set them in motion—it is Whist. Show me a first-rate Whist-player, and I will engage to show you a man, to whose knowledge of the world, to whose tact, to whose

powers of computing the cost of any action, and striking the balance of advantage or disservice it might entail, you may apply in a moment of doubt or difficulty. Show me a first-rate Whist-player, and you show me one who combines patient powers of a judicial order with the energetic rapidity of a man of action; who has the keenest appreciation of the laws of evidence, along with the steady courage of the soldier; and in whose balanced intellect no undue prominence is ever accorded to one class of faculties at the expense of another.

I know that a great many people—excellent people, estimable in every way—will regard what I say here as exaggeration, and will exclaim, "What absurdity it is to talk of such qualities as these being enlisted in a mere game!" A mere game! And what, may I ask, are the daily-recurring difficulties of life but mere games? Is not every operation of commerce, every speculation, every lawsuit, a game? Is not every occasion in which man is pitted against man, and intelligence pitted against intelligence, a game? Does not Fortune deal out cards to us every day we live? and are we not triumphant in our trumps or manfully struggling under the difficulties of a bad hand?

Don't despise the faculties employed upon a mere game, unless you be prepared to disparage the qualities which are daily exercised in the great affairs of life. They are precisely the self-same forces, though they be swayed with different intentions.

Games are, I insist, far more intellectual as pastimes, better as stimulants, better as reliefs to the actual drudgery of life, than the great majority of those "conversations" which people assume to be the acmé of social culture, and which are for the most part made up of repetitions and reiterations. It is often of great consequence to relieve an overworked brain—to relax the tension of over-strained

faculties. Absolute rest will not suffice. There is a certain amount of intellectual activity required; and just as we see that a man can sit longer without fatigue in a spring-carriage than he could rest in the best-stuffed arm-chair, so it is there is more real rest imparted by moderate occupation than by total inertness. A game will do this—a game will call for a certain activity of mind stimulated by a constant interest; and it is in the alternate play of occupation and amusement a really active mind will take its most pleasurable repose. The rapid results keep the faculties awake; and in the interest of the play a man learns to forget what all the solicitude of friends, and all the blandishments of beauty, were not able to banish from his brooding imagination.

Of the little 'Treatise on Whist,' by J. C., included in the volume, I have not much to say; but it is almost all praise. The hints he gives as to leads and the call for trumps are good, and will be valuable to young players. I do not completely agree in his comparative estimate of French and English play, and I opine that the Jockey Club in Paris has players of a certainly more brilliant order than any we can match against them in our country. In the Dummy Game the Germans are unquestionably our superiors. Both French and German are bolder than we are, more prone to play out trumps, and start earlier in "stride," so to say, than we do, who usually keep the "rush" for the end of the game, and are satisfied with scoring the trick—winning the "heat" where we ought to have won the "race."

The notion of "first saving the game before you think of winning it" is totally subversive of all that combination by which a really good player manages to play out in imagination two or three different issues to his "hand" before he deposits a card on the table. He who cannot do this, and who cannot do

it as rapidly, as instinctively, as he arranges his cards in his hand, is no Whist-player.

Nor is the dashing character of the French game so hazardous as men deem it generally. The frank lead of trumps is just as often security as rashness; and particularly is this the case when the player, perceiving that his own share of the combat must be that of a subordinate, at once devotes his whole strength to the support of his stronger partner. In this quick, almost instinctive appreciation of the part assigned to him by fortune, the French player is vastly superior to the English. Your French partner's lead is a candid declaration of what amount of strength he can contribute to the struggle. He says—"Count upon me for this; do not depend on me for that." Your own fault must it be if you have to complain afterwards of disappointment.

Since Deschappelles there has been no such player in Europe, except perhaps a Greek—a M. Kalergi, the brother of the minister of that name. His play, I am convinced, has no equal amongst the present race of Whisters. It combined every quality of intrepidity and caution, and had, besides, a recuperative power, by which, when he discovered a particular line of attack or defence impracticable, he adopted another with instantaneous rapidity, and often with such adroitness, too, as to mislead the adversary, who still believed him in pursuit of his former intention.

Another great gift was his: which was to measure—and almost in a moment—the capacity of his partner; to divine all his peculiarities, and to note all the prejudices he possessed. His power of adapting himself to the ever-varying caprices of his partners was an exhibition of mental dexterity that resembled the skill of an Indian juggler with his balls. This, however amusing to witness, conveyed no teaching to the Whist-player

who looked over him—no more than the skill of a particular physician in his detection of disease advances the science of medicine: these things belong to the individual; they are not a portion of the art.

C. very justly observes that there is a wide difference between the English and French schools of whist; but I am disposed to think that he has not accorded its full meed of praise to the latter, and I protest strongly against that middle course he would adopt between the two systems. The French game is unquestionably bold—it is bold in attack and bold in defence; but there is this to be said for the system of playing out trumps, that, as no amount of foresight will enable a man to say when a suit may not be "ruffed," the exhaustion of trumps, in removing *that* difficulty, enables a skilful player to make more and more daring "finesses" than he could possibly have attempted were trumps still held in hand. This of course is a subordinate reason for the trump game, but it constitutes a mode of play which I have seen a French whister employ with immense success. Leading trumps, too, from a weak trump hand, is in some cases an admirable game. Your highest trump, a knave or even a ten, will frequently prove the "complement" of your partner's hand; for, as every one who has played much will acknowledge, *your* weak suit will, in three cases out of five at least, be the strong one of your partner. It is essential, too, that your partner, with a strong suit, should not be left to lead up to you with a weak one. By the avowal made in your lead of a ten or a nine, he will understand this at once, and immediately measure his ambition in the game by the amount of his *own* strength.

C. says nothing on a line of play that French and Russian players frequently practise, which is to induce the adversary to attack by some simulated weakness. In this

way, for instance, with a strong hand in trumps and a long suit, I have seen a Singleton played, which being followed by a ruff, the adversary at once led trumps, and in this way fell into an ambuscade. Kalergi practised this; but I suspect he did it chiefly to vary his game, so that he defeated all the efforts of those who would try to learn his peculiar mode of play.

C., however, insists so much on the clear understanding that should subsist between partners, that it is highly probable he would reject whatever seemed to invalidate this great precept. It is well, however, to bear in mind, that every indication *you* convey to your partner of your strength or of your intentions, is at once understood by your adversaries, who are as two to one against you in the mystery; and there are times—I will not say that they occur in every game—but there *are* moments when your partner is so palpably unable to assist you, it would be a mere waste of candour on your part to take him into your confidence, at the cost of exposing yourself to the adversary. I do not wish to occupy space by an illustration, but every whist-player will be able to supply one. I wish C. had devoted a chapter, or part of one, to an enumeration of the most glaring faults which bad players commit. I am certain it would go further to correct the ordinary transgressions than all the precepts that ever were given for good play. In fact, laws are always denunciatory. Men are not advised to be virtuous; they are not warned not to be wicked.

I am confident I should not have had a grey hair in my head these ten years to come, if it were not for that wretch who refused to lead back my trump in order that he might make one miserable trick by a ruff. The "second murderer," too, who never will lead twice for the same suit, has aged me more than all my gout.

As to the fatuous imbecile that,

when he plays a card, always looks at his partner, and never once at the board, there is not a club in Europe without some dozens of them. And are they not a heavy infliction! There are others who cannot be taught the manual part of the game, but are constantly dropping cards, playing out of turn, or, heresy of heresies, mistaking the trump! The defaulter is posted who merely defrauds you of your money; and here is a fellow who impairs your digestion, sets your nerves ajar, and actually curdles the whole milk of your existence, suffered to go free and unpunished!

There is a moral obliquity in certain whist-players far more significant than all the elevations on the frontal bone, or the bumps on the occiput. How I wish I could draw attention to this point—how I wish I could make men alive to the fact that whist has its ethical side; and that, as an indication of a man's nature, of his tendencies to hope or to despair—of his self-reliance, of his boldness, of his timidity, or dependence, there never yet was invented a gauge to be compared to this game. Don't sneer at this, and say, Pshaw! it is a mere pastime: so it is, but it is a pastime every step of which unfolds a trait; and as an episode, a man's rubber is as complete as any incident that ever befell him.

There is no better remark in C.'s whole book than "The Americans rarely play the right card, if they have one to play which is likely to deceive everybody." O that Messrs. Lincoln and Seward would meditate over this, and see that the little sport in trumps they tried in the Trent affair, and the false attempt to score honours where they had not held them, have so shown their hands that nothing they do hereafter will give them a character for fair-dealing and frankness!

It is not so easy to answer those who object to Whist on the score of its gambling tendencies, and that men occasionally convert it into a

positive career. But let us be candid: was there ever anything mortal which could not be abused? Do all men marry for love, or are there not three or four every year who basely sacrifice themselves for money? Have there not been soldiers who liked "loot"? and is not, generally speaking, a war in China more favourably regarded by the service than a campaign in New Zealand? I am afraid we should even find the sons of letters—ay, poets themselves—a little given to lucre if we pushed our inquiries in this direction; and neither husband, soldier, nor author should be set down as unworthy seekers after riches. Money was but an element in their temptation. Money, in short, typified success. When a man won—wife or odd trick as it might be—he was paid; and very little confusion of mind was needed to mix up two pleasurable events and imagine them to be one. For myself I can honestly say, and I call upon my friends to corroborate me, that I scold my partner as virulently, and I invoke as many misfortunes on his head for his shortcomings, at sixpenny points, as if we were playing pounds, and twenty on the rubber.

O. concludes his chapter on the "Grand Coup" by what he calls the Great Vienna Coup at Double Dummy. The problem is pretty and

ingenious, but certainly not difficult of solution. At the same time, one might demur to the fact as set down in the text, that as soon as the cards were exposed the player exclaimed, "Why, I shall make in all thirteen tricks!" It is hard to believe that any *coup d'œil* should go thus far, though it is not by any means difficult to suppose that, after a brief computation, the result might be arrived at. Had the author given this problem as an illustration of the "pressure of the discard," instead of placing it at the end of his remarks on the Grand Coup, it would be perhaps more easy of solution by his readers.

Deschappelles's Grand Coup was an adaptation derived from his Chess-playing. It was the Gambit transposed into Whist.

I have for years been meditating a great book on Whist,—Whist treated, as a German would say, in all its many-sidedness. To accomplish this worthily, however, would require so many conditions of time, peace, tranquillity, retirement, with occasional intercourse with the world, that I half fear my "span" will run out without my being able to bequeath to posterity this testimony of my affectionate interest in their culture and in their enjoyment.

JOHN LEECH.

THE year which has just passed opened sadly with the death of William Makepeace Thackeray; before it closed, John Leech was laid by the side of his schoolfellow, his friend, and his fellow-labourer. There was hardly a household in the United Kingdom over which a gloom was not cast by the tidings of his death—a Christmas hearth round which he was not mourned, or whose brightness was not dimmed by his loss. It was as if an old familiar face were missed, a friendly voice hushed. The kindest of moralists, the gentlest of satirists, was no more; but the spirit that had so lately fled seemed still to linger round the Christmas-tree, to mingle in the sports it had loved so well, to wreath itself in the smiles and flit on the sweet laughter of childhood, and to hover lovingly over the scenes it had so often rendered immortal.

All that the world has a right to ask of the personal history of John Leech has been already told. That he was originally destined for the medical profession; that in obedience to the strong promptings of genius he early abandoned it; that his life was pure and noble; that he was beloved by friends, and those nearer and dearer than friends,—this is all we are entitled to know, and it is enough.

As has been the case with almost all great humorists, there was a vein of melancholy in the character of Leech. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;" and this tone of mind seems to be as inseparable from genius as the plaintive strains are from that music "which wakes our tears ere smiles have left us."

The lines in which the character of a lamented statesman have been so vividly drawn in these pages might with truth have been applied to the artist:—

"His mirth, though genial, came by fits and starts;
The man was mournful in his heart of hearts.
Oft would he sit or wander forth alone,
Sad,—why I know not,—was it ever known?
Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes;
A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise.
Hear him discourse, you'd think he hardly felt;
No heart more facile to arouse or melt,—
*Mild as a knight's in some Castilian lay,
And tender as a sailor's in a play.*"

Silent, gentle, forbearing, his indignation flashed forth in eloquence when roused by anything mean or ungenerous. Manly in all his thoughts, tastes, and habits, there was about him an almost feminine tenderness. He would sit by the bedside and smooth the pillow of a sick child with the gentleness of a woman. No wonder he was the idol of those around him; but it is the happiness of such a life that there is so little to be told of it.

In an article upon the Public Schools of London, which appeared about four years ago in the pages of 'Once a Week,' the following passage occurs in the description of the Charterhouse:—

"We strolled out into the green again, which is so large that one portion of it forms an excellent cricket-ground. It is surrounded by high walls, and is overlooked from the upper windows of the houses in the adjacent streets. J. mentioned to me a story of a young Carthusian's mother, which was, I thought, touching enough. She had sent her little boy, then a mere child, to this huge school. It had cost her many a pang to part with him; but, as she was a lady of good sense as well as of gentle heart, she resolved to abstain from visiting him at his boarding-house. She knew it was right that he should be left to take his chance with the others, and she had sufficient strength of mind not to sacrifice his future welfare to the indulgence of her own affection. See him, however, she would, but in such a way that the child could not see her. She therefore hired

a room in one of the houses which commanded a view of the Carthusian playing-ground; and here she would sit behind a blind, day after day, happy and content so that she could get a glimpse of her child. Sometimes she would see him strolling about with his arm round the neck of one of his little companions, as the way of schoolboys is; sometimes he was playing and jumping about with childish glee; but still the mother kept her watch. You may see the place where she did it. Look yonder, that upper window, just beside the gold-beater's arm."

The boy in this story was John Leech. How much of the mingled firmness and tenderness of his character may he have inherited from such a mother.

His success came early. There is no tale to be told of the struggles and heartburnings of unacknowledged genius. Before he was five-and-twenty years of age he was celebrated, and to the very hour of his death his popularity steadily and constantly increased. His life was short when measured by years; but if we take the truer measure of sensation, it extended far beyond the ordinary limit of humanity. His brain was never idle, and his hand rarely at rest. The amount of intellectual labour he must have gone through is prodigious, and it is wonderful that an organ so finely constituted, an instrument so delicately tuned, as his brain must have been, did not give way sooner.

This delicate power of conception, tremblingly alive to the finest and most evanescent characteristics of every object that presented itself to his notice, is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the genius of Leech. No truer record of the manners and habits of society in the middle of the nineteenth century can be conceived than that which is found in the productions of his pencil. His powers of satire were rather refined than deep. Had he worked with the pen instead of the pencil, he might have written the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' or the '*Rape*'

of the Lock;' but could hardly have produced the '*Misanthrope*' or the '*Moral Essays*.' He preferred laughing at follies to lashing vices. The pretensions of a "snob," or the vulgarities of a "gent," were the favourite objects of his satire; like Touchstone, it was "meat and drink to him to see a fool." Yet the kindness of his disposition shows itself in the mode in which he treats even his victim. One of the most popular and successful of his creations is "Old Briggs." How the character grows and develops under his hand from the fortunate day when "the cook says she thinks there's a loose slate on the roof, and Mr. Briggs replies that the sooner it is set to rights the better, and he will see about it," through all the various phases of house-keeping and horse-keeping, of fox-hunting, fishing, pheasant-shooting, and deer-stalking. And here we may observe the delicate gradations by which the artist has marked the progress of Mr. Briggs in his sporting education. On his first introduction he is essentially a town man. He has probably spent his life, until past fifty years of age, in a warehouse, or behind a desk or a counter. But the strong sporting instinct has only lain dormant within him, till awakened by accident; and, when once aroused, breaks forth in full vigour. Briggs is a totally different character from the Cockney sportsman who was the butt of Gilray or of Seymour. It is impossible not to feel sympathy and respect for the perseverance and resolution with which he pursues his object, or affection for the good-humour with which he meets repeated disappointment. Who can help rejoicing heartily with him when at last he catches that marvellous salmon?

Little Tom Noddy is another admirable creation. How exquisitely ludicrous is the whole series of his sporting adventures? Yet the little man never loses his hold on our affections. Here, too, we find a re-

markable proof of the fertility of genius and acute observation of the artist. Briggs and Tom Noddy pass through the same scenes, but the ideas are always new, and each character is stamped with its own distinctive idiosyncrasies. They are as different from each other as Master Slender is from Froth, or Touchstone from the fool in Lear.

As a political caricaturist, Leech holds a position midway between Gilray and Cruikshank on the one hand, and H. B. on the other. His satire was not so keen nor was his pencil so vigorous as that of the two former artists; but it must be remembered that times have changed, and that the weapons with which Gilray assailed Pitt and Fox, and those which Cruikshank wielded against Castlereagh and Sidmouth, would not be equally fitted for the days of Peel and Lord John Russell, of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli.

Leech possessed the finest eye for all objects of natural beauty. A keen sense of the beautiful distinguishes him from almost all other caricaturists. It is to be found occasionally, though rarely, in the earlier works of Gilray, and more frequently in those of Rowlandson, but disappears almost entirely from the later productions of both. In Cruikshank it finds its chief manifestation when he disports himself amongst the creations of fairyland; and it is well worthy of remark, that, unlike his predecessors, this sense of beauty seems to have strengthened instead of diminishing as time has mellowed the genius of that great master. Over Leech it has from the first exercised an abiding influence, and there is hardly a production of his pencil in which some touch does not appear to bear testimony to his devotion. His power of expressing beauty by a few lines strengthened with years, but with increasing facility of hand came in some degree the defect of mannerism. One type of beauty took possession of

his heart, and he too often contented himself with reproducing it. There are other artists of kindred genius to whose works we might refer as examples of a similar habit; and when it is remembered how rapid and unceasing the call upon his creative power was, that, week by week, for a period of twenty years, he produced designs which, for the amount of thought and invention they required, were equal to pictures, our surprise will be at the variety which he introduced in the character and expression of the actors in the scenes of his comedy. Leech's type of beauty is thoroughly English and domestic—the gay modest good-tempered girl who is the sunbeam on her father's hearth, the beloved of her brothers and sisters, the adored of her cousins, who passes by natural transition into the faithful wife and fond mother, who bears around her through life a halo of purity and innocence, is the muse that inspires his pencil. This purity is a constant characteristic of Leech's beauties. Constance, who drives her private hansom—Miss Selina Hardman, who asks poor Robinson to "give her a lead" over a five-barred gate—Diana, who slips off at an ugly fence, leaving the skirt of her habit on the pomel of her saddle—have not the most remote affinity to the objectionable young ladies of the present day who ape the graces of Anonyma as she flaunts in the Park, are rather proud to be taken for "pretty horsebreakers," and expose themselves to the ridicule and contempt of their partners by talking of persons and places of the mere knowledge of whose names they ought to be ashamed. It is difficult to say whether the hunting-field, the park, the croquet-lawn, the ball-room, or the seaside has furnished the richer field for the display of this phase of the genius of Leech; but we are disposed to think that all these must yield to his indoor scenes of domestic life. He revels in the society of children.

Baby is a constant source of delight to him; the sports, the loves, the joys, and the sorrows of childhood awaken his warmest sympathy. We know of nothing more perfect than some of his representations of children's parties—with what kindly satire he smiles at the affectation of the little premature men and women; and when he takes them out to dabble on the seashore, or mounts the boys on rough ponies and starts them for a ride over the downs, how the joyous shout and laugh ring in our ears.

There was in Leech all the material of a great landscape-painter. If we were to select one artist from whose works we should seek to give a foreigner a correct idea of English scenery, it is to his sketches we should have recourse. His backgrounds are marvels of truth and expression. The south coast of England, the peaceful valleys of the Thames, the brawling streams of Derbyshire, the broad undulating turf of our midland counties, the brown moors of Yorkshire, the Highlands of Scotland, and the strange, wild, weird scenes of Galway and Mayo, are all rendered with equal fidelity by his pencil, and each takes its appropriate place, as his drama shifts with the season from yachting and bathing to trout-fishing, deer-stalking, shooting, and fox-hunting. With Leech, nothing was conventional. Every accessory that he introduced showed his perfect knowledge of the scene he portrayed.

The backgrounds alone of the "Briggs" series will repay hours of study; and we have no hesitation in expressing our confident opinion that in future years these slight and apparently subordinate works will take a high place in the estimation of those who make landscape art their study. We know no better advice for a student than that he should look at nature with his own eyes, and then study carefully how she presented herself to those of Leech. His memory must

have been extraordinary, for, from the conditions under which he worked, most of these designs must have been produced in the studio; but the slight memoranda in his pocketbooks show that he never missed an opportunity of noting down even the most evanescent aspects of nature, the curl of a wave or the toss of the branches of a tree. All his designs are full of movement and action. His horses especially are alive, and almost as full of character as his men. Each is characteristic of his owner. Briggs's horse is as distinct from Tom Noddy's "playful mare," as their respective masters are from each other. His studies of horses began early, and in a school which was probably unique.

Leech was a boy at the Charterhouse in the palmy days of coach-travelling. In those days the north mails, after leaving the post-office, passed along Goswell Street, close by the wall which bounds the playground of the Carthusians. It was a glorious procession, such as our sons will never see and can hardly fancy. How the light, compact, neatly-appointed vehicles wound their rapid way along the crowded street behind their well-bred, high-conditioned teams—how gaily the evening sun glittered on the bright harness and glossy coats of the horses, and the royal uniform of the men! How cheerily the "yard of tin" rang out its shrill summons! Here and there a fast night-coach as well-horsed and appointed mingled in the procession, and "All the blue bonnets," or "The Swiss boy"—forgotten melodies—were carolled forth by that obsolete instrument the key-bugle. Pleasant are the memories of "the road." In the days of our boyhood the box of a fast coach was a throne of delight. The young Carthusians were far too ingenious to permit the wall of their playground to shut them out from so glorious a sight. They cut notches and drove spikes in the trunks of a row of trees from

the higher branches of which they could obtain a view into Goswell Street, and there they rigged up a kind of crows' nests where they could sit at ease and watch coach after coach as it passed. This was young Leech's study, and he has left a charming sketch of a boy sitting in such a "coach-tree," as it was called, with an expression of calm and thoughtful delight as he gazes on the spectacle below. The trees are gone, their successors are just beginning to show their leading shoots above the wall, but no future generation will ever climb their branches to feast their eyes on such a sight as delighted those of Thackeray and Leech in their boyhood.

There was no less justice than generosity in the remark of Mr. Millais, when, in his evidence before the Commission on the Royal Academy, he mentioned Leech as a striking instance of an artist worthy of the highest honours which the Academy could bestow, but who was excluded by the narrow rule which restricts those honours to artists who work in one peculiar medium. Had this remark proceeded from one whose opinion carried less authority, it might, perhaps, have been met by a sneer; but, coming from one who had himself acquired the highest of those honours, who had been trained in the schools of the Academy, and who had at a singularly early age been marked out for the success he subsequently achieved, it commanded respect and won assent. Any one may understand and relish the infinite humour and truth of Leech, but only one who was a great artist himself could fully know how great an artist he was. When Opie was asked what he mixed his colours with, the surly Cornishman growled out, "Brains, sir!" When a lady once asked Turner what was his secret, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." The fertility of the soil was apparent to

every one, but the laborious husbandry which enabled it to yield so rich a crop was known to but few. The labour was no doubt rendered more severe by the want of professional education. The early training which makes the hand the prompt and obedient slave of the brain, and which enabled Gilray to draw at once on the copper, was wanting to Leech, and he supplied its place by the closest and most accurate study. Not only did he note down in small sketch-books each object as it was presented to his eye, but he made careful pencil-drawings of every one of his designs before he transferred them to the copper or the wood block. These drawings have most fortunately been carefully preserved; and we would strongly impress upon the trustees of the British Museum, or some other public body, the importance of securing for the nation, at any rate, the political series. It is hardly possible to overrate their importance and value to the historian, the antiquary, or the artist. There is not one that does not illustrate some historical event, or that does not contain the living portrait of some man of note. If once dispersed they can never be re-united. We give thousands for a doubtful antique or a mutilated bronze. Surely we shall not permit such a record of contemporary history as these drawings afford to be broken up into fragments and distributed amongst the portfolios of private amateur collectors, its utility destroyed, and its beauty concealed for ever.

The world is a hard task-master to those who cater for its amusement. Molière died on the stage with the words of one of his own immortal comedies on his lips. The pencil fell from the hand of Leech upon an unfinished wood-block which he was preparing for PUNCH's Almanack. The same continuous labour, the same tax on the brain which stilled the

tongue of "Mellifluous Follett," was fatal to him. Rest might have saved him, but for him there was no rest. The weekly call must be answered, be it at what cost it may. The ordinary symptoms of an over-taxed brain began to show them-

selves, his nervousness and sensibility became extreme, and that generous heart which had only felt too warmly, and prompted too open a hand for the relief of others, gave one agonising throb, and then ceased to beat for ever.

ETONIANA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CONCLUSION.

ANOTHER curious old Eton custom, of a much more barbarous character than the Montem, and wisely abolished at a much earlier date, was the "Hunting of the Ram." It is said that the college butcher was obliged, under some ancient agreement, to provide a ram annually to be hunted by the scholars on Election Saturday. On one occasion the unfortunate animal swam the river, and rushed into the crowded market-place at Windsor with the boys in full chase; and so much mischief and confusion was the consequence, that the hunting was from that time given up; but the victim was still provided, and despatched by a process quite as cruel, and which had not even the excuse of the popular excitement of a chase. After being ham-strung to prevent his escape, he was knocked on the head in the school-yard with clubs specially provided for the occasion.* The young Prince William (Duke of Cumberland) wielded a club, as an amateur, on one of these occasions:

"1730. Sat., Aug. 1, was celebrated at Eton the anniversary diversion of Hunting the Ram by the scholars. What made the ceremony the more remarkable was, that His R.H. Duke William was pleased to honour it with his presence. The captain of the school presented him with a ram-club, with which His Royal Highness struck the first stroke. H.R.H. was in at the death of the ram, and his club was bloodied according to custom. There was after-

wards a speech made by the captain, at which the Duke was also present. He then proceeded to see the hall, the library, the school, and the long chamber, and it was generally observed that H.R.H. returned to Windsor very well pleased."—Rawl. MS., vol. ii. 163.

It is singular that he should thus early in life have earned his title of "The Butcher." Some verses in the 'Musæ Etonenses,' written for the ensuing Montem, commemorate this royal visit:—

"Huc ades, o puer alma, measque invise
catervas,
Digna sit auspiciis bellica pompa tuis;
Arctis ad mortem venisti claviger; O si
Pollice et hoc ludos spator utroque
probes!"

The green rugs, which have been mentioned among the festal decorations of Long Chamber, were a gift from the Duke to the collegers either at this or some subsequent visit.

The barbarous ceremony was abolished altogether in 1747; but Hugget asserts that the ram still made his appearance at the high table in pasties at the Election Monday dinner, at the date of his writing, 1760.

Boating has for many generations been one of the most popular amusements at Eton, the neighbourhood offering what an American would call "water privileges" which no other school can boast. But, until a recent day, the river has been, in theory at least, forbidden ground. The boys would boat, of course, and did boat, systematically; but

* See the charge for a "ram-club" in Patrick's bill, p. 225, note.

the system was only winked at by the authorities. Few attempts were made, in fact, at any school, until very lately, to encourage or to methodise that valuable and needful adjunct to all mental training, active out-door exercise and amusement. The modern tendency is perhaps too much in the other direction. The reason of putting the river out of bounds was the danger incurred by boys who could not swim. The prohibition seemed justified by the number of accidents which really occurred. Boys were drowned from time to time, though not so often as might have been feared; amongst others, the young Earl of Waldegrave in 1794. Henry Angerstein was drowned at Surly in 1820, in the full sight of the crews of the long boats, there being among them no swimmer good enough or bold enough to jump in to save him. Afterwards the boating was partially recognised by the school authorities, and watermen were appointed, one of whom was to go in each of the lower boats, to prevent accidents as far as possible. At last, after the death of Charles Montagu, who was jerked out of a boat by the tow-rope of a barge and drowned in 1840, the idea suggested itself of opening the river to those, and those alone, who had attained such proficiency in swimming as to have a fair chance of saving themselves in case of an accident. The swimming-school was organised by Mr. Evans (the "Dame") in conjunction with Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, who was then a private tutor at Eton, and had been one of the best swimmers and oarsmen* in the school. From that time forth the boats have been under the regular superintendence of one of the masters, and no fatal accident has occurred since. No boy is now allowed to go into a boat until he has passed an examination in swimming before a committee of masters at

"Athens," or at Cockoo Weir. Yet swimming has always been an Eton accomplishment, at least amongst the few; and it may be doubted whether the feats of earlier days could be surpassed now, with all the advantage of this special training. Fifty years ago, two boys floated on their backs all the way from Surly to "The Cobbler," below bridge; and it was no uncommon exploit to take "headers" from old Windsor bridge, especially on Sunday mornings, when the river was full, owing to the sluices being shut: an exhibition which would rather startle the Windsor and Eton public now.

There is but one school with which Eton has any opportunity of trying its real strength in an eight-oared race. Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough — the only schools which approach in point of numbers — have no facilities for boats. Shrewsbury has a river, but the numbers there are too small to ensure a good crew. Westminster alone has had any chance with Eton afloat, and in its better days made the contest pretty equal. Eton won the three first races in succession — in 1829, 1831, and 1836 — but were beaten in their own water at Datchet the following year. King William IV. was present at the race, and the excitement was very great. His Majesty declared that the Eton boys lost it because Dr. Hawtrey was there looking on. In this last race the boats were for the first time steered by their own coxswains, the lines having been hitherto taken by London watermen. The victory of 1847 at Putney left Eton the winners of five races out of nine. Owing to objections made by the authorities of both schools, the contest was not renewed until 1860, when Eton won again; indeed, of late years, the decreasing strength of Westminster has given them little chance against their opponents,

* This excellence has been hereditary; his son, A. J. Selwyn, was stroke of the Cambridge University boat in 1863.

though the smaller school has still supplied a crew to pull a losing race with all the pluck of more successful days.* For the last three or four years Eton has found a new antagonist in Radley College, who have pulled against them in fair style at Henley; but in this case, as in the case of Westminster, a crew picked out of 180 boys is necessarily overmatched in weight and strength by a school which has the choice of 800.

The "captain of the boats" is perhaps the greatest person in the school next to the head-master,—if, indeed, he does not rival that great authority in the estimation of the boys. The whole regulation of the boats, both as to the selection of the crew of the racing "eight," and of the "captains" of the several boats which form the Fourth of June procession, rests entirely with him; and as he has a great deal of this kind of patronage at his disposal, his influence is very considerable. The boat-crews are in some sort looked upon as the aristocracy of the school, and for this reason, the position is an object of social ambition amongst the boys. So long as there were no public races, and the great field-day was the

mere show on the Fourth of June, the selection of the crew of the first boat—the ten-oar—of which the captain always pulled stroke, was very much a matter of favouritism, and it was complained that it too often got into the hands of a clique. But since the contest with Westminster has been revived, and Eton has also put on a boat at the Henley Regatta, where they have had to try their strength against the Universities, a much fairer system of choice has necessarily prevailed, and the captain picks his crew from the best oarsmen in the school, without reference to the "set" in which they may be. The expenses of the amusement are very considerable—much more so than they need be. The old boat-builders have a sort of monopoly, and exorbitant charges of every kind are kept up by custom, which schoolboys are not apt to dispute. For this reason it has never hitherto been the custom for the King's scholars (who may be supposed, as a rule, to be the sons of less wealthy parents) to join the regular boats at all, with the exception of the "college four," which now forms part of the procession on the Fourth of June. A collegier, however, was in the "eight" last

* The rivalry between the two great schools was very marked in these earlier days. It breaks out continually in the writings both of Eton and Westminster men. George Hardinge, an Etonian heart and soul, cannot conceal his satisfaction that, during the eleven years of Barnard's rule at Eton, "the rival school, though a very excellent one, and more likely as being in the metropolis to obtain patronage, was stationary in its number and its fame." Dr. Barnard himself, who had looked forward to a bishopric (which he is said to have lost by a political harangue against the Court at a Buckinghamshire election), was doubly mortified when "his rival Markham," head-master of Westminster, got the mitre instead. Richard Cumberland, on the other hand, writing as an old Westminster, is jealous of the sunshine of royalty in which Etonians were just then rejoicing; "the vicinity of Windsor Castle," he says, "is of no benefit to the discipline and good order of Eton school." It had probably no great effect one way or the other; but George III. was a constant patron both of boys and masters. Dr. Goodall, as has been said, had many qualifications for a courtier; and Langford, who was for a long time lower master, was such a favourite that the King used to send for him down to Weymouth to preach before him—to the considerable disgust, as was natural, of the non-Etonian divines of Weymouth. His Majesty took a considerable personal interest in the boys, and knew the most distinguished of them by name and sight. "All people think highly of Eton—everybody praises Eton," he said to young De Quincey. He was hospitable to them, in his odd way. On one occasion he sent to invite them in a body to the Terrace, and kept them all to supper—"remembering to forget" to extend the entertainment to the masters who had accompanied them, and who returned home in great dudgeon.

year, for the first time in the annals of Eton boating; though the offer of a place has been made to one of their body before.

Since the glories of Montem have departed, the Fourth of June has taken its place as the great yearly festival of Etonians. It was instituted in commemoration of a visit of King George III., and is held on his birthday. It is the great trysting-day of Eton, when her sons gather from far and wide, young and old, great and small,—no matter who or what, so long as they are old Etonians; that magic bond binds them all together as brothers, and levels for the time all distinctions of age or rank. The proceedings begin with the "Speeches," delivered in the Upper School at 12 noon before the provost, fellows, masters, and a large audience of the boys' friends. Selections from classical authors, ancient or modern, are recited by the Sixth-form boys, who are dressed for the occasion in black swallow-tail coats, white ties, black knee-breeches and buckles, silk stockings, and pumps. Then follows the provost's luncheon, given in the college hall to the more distinguished visitors, while similar entertainments on a smaller scale are going on in the various tutors' and dames' houses. At 3 o'clock there is full choral service in chapel. At 6 P.M. all hands adjourn to the Brocas, a large open meadow, to witness the great event of the day—the procession of the Boats to Surly Hall, a public-house of that name, on the right bank of the river, some three and a half miles from Windsor. The boats are divided into two classes—Upper and Lower. The Upper division consists of the Monarch ten-oar, the Victory, and the Prince of Wales, or, as it is more usually called, the Third Upper. The Lower boats are the Britannia, Dreadnought, Thetis, and St. George; sometimes, when the number of aspirants to a place is larger than usual, an eighth boat, called the Defiance, is added. The collegers

have also for some years put on a four-oar—latterly expanded into an eight—which follows in the procession. The flotilla is preceded by the Eton racing eight-oar, manned by the picked crew who are to contend at Putney or Henley. Each boat has its distinctive uniform. Formerly these were very fanciful—Greek pirates, or galley-slaves in silver chains, astonishing the quiet reaches of the Thames for the day. The crews of the Upper boats now wear dark-blue jackets and trousers, and straw hats with ribbons, displaying the name of the boats in gold letters; the coxswains are dressed in an admiral's uniform, with gold fittings, sword, and cocked-hat. The captain of each boat has an anchor and crown embroidered in gold on the left sleeve of his jacket. In the Lower boats, the crews wear trousers of white jean, and all ornaments and embroidery are in silver. Each boat carries a large silk flag in the stern. The procession is headed by a quaint old-fashioned boat (an Eton racing-boat of primitive days) rowed by watermen, and conveying a military band. The scene at Boveney Locks is very striking; the boats, with their gay flags and costumes, crowded together in the narrow pass, make the locks appear carpeted with bright colours. Opposite to Surly Hall, a liberal display of good things, spread on tables on shore, awaits the arrival of the crews—the Sixth-form alone being accommodated with a tent. After a few toasts, and as much champagne as can be fairly disposed of in a short time, the captain of the boats gives the word for all to re-embark, and the flotilla returns to Eton in the same order. This order, however, is by no means such as would delight the eye of a critical first-lieutenant in H.M. navy: singing, shouting, racing, and bumping, all go on together in the most harmonious confusion. This racing home (combined with the libations at Surly) caused a good deal of excitement in former days; and once

—some sixty years ago—the Dreadnought and Defiance having a dispute about a “bump,” the two crews, steerers included, agreed to fight it out in the playing-fields afterwards, and were actually ranging themselves in order of battle, when Godall, then head-master, interposed, and stopped this last resort.

The time-honoured custom of “sitting a boat” must here claim mention. Some old Etonian, of generous and festive disposition (generally an old “oar”), signifies to the captain of a boat his intention of presenting the crew with a certain quantity of champagne. In return he is entitled to be rowed up to Surly in the boat to which he presents the wine; he occupies the coxswain’s seat, who kneels or stands behind him. This giver of good things is called, from this circumstance, a “sitter;” and the question, “Who sits your boat?” or, “Have you a sitter?” is one of some interest, which may often be heard addressed to a captain. The stat of honour in the ten-oar is usually offered to some distinguished old Etonian. Mr. Canning occupied it in 1824.*

The boats, after their return through Windsor Bridge, turn and row two or three times round an eyot in the middle of the stream above the bridge. During this time a grand display of fireworks takes place on the eyot. The ringing of the fine old bells in the Curfew Tower, the cheering of the crews, and the brilliant-coloured fires which strike across the water and light up the dense masses of spectators along the bridge, the rafts, and the shore, produce an effect not easily forgotten. A pyrotechnic illumination of the college arms (displaying last year something meant to represent the “Eton eight” rowing solemnly beneath it)

concludes the ceremonies, and is the signal for the crews to land and march in jubilant disorder back to college. The crowds break and disappear, special trains dash off to their respective destinations, and the Fourth of June is over.

An almost identical fête takes place on “Election Saturday,” the last Saturday in July, so called from being the day of the annual election to King’s College. This, however, is now much shorn of its former glories. There used also to be certain rehearsals of the Fourth of June performances (called “check-nights”), which took place every alternate Saturday in the boating season, when the crews rowed up to Surly in their uniform, and regaled themselves—the staple luxury being ducks and green peas. These suppers were open to much objection, and the custom has lately been done away with. Besides these show festivals, there are annual races on the river—silver oars being the prizes for pair oars, and a silver cup for scullers.

During the summer half year, cricket is a formidable rival to the attractions of the river. Like rowing, it requires a good deal of time and practice, and very few boys excel in both. In fact, the school is divided into “wet-bobs” and “dry-bobs” as they are called; the former devoting themselves to the boats, and the latter to the playing-fields. Of course, a “dry-bob” plays cricket for his amusement; but each lays himself out for excellence in his special line.

Cricket began at Eton at least as early as at any public school, but its distant records are scanty. William Goldwin (who went off to King’s in 1700, and was afterwards Fellow of Eton and Master of Bristol grammar-school) published, amongst his “*Musæ Juveniles*,” in

* No one entered more cordially into the spirit of these Eton reunions. At the Montem of the previous year he met Brougham, for the first time since their fracas in the House, and held out his hand to him, amidst the hearty applause of the crowd of bystanders.

1706, a poem called *Certamen Pile*, which proves that even at that date a cricket-match had some interest for Eton boys. The game was played there in Horace Walpole's time; and the nephew and namesake of his friend and correspondent, Sir Horace Mann, was, either there or in after life, a celebrated player. The earliest Etonian celebrity of whom any distinct record is preserved is the eighth Earl of Winchelsea, who was the great patron and supporter of the oldest known club in England, the Hambledon—a band of ancient heroes held in honour by all cricketers, though they might fail to command the admiration which they formerly excited, if they were to appear once more upon the ground in their uniform of "sky-blue coats and velvet collars." Lord Winchelsea introduced what he considered an improvement in the game, by increasing the stumps to four, but it never became popular; though in the match between the gentlemen and the players in 1837, in order to equalise the contest, the latter undertook to defend four stumps instead of three. His Lordship made an innings of 54 in a match of "Old Etonians against the Gentlemen of England," played in 1791, on the old "Lord's" ground, on the site of the present Dorset Square. The first recorded match played by an eleven of the school itself is that against the Oldfield Club, whom they beat easily, in 1797. Sumner, the future archbishop, was one of the bowlers. The first public school match of which Mr. Lillywhite's researches have recovered any account is Eton against Westminster, at old Lord's, in 1799. It must have been either a very short or a very careful day's play; for Eton, in their only innings, made but 47 runs, and Westminster had scored 13, with five wickets to fall, when the stumps were drawn. The match was said to be "postponed," but there is no account to be found of

its ever having been resumed. The schools played again the following year, when Eton had an easy victory, making a score of 213 in one innings, against Westminster's 54 and 81. The King's scholars in those days formed the strongest part of the eleven. Benjamin Drury (afterwards assistant-master), Joseph Thackeray, and Thomas Lloyd, elder brother of the bishop, were the bowlers, and all the largest innings were made by collegers. The match had a melancholy sequel: Lloyd, after beating the Westminster innings off his own bat, died of a sudden chill caught after his exertions. No matches seem afterwards to have been made with Westminster; but in 1805 they played their first match with Harrow at Lord's, beating them in a single innings. Eight out of the eleven (among whom was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) were again collegers. The two schools are said to have played several times between this date and 1818; but this assertion is, to say the least, very questionable, and no scores are to be found until that year, when Harrow beat Eton, and again in 1822. A contemporary letter from a young Etonian, anticipating victory on the latter occasion, explains the former defeat (losers are never slow at an excuse) by the statement that only two* of their best men were present at Lord's, the rest of the eleven being made up of such Etonians as could be collected on the ground. In the following year Eton retrieved its honour, and again beat Harrow in one innings; and from that time forth victory has been pretty fairly balanced. E. Bayley's great innings of 152, in 1841, had never yet been exceeded by any player in a public school match, until A. Labbock, in 1868, made the still grander score of 174 (not out) against Winchester. An Eton eleven appears first to have played this latter school in 1826, and were beaten. From

* These were Donald Maclean and W. Pitt.

1830 the two schools have had a match nearly every year, with tolerably even success, including a tie in 1845, when the interest and excitement were very great indeed. In 1856, neither school being allowed to come up to London, the match was played at Winchester, and since that date the elevens have met on the Eton and Winchester ground alternately. The years most to be remembered in the Eton cricket annals are 1832 and 1846, when they beat both Winchester and Harrow in a single innings.

Three of the fastest gentlemen-bowlers in England—and all good ones—have been at different times in the Eton eleven. George Osbaldeston—long before he was known to the sporting world as Master of the Quorn and Pychley, and the boldest rider in England—had been known both in the Eton playing-fields and at Lord's for the lightning-speed of his delivery. John Henry Kirwan took every wicket in the second innings of the M. C. C. in the match of 1835. Walter Marcon—'41 and '42—is reputed to have been even faster. Those who have stood up against the bowling of both say that his pace was as terrific as that of George Brown of Sussex—who according to Mr. Lillywhite's annals, whose veracity is not to be rashly questioned, once bowled *through* a man's coat, on the Brighton ground, and killed a dog on the other side. The long-stop of Brown's eleven always prepared for him by having a bag stuffed with hay fastened inside his shirt to protect his chest, with which he stopped the balls; but no Eton long-stop is known to have condescended to this defensive armour. Perhaps the eleven of '34 brought out, in C. G. Taylor and W. Pickering, two of the finest gentlemen-batsmen in England; and the latter was probably the youngest player in any public school match, being then only fourteen.

The custom, which has now become general at the public school matches, of "chairing" any very

successful player—carrying him round the ground in triumph upon the shoulders of his companions—took its origin from the old Eton ceremony of "hoisting"—a compliment paid to the great champions of each side at football and cricket, or the winners in the boat-races, who are paraded in this distinguished fashion "after six" through college and along the school wall, with great shouting and rejoicing.

Besides cricket and football, the only game now recognised at Eton is fives. The more juvenile amusements have long been voted beneath the dignity of a modern public-school boy—a fastidiousness of taste which does not, perhaps, increase the happiness of the little boys. They played marbles at Eton as late as 1821, and tops survived many years longer; being regularly introduced for some ten days, on the return of the school after the summer holidays, up to about 1835. A good deal of sport has been afforded, both in modern and ancient days, by a "scratch" pack of beagles, set to hunt a drag, and followed by the sportsmen on foot—occasionally in traditional times, on horseback, by the more aspiring members of the hunt, upon such wretched animals as could be hired in Windsor. They went over many miles of country, and great leaps were taken (not by the horses) over the flooded ditches which surround Eton. William Oodrington's great leap over Chalvey brook is famous to this day, and may preserve his boyish fame even when he is forgotten as Master of the Old Berkshire. The sport was stopped from time to time by the authorities; and many will remember one remarkable run (not recorded by 'Bell's Life'), when the well-known Harry Dupuis took the field on horseback, and the younger sportsmen were obliged in their turn to become the pursued, and were many of them captured. At one time the members of the hunt, in emulation of older sportsmen, determined on adopting a distinctive button, and had a die

struck with the letters E. O. H.—Eton College Hunt. Dr. Hawtrey soon noticed these new insignia in school, but could not quite make out the legend. Meeting a boy one day in the school-yard, he literally took him by the button, and asked what the letters were; but when his pupil, with some slight natural embarrassment, read out the mystic characters—the Doctor's own initials—further question or comment was unnecessary, and it was the master's turn to look embarrassed at what he took for a delicate compliment from his pupils. The sport is now carried on without any interruption on the part of the authorities, and the runs are duly recorded in the 'Eton Chronicle.' Instead of having recourse to a drag, they can now usually find a hare on some of the neighbouring farms; an excellent feeling having sprung up between the boys and the farmers (who take an interest in the sport, and occasionally have the loan of the beagles for their own amusement), instead of the traditional feuds which existed in some earlier generations.

Ash-Wednesday used to be a day of even greater mortification at Eton than elsewhere. Besides the regular work of a whole-school-day, there was the special service in chapel, and formerly also a lecture from one of the fellows, so that the boys had scarcely half an hour to themselves. The cause assigned for this was not any special ecclesiastical strictness, but to prevent the school from attending the Eton pig-fair, held on that day. The pigs used to be penned in the public road fronting the dames' and tutors' houses; an arrangement which subjected the unhappy animals to many indignities, a protruding tail being occasionally cut off and carried away as a trophy. This, as might be ex-

pected, led to desperate battles with the pig-drovers. The Windsor fairs are even to this day the scene of occasional "rows" with the showmen and populace, though the hostilities are not so systematic as formerly, when a whole troop of strolling players—clowns, heroes in armour, and even "ladies" in tights and spangles—might be seen to descend from their outside stage, stung beyond endurance by crackers and pea-shooters, and engage in a hand-to-hand fight with their assailants below. Windsor Fair, it should be said, is strictly "out of bound;" for which reason, we are told by one of the masters in his evidence, "every boy in the school makes it a point of honour to go;" no real attempt is made to stop the practice, but (probably as a point of honour on the side of the masters) "one or two lower boys who are unlucky enough to get caught are severely punished."*

Mention has been already made of the Long Chamber Theatricals. Though the days have long passed when head-masters like Udall and Ritwise were the authors and managers, and cardinals sat amongst the audience, the drama, legitimate or illegitimate, was revived there from time to time. Addison's 'Cato' was got up for representation in Dr. Barnard's mastership, but the performance was unfortunately interrupted. George Hardinge (the Welsh judge) tells the story in a letter to Nichols. He was to perform Cato; and in those days Cato was nothing without a full-bottomed wig—at least so Hardinge thought, remembering, as he says, Pope's line—

"Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair."[†]

An old wig was at last found in the shop of a Windsor barber,

* See Public Schools Report, App., p. 140.

† This wig was an essential property to the character of the noble Roman. When Richard Cumberland acted in the tragedy at Bury School, he says—"A full-bottomed periwig for Cato, and female attire for Portia and Marcia, borrowed from the maids of the lodging-house, were the chief articles of our scanty wardrobe."

which was pronounced quite the correct thing, and which, for a small consideration, the barber undertook to turn out as good as new. Some ladies were invited, and the performance began; but in the midst of the Roman's soliloquy an unexpected actor rushed upon the stage—Dr. Barnard himself, boiling with wrath at the unlicensed performance. He tore off the wig and toga from the dismayed Cato, and dispersed actors and audience. The wig he hung up in his study as a trophy; and there, after some time, it was recognised by Dr. Burton, the vice-provost, as his own cast-off property. So we had the barber restored it, that Burton, who was a man of small economies, claimed it, and took it into wear again, declaring that it was really as good as new. "The anecdote" (says Hardinge) lasted Barnard for a month." He ought, indeed, to have had more sympathy with these dramatic aspirations; for he was himself an admirable mimic, and—according to the same authority—"if nature had given him Garrick's features and figure, he would have been scarcely inferior to him in theatrical powers."

Richard Porson wrote a sort of musical masque, a combination of songs and dialogue, which was also acted in Long Chamber. The subject was the "wall of brass," suggested by Friar Bacon as a national fortification; but the idea is transferred to Dr. Faustus. The author entitled it, 'Ont of the Frying-pan into the Fire.' The cast was as follows:—Dr. Faustus, Stephenson; Satan, Obafie; Lucifer, Goodall (afterwards provost); Punch, Porson; Vulcan, W. Moore; Joan, "Mrs. Smith, the real wife of Hob Smith." The piece, of no remarkable merit, is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

But the palmy days of Eton amateurs were after the suppression of the Long Chamber performances. There had been more than one theatre set up, at different

periods, by the oppidans; one at least during Goodall's head mastership, in which Frederick Hamilton Cornwall and Henry Whittington were leading actors; and several during Keate's subsequent reign. With the best of these later companies (who had lost some of their number by the expulsions which followed the Rebellion of 1818), the college actors, when Long Chamber was tabooed, coalesced, and formed a very strong corps. There are few Etonians of that day who will not thank us for preserving in these pages the vivid language in which one of them recalls the triumphs, "*quorum pars magna fuit*":—

"Our theatre was first started by Germaine Lavie and Howard—the late Lord Carlisle,—and a boat-loft belonging to Hester was the scene of action. Afterwards a far better establishment was formed in Datchet Lane, Windsor, where a large warehouse was hired of Mason the coal-merchant, and in the management of which Moultrie conducted the affairs on behalf of the collegers, and Crawford represented the oppidan interests.

"I look back with wondrous pleasure to the exhibitions of those days: we certainly had some prodigiously fine actors, but there is one who is indelibly impressed upon my memory—St. Vincent Bowen: his Sir Peter Teazle, Oakley, Bob Acres, Old Rapid, Lord Duberley, Sir Robert Bramble, and Old Philpotts, were marvellous performances. I have seen much professional acting, and have paid much attention to it; but after a lapse of forty-five years, I can recall every look and gesture of this great actor, before whom we all quailed, and I can safely say that I never saw his equal. Moultrie, Hare, Maclean, Bullock, Crawford, Wilder, Buxton, were the other chief actors. Never were collegier and oppidan feuds more completely quashed, never were nearer and dearer boyish friendships formed, never was there less

of mischief and profligacy in the school. The masters knew this well, and winked at the contraband amusement; but unluckily our success tended to vanity, and vanity to ruin. 'The Iron Chest' was got up at considerable expense, and very strongly cast, as follows:—

"THE IRON CHEST.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER,	<i>Crawford.</i>
FITZHARDING, . . .	<i>Wellesley.*</i>
WILFORD, . . .	<i>Wilder.†</i>
ADAM WINTERTON, . .	<i>Burton.</i>
RAWBOLD, . . .	<i>Wilmot.</i>
SAMSON, . . .	<i>Moultrie.</i>
ARMSTRONG, . . .	<i>Battiscombe.</i>
ORSON, . . .	<i>Maturin.</i>
HELEN, . . .	<i>Parker.‡</i>
BLANCHE, . . .	<i>Coz.</i>
BARBARA, . . .	<i>Pocklington.</i>
JUDITH, . . .	<i>Beales.§</i>

"Penley's theatrical band was hired for the dramatic music, and the choristers from St. George's Chapel sang the concerted pieces. Tickets were given to the ladies of Windsor and Eton, to the officers of the garrison, and to many inhabitants, and some of these wise-acres made it a subject of conversation on the same day at the provost's table. The issue was obvious: the unlucky manager was sent for into chambers, and was quietly informed that any more of this courting the *popularis aura* would be immediately followed by expulsion. We once more played 'Speed the Plough,' and then the curtain dropped for ever upon 'Datchet Lane. I rambled into the warehouse not many years ago, and there still remained upon the walls the old dungeon scene painted for 'Rob Roy.' I question whether I should have gazed on the real Tolbooth with half the interest.

"In my unlimited admiration for that great actor, Bowen, I must not lose sight of some of his successors. Moultrie in domestic pathos was unrivalled: it was a strange sight to see tears on the

cheeks of some dare-devil upper division boy—some stalwart strike of the ten-oar, or captain of the eleven—as they contemplated his Job Thornberry; while in broad farce—

'Ratcatcher, Quaker, corporal, or Jew'!—

his quaint humour was equally popular. Wilder, elegant and graceful in declamation, if somewhat artificial; Donald Maclean, the sop or sparkling man of fashion; Hare (Lord Listowel), admirable as an Irishman, or in the eccentricities of Sir Abel Handy; Bullock (the late Common Sergeant), as the testy old man, especially good in Sir Anthony Absolute; Howard (Lord Carlisle), although, *me judice*, a failure in tragedy, and ungainly in person for the heroes of comedy, played Mrs. Oakley and Mrs. Candour with extraordinary power and success.

"We were too good judges to meddle with Shakespeare. The brilliant repartee of Sheridan and the sly equivocal of Colman, by their own innate merit, aided our boyish interpretation; and we cautiously avoided the usual pitfall of amateurs, who, seeing a piece written especially to suit the qualifications of certain actors, seize on it eagerly—of course merely reproducing a servile, and generally an infamously bad imitation.

"The contraband nature of our amusement—like the peat-reek of the mountain-still, or the snared pheasant of the poacher—doubled its zest. I have seen legitimised school theatricals, when, under the drill of a dramatic usher, the best boy has played Oato, the favourite boy Juba, the prettiest boy Marcia, and the naughtiest boy Syphax. I have seen Colman excised and Bowdlerised; but it was melancholy work; and between the acts one could not but remember Quin's reflection, 'If eating turtle were but a crime, the enjoyment would be perfect.'

* Now Lord Cowley. † Now Fellow of Eton. ‡ Now Major-General.

§ Now Revising Barrister for Middlesex.

'The Eton Rosciad.'—By Lord Carlisle, in the MS. magazine called 'Horn Otisam.'

"I cannot but acknowledge that Sheridan and Colman somewhat usurped the rights of Homer and Horace; still, when we look to the career of many concerned, we cannot say that much harm was done. Amongst our *dramatis personæ* we can number (besides minor honours) one double-first and four first classes, a Latin Verse, and a Newdigate, at Oxford; and at Cambridge two wranglers, a first-class classic, a Bell's scholar, two Chancellor's English medals, and one Browne's. No charge of effeminacy attaches to those who made the female characters their specialty. The 'Helen' whom we saw bending over the lifeless form of Mortimer was second to none over Northamptonshire. Her *soubrette* 'Blanche' went, and probably still goes, with the best with Drake and the Baron. Others have exchanged the ringlets for the counsellor's wig, and the bands for those of the Church; would that the employments of every 'after four' could bear as honest a scrutiny as those afforded by the '*scenæ sine aulæis et ostro*' of Datchet Lane!"

Of the oppidan manager, Crawford, his brother actor Lord Carlisle thus speaks in the concluding lines of the 'Eton Rosciad.' [The company are supposed to have met to choose a chairman upon Bowen's retirement]:—

"Last Crawford came; but vain the weak pretence

Justly to tell his varied excellences.

To no range bounded, by no part repelled,

He all attempted, and in all excelled;

The young, the old, the country and the town,

Th' accomplished gallant or the honest clown;

Correct with spirit, formed alike to please

With comic humour and with native ease.

"The crowd had passed; the judges were agreed,

And thus at once impartially decreed:

'Long may ye all in fame and union live!

Applause to each, as each deserves, we give;

To thee the preference;—Crawford, take the chair.

Nor leave it till you place an equal there."

Keate was not inclined to deal hardly with these unlicensed theatres, though no doubt they drew

off much of the talent of the school from severer studies. It was remarked that the Speeches were never so good at Eton as during the rage for the drama. The Latin and Greek declamations (which generally have the lion's share of the programme) are never very popular with schoolboys; and it had been always the custom as soon as the first word was spoken on Election Monday (on which day the holidays began), for the boys to rush down to the respective conveyances which were in waiting to take them home. In 1819, it was known that the two last speakers, Wikler and Crawford, were to give a taste of their quality, one in tragedy and the other in comedy, and were set down for 'Caractacus,' and Swift's 'Monody on his own death.' Nearly the whole school patiently and voluntarily sat out a couple of hours devoted to Sallust, Tacitus, Sophocles, and Demosthenes, for the sake of witnessing this last appearance of their two favourite actors.

Some few years afterwards the dramatic spirit revived again, and a very promising company was formed, who hired what is now Turnock's large room for their scene of operations. After some successful performances, Sheridan's 'Rivals'—that stock piece of amateurs—was cast for representation. The Sir Anthony Absolute has gone out as Chief Justice to Ceylon; the late Marquess of Downshire was Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and the present worthy Provost of Eton was expected to be great in Mrs. Malaprop. But unluckily, having taken to learn their parts in school, Keate detected the whole affair, even to the cast of the characters; and startled the members of the corps by calling them up one by one at lesson, under their assumed names, beginning with the ladies; and the performance was thus unfortunately stopped.

There have been modern amateurs, more or less successful, at

many periods since this, both in college and among the oppidans; aspiring even occasionally to the performance of a French piece. And the Eton authorities, like those of some other public schools, have now given them at least a tacit sanction.

Eton was the first public school to set up a "magazine" of its own. The original attempt was a complete success. The 'Microcosm' was published by Charles Knight the elder, then a bookseller at Windsor, in 1786 and 1787. The working editor was George Canning, and several of the articles were written by him. The other principal contributors were Sydney Smith's brother Robert (better known as "Bobus"), John Frere, Lord Henry Spencer, and Joseph Melloish. Knight gave fifty guineas for the copyright of the magazine—a sum surely never realised by any school periodical since—and Canning and he kept up a friendly intercourse, honourable to both, long after the Eton school-boy had risen to be a statesman. But the 'Microcosm' lasted scarcely two years, and was closed at the departure of its leading contributors from the school. It was not until sixteen years after that the 'Minutiae' succeeded; edited, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, by Stratford Canning, cousin of the great minister, who was then a King's scholar, and afterwards became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. It was clever, but, like its predecessor, short-lived. Murray, the publisher, bought up the old stock, and some years afterwards brought out a new edition. It did not sell, but "got him the reputation," says Mr. Knight, "of a clever publisher," and led to his introduction to George Canning; and from this political connection arose in time the 'Quarterly Review.' Both of these early Eton magazines were somewhat ambitious in their subjects, and more didactic in their style than their modern successors. Of these there have been several

from time to time, of some of which it is to be feared the very names have perished, and others which have a much better claim to preservation. Among these ephemerals were the 'Salt-bearer' and the 'Colap Magazine.' The latter was in manuscript, and was published in occasional numbers in 1818 and 1819. It had great success for a time; but after a while, whether from neglect or from the want of the infusion of fresh blood, it declined both in ability and prosperity. Some of its contributors seceded: chief among them, "Peter Poetics" (destined soon to win higher favour with the public under the signature of "Gerard Montgomery"), who, with small reliance on any pen but his own, started a rival miscellany with the title of 'Horæ Otiosæ.' In those pages—which, like the magazine, were not printed—appeared "My Brother's Grave," the "Line to —," and "The Hall of my Fathers"—wonderful production for a boy: the two first perhaps not surpassed by any poem of the writer's maturer years. Each number opened with a smart address in "Whistlecraft" metre, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," in which the knout—a pretty knotty one—was freely administered to all who excited Peter's spleen or rivalry. But in 1821 appeared 'The Etonian'—lighter and more popular in style than its predecessor the 'Microcosm,' but conducted with at least equal ability, and enjoying a wider general reputation. Poetry, sentimental and comic, romantic fiction and the realities of schoolboy life, all found a place in its pages, and all were more or less cleverly handled. There was a pretty numerous body of contributors, but the controlling staff were a set of some seven or eight, who, under fictitious names formed an imaginary society called "The King of Clubs." Some of the reported meetings of this club are amongst the most amusing articles. The real names of these young writers are now sufficiently well known, and several have wo

for themselves high literary distinction since. Too many—and those of the highest promise—have passed away before their full development. Foremost of these is Winthrop Mackworth Praed—a name even now less generally honoured than it deserves to be, though his remains have at last found an English publisher. Many of his poems have a grace and beauty which has never been surpassed by any English writer; and his personal character, both in boyhood and in manhood, made him as warmly loved by those who knew him as he was admired for the brilliancy of his powers.

* With poignant sarcasm and sly equivoque,
And many a coruscation, bright though brief,
Of wit, and humour more akin than wit
To genius—drawing off intrusive eyes
From that intensity of human love,
And that most deep and tender sympathy
Glees guarded in the chambers of his heart.*

If it is sad to think that Praed died at 37, it is sadder still that his schoolfellow poet should have had to say of him, with so much truth, that

"His generation knew him not,"

and that America should have been beforehand with us in recognising his remarkable powers by a collected edition of his poems.

But Praed's sun at least went down in its brightness. It was not so with one of his fellow-Etonian writers, of perhaps even greater ability, though of less attractive personal qualities. William Sydney Walker, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the most remarkable amongst Eton's many remarkable scholars, has left even less of a popular name and far more melancholy recollections behind him. Possibly the very precocity of his genius in boyhood was either the symptom or the cause of

that morbid mental excitement which made his life a useless one, and threw its shadow over all his later years. Before he was sent to Eton, "he had read history extensively," at five years old. At Eton, the feats of genius recorded of him would seem quite as apocryphal, if they were not formally vouched for by living witnesses. He could repeat the whole of Homer, Horace, and Virgil by heart, says an Eton witness before the Royal Commissioners; and not only that, but

"He could be called up in school, having an English Shakespeare in his hand [instead of the proper book], and take up a lesson anywhere that it might be going on: he could construe a passage expression by expression, parse it word by word, answer any question that was asked him, and afterwards sit down to his Shakespeare."†

Some one once told Sir J. Mackintosh that Walker "could turn anything into Greek verse." Sir James proposed a page of the 'Court Guide,' and it was done. To such a boy, of course, the usual "poena" of lines from a Greek or Latin poet to learn by heart could be no kind of punishment at all; so that when his peculiar powers had once been discovered, Greek verses were set him instead. He had many of the unpleasant habits of genius. Slovenly, absent, ill-tempered, awkward, and odd, he was not happy at Eton. He was the subject of considerable bullying, in those days of rougher school life, and would sometimes even rush into the masters' rooms to escape from his tormentors. It has been said that these boyish sufferings injured his health and broke his spirit, and that much of the mental unhappiness of his after-life was the consequence. But it is more reasonable and less painful to believe, with his friend and biographer, Mr. Moultrie, that the true source lay

* 'The Dream of Life,' by John Moultrie.

† Rev. E. Coleridge's Evidence, Eton, 3720.

in the infirmities, and not in the persecutions of genius. A harassing disease had also probably its share in the gloomy religious doubts which embittered his mature life, and the indolence which left no worthy result from such extraordinary natural powers. He resigned his fellowship, and would have died in utter poverty but for the noble generosity of an old schoolfellow, which makes even his sad story bright in the memory of all Etonians. Winthrop Praed set him free from debt, and made a provision for his future years, by a little pious fraud which might spare his delicacy. Another friend and fellow-collegian (George Crawshaw of Gateshead) offered him a home for life, which, however, he did not survive long enough to accept.

Henry Nelson Coleridge was another of the "Club," and Eton has also to regret his loss too early in a useful life. But several survive; and John Moultrie at least has carried out the promise of his 'Etonian' authorship. Several of his poems which appeared there, have, like Praed's youthful verses, fully maintained their ground when republished side by side with those of the author's mature years. Perhaps the most beautiful of all—"Godiva"—has not been included by Mr. Moultrie in his collected poems, from what most of those who remember it will consider an over-scrupulous taste.

There have been a host of modern successors, at different dates, to the 'Etonian,' but none have made any approach to it in ability, and none have had more than a very brief existence. The Eton 'Miscellany' is no exception, though amongst its most frequent contributors were William Ewart Gladstone, Arthur Henry Hallam, and Francis Hastings Doyle. The 'Oppidan,' the 'Bureau,' the 'Eton School Magazine,' the 'Porticus Etonensis,' the 'Observer,' and the 'Phoenix,' are probably all but forgotten, even by

their contributors, and certainly have no claim to resuscitation. The chief literary effort of the present day is the 'Eton College Chronicle,' started in 1868, which assumes to be little more than a school newspaper, eschewing essays, fiction, and poetry, and merely recording such matters of fact as boat-races, football and cricket matches, &c., &c., with criticisms thereupon. The editors, in their introductory address, express their confidence that it will prove "an especial boon to parents," as it "will in a great measure supply the place of letters, which often, from press of circumstances and time, boys omit to write." Of this latter fact there is no question; and whatever parents may think of the "boon," there can be little doubt that many a fourth-form boy, who is under a chronic pressure of "circumstances" as regards his correspondence, will find it very convenient to buy a ready-made letter (for the small sum of threepence) requiring nothing but a stamp and an address to be ready for the post. The 'Chronicle' is at any rate very well managed and very useful in its way.

The Eton Debating Society has had a longer and more successful existence. It is better known by its sobriquet of "Pop," supposed to be a contraction of *Popina*, the rooms where it was held for many years having been over a cookshop or confectioner's. It was first instituted in 1811, when Charles Fox Townshend (who was the elder brother of the late Marquess, and died young) was the first president, and it has gone on ever since with considerable popularity and success. The preparation of these speeches leads to a certain amount of historical reading for the purpose; but the chief attraction of "Pop" lies in its being a sort of social club, where papers and reviews are taken in; and, as the numbers are strictly limited (originally twenty-two, since increased to twenty-eight), to be elected into the

Society gives a boy a certain degree of prestige in the school. In summer the debates are almost nominal, out-door attractions being too strong; but in winter they sometimes last for several hours, and are kept up with great spirit. The members are almost exclusively oppidans, this being one of the points where the jealousy between them and the collegers comes out very distinctly. A few of the latter are admitted, but only when they have some special claim to popularity. Modern politics are by no means excluded from the debates, as is the rule at some school debating-societies. Eton boys have generally been enthusiastic politicians, usually of the thorough "Church and King" type. They took George IV.'s side in the matter of the Queen's trial, and fought the Windsor mob on his behalf on the night of his coronation. There was an "opposition" party in the school, small in number, who were warm partisans of the Queen, and had drawn up an address to her, which, however, they were persuaded not to send. The traditions of the school are still, in the main, stoutly opposed to anything like radicalism, and a strong body of the boys did battle against the "Olower roughs" on behalf of the Conservative candidate at the last Windsor election.

The improvements carried out of late years in the buildings and other arrangements at Eton have been very great. The schools in which some of the divisions were taught—especially those in the old college chambers on the ground floor—were very close and inconvenient. But in the summer of 1863 a block of new buildings was completed, which contains thirteen class-rooms, besides a music-room, with the accessories and staircase so arranged as to avoid the crowding and confusion which occasionally used to take place. The old Upper and Lower Schools remain unaltered; indeed, there are historical interests associated even with their homeli-

est features which no Etonian would wish to see desecrated by any modern restorer. The latter room is still very much what it was in Elizabeth's days. There yet remain the double row of unsightly oaken pillars said to have been set up by Sir Henry Wotton when provost, and to have had painted on them portraits of Greek and Latin authors; and which, by the singularity of their arrangement, gave rise to a tradition of the room having been originally the college stable. Each pair of pillars has been connected by wooden arches of more modern date, probably added when the Upper School was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. On the oaken "shuts" of the windows may still be read the names of the scholars carved as they were elected off to King's, which struck Pepys on his visit as so "pretty" a custom. On the farthest shutter are those of the election of 1564, the chief authors of the poems which welcomed Queen Elizabeth in the previous year; and there are some names of even earlier date. The Hall is now one of the finest interiors of its kind, having been entirely refitted with a noble open roof, screens, and galleries, chiefly by the liberality of one of the present Fellows, Mr. Wilder. In the course of these improvements some fine old stone fireplaces, long concealed, were brought to light and restored, and the old unsightly stove in the middle done away with. It is to be regretted that the outside is still disfigured by some modern excrescences of building. The boys have now an excellent library of their own, first originated in 1820 by some of the contributors to the 'Etonian,' and held at the college booksellers', but removed in 1845 to the very handsome room built by the college for the purpose, and largely increased by gifts of books from Dr. Hawtrey, then headmaster—one of the many instances of his liberality in all that could contribute to the improvement and

welfare of the school. Some old Etonian relics are collected there; amongst them hangs on the wall a long roll of "*Bacchus*" verses by Porson.*

In the matter of bullying, fagging, and fighting—which in ancient times made a public school a word of awe to tender-hearted English mothers—modern Eton has become what even they would call a model school. It never had, at any time, the evil reputation which formerly attached to Westminster and Winchester on these points. So smooth and even does the course of school-boy life run there now, that Etonian fathers are apt sometimes to doubt whether their sons do not find things made rather too pleasant for them—whether a little more of the hardening process of boyhood might not be absolutely good for those who will not find grown-up life entirely a bed of roses. They do not feel sure that it was not wholesome even for a small marquess to have to use his fists; or for a duke, upon his first entrance into public life, to get that "extra kick" which was once his traditional welcome at Eton, and which might serve as some counterpoise to the extra compliments which society was sure to award him hereafter. They look back to that wager of combat between Dreadnought and Defiance in the playing-fields, or the great "Battle of the Bargees" (a dim tradition even amongst the oldest of their band, and which unhappily seems to have found no *sacer vates*), and say to themselves, perhaps with some natural exaggeration of the past, that Eton had its giants in those days. When they read in the evidence of a modern Etonian, questioned by an old Etonian commissioner, who is surprised to find the boys never fight, the naïve explanation that he supposes it is "because they funk each other,"† they protest against it

as a libel on the school. It is with a grim satisfaction that they hear still of collar-bones broken and knees put out in the fierce football *bully*, when heroes meet "at the wall." For they have not forgotten the great Etonian captain who said that "the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton." But modern or ancient, collegier or oppidan, they hold fast by the old school, wonderfully unchanged in tone and feeling amidst the many social changes which it has only shared with the larger world outside, and still maintaining, not only in their own partial estimate, but by the hearty and generous testimony of non-Etonians, the charter of the "Eton gentleman."

POSTSCRIPT.—The collection and publication of these notices of Eton has, of course, involved a good deal of correspondence with Etonians of all dates. We have received letters critical, complimentary, co-operative, and corrective. All which fell under the two first heads we have, with a magnanimous impartiality, consigned to the flames. From the others we make a selection for the benefit of our readers, who will find here and there a *purpureus pannus* which deserves a better fate than the waste-paper basket. These first fragments give a lively picture of the Eton of sixty years ago, still bright in the vigorous memory of the writer:—

"When I went to Eton, Goodall was head-master, and 'Cocky' Keate ruled the lower regions. We had an excellent staff of lieutenants: Thackeray, afterwards provost of King's; Bethel, a very magnificent gentleman; Carter, now vice-provost; Sumner, the most popular of tutors; Drury, *cheu! facile princeps*, in all things the Admirable Crichton of his day, but who disappeared in a clouded noon. In the lower school were Charles Yonge, Plumtre, and Knapp. The system of the school

* See, for the custom, p. 218.

† Public Schools Evid., Eton, 720f

was; then, as now, to prepare the lessons of the day with one's tutor, and then take them up to construe to the master of the division. There was too much tendency to favoritism; either from rank or ability, some had the lion's share of being called up. I conclude this is a weak point not confined to any age or system; but it acted badly at Eton in my day; it damped eager aspirations, crushed hope, and induced carelessness. The fairest chance a boy had was in his papers, his copy of verses, his theme, his personal stock that no one could touch; and as he rose in the school and reached 'play' (confined to the Sixth and a few of the upper division, before the head-master), whatever abilities he might have were then appreciated. But of this special teaching the collegers reaped the chief benefit; not many oppidans remained so long; there was a great drain in those days for the army and navy.

"Our battle-ground was the playing-fields. The great battle in my time was between Coleridge (now Sir John) and Horace Mann; it had lasted an hour, when Goodall the head master came down and stopped it. My friend Rawnsley also fought a capital fight with one W—, a big bully, and thrashed him off in twenty minutes, the Duke of Leinster giving him a knee....

"I think the type of our time was to be read in the excellence of our games. The boats were first-rate: the eleven of football, and the eleven of cricket, unrivalled. Then there were games illicit, but winked at; the amateur theatricals; the billiard-rooms—Huddleston's up in Windsor, and Gray's at the foot of the bridge, where you sometimes made way for your tutor! There was even Ascot, at rare intervals. There was the dear old Christopher in the midst of us, where many a bowl of bishop was discussed, in innocent proportions, prepared by the good and careful Garraway. The marvel of marvels was, that amongst the whole 600 all enjoyed their own peculiar privileges, according to age and standing, without disorder or collision—such was the discipline of the boys' own creating—from the lowest boy to him who held the enviable position of Captain of the school."

This next refers to a later date:—

"Any record of Eton seems to me incomplete without some mention of

Henry Knapp, sometime lower master, and my excellent friend and tutor. He was an accurate and elegant scholar, and in working his pupils enforced (as far as teaching and example could enforce it) fluent and vigorous construing. He had a wondrous facility for little classical *jeux d'esprit*. We were once lying on the bank at Medenham Abbey after a gipsy dinner, when he amused himself by turning the whole of 'Billy Taylor' into hexameters and pentameters. It was never committed to paper, and I only remember fragments, *c. g.*—

'Her lily-white hands were daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.'

'*Nec puduit tenerum maculasse ditundum
dextrum.*'

'A gust of wind blew her jacket open,
And all discovered her lily-white breast.'

'*Aura tamen vestem nimis officiosa removit,
Virginisque sinus mox patuisse nives.*'

'Then she called for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command.'

... '*ensem potulit—ensis adeat.*'

"How perfectly Ovidian! and how far superior to Drury's version of the same lines in 'Arundines Cami'! And this reminds me that Knapp's sportive vein was as happy in English as in Latin. A letter of his now lies before me, in which he says:—'Have you seen the 'Arundines Cami'? What a *labor ineptiarum*! a provost of Eton translating 'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall!' I can fancy old Cam thus rebuking him:—

'No wreath of bays will I accord

To deck your hoary hair;

A pap-beak be your best reward,
Or perforated chair.

Shall woods which drank sweet Mason's lay

Rejoice in 'Cat and Fiddle'?

Can groves that heard enraptured Gray

Respond to 'Diddle-diddle'?

Sing not Bo-Peep at evening late

In search of sheep that wander;

Try Shakespeare (if you must translate),

Not 'Goosey, goosey, gander.'

Shame on the Bard, who native force

Of talent thus misuses,

Makes Pegasus a rocking-horse,

And nursemaids of the Muses.'

"Knapp's boys, as was to be expected, were ringleaders in the playhouse. He had a pretty little theatre of his own at Ringstead in Northamptonshire, with some very clever actors; and a favoured pupil or two never missed joining in the Christmas performances there. Ascot, likewise, generally brought to his table Mathews, Hook, Terry, Yates, Jamie Henderson, and other celebrities

of the footlights,—not, however, including Edmund Kean, to whom (as I can assure Captain Gronow) he never spoke a word in his life. Then the occasional rattle up to London with him—the Juliet—the Sir Giles—the Bedford—the broiled fowl and mushroom sauce—the Hou—slow posters—and the return in time for six o'clock lesson—*O noctes eeneque Deum!*"

"I rejoice that you do justice to 'Gerard Montgomery.' Graver years, and, alas! sadder times, have since then quenched that brilliant humour and that trenchant gibe; but still survives the old sweet music, 'possessing the pathos of Wordsworth without his puerility' (*non meus hic sermo, sed qua praecepit Hawtrey*). His correction of a translation (in 'Horn Otiosæ') of Dr. Johnson's verses to Sylvanus Urban—'Urbane nullis fesse laboribus'—lies before me:—

'Texte nymphis sarta Lycoride
Rosa ruborem sic viola adjuvat
In mista—sic Iris refulget
Ætheris variata fucis.'

'Thus, when some nymph a garland
twines
Brighter the rose contrasted shines
With violet's purple dye;
The crocus and the lily there,
And all the treasures of the year
In gay confusion lie.'

He substitutes for these last—

'Tis thou, in heaven's eth'ral bow,
Each color takes a livelier glow
Contrasted with the sky.'

"How cleverly he lifts his tired horse, and lands him safe on the other side!"

"Was Balston right in so peremptorily rejecting the modern languages for Eton, when under examination by the Commissioners? I dare not give an opinion; we know full well their indispensable necessity to every gentleman moving in the world; but the serious difficulty arises, 'Who is to teach them?' If a Frenchman, he must be an Anglicised one; if an Englishman, a Frenchified one; and schoolboys are sturdy rebels against foreigners. I remember my poor friend Bullock saying to me, 'Ah, old fellow! what capital Frenchmen we should have been, if we had spent half the time in learning French at Eton that we did in mimicking Berthomier!' The idea of teaching

French (except grammatically) by an Englishman, appears to me simply absurd. Then the jealousy of the classical masters would hardly admit of extra teachers being placed on the same elevation with themselves. The writing-master in my time was a Mr. Hexter, who combined with his office the somewhat incongruous honours of a magistrate for the county, a 'major' (in the Middlesex militia, I believe), and a 'Dominie' at Eton. This gentleman once applied for an interview with Provost Goodall, and, after stating his views and pretensions, finished by requesting permission to wear a gown, and that the boys should not 'shirk' him. With his blandest smile, Giuseppe Il Magnifico replied, 'Well, Major Hexter, as to wearing a gown, do as you like; as to the boys shirking you, let *them* do as *they* like.' Nor, moreover, is it at all clear that that criterion of foreign accomplishment, Prince Albert's prize, always goes in the intended and hoped-for direction. It was never meant that the sons of foreigners, or of Englishmen constantly resident abroad—still less the sons of mothers blest in the possession of French ladies' maids—should walk off with the Prince Consort's prize. No doubt, as Byron says—

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange
tongue
By female lips and eyes;'

but this is not the grammar by the study of which the Prince intended the honours of modern languages to be won. And may it not be worth while to inquire whether, for a little history, a little French, a little chemistry, a little geometry, it is worth while to jeopardise the classical fame of this great school, and whether additional surface of knowledge may not be too dearly purchased by diminution of its depth?"

A small oppidan (who, to judge from his handwriting, must have "shirked" Major Hexter's successors very effectually) informs us, under the signature of "*Experte Crude*," that the collegers still "assist" at the execution-block in the manner which has been described as obsolete. In so describing it we feel sure that we have only anticipated the good feeling of the Eton authorities.

PICCADILLY : AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART II.

FLINTVILLE, March.

As the event which I am about to recount forms the turning-point of my life—unless, indeed, something still more remarkable happens, which I do not at present foresee to turn me back again—I do not feel that it would be either becoming, or indeed possible, for me to maintain that vein of easy cheerfulness which has characterised my composition hitherto. What is fun to you, O my reader! may be death to me; and nothing can be farther from my intention than to excite the smallest tendency to risibility on your part at my misfortunes or trials. You will already have guessed what these are; but how to recur to those agonising details, how to present to you the picture of my misery in its true colours,—nothing but the stern determination to carry out my original design, and the conscientious conviction that “the story of my life from day to day” may be made a profitable study to my fellow-men, could induce me in this cold-blooded way to tear open the still unhealed wound.

I came down to breakfast rather late on the morning following the events narrated in the last chapter. Broadbrim and Grandon had already vanished from the scene; so had Mr. Wog, who went up to town to see what he called “the elephant,”—an American expression, signifying “to gain experience of the world.” The phrase originated in an occurrence at a menagerie, and as upon this occasion Mr. Wog applied it to the opening of Parliament, it was not altogether inappropriate. I found still lingering over the *debris* of breakfast my host and hostess, Lady Broadbrim and her daughters, the Bishop and Chundango. The latter appeared to be having all the talk to him-

self, and, to give him his due, his conversation was generally entertaining.

“My dear mother,” he was saying, “still unconverted, has buried all my jewellery in the back verandah. After I had cleared a million sterling, I divided it into two parts; with one part I bought jewels, of which my mother is an excellent judge, and the other I put out at interest. Not forgetting,” with an upward glance, “a sum the interest of which I do not look for here.”

“Then, did you give all your jewels to your mother?” asked Lady Broadbrim.

“Oh, no; she is only keeping them till I can bestow them upon the woman I choose for her daughter-in-law.”

“Are you looking out for her now?” I asked, somewhat abruptly.

“Yes, my dear friend,” said John; “I hope to find in England some Christian young person as a yoke-mate.”

There was a self-satisfied roll of his eye as he said this, which took away from me all further desire for the bacon and eggs I had just put on my plate.

“Dear Mr. Chundango,” said Lady Broadbrim, “tell us some of your adventures as a catechist in the Bombay Ghauts. Did you give up all when you became one? Was your family noble? and did you undergo much persecution from them?”

“The Rajah of Sattara is my first cousin,” said Chundango, unblushingly; “but they repudiated me when I became a Christian, and deny the relationship.”

“Are you going up to convocation?” said Dickiefield to the Bishop, to divert attention from Chundango’s last barbed assertion. “I hear they are going to

take some further action about the judgment on the 'Essays and Reviews.'

"Yes," said Joseph; "and I see there is a chance of three new sees being created. I should like to talk over the matter with you. Considering how seriously my health has suffered in the tropics, and how religiously I have adhered to my liberal opinions in politics, even in the most trying climates, it might be worth while——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, my dear Lord," said Dickiefield, "but the present Government are not so particular about the political as the theological views of their Bishops. Palmerston especially has very decided opinions on certain moot points of theology, and is fully impressed with the tremendous spiritual responsibility, if I may use the expression, which his position imposes upon him. When you remember that the Prime Minister of this country is held morally accountable for the orthodoxy of its religious tenets, you must at once perceive how essential it is, not only that he should be profoundly versed in points of scriptural doctrine himself, but that he should never appoint a bishop of whose soundness he is not from personal knowledge thoroughly satisfied."

"I have no objection to talk over the more disputed points with him," said the Bishop; "when do you think he could spare a moment?"

"The best plan would be," replied Dickiefield, with a twinkle in his eye, "to catch him in the lobby of the House some evening when there is nothing particular going on: what books of reference would you require?"

The Bishop named one, when I interrupted him, for I felt Dickiefield had not put the case fairly as regarded Palmerston.

"It is not Palmerston's fault at all," said I; "he is the most liberal theologian possible, but he has nothing to do with doctrine;

that lies in Bethel's department. As the supreme arbiter in points of religious belief, and as the largest dispenser of spiritual patronage in the kingdom, it is evident that the qualifications for a Lord Chancellor should be not so much his knowledge of law, as his unblemished moral character and incapacity for perpetrating jobs. He is, in fact, the principal veterinary surgeon of the ecclesiastical stable, and any man in orders that he 'warrants sound,' Palmerston can't object to on the score of orthodoxy. The Prime Minister is just in the same position as the head of any other department,—whoever passes the competitive examination, he is bound to accept, but may use his own discretion as to promotion, and, of course, sticks to the traditions of the service. The fact is, if you go into the Colonial Episcopal line you get over the heads of a lot of men who are steadily plodding on for home promotion, and, of course, they don't think it fair for an outsider to come back again, and cut them out of a palace and the patronage attached to it on the strength of having been a missionary Bishop. It is just the same in the Foreign Office,—if you go out of Europe you get out of the regular line. However, we shall have the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the Colenso case before long, and, from the little I know of the question, it is possible you may find that you are not a bishop at all. In that case you will have what is far better than an interest—a grievance. You can say that you were tempted to give up a good living to go to the heathen, on false pretences, and they'll have to make it up to you. You could not do better than apply for one of the appointments attached to some cathedrals, called 'Peculiars.' I believe that they are very comfortable and independent. If you will allow me I will write to my solicitor about one. Lawyers are the men to manage these matters, as they are all in

with each other, and every bishop has one attached to him."

"Thank you, my lord—my observation was addressed to Lord Dickiefield," said the Bishop, very stiffly; for there was an absence of that deference in my tone to which those who love the uppermost seats in the synagogues are accustomed, but which I reserve for some poor labourers who will never be heard of in this world.

"Talking of committees," I went on, "how confused the Lord Chancellor must be between them all. He must be very apt to forget when he is 'sitting' and when he is being 'sat upon.' If he had not the clearest possible head, he would be proving to the world that Mr. Edmunds was competent to teach the Zulus theology in spite of the Bishop of Cape Town, and that he was justified in giving Dr. Colenso a large retiring pension. What with having to quote texts in one committee-room, and arithmetic in another, and having to explain the law of God, the law of the land, and his own conduct alternately, it is a miracle that he does not get a softening of the brain. Depend upon it," said I, turning to the Bishop, who looked flushed and angry, "that a 'Peculiar' is a much snugger place than the Woolstack."

"Lord Frank, permit me to say," broke in Lady Broadbrim, who had several times vainly endeavoured to interrupt me, "that your manner of treating sacred subjects is most disrespectful and irreverent, and that your allusions to an ecclesiastical stable, 'outsiders,' and other racing slang, is in the worst possible taste, considering the presence of the Bishop."

"Lady Broadbrim," said I, sternly, "when the money-changers were scourged out of the Temple, there was no want of reverence displayed towards the service to which it was dedicated; and it seems to me that to sell 'the Temple' itself, whether under the name of an 'advowson,' a 'living,' or a 'cure of souls,' is the very climax of irreverence, not to

use a stronger term; and when the Lord Chancellor brings in an Act for the purpose of facilitating this traffic in 'souls,' and 'augmenting the benefices' derived from curing them, I think it is high time, at the risk of giving offence to my friend the Bishop, and to the ecclesiastical establishment generally, to speak out. I forgot at the moment that you possessed a 'living' in the family."

Lady Broadbrim seemed a little cowed by my vehemence, which some might have thought amounted to rudeness, but would not abandon the field. "The result," she said, "of impoverishing the Church will be, that you will only get literates to go into it; as it is, compared with other professions, it holds out no inducement for young men of family. Fortunately our own living, being worth £1200 a-year, always secures us a member of the family, and therefore a gentleman; but if you did away with them you would not have holier men, but simply worse bred ones. I am sure we should not gain by having the Church filled with clergy of the class of Dissenting preachers."

"I don't think you would, any more than the Pharisees would have gained by being reduced to the level of the Sadducees; not," said I, blandly smiling upon the Bishop, "that I would wish to use either term offensively towards the conscientious individuals who were, doubtless, comprised in the above sects in old time, still less as a reproach to the excellent men who fill the churches and chapels of this country now. They are brought up to the theology they inculcate; and it has possibly not occurred to them that it bears as little resemblance to Christianity, as the Jewish theology of eighteen hundred years ago did to the religion of Moses;" and I felt I had sown seed enough in the ecclesiastical vineyard, and would leave it to fructify. "Good fellow, Frank!" I overheard Dickiefield say, as I left the room; "it is a pity his head is a little turned!"

"Ah," I thought, "something is up-side down; perhaps it is my head, but I rather think it is the world generally, including always the religious world. It seemed to have taken a start in the right direction nearly two thousand years ago, and now it has all slipped back again worse than ever, and is whirling the wrong way with a rapidity that makes one giddy. I feel more giddy than usual to-day, somehow," I soliloquised; "and every time I look at Lady Ursula, I feel exactly as if I had smoked too much. It can't be really that, so I'll light a cigar and steady my nerves before I come to the tremendous issue. She is too sensible to mind my smelling of tobacco." These were the thoughts that passed through my somewhat bewildered brain, as I stepped out upon the terrace and lit my cigar. So far from my nerves becoming steadier, however, under the usually soothing influence, I felt my heart beating more rapidly each time I endeavoured to frame the sentence upon which was to depend the happiness of my life, until at last my resolution gave way altogether, and I determined to put upon paper in the form of an interrogatory, the momentous question. A glass door opened from a recess in the drawing-room, upon the terrace on which I was walking, and in it I was in the daily habit of writing my letters. It was a snug retreat, with a fire all to itself, a charming view, and a *portière* which separated it or not from the drawing-room, according to the wish of the occupant. The first question I had to consider when I put the writing materials before me was, whether I ought to begin, "Dear Lady Ursula," or "My dear Lady Ursula." I should not have entertained the idea of beginning, "My dear," did I not feel that having known her as a child entitled me to assume a certain intimacy. However, on further consideration, I adopted the more distant form, and then my real difficulty began. While looking for an inspiration at

the further end of the avenue which stretches from the lawn, I became conscious of a figure moving slowly towards me, which I finally perceived to be that of Lady Broadbrim herself. In my then frame of mind, any escape from my dilemma was a relief, and I instinctively left the still unwritten note and joined her.

"This is a courageous proceeding, Lady Broadbrim; the weather is scarcely mild enough for strolling."

"I determined to make sure of some exercise," she replied,— "the clouds look threatening; besides I have a good deal on my mind, and I can always think better when I am walking alone."

She put a marked emphasis on the last word, I can't imagine why, so I said, "that is just my case. If you only knew the torture I am enduring, you would not wonder at my wanting to be alone. As for exercise, it would not be of the slightest use."

"Dear me," said Lady Broadbrim, pulling a little box like a card-case out of her pocket, "tell me your exact symptoms, and I'll give you some globules."

"It is not altogether beyond the power of homœopathy," I said, with a sigh. "Hahnemann was quite right when he adopted as the motto for his system, 'Like cures like.' It applies to my complaint exactly. Love will cure love, but not in homœopathic doses."

"How very odd! I was thinking the very same thing when you joined me. My dear girl's are of course ever uppermost in my mind, and I really am troubled about Ursula. I think," she said, looking with a sidelong glance into my face, "I know who is on the point of declaring himself, and who only wants a little encouragement, which, poor girl, she is too shy to give him."

I don't remember having blushed since I first went to school, but if Lady Broadbrim could have seen the colour of my skin under my

thick beard, she would have perceived how just her penetration had been. Still I was a good deal puzzled at the quickness with which she had made a discovery I imagined unknown, even to the object of my affections. What had I said or done that could have put her on the scent? I pondered in vain over the mystery. My conduct had been most circumspect during the few hours I had been in love; nothing but the sagacity with which the maternal instinct is endowed could account for it.

"Do you think Lady Ursula returns the affection?" said I, timidly.

"Ursula is a dear, well-principled girl, who will make any man who is fortunate enough to win her happy. I am sure she will be guided by my wishes in the matter. And now, Lord Frank, I think we have discussed this subject sufficiently. I have said more, perhaps, than I ought; but we are such old friends that, although I entirely disagree with your religious opinions, it has been a relief to me even to say thus much. I trust my anxieties will soon be at an end;" with which most encouraging speech Lady Broadbrim turned towards the house, leaving me too much overcome with rapture and astonishment to do more than murmur inaudibly, that if it depended only on me we should all be out of our suspense by lunch-time.

I did not delay, when I got back to my recess in the drawing-room, to tear up with a triumphant gesture my note beginning "Dear," and to commence another, "My dear Lady Ursula."

"The conversation which I have just had with Lady Broadbrim," I went on, "encourages me to lose no time in writing to you to explain the nature of those feelings which she seems to have detected almost as soon as they were called into existence, and which gather strength with such rapidity that a sentiment akin to self-preservation urges me not to lose another moment in placing myself and my fortune at

your disposal. If I allude to the latter, it is not because I think such a consideration would influence you in the smallest degree, but because you may not suspect, from my economical habits, the extent of my private resources. I am well aware that my impulsive nature has led me into an apparent precipitancy in writing thus; but if I cannot flatter myself that the short time I have passed in your society has sufficed to inspire you with a reciprocal sentiment, Lady Broadbrim's assurance that I may depend upon your acceding to her wishes in this the most important act of your life, affords me the strongest encouragement.—Believe me, yours most faithfully, FRANK VANECKOVE."

I have already observed that, when my mind is very deeply absorbed in composition, I become almost insensible to external influences: thus it was not until I had finished my letter, and was reading it over, that I became conscious of sounds in the drawing-room. I was just thinking that I had got the word "sentiment" twice, and was wondering what I could substitute for that expressive term, when I suppose I must have overheard, for I insensibly found myself writing the word "jewel." Yes, I said, she is a jewel; but my further musings were cut short by the unmistakable sounds of Chundango's voice mentioning the name dearest to me. "Remember, Lady Ursula," said that regenerate pagan, "there are very few men who could offer their brides such a collection of jewels as I can. Think, that although of a different complexion from yourself, I am of royal blood. You are surely too enlightened and noble-minded to allow the trivial consideration of colour to influence you."

"Mr. Chundango," said Lady Ursula, and I heard the rustle of her dress as she rose from her chair, "you really must excuse me from listening to you any more."

"Stop one moment," said Chundango.

dango; and I suspect he tried to get bold of her hand, for I heard a short quick movement; "I have not made this proposal without receiving first the sanction of Lady Broadbrim." Deceitful old hypocrite, thought I, with suppressed fury. "When I told her Ladyship that I would settle a million's worth of pounds upon you in jewellery and stock, that my blood was royal, and that all my aspirations were for social distinction, she said she desired no higher qualification. 'What, dear Mr. Chundango,' she said, 'matters the colour of your skin if your blood is pure? If your jewellery and your conversation are both genuine, what more could an anxious mother desire for her beloved daughter?'"

"Spare me, I implore you," said Ursula, in a voice betraying great agitation. "You don't know what pain you are giving me."

Whether Chundango at this moment fell on his knees, which I don't think likely, as natives never thus far humble themselves before the sex, or whether he stumbled over a footstool in trying to prevent her leaving the room—which is more probable—I could not discover. I merely heard a heavy sound and then the door open. I think the Indian must have hurt himself, as the next time I heard his voice it was trembling with passion.

"Lady Broadbrim," he said—for it appears she it was who had entered the room—"I do not understand Lady Ursula's conduct. I thought obedience to parents was one of the first precepts of the Christian religion; but when I tell her your wishes on the subject of our marriage, she forbids me to speak. I will now leave her in your hands, and I hope I shall receive her from them in the evening in another and a better frame of mind;" and Chundango marched solemnly out and banged the door after him.

"What have you done, Ursula?" said Lady Broadbrim, in a cold

hard voice. "I suppose some absurd prejudice about his colour has influenced you in refusing a fortune that few girls have placed at their feet. He is a man of remarkable ability; in some lights there is a decided richness in his hue; and Lord Dickiefield tells me he fully expects to see him some day Under-Secretary for India, and ultimately perhaps in the Cabinet. Moreover, he is very lavish, and would take a pride in giving you all you could possibly want, and in meeting all our wishes. He would be most useful to Broadbrim, whose property, you know, was dreadfully involved by his father in his young days—in fact, he promised me to pay off £800,000 of the debt upon his personal security, and not ask for any interest for the first few years. All this you are throwing away for some girlish fancy for some one else."

Here my heart bounded. "Dear girl," thought I, "she loves me, and I'll rush in and tell her that I return her passion. Moreover, I will overwhelm that old woman with confusion for having so grossly deceived me." A scarcely audible sob from Lady Ursula decided me, and to the astonishment of mother and daughter I suddenly revealed myself. Lady Ursula gave a start and a little exclamation, and before I could explain myself, had hurried from the room. Lady Broadbrim confronted me, stern, defiant, and indignant.

"Is it righteous, Lady Broadbrim?" I began, but she interrupted me.

"My indignation? Yes, Lord Frank, it is."

"No, Lady Broadbrim; I did not allude to your indignation, which is unjustifiable. I was about to express my feelings in language which I thought might influence you with reference to the deception you have practised upon me. You gave me to understand only half-an-hour ago that you approved of my attachment to your daughter; you implied that that attachment

was returned—indeed, I have just overheard as much from her own lips; and now you deliberately urge her to ally herself with—the thought is too horrible!” and I lifted my handkerchief to my eyes to conceal my unaffected emotion.

“Lord Frank,” said Lady Broadbrim, calmly, “you had no business to overhear anything; however, I suppose the state of your feelings must be your excuse. It seems that we entirely misunderstood each other this morning. The attachment I then alluded to was the one you have just heard Mr. Chundango declare. I was utterly ignorant of your having entertained the same feelings for Ursula. What settlements are you prepared to make?”

This question was put so abruptly that a mixed feeling of indignation and contempt completely mastered me. At these moments I possess the faculty of sublime impertinence.

“I shall make Broadbrim a liberal allowance, and settle an annuity upon yourself, which my solicitor will pay you quarterly. I know the family is poor; it will give me great pleasure to keep you all.”

Lady Broadbrim’s lips quivered with anger; but the Duke of Dun-derhead’s second son, who had inherited all the Flityville property through his mother, was a fish worth landing, so she controlled her feelings with an effort of self-possession which commanded my highest admiration, and said in a gentle tone, as she held out her hand with a subdued smile,

“Forgive the natural anxiety of a mother, Lord Frank, as I forgive you for that last speech.” Here she lifted her eyes and remained silent for a few moments, then she sighed deeply. She meant me to understand by this that she had been permitted to overcome her feelings of resentment towards me, and was now overflowing with Christian charity.

“Dear Lady Broadbrim,” I re-

plied affectionately, for I felt preternaturally intelligent and ready for the most elaborate maternal strategy, “how thankful we ought to be that on an occasion of this kind we can both so thoroughly command our feelings. Believe me, your anxiety for your daughter’s welfare is only equalled by the fervour of my affection for her. Shall we say £100,000 in stock, and Flityville Park as a dower house?”

“What stock, Lord Frank?” said her ladyship, as she subsided languidly into a chair—“not Mexican or Spanish passives, I do most fervently trust.”

“No,” said I, maliciously, “nearly all in Confederate and Greek loans.”

“Oh!” she ejaculated, with a little scream, as if something had stung her.

“What is the matter, Lady Broadbrim?” and she looked so unhappy and disconcerted that I had compassion on her. “I was only joking; you need be under no apprehension as to the securities—they are as sound as your own theology, and would satisfy the Lord Chancellor quite as well.”

“Oh, it was not that! Perhaps some day when you and dear Ursula are married, I will tell you all about it; for you have my full consent; and I need not say what an escape I think she has had from that black man. *Entre nous*, as it is most important you should understand exactly the situation, I must correct one error into which you have fallen; she is not in love with you, Lord Frank; you must expect a little opposition at first; but that will only add zest to the pursuit, and my wishes will be paramount in the end. The fact is, but this is a profound secret, your friend Lord Grandon has behaved most improperly in the matter. He came down on some pretence of instilling his ridiculous notions into Broadbrim, who took a fancy to him when we were all staying at Lady Mundane’s, and I strongly opposed it, as I fancied, even then,

he was paying Ursula too much attention; but she has such influence with Broadbrim that she carried her point, because, she said, she was sure her brother could only get good from him. What exactly passed at Broadbrim, I don't know; but I was so angry at the idea of an almost penniless Irish peer taking advantage of his opportunities as a visitor to entrap my girl's affections, that I told him I expected some people, and should want his bedroom. He left within an hour, and Ursula declares he never uttered a word which warranted this decisive measure; but people can do a good deal without 'uttering,' as she calls it; and I am quite determined not to let them see anything of each other during the season. Fortunately Lord Grandon scarcely ever goes out, and Broadbrim, whose eyes are opened at last, has promised to watch him. Whoever Ursula marries must do something for Broadbrim."

Although I am able to record this speech word for word, I am quite unable to account for the curious psychological fact, that it has become engraven on my memory, while, at the time, I was unconscious of listening to it. The pattern of the carpet, a particular curl of Lady Broadbrim's "front," the fact that the clock struck one, are all stamped upon the plate of my internal perceptive faculties with the vividness of a photograph. The vision of happiness which I had conjured up was changing into a hideous contrast, and reminded me of the Diorama at the Colosseum in my youth, where a fairy landscape, with a pastoral group at lunch in the foreground, became gradually converted into a pandemonium of flames and devils.

I felt borne along by a mighty torrent which was sweeping me from Elysian fields into some fathomless abyss. Love and Friendship both coming down together in one mighty crash, and the only thing left standing—Lady Broadbrim—right in front of me—a very stern

reality indeed. I don't the least know the length of time which elapsed between the end of her speech and when I returned to consciousness—probably not many seconds, though it seemed an age. I gasped for breath, so she kindly came to my relief.

"My dear Lord Frank," she said, "after all, it might have been worse. Supposing that Lord Grandon had not been your friend, or had not had the absurd Quixotic ideas which I understand he has of the duties of friendship, he might have given you immense trouble; as it is, I am sure he has only to know the exact state of the case to retire. I know him quite well enough for that. I look upon it as providential. Had it been Mr. Obundango, Grandon would most probably have persevered. Now he is quite capable of doing all he can to help you with Ursula."

I groaned in spirit. How well had Lady Broadbrim judged the character of the man to whom she would not give her daughter!

"I am so glad to think, Lady Broadbrim," said I, with a bitter laugh, "that you do not suspect me of such a ridiculous exaggeration of sentiment. So far from it, it seems to impart a peculiar piquancy to the pursuit when success is only possible at the sacrifice of another's happiness; and when that other is one's oldest friend, there is a refinement of emotion, a sort of pleasurable pain, which is quite irresistible. To what element in our nature do you attribute this?"

"To original sin, I am afraid," said Lady Broadbrim, looking down, for my manner seemed to puzzle, and make her nervous.

"Oh, it is not at all 'original,'" said I. "Whatever other merit it possesses, it can't claim originality—it is the commonest thing in the world; but I think it is an acquired taste at first—it grows upon you like caviar or olives. I remember some years ago, in Australia, running away with the wife of a charming fellow——"

"Oh, Lord Frank, Lord Frank, please stop! Have you repented? and where is she?"

"No," I said, "I never intend to repent; and I'll tell you where she is after the marriage."

At this crisis the demon of recklessness which had sustained me, and prompted the above atrocious falsehood, deserted me suddenly, so I leant against the mantelpiece and sobbed aloud. I remember deriving a malicious satisfaction from the idea that Lady Broadbrim thought I was weeping for my imaginary Australian.

"How very dreadful!" said she, when I became somewhat calmer. "We must forget the past, and try and reform ourselves, mustn't we?" she went on caressingly; "but I had no idea that you had passed through a *jeunesse orangee*. Do you know, I think men, when they do steady, are always the better for it."

"Well, I hope Lady Ursula may keep me quiet; nothing else ever has yet. I suppose you won't expect me to go to church?"

"We'll talk about that after the marriage, to use your own expression," replied Lady Broadbrim, with a smile.

"Because, you know, I am worse than Grandon as regards orthodoxy. Now, Chundango is so thoroughly sound, don't you think, after all, that that is the first consideration?"

"To tell you the truth—but of course I never breathed it to Ursula—I attach a good deal of importance to colour."

"Ah, I see; you classify us somewhat in this way:—first, if you can get it, rich, orthodox, and white; second, rich, heterodox, and white; third, rich, orthodox, and black. Now, supposing that out of friendship for Grandon I should do the absurd thing of withdrawing my pretensions, what would happen?"

"I should insist upon Ursula's marrying Mr. Chundango. I tell you in confidence, Lord Frank, that pecuniary reasons, which I will

explain more fully at another time, render it absolutely necessary that she should marry as wealthy a man as you are within the next six months. The credit of our whole family is at stake; but it is impossible for me to enter into details now." At this moment the luncheon was announced. I followed Lady Broadbrim mechanically towards the dining-room, but instead of entering it went up-stairs like one in a dream, and ordered my servant to make arrangements for my immediate departure. I pulled an arm-chair near my bedroom fire, and gazed hopelessly into it.

People call me odd. I wonder really whether the conflicts of which my brain is the occasional arena are fiercer than those of others. I wonder whether other people's thoughts are as like clouds as mine are—sometimes, when it is stormy, grouping themselves in wild, fantastic forms; sometimes chasing each other through vacancy, for no apparent purpose; sometimes melting away in "intense inane;" and again consolidating themselves, black and lowering, till they burst in a passionate explosion. What are they doing now? and I tried in vain to stop the mental kaleidoscope which shifted itself so rapidly that I could not catch one combination of thought before it was succeeded by another; but always the same prominent figures dolging madly about the chambers of my brain—Chundango, Ursula, Lady Broadbrim, and Grandon; Lady Broadbrim, Chundango, Grandon, and Ursula—backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, like some horrid word that I had to spell in a game of letters, and could never bring right. Love, friendship, hate, pity, admiration, treachery—more words to spell, ever combining wrongly, and never letting me rest, till I thought something must crack under the strain. Then mockingly came a voice ringing in my ears—Peace, peace, peace—and I fancied myself lulled to rest in her arms, and I heard the cooing

of doves mingle with the soft murmur of her voice as she leant wistfully over me, and I revelled in that most fatal of all nightmares—the nightmare of those who, perishing of hunger and thirst, die at imaginary banquets. “Sweet illusion,” I said, “dear to me as reality, brood over my troubled spirit, deaden its pain, heal its wounds, and weave round my being this delicious spell for ever.” Then suddenly, as though my brain had been a magazine into which a spark had fallen, it blazed up; my hair bristled, and drops stood upon my forehead, for a great fear had fallen upon me. It had invaded me with the force of an overwhelming torrent, carrying all before it. It said, “Whence is the calm that soothes you? Infatuated dreamer, think you it is the subsiding of the storm, and not rather the lull that precedes it! Beware of the sleep of the frozen, from which there is no waking.” What was this? was my mind regaining its balance, or was it going to lose it for ever? Most horrid doubt—the very thought was so much in the scale on the wrong side. Oh for something to lean upon—some strong stay of common sense to support me! I yearned for the practical—some fact on which to build. “I have got it,” I exclaimed, suddenly. “There must be some osseous matter behind my *dura mater*!” I shall never forget the consolation which this notion gave me: it relieved me from any further psychological responsibility, so to speak; I gave up mental analysis. I attributed the keen susceptibility of my æsthetic nature to this cause, and accepted it as I would the gout without a murmur. Still I needed repose and solitude, so I determined to go to Flitville and arrange my ideas, no longer alarmed at the confusion in which they were, but with the steadfast purpose of disentangling them quietly, as I would an interesting knot. Hitherto I had been tearing at it madly and making it worse; now I had got the end of

the skein—“osseous matter”—and would soon unravel it. So I descended calmly to the drawing-room.

I found it empty, but it occurred to me I had left my letter to Lady Ursula in the recess, and in the agitation attending my interview with Lady Broadbrim, had forgotten to go back for it. I pushed back the *portière*, and saw seated at the writing-table Lady Ursula herself. She looked pale and nervous, while I felt overwhelmed with confusion and embarrassment. This was the more trying, as many years have elapsed since I have experienced any such sensations.

“Oh, you don’t happen to have seen a letter lying about anywhere, do you, Lady Ursula!” said I. “It ought to be under your hand, for I left it exactly on that spot.”

“No,” she said; “I found mamma writing here when I came, and she took a packet of letters away with her; perhaps she put yours among them by mistake. She will be back from her drive almost immediately.”

“I hope so,” said I. “I should be sorry to leave without seeing her.”

“To leave, Lord Frank! I thought you were going to stay till Monday.” She looked up rather appealingly, I thought, as if my presence would have been a satisfaction to her under the circumstances; and I saw, as I returned her steady earnest gaze, that she little guessed the purport of the missing letter.

At that moment my head began to swim, and the figures to dance about idly in my brain again. Chundango and Grandon seemed locked in a death-struggle, and Ursula, with dishevelled hair, trying to separate them, while Lady Broadbrim, in the background, was clapping her hands and urging them on. I seemed spinning round the group with such rapidity that I was obliged to steady myself with one hand against the back of Lady Ursula’s chair.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, Lord Frank?" she exclaimed.

"Osseous matter, osseous matter," I murmured mechanically, and it sounded so like an echo of her words that I am sure she thought me going mad. Should I throw myself at her feet and tell her all? If she would only trample upon me and my feelings together, it would be a luxury compared to the agony of self-control I was inflicting upon myself. If I could only pour myself out in a torrent of passionate expression, and wind up with a paroxysm of tears, she was welcome to treat me as a raving lunatic, but I should be much less likely to become one. But how, knowing what I did, could I face Grandon afterwards? Before that fatal conversation with Lady Broadbrim I should have had the satisfaction of hearing my fate from Lady Ursula herself, and I know that she would have treated me so tenderly that rejection would have been a thousand times preferable to this. She would have known then the intensity of my affection, she would have heard from my own lips the burning words with which I would have pleaded my cause, and, whatever might have been the result, would have pitied and felt for me. Now if I say nothing, and Lady Broadbrim tells her when I am gone that she considers us engaged, what will Ursula think of me? Again, if Lady Broadbrim thinks I am really going to do what my conscience urges, and sacrifice myself for Grandon, then, poor girl, she will be sacrificed to Chundango. Nothing but misery will come out of that double event: if I do what is right, it will bring misery; if I do what is wrong, it will bring misery too,—that is one consolation—it makes the straight and narrow path easier. The only difficulty is, I can't find it—and standing here with my hand on her chair, my head swimming, and Lady Ursula looking anxiously

up at me, I am not likely to find it.

"Lord Frank, do let me ring the bell and send for a glass of water," she said at last.

"Thanks, no: the fact is, that letter I have lost causes me the greatest anxiety, and when I thought what the consequences might be of its going astray I felt a little faint for a moment."

"Dear me," said Lady Ursula, kindly, "I will make mamma look for it at once, and I am sure if it is a matter in which my sympathy could be of any use, you will appreciate my motive in offering it; but I do think in this world people might be of so much more use to each other than they are, if they would only trust one another, and believe in the sincerity of friendship. Although you did try to shock me last night," she said with a smile, "I have heard so much of you from Lord Grandon, and know how kind and good you are, although he says you are too enthusiastic and too fond of paradoxes, but I assure you I consider you quite an old friend. You remember, years ago, when I was a little girl, how you used to gallop about with me on my pony in the Park at Broadbrim? You won't think me inquisitive, I am sure, in saying this, but there are moments sometimes when it is a relief to find a listener to the history of one's troubles."

"But when, by a curious fatality, that listener is the cause of them all, these moments are not likely to arrive," I thought, but did not say. Is it not enough to love a woman to distraction, and be obliged by every principle of honour to conceal it from her, without her pressing upon you her sympathy, and inviting your confidence? and the very tenderness which had prompted her speech rose up against her in judgment in my mind. So ready with her friendship, too! Should I tell her bitterly that she was the only being in the whole world whose friendship could aggravate

my misery? Should I congratulate her upon the ingenuity she had displayed in thus torturing me? or should I revenge myself by giving her the confidence she asked, and requesting her to advise me how to act under the circumstances? Then I looked at the gentle earnest face, and my heart melted. My troubles! Do I not know too well what hers are? Perhaps it would be a relief to her to hear, that if worse comes to worst, she can always escape Chundango by falling back upon me. If she is driven to begging me to offer myself up on her shrine, what a very willing sacrifice she would find me! As she knows that I must have overheard what passed between her and Chundango this morning, shall I make a counter-proposition of mutual confidence, and allude delicately to that most painful episode? If she is generous enough to forget her own troubles and think of me, why should not I forget mine and think of her? The idea of this contradiction in terms struck me as so exquisitely ludicrous, that I laughed aloud.

"Ha! ha! ha! Lady Ursula, if you only knew what a comic aspect that last kind speech of yours has given to the whole affair. Don't think me ungrateful or rude, but—ha! ha! ha!" Here I went off again. "When once my sense of humour is really touched, I always seem to see the point of a joke to quite a painful degree. Upon two occasions I have suffered from fits after punning, and riddles always make me hysterical; but I assure you, you unconsciously made a joke just now when you asked me to tell you exactly what I felt, which I shall remember as long as I live, for it will certainly be the death of me—ha! ha! ha!" But Lady Ursula had risen from her chair and rung the bell before I had finished my speech, and I was still laughing when the servant came into the room, followed by Lady Broadbrim and Lady Bridget.

"Dear me," said Lady Broad-

brim, with her most winning smile, "how very merry you are—at least Lord Frank is. You seem a little pale, dear," turning to Ursula; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing mamma. Lord Frank has been looking for a letter in the recess. You don't happen to have put it up with yours, do you?"

"No, my dear, I think not," said Lady Broadbrim, looking through a bundle. "Who was it to, Lord Frank, if you will pardon my curiosity? I shall find it more easily if you will give me the address."

"Nobody in particular," said L. "So it does not matter; you can keep it and read it. It is a riddle; that is what has been amusing us so much. Lady Ursula has been making such absurd attempts to guess it. Good-bye, Lady Broadbrim. Here is the servant come to say that my fly is at the door."

"Good gracious! Why, where are you going?" said she, evidently imagining that her daughter and I had had some thrilling episode, and that I was going away in a huff, so I determined to mystify her still more.

"Oh, only to Flityville to get everything ready; you know what a state the place is in. Now," and I looked tenderly into the amazed face of Lady Ursula, "I shall indeed have an object in putting it in order, and I shall expect you and Lady Ursula to come some day soon and suggest the improvements. I have only one request to make before leaving, and I do so, Lady Ursula, in the presence of your mother and sister; and that is, that until I see you again, the subject of our conversation just now may never be alluded to between yourselves. Trust in me, Lady Broadbrim," I said, taking her hand affectionately, "and promise me you will not ask Lady Ursula what I have just told her; if you do," I whispered, "you will spoil all," and I looked happy and mysterious. "Do you promise?"

"I do," said Lady Broadbrim.

"And now, Lady Ursula," I said, crossing over to her and taking her hand, "once more good-bye, and"—I went on in so low a tone that it was impossible for Lady Broadbrim to overhear it, but it made her feel sure that all was arranged between us—"you have got the most terrible secret of my life. I know I can trust you. You have seen me"—and I formed the word with my lips rather than uttered it with my breath—"MAD! Hush!" for Lady Ursula gave a quick exclamation, and almost fainted with alarm. "I am myself again now. Remember my happiness is in your keeping"—this out loud for Lady Broadbrim's benefit. "I am going to say good-bye to Lady Dickiefield, and you shall hear from me when I can receive you at Flityville."

I am endowed with a somewhat remarkable faculty, which I have not been in the habit of alluding to, partly because my friends think me ridiculous if I do, and partly because I never could see any use in it, but I do nevertheless possess the power of seeing in the dark. Not after the manner of cats—the objects which actually exist—but images which sometimes appear as the condensations of a white misty-looking substance, and sometimes takes a distinctly bright luminous appearance. As I gaze into absolute darkness, I first see a cloud, which gradually seems to solidify into a shape, either of an animal or some definite object. In the case of the more brilliant image, the appearance is immediate and evanescent. It comes and goes like a flash, and the subject is generally significant and beautiful. Perhaps some of my readers may be familiar with this phenomenon, and may account for it as being the result of what they call imagination, which is only putting the difficulty one step back; or may adopt the wiser course which I have followed, and not endeavour to account for it at all. Whatever be its origin, the fact remains, and I only advert to it now, as it is the

best illustration I can think of to describe the mental process through which I passed in the train on my way to Flityville. My mind seemed at first a white mist—a blank sheet of paper. My interview with Lady Ursula had produced this effect upon it. Gradually, and quite unconsciously to myself, so far as any mental effort was concerned, my thoughts seemed to condense into a definite plan of action; now and then a brilliant idea would appear like a flash, and vanish sometimes before I could catch it; but in so far as the complication in which Grandon, Ursula, the Broadbrim family, and myself were concerned, I seemed to see my way, or at all events to feel sure that my way would be shown to me, if I let my inspirations guide me. When once one achieves this thorough confidence in one's inspirations, the journey of life becomes simplified. You never wonder what is round the next corner, and begin to prepare for unknown contingencies; but you wait till the corner is turned, and the contingency arrives, and passively allow your mind to crystallise itself into a plan of action. At this moment, of course, I have no more notion what is going to happen to me than you have. Divest your mind, my friend, that I know anything more of the plot of this story of my life which you are reading than you do. I positively have not the slightest idea what either I or any of the ladies and gentlemen to whom I have introduced you are likely to do, or how it is all going to end. I have told you the mental process under which I act; and, of course, this is the mere record of those inspirations. Very often the most unlikely things occur to me all of a sudden; thus, while my mind was, as it were, trifling with the events which I have recounted, and throwing them into a variety of combinations, it flashed upon me in the most irrelevant manner that I would send £4000 anonymously to the Bishop of London's Fund. In another second the unconscious

train of thought which led me to this determination revealed itself. "Here," said I, "have I been attacking this poor Colonial Bishop and the establishment to which he belongs, and what have I given him in return? I expose the abuses of his theological and ecclesiastical system, but I provide him with no remedy. I fling one big stone at the crystal palace in which Protestantism is shrivelling away, and another big stone at the crystal palace in which Catholicism is rotting, and I offer them in exchange the cucumber-frame under which I am myself squatting uncomfortably. I owe them an apology. Unfortunately, I have not yet found either the man or the body of men who do not prefer hard cash to an apology—provided, of course, it be properly proportioned to the susceptibility of their feelings or the delicacy of their sense of honour. Fairly, now," I asked myself, "if it was put to the Bench of Bishops, would they consider £5000 sufficient to compensate the Church for the expressions I made use of to one of their order?" "More than sufficient," myself replied. "Then we will make it four thousand." But the whole merit of the action lies in the anonymous, and so nobody knows till they read this who it was made that munificent donation. That I should have afterwards changed my mind, and answered the advertisement of the committee, which appeared in the "agony" column of the 'Times,' who wanted to know how I wished the money applied, by a request that it should be paid back to my account at the Bank, does not affect the question; I merely wished to show the nature of my impulses, and the readiness with which I act upon them.

Some days elapsed after my arrival at Flitelyville before I felt moved to write to Grandon. The fact is, I was writing this record of my trials for the world in general, and did not know what to say to him in particular. I don't think

that I should have written then had I not felt an irresistible desire to let the public know my views upon the present state of the American question; and as I could not muster up courage to go up to take my seat in the House, I determined to write to the 'Times.' Whether they thought my letter unanswerable, or whether they were afraid I should damage myself by attacking the Government, I do not know; but though I signed my name in full, it was not inserted. I have the less hesitation, therefore, in putting it in here:—

"The Editor of the 'Times.'"

"SIR, — The national conscience of England has of late years become so deadened by prosperity, that the most vital questions affecting the internal economy of the country fail to do more than excite the most languid interest, while we refuse altogether to admit that we have any duties or obligations whatever in matters of foreign policy, beyond taking advantage of the misfortunes of others to enrich ourselves. It is not improbable that the Divine rule, as touching love to our neighbours, applies to nations no less than to individuals, and that the popular policy of selfish isolation and pecuniary greed will incur a more disastrous result than the one it has already achieved, which consists only in our being very generally disliked and despised. As a nation we have been as much bound to interfere with the view of putting a stop to the conflict in America as an individual bystander would be bound to thrust himself between two men locked in a death-struggle at the peril of his own life.

"We have incurred a fearful responsibility in remaining so long looking on, deliberately calculating the profits we were deriving from this protracted manslaughter, while France has repeatedly urged upon us a nobler occupation. Not only do the lives of hundreds of

thousands of whites lie at our door, but we hold in our hands the destiny of the blacks. If, as we profess, we are anxious to see this struggle end and the negro liberated, we have only, in conjunction with France (and Europe generally would join us), to assure the Southern States of the immediate recognition of their independence on a measure for the emancipation of the slaves being passed through the Confederate Congress, and we should insure alike the freedom of the negro and the end of the war.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

“FRANK VANECOVE.”

The idea of the possibility of the North going to war with all Europe, which is the only objection to this plan, is simply ridiculous. Its grandeur lies in its simplicity, and the most fatal of all objections to it is, that it is so obviously what ought to be done. I wrote to this effect to Grandon, suggesting that he should make a motion in the House embodying it. And I went on, “You are doubtless surprised, my dear fellow, at my suddenly making a hermit of myself at this most inopportune season. You will know the reason soon enough, and I will not trouble you with it now. Suffice it to say, that I parted with the Broadbrims most satisfactorily, and am glad I did not take your advice and make the postponement you suggested; the only thing that puzzles me is, that I should ever have merited such friendship as yours. What have I done to deserve it?—a friendship that I can depend upon, that will defend me through good report and through ill report, that can understand motives, and judge ‘appearances’ accurately.” I only alluded to the subject most interesting to us both in this vague way on purpose. It is a much more difficult question than the other about America, and requires real diplomacy. Just imagine if I intrusted this most delicate and intricate complication—which, in fact

bears some analogy to the Schleswig-Holstein question—to the Foreign Office, what a mess we should all get into! It would end by Ursula marrying Chundango; the Head of the department would give her away, and the Under-Secretary act as best-man. By the way, I also told Grandon about the £4000 to the Bishop of London’s Fund. I had not then written my last instructions as to what should be done with it. A few days later I received the following letter from Grandon:—

“PICCADILLY, 17th March.

“MY DEAR FRANK,—Your letter did not give me altogether unalloyed pleasure. For the first time in your life you allude to our friendship as if it was in peril; for the first time in your life you deal in enigma, and do not frankly give me your confidence. I cannot suppose that this reserve arises from any feeling of distrust of me, but I shall refrain from attempting to penetrate it, and wait till we meet for a solution of the mystery. I do not wonder at the editor not putting your letter into the ‘Times.’ It was too arrogant in its tone, and he probably thought it would only do you harm.

“Nevertheless it seems to me no longer doubtful that the neutral attitude, which we might have been warranted in maintaining during the earlier stages of the war, should now be finally abandoned. If the only ground upon which the North and South can unite is to be found in a war with England, it is clear that we had better prevent them from combining against us by deciding definitely in favour of one or other. It is becoming a fixed impression in men’s minds that a war with America is inevitable, unless immediate and decisive action is taken; and a Government that shrinks from adopting the measures best calculated to avert so great a disaster, will certainly be held responsible by the nation for its moral cowardice, whenever it

overtakes us. If the only alternatives we have to consider be either the possibility of an immediate war in alliance with the Southern States and France against the North, or the almost certainty of a later war with both Northern and Southern States allied against us, there can be no doubt which we ought to choose. As it is, our diplomacy, always feeble, seems now utterly paralysed by the very magnitude of the danger it is called upon to grapple with. The whole country, with the Cabinet at its head, is spell-bound, like a bird fascinated by the gaze of a snake.

"We present to the world the lamentable spectacle of a nation of usurers trembling over our money-bags. We ignore the existence of questions abroad because we are afraid to face them, and cherish the fatal delusion that our security lies in our insular position. It would be an interesting subject of investigation to inquire into the origin and progress of the national torpor. Has the Cabinet drugged the country, or has the country drugged the Cabinet? Did the brilliant idea that we have no national honour to signify, which has been so eloquently dwelt upon in Parliament, originate with the *crème de la crème*, or the scum? Do the daily papers, which are an echo of each other in almost all foreign questions, take their inspirations from the Ministers, or the mob, or each other? Have we at last got to the ultimate development of our much-vaunted institutions, and does it consist in our all following each other like a flock of sheep; and, if so, why on earth should we persist in choosing dirt to wade through, when it would be quite as easy to keep clean? It will be too late when the first indications of that flood are upon us to jump up and rub our eyes as 'in the days of Noah.' Because the policy of the Government has been that so unsuccessfully pursued by the ostrich, which puts its head in the sand and imagines itself

invisible to its pursuers, is the country to indulge in the same delusion?

The only excuse which the Government has to offer for its "matronly inactivity" in foreign affairs is, that it has muddled every question with which it has meddled, which fact becoming patent to the world, the nation determines not to meddle again; but there is another alternative which does not seem to have occurred to it, and that is, to find men who can meddle to some purpose. It is true that we are driven to the unhappy conclusion that the Opposition is more effete than the Government, or they would ere this have turned them out; but the public has not done its work. It has been hoodwinked by the press, and fascinated by the prestige which attaches to veteran statesmen. The time has come when the country must arouse itself and accept its duties and obligations as regards other nations, or it will find that by ignoring those obligations it cannot avoid incurring the penalties attaching to their neglect.

"Apropos of your donation to the Bishop of London's Fund, I have made the acquaintance of an apostle of a new Church, to whom I must introduce you when you come back. Though last from America, he is not of transatlantic birth; and as he was 'presented' to me by Mr. Wog as 'one of the most remarkable sky-pilots in our country,' you may imagine that he resembles that gentleman in nothing. You complain that while ready to pull down you have nothing to suggest, and justify your donation to the 'Fund' on this ground. Mr. Theodore Hartmann is full of suggestions; and before deciding that the whole thing is a mess from which there is no escape, and that it does not therefore matter what you do with your money, wait until you have heard views which I confess were quite original to me.—Yours affectionately,

"GRANDON."

Notwithstanding the temptation which Grandon held out to me in the person of Mr. Hartmann, my reluctance to go up to London and face the complication which was awaiting us all there was so great, my occasional fits of depression so profound, and my moods altogether so uncertain, and indeed sometimes so alarming to myself, that I don't know when I should have summoned up courage to return to town, had I not this

morning received the following telegram from Lady Broadbrim :—

"Your immediate presence is absolutely necessary here. Delay will be fatal. MARY BROADBRIM.

"GROSVENOR SQUARE, 20th March."

I am off, therefore, in an hour. Fortunately I have just had time to finish and post this before leaving.

EARL RUSSELL.

We must begin our present paper with a frank avowal that it is not our intention to say many words about the book of which we have transcribed the title. For his own sake we wish that Earl Russell had allowed it to sleep in its primitive obscurity. It was a crude performance forty years ago, when the author was comparatively a young man, and less was known about the English Constitution and Government than recent inquirers have brought to light. Only the clique of which he was a member pretended to treat it with respect even then, and they not unfrequently put their tongues in their cheeks after professing to find something in it to admire. But reproduced now, it is a sorry spectacle. Now we honestly lament this. Earl Russell, in private life, is an amiable and estimable nobleman. He may have failed as First Minister of the Crown, and has certainly not managed the foreign affairs of the country as we could wish them to be managed. But as a statesman he has this merit—a rare one, we regret to say, in these days—of being found always consistent with himself. What he affirmed one day, that he repeated the next. There has been with him no trimming of sails to catch

the breezes from various quarters. A stanch Whig, he has done a Whig's work like a man. And we can fully sympathise with the tone in which he refers to old predictions, now, as he believes, fulfilled, and the triumph of principles of which he has been through life the steady advocate. But this only makes us the more regret that mistaken fondness for a bantling born when he was himself in a state of pupillage, or it may be the persuasiveness of injudicious friends, should have induced him to make the vain effort to resuscitate a bag of bones. Why should he have done so? Were not the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review' open to him, or the 'North British,' or the 'Westminster?' And would it not have gone farther to secure for him a hearing, if he had first thrown his Introduction into the shape of an article, and then launched it, a full-blown pamphlet, upon the tide of time? For, after all, it appears to us that in the present instance the volume has been printed for the sake of the Introduction, not the Introduction for the sake of the volume. In the former his Lordship had really nothing new to say; in the latter he could only

repeat what he said long long ago, in terms which later writers, even of his own school, have over and over again thrown into the shade. Why was this done?

We cannot pretend to answer the question. Neither shall we do Earl Russell the injustice of criticising a performance so obsolete both in its views and in the manner in which they are expressed. But assuming that we have divined his true purpose, and considering it to be both natural and, to a certain extent, praiseworthy, we shall confine ourselves entirely to an examination of the argument which he has embodied in his Introduction.

And here, at the outset, we are forced to express our astonishment at the extraordinary confusion of ideas (for of anything less creditable than confusion of thought we at once acquit the noble author) which manifests itself in every page of that document. After a sentence or two devoted to the expression of excusable self-congratulation, Earl Russell proceeds to say, "So long as the alarm created by the French Revolution lasted, the party which had sustained Lord North in the American war and Mr. Pitt in the French war remained unbroken. During nearly sixty years of power that party had devoted all its energies to the suppression of colonial or domestic revolt and the prosecution of war against a foreign enemy." If these words have any signification at all, they mean this, that Lord North and Mr. Pitt were sworn brothers in politics, that the party which sustained the one in the American war supported the other in the war with France, and that both the leaders of that party and the unbroken party itself were for sixty years so engrossed with suppressing revolts at home and carrying on hostilities abroad that they could find neither leisure nor inclination to give a passing thought to questions of domestic policy.

And in order that his readers may run no risk of mistaking the purpose of this declaration, Earl Russell, with more regard to consistency than grammar, continues, "The few measures of a liberal character, Mr. Burke's bill of economical reform and the abolition of the slave-trade, were the fruit of the short intervals when office was held by the Whig party in 1783 and 1806."

It would savour of hypercriticism were we to stop for the purpose of remarking upon the curious construction of this latter sentence. Neither very elegant nor very accurately put, its sense is, however, obvious enough. Lord Russell means to tell us, that for the few measures of a liberal character which were adopted in that dreary interval of sixty years, the country was indebted to interpolatory Whig Cabinets—that they were the fruits of the short intervals when office was held by the Whig party in 1783 and 1806. Now, in point of fact, it happens that, except so far as regards the accidental coincidence of events not in themselves very important, there is no truth whatever in any of these assertions. Mr. Pitt never was a member of the same political party with Lord North. He derived from his father a hereditary antipathy to that statesman. Two of the earliest speeches which he delivered in Parliament were against the measures of the Government of which Lord North was at the head; first, on the 31st May 1781, when he resisted the appointment of Commissioners of Public Accounts; and next, on the 12th June, when he denounced that very American war of which, by implication, Lord Russell charges him with having been the abettor. And more than this. Without desiring in any measure to detract from the credit due to Mr. Burke for bringing forward and urging on his bills of economical reform, we must claim for Mr. Pitt the honour which Lord Russell for-

gets to assign to him, of strenuously and consistently supporting these bills at every stage. Mr. Burke's success, therefore, though achieved under a Whig Administration, was at least as much owing to the exertions of Mr. Pitt as to his own. So likewise in reference to the abolition of the slave-trade. The act of the legislature which settled that controversy was indeed passed in 1806, but the controversy itself had been carried on through many previous years. Mr. Wilberforce, the staunchest of Pitt's supporters, advocating the arrangement, and Pitt himself, when the occasion offered, speaking with him. The real truth is, that in both the cases alluded to by Lord Russell a long course of preliminary discipline was required to bring public opinion up to a certain point; and that the abolition of the slave-trade took place in 1806, and the measure of economical reform was passed in 1782, not because the Whigs were in office, but because public men on both sides of the House had arrived at the conclusion that it would be wise and just to adopt both measures.

Again, it is not the fact that the party which looks back to William Pitt as its great founder, either wielded power uninterruptedly for sixty years, or spent these years in putting down colonial and domestic revolts, and in waging war with foreign enemies. Before Pitt's time the statesmen whom Lord Russell desires to represent as Tories were Tories only so far as they helped the King to throw off the yoke of Whig domination, which had become intolerable. They entertained few opinions in common with Mr. Pitt himself, and were for the most part in violent opposition to the policy of his father. Whatever might have been their errors of judgment, therefore, it is neither candid nor correct to say that for their misdeeds Pitt and his party were responsible. But this is not all. If Lord North began life as a Tory, he ended it a supporter of

the Whigs. His coalition with Mr. Fox in order to break down Lord Shelburne's Administration, and his subsequent acceptance of office as Joint Secretary of State in the Duke of Portland's Government, removed him for ever from the category of Toryism, and compel us to assign him a place in that band of ambitious men who aimed at nothing less than a monopoly of power in this country. Indeed we must go farther. Parliamentary reform, which became in after years the war-cry of the Whigs, was advocated, long before they took up the notion, by Pitt and his personal friends. So early as May 1783, Mr. Pitt asked leave to bring in a reform bill, safe and constitutional in its nature; but not one representative of the "great Revolution houses" gave him the smallest support. Charles Fox alone, among the members of the coalition Government, spoke in favour of the measure, which was rejected by a majority of not less than 293 to 149 votes. Now we are not blaming the Whig party for this. Parliaments, as then returned, were generally favourable to them. They had learned in the long interval between the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George III., how to manage both the constituencies and their representatives, and they could have no desire to innovate upon an order of things which so well served their purpose. But surely Lord Russell ought to have remembered all this before committing himself to a statement so little generous as that to which we have just referred. The Whigs were in office in 1783. An opportunity was then afforded them of putting a stop to bribery, and of diminishing the expense of elections. They had it in their power likewise to disfranchise from time to time boroughs convicted of corruption, and the proposal was made to add not fewer than 100 to the county members. It did not suit the purposes of the party to accede to these proposals, and Pitt's

bill of Parliamentary Reform came to nothing.

Again, Lord Russell forgets that within a month after the defeat of this measure, Mr. Pitt being still a private member of Parliament, brought in a bill for the reform of abuses in the public offices, which were then most flagrant. That bill too was thrown out, and thrown out by a House of Commons over which a Whig Minister exercised absolute control. But in truth the coalition Government was throughout the whole of that session too much occupied with its India Bill to pay attention to anything else. Let them only succeed in carrying that, and an instrument would be placed in their hands the judicious application of which would secure to them an unlimited lease of power: and till it should be carried they were averse to any course of legislation which, be it ever so theoretically sound, would involve as its consequences the loss of a little convenient patronage, and the immediate dissolution of Parliament.

This is not the occasion on which to speak either of the progress of the famous India Bill or of the manner of its rejection. If George III. somewhat overpassed the line of strict constitutional law in appealing against it, as he did, to the personal loyalty of his peers, no one capable of taking an unbiassed review of all the circumstances of the case will seriously blame him for so doing. He was in the hands of men who had already shown how little feelings of delicacy would operate to restrain them from exercising the authority which they already possessed. Let them once get possession of the vast patronage which India then offered, and the Crown would become, even more than it had been under the first Georges, the mere tool of a few great houses. Now the King could not submit to this, and the conduct of the House of Commons, after the Lords had thrown out the bill, sufficiently proves that the King was right in

all his calculations. His trivial outrage on the constitution—if an outrage it deserves to be called—saved the constitution itself, and averted from the country unspeakable evils. We state all this merely to show that the Whigs were not in the latter part of the eighteenth century the disinterested statesmen whom Lord Russell represents them to have been; and that if in sixty years only two Liberal measures were accepted and passed by such Parliaments as then existed, no small portion of the blame must rest with the party of which his Lordship is at the present moment the representative and the ornament.

We proceed now to show very shortly what was done, and what was proposed to be done, by the Tory Administration, of which, late in the autumn of 1783, Mr. Pitt assumed the leadership. In the face of such an opposition as had never till then confronted a Minister, Pitt held his ground, till the violence of his enemies in the House won for him the favour of the public out of doors. He then dissolved; and in the first session of the new Parliament he put an end to smuggling by reducing the duties on tea, and placing in this respect home and foreign spirits on an equitable footing. By funding the enormous floating debt which his predecessors had contracted, he got rid of one half of it. He put an end to jobbing in the arrangement of public loans, and took away from the members of both Houses the unlimited right of franking which they had heretofore enjoyed. He restored to the heirs of the unfortunate gentlemen who had gone out with Charles Edward in 1745, their forfeited estates; and he passed that India Bill under which, up to a very recent period, the affairs of our great Eastern Empire were successfully conducted. These, though not showy, were important measures, affecting the social condition of the people of England very considerably, and they were fol-

lowed next session by others at least as wise, and far more comprehensive. The scheme of parliamentary reform which he had mooted as a private member, he again brought forward as a Minister of the Crown, rendering it, however, more effective, inasmuch as he proposed the immediate disfranchisement of 86 small boroughs, and the transfer of the seats thus rendered disposable to populous places. Nor did this plan stop there. By a clause in his bill, provision was made for extending, from time to time, to other boroughs as they fell into decay, a process of voluntary extinction, in order that their electoral privileges might be made over to thriving towns, and the basis of representation keep pace with the growth of population and the spread of industry in the country. How came he to fail in this wise endeavour? Because the bulk of the Whigs joined a section of his own supporters in opposing the bill, which, much to his chagrin, was thrown out by a majority of 248 to 174.

Look now to the relations in which England and Ireland then stood towards each other, and bear in mind that, whether for good or evil, they had been established and were consistently maintained by the Whig Ministers of William and Anne and the first sovereigns of the House of Hanover. Blessed with a genial climate, a fruitful soil, and mineral wealth in abundance, Ireland lay steeped in the depths of poverty. Though she possessed a Parliament of her own, she was at once the creature and the victim of England. No measure, whether great or small, could be introduced into her legislature except on the recommendation of the English Viceroy, who always took care so to manage the masters of the constituencies, that the Irish House of Commons voted whatever the Irish Secretary proposed, and rejected every measure which was disagreeable to the mock

Court in the Castle. Commerce was discountenanced, and manufactures put down, in order that English merchants and English weavers might flourish. Penal laws put in force occasionally against the Roman Catholics kept them quiet. This went on till the exigencies of the war of American Independence drained the country of troops, and then the Irish were permitted, on the pretence of guarding against French invasion, to enrol that army of volunteers which gave a new aspect to the whole state of affairs. When Pitt took office, Ireland was completely in the hands of those volunteers. They overawed the magistracy, paralysed the legislature, and dictated to the executive what terms they chose. Indeed, matters had come to such a pass that the only alternative submitted to the Government was whether order should be restored by the process of civil war, or the grievances of which the volunteers and their leaders complained should be taken away. Pitt wisely adopted the latter course. The absurd laws which had heretofore hampered the trade of both countries, were, as far as public opinion at that time would allow, modified or repealed. Ireland was not, indeed, allowed to trade with foreign countries, except under English colours; and her staple manufactures, which had heretofore been prohibited altogether, were rendered admissible into English ports on the payment of a fixed but not extravagant duty. On the other hand, English manufactured goods, which used to be thrown duty-free into Irish markets, were made subject to duties before passing through the Irish custom-houses; while the duties heretofore levied on goods imported from abroad, and subsequently passed from England to Ireland, and from Ireland to England, were entirely abolished. We who live under a better condition of affairs may be provoked to smile when told that

these were considered at the moment great concessions to the principles of free trade; yet great concessions they unquestionably were,—so great indeed, that Fox, with all the interest of Lancashire at his back, resisted them. Nor were they carried till so much had been done to impair their usefulness in the British House of Commons, that when offered to the Irish legislature the Irish House of Commons rejected them.

We owe some apology to our readers for having detained them so long at the very threshold of the subject which in strict propriety we had set ourselves to discuss; but the delay was unavoidable. No man can pretend to arrive at a fair judgment upon the value of conclusions to which public writers and speakers desire to lead him, unless he understand the nature of the premises from which his instructors set out. And if, as in the present instance, these can be shown to be at once based on misapprehension and inaccurate in all their details, the temptation is small to receive as trustworthy whatever assertions or even insinuations depend upon them.

The one great mistake which pervades Lord Russell's argument, is the manifest determination to attribute to party that change in the policy of this country, and in some degree in the constitution itself, which time and circumstances, the greatest of all innovators, have in point of fact brought about. If the Whigs could have retained that command over the constituencies which they exercised between 1688 and 1766, we should have heard nothing whatever from them about the necessity of a reform in Parliament. If they had been able to retain the power of muzzling Romanists and keeping up monopolies, religious liberty and free trade never would have become watchwords in their camp. But when rich planters from the West and nabobs from the East began to

cross their path, canvassing the larger boroughs which they had heretofore considered as their own; when they went into the market and bought up smaller boroughs, and had the audacity to invade the counties where Whigs used to reign supreme,—their natural instincts told this party that their position was no longer safe. They tried at first to maintain their ground by fighting the enemy with his own weapons, and close boroughs became multiplied in their hands. It was a fatal example which rich and unscrupulous men were not slow to follow. What money had done, money could do again, till in the end the proprietors of boroughs on both sides became too strong in the House of Commons for their nominal leaders. It happened that in this race the Whigs found themselves defeated; and then, and not till then, the light broke in upon them, and they pronounced a measure of sweeping Parliamentary Reform to be necessary.

Passing on from the delinquencies of the Tories during the progress of the great French war, Lord Russell proceeds to set before us his own view of the policy which prevailed throughout the ten first years consequent upon the cessation of that war. "The state of England in 1823 was not auspicious. In 1817 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and spies were sent from the Home Office into the manufacturing counties, who, acting according to their nature, and not according to their instructions, stimulated the crimes which were afterwards punished on the scaffold. In 1819, bills were introduced by Lord Castlereagh, described by him as measures of severe coercion." It is very easy to say all this, and by implication, at least, to throw the blame of the consequences arising out of it upon the Government; but whosoever will take the trouble to look back into what must now, we presume, be called history, will find that the policy of the Govern-

ment was not so blameworthy as this description represents. It was no easy matter in those days to maintain public order. The measures actually adopted to secure that end were undoubtedly harsh, and the employment of spies who abused the trust reposed in them is much to be regretted; but with this exception, we cannot allow that anything was done of which the Ministers had cause to be ashamed. Let us never forget, when reverting to those times, that the English people were in point of intelligence and general education very different from what they are now. The working classes had not yet learned the value of peaceful agitation; the employers of labour never entertained the idea of negotiating with their men. When pressure came, and wages fell, and multitudes found themselves thrown out of employment, there was nowhere wit enough to discern that such were but the necessary results of a sudden return from a state of war to a state of peace. War had given to England a monopoly of the world's commerce—peace brought into the market against her as many rivals as there were manufacturing and trading nations in the world. Nobody explained this to the people, who, indeed, were scarcely capable of understanding it; but demagogues everywhere appeared, who—not, we regret to say, without encouragement in quarters which ought to have known better—accused the Legislature and the Government of combining with the employers of labour to oppress the people and force them into rebellion. How can you reason with persons who, like the Cato Street gang, plotted to kill the King and his Ministers, and to seize the Bank and the Tower? and what measures except those of repression, can you apply to multitudes who meet night after night in out-of-the-way places to drill and raise contributions wherewith to supply them-

selves with arms and ammunition? No set of rulers, call them by what party-names you will, can take any pleasure, in this country at least, in suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, and passing harsh restrictive laws through Parliament. But surely it is better to do this than to wait till an insurrection breaks out, which can never be put down except at the cost of enormous suffering to the innocent as well as to the guilty. Looking at them in the abstract, and forgetting the causes which led to them, no man in his senses would think of defending either the six Acts of 1819, or their consequences. But he must be very much prejudiced indeed who is unwilling to allow that desperate diseases call for desperate remedies, and that the stern measures adopted by the Government of that day were essentially wise measures, because they saved both England and Scotland from the horrors of a civil war.

If the manner of Lord Russell's allusions to the troubled times of 1817-19 be uncandid, his references to the general policy of the Government between 1819 and 1829 are more than uncandid. Nobody pretends to say that in the early years of that decade the criminal law of England did not retain too much of its ancient ferocity. Neither can the facts be disputed that Dissenters got into Parliament and into office only indirectly, and Roman Catholics not at all. Newspapers, at the same time, carried a fourpenny stamp (has Lord Russell forgotten that he and his friends voted, in 1828, for its continuance?), and the Holy Alliance kept down or put down revolutions on the Continent. Nay more, every industry in England flourished under the protection which the Legislature afforded to it—and the shipping interest thrived, the Navigation Laws being still in force. But what then? Of the Holy Alliance England never was a member, and in regard to the other points we shall be glad to

have two questions answered. First, Has England gained by the sweeping changes for which the Whigs claim credit? And next, Is it quite certain that changes such as might have satisfied all reasonable people, would not have taken place had Tory influence suffered no interruption? For, after all, what did the Tories do? Between 1818 and 1828 they modified the severity of the criminal law—gradually, to be sure, as judges and juries and thoughtful men of all conditions were prepared to accept each modification, but steadily. They relaxed the commercial code to an extent which far outran the wishes of the manufacturing populations; they opened the trade to China; they placed the currency on a sound footing; they permitted the export of machinery; they repealed the laws against combinations among workmen; they substituted for Oliver Cromwell's unbending Navigation Laws a system of wise reciprocity; they raised, in short, the sluices, and set that stream of improvement agoing, which, with or without the Whig Reform Act of 1832, would have probably landed us at a point not very different from that at which we are now arrived. No doubt, the process of change would have been different. The Tories, for example, would have scarcely been unwise enough to adopt ostentatiously a system from which the force of after circumstances might compel them to withdraw. Commercial treaties, to which the Whigs of 1868 and 1865 are resorting, were always in favour with their predecessors. Keeping in their own hands as much as they conceived to be necessary of the old protective system which had raised the country to power and prosperity, they would have been ready to enter upon arrangements of give and take with all the world, instead of throwing away, in the first instance, the trump cards from their own hands, and then trying to persuade other people to do the same. Take, for example,

the two great pulls which England had both upon Europe and America. The Corn-laws in the hands of an English Government would have been a powerful lever wherewith to raise the dead weight of Russian and Austrian restrictiveness. Both Empires would have been too glad to exchange for our muslins and hardwares the wheat which was rotting upon their fields; and even with France and America our relations would have been more satisfactory, had we been in a condition to treat with them about the carrying trade of the world. Our present rulers have adopted a different course of proceeding, and the consequence is, that having nothing to offer except raw material, such as coals, they sacrifice one industry in the hope of extending another, and so negotiate a treaty of which all the benefits are secured to the foreigner. So much for free trade and its consequences. And in regard to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the opening of political power and place to Roman Catholics, as both events came to pass during the reign of a Tory Government, it is rather too much in a Whig to claim them as the exclusive work of his own party. At the same time let us honestly confess that we should be glad if we could make a present of these great measures to our rivals. They have restored the Romanists to that position in the country from which the Whigs in 1688 removed them—and given to Protestant Dissenters a political weight which they are prone, we suspect, to over-estimate. Whether the monarchy and the constitution in Church and State have been strengthened by them is quite a different question.

It is not very generous to charge with bigotry to old usages Ministers who accomplished this and a good deal more. It is still less so to assume that the spirit of Toryism was embodied in that section of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet which resisted all change. Mr. Canning,

Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Robinson, could have done nothing without the concurrence of Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Castlereagh. This is especially true in reference to the dealings of England with Austria, Russia, and France, in 1821 and 1828. A united Tory Cabinet deprecated the Austrian invasion of Italy at the former of these periods as much as it deplored the causes which led to it. But a united Tory Cabinet was not so Quixotic as to involve the country in war with powers which it would have been very difficult to reach, let the cause of quarrel be what it might. And at the latter period, all that could be done, short of an appeal to arms, was done to keep the French from invading Spain. Is Lord Russell, after his experience of the Crimean war, seriously of opinion that England ought to have drawn the sword either in 1821 or 1828? Or reverting to the issues of his own remonstrances against the dismemberment of Denmark, does he conceive that forty years ago the national honour would have been advanced by idle threats on which there was no serious intention of acting?

It is thus that, in a strain which we must be permitted to describe as disingenuous in the extreme, Lord Russell endeavours to represent England as misgoverned and abused by a succession of Tory Ministers for wellnigh sixty years. Individual apostates from the principles of their party he takes indeed under his protection; but even their acts—the relaxation of the Cromwellian code, for example, and the repeal of the laws imposing disabilities on Roman Catholics—he attributes to no motive more elevated than fear, and the effect of pressure from without. Peel's foolish words on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill he quotes with approval; but even Peel himself he cannot dismiss except in terms which are anything but complimentary. "The

political party which for sixty years had swayed with very brief intervals the destinies of the State; which had led the nation to the American and the French wars; which had resisted all reform and protected all abuses; which had maintained all that was bigoted, and persecuted all that was liberal,—broke down under this great failure. The light now burst in. After the general election the Ministry was defeated, and Lord Grey, the new Prime-Minister, proclaimed the advent of peace, retrenchment, and reform."

To be sure he did; and there followed in due course the blockade of the coasts of Holland and the mouth of the Scheldt by a British fleet; the despatch of a British legion to fight the battles of a revolutionary government in Spain; war with China—war in India—war to put down a rebellion in Canada, and war with Russia. Retrenchment was in like manner effected by the gradual enlargement of all our establishments, and the increase of our public expenditure from £35,000,000, the point which it had reached in 1829, to £67,000,000, its present moderate figure. And as to reform—of that more anon. For it must be obvious to the reader of this dissertation, that thus far he has been dealing with preliminary matter only—the preface, so to speak, to Earl Russell's elaborate account of the part which he himself played in concocting the Reform Bill, and of the enormous benefits which the country has derived from the success of his great measure.

Earl Grey, it appears, had scarcely formed his Administration, when the author of the work now upon our table, then Lord John Russell, and Paymaster-General of the Forces, received a friendly visit from Lord Durham. The object of that visit was to inform Lord John that Earl Grey had determined to attempt reform in Parliament, and was desirous of consulting the author of '*Don Carlos, a Tragedy*,'

in regard to the plan on which it should be arranged. This was a very natural course of proceeding on the part of Earl Grey. Lord John represented in the House of Commons not the least influential of the Revolution houses. He was believed to inherit both the principles and the talents of his forefathers. He had written the book, now reproduced, about the English Constitution and Government, and over and over again, in Parliament and out of it, had spoken upon the subject which then occupied Earl Grey's attention. To be sure, Lord Durham himself, while yet Mr. Lambton and member for the county of Durham, had done the same thing. It seemed, indeed, as if he were anxious to take the wind out of Lord John's sails; and as his speech of 1821 embodied pretty nearly all that Mr. Grey had proposed in 1797, it might have been expected, looking to the family connection between the two peers, that the father-in-law and son-in-law would have been content to take sweet counsel together. But Earl Grey knew better than either to trust exclusively to his son-in-law, or to wound the self-love of one of the natural leaders of the Whig party. Lord Durham was therefore employed to communicate with Lord John, and Lord John accepted the invitation conveyed to him. There seems to have been no hesitation on his part, no distrust of his own powers, no apprehension of possible failure in an attempt the boldest to which, within historical memory, the citizen of a free state ever set himself. He asked for time, indeed, "to reconsider the general principles upon which a sound measure of reform should rest," for the subject was "great, important, and difficult." But Lord John's ideas were by no means, it appears, in confusion; he had often in former days "recurring" on this head to the reflections of Mr. Burke; and that eloquent passage wherein the great

British orator denounces the arbitrary proceedings of the French Assembly, now came back to his recollection. He determined to make it his pole-star on the voyage on which he was about to enter, and we have too much respect for Lord John's conscientiousness to doubt that he is honestly persuaded that the spirit of Burke rested upon him from that hour.

Lord John received his commission somewhere about the end of November, and in December—the exact date is not given—he was ready with his plan. It was comprised in ten articles, trenchant, but so short that a single sheet of writing-paper sufficed to contain them all. Had it been adopted in its simplicity, there would have been an addition of seven seats to the representation of England, with a franchise, in large towns newly erected into boroughs, dependent on the possession of a £15 qualification. Other points likewise are noticeable, as evincing on Lord John's part some slight leaning towards fancy franchises—clause 6, for example, which stood thus:—"The right of voting in the new towns to be in householders rated at £15¹⁰ or in persons qualified to serve on juries." But his colleagues in committee—for a committee was named to work with him, consisting of Lord Durham, Lord Duncannon, and Sir James Graham—drew their pens through the latter of these suggestions; and it was finally settled that one uniform franchise should prevail in boroughs, whether great or small, and that the occupation of a house rated at £10 a-year should constitute such franchise. The plan so amended was laid before Earl Grey, Earl Grey submitted it to the Cabinet, the Cabinet approved, the King's sanction was obtained, and the re-assembling of Parliament was alone waited for in order to submit the scheme to the consideration of the Legislature and the country.

All this is told with perfect simplicity and candour. It is Lord John who concocts the scheme, who expunges vote by ballot, which the other members of the committee had surreptitiously introduced into it; who advises Lord Grey upon it at every stage; and, above all, who counsels that judicious secrecy without which, as he himself naively remarks, "an adverse vote might have stifled the infant in its cradle." If Lord Russell had been equally frank in describing the process by which the opportunity of concocting a Reform Bill came into his hands at all, and in following its fortunes till it finally became law, his narrative would have been more interesting, and at least as instructive as it now is. What he has omitted we shall endeavour to supply.

It is a remarkable fact, for a fact it is, that for some time previously to the death of Lord Liverpool both the country and the House of Commons had become indifferent to the question of Parliamentary Reform. The minority which voted with Lord John Russell fell off from year to year, and out of doors the people appeared to have dismissed the subject from their minds altogether. Thoughtful men still indeed kept it before them, and in the Tory ranks there were some who, looking back upon what Mr. Pitt had proposed in 1784, would have been well pleased if his views had been taken up and acted upon by their nominal leaders. Nothing, however, was done, nor was any measure seriously considered till Lord Liverpool's health gave way, and with it broke asunder the feeble band which had thus far kept together spirits in many points so essentially different as Lord Eldon and Mr. Canning, Lord Westmoreland and Mr. Huskisson, Lord Bathurst and Mr. Robinson, Lord Melville and Mr. Charles Grant.

In the Cabinet, as it existed before this event, Mr. Canning had for some time been the head of a

party. It was made up of himself, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Robinson, Lord Dudley, and Mr. Grant. Its following among the Ministers not in the Cabinet was likewise considerable, Lord Palmerston, then Secretary at War, being one of the number. These all professed to be favourable to the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, to law reform in all its branches, and to an expansion of the commercial system of the country. But every measure of Parliamentary Reform heretofore proposed they had resisted. Indeed, their brilliant chief went out of his way, in language unnecessarily strong, to declare that no reform in Parliament could be sanctioned without danger to the constitution.

Another party there was in the Liverpool Administration, consisting of Lord Eldon, Lord Bathurst, Lord Westmoreland, and Lord Melville, with whom on important points—such as Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary Reform—Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington usually voted. It had no head, in the proper sense of that term, and was certainly not at perfect unity within itself. Peel's measures of law reform, for example, were never cordially approved by the Chancellor, and his return to cash payments more than the Chancellor would have resisted if they had been able. Still the machine, though composed of discordant materials, worked on, and the country thrived under it. Manufactures increased, trade extended itself, agriculture prospered, the colonies flourished, and there was peace with foreign nations. In Ireland alone disaffection, the natural offspring of poverty and ignorance, prevailed, of which Mr. O'Connell took advantage to make himself what he afterwards became, and to deal with which, by removing the causes of it, no statesman in or out of office seemed to be prepared.

Ireland, in fact, constituted then as it constitutes still the great diffi-

culty of the King's Government. Men could not get out of their heads the idea that the ills which afflicted that part of the empire were all attributable to one cause. It was the pressure of the law upon the religion of the majority which made the Irish people dissatisfied; and whether, looking at the condition and temper of the times, it would be better to repeal these laws or to keep them as they were, that was the question. For years back it had been an open question in the Cabinet itself—a miserable arrangement, which could have no other tendency than to keep the several sections of the Administration from cordially agreeing on any other point. At last came Lord Liverpool's death, and with it—chaos. Who was to succeed him? Who had tact and influence enough even to keep things as they were? Who was rash enough to hazard all, rather than yield his own pretensions to the judgment of the majority? It is grievous to reflect that Mr. Canning was that man.—Mr. Canning, the favourite friend and pupil of Pitt, the most brilliant of orators, the most charming of companions, on many subjects a politician far-sighted and wise—it is grievous to reflect that over that man, we will not say the vulgar lust of power, but the impatience of submitting his own lofty genius to the control of some miserable mediocrity, should have so far prevailed, that rather than stoop to conquer he condescended to intrigue, and sacrificed in so doing the policy of a lifetime to mere personal ambition. Canning's accession to the place which Lord Liverpool had vacated broke up the Tory party, and all that followed was but the inevitable consequence, not of signs and tokens in other quarters only, but of the positive breach of his own assurance to his colleagues, that no step of the kind was so much as meditated.

Mr. Canning's administration was short, but it lasted long enough to originate a state of things which

could result in only one issue. The Minister entered reluctantly into alliance with the Whigs, and the Whigs took the first convenient opportunity to betray him. It was, we believe, while this unnatural alliance lasted, that to the principle of Parliamentary Reform so much was conceded that the Government agreed, as often as small boroughs were convicted of corruption, to deprive them of their electoral privileges, and to transfer these privileges alternately to the surrounding hundreds, and to populous towns not as yet represented in the House of Commons. The most rabid of Tories could hardly complain of this. It was an arrangement so wise in principle, so much more moderate than even Pitt's original scheme, that the only wonder is why it had not been adopted long before. Yet it proved in the execution fatal to the Tory party which first found an opportunity of acting upon it.

Mr. Canning died, and Mr. Robinson, removed as Lord Goderich to the House of Lords, found himself unable to carry on the Government. The Duke of Wellington was then called upon to form an Administration, which he did with reluctance, but in a most conciliatory spirit. His sagacious mind was not slow to perceive that the tide of public opinion had been turned into a new channel, and, understanding how impossible it would be to force it back again into the old, he so constructed his Government as to encourage him in the expectation that he would be able to guide and moderate the current as it flowed. Seats in the Cabinet were given to Lord Goderich, Mr. Huskisson, the best of Canning's followers, with whom were united Peel, and others of the Duke's personal friends. The Whigs were carefully eliminated. Was this arrangement safe? Not entirely so. In the first place, the Canningites appear never from the outset to have given to the chief under whom they agreed to serve

their absolute confidence. They either distrusted or affected to distrust the Duke's willingness to go forward in the direction of free-trade, and unfortunately they said as much—one of them at the hustings. In the next place, the Duke had a Sovereign to deal with who could not always be relied upon. George IV. had a party of his own, which comprehended among others some of the ex-Tory Ministers; and these ex-Ministers never forgave the Duke for omitting to replace them in the offices which they had held under Lord Liverpool. Here, then, were two rocks ahead, both very threatening, and hard to be avoided. The Palace Camarilla plotted to thwart the King's Minister, or, as they expressed it, to keep him within bounds. The Canningites hampered him—sometimes by pressing for concessions of the wisdom of which their colleagues were as yet unconvinced; sometimes by standing out for arrangements which had nothing whatever to recommend them, except that they had been entered into by Mr. Canning. Of this nature were their proceedings in the memorable cases of Penrhyn and East Retford. Penrhyn had been proved guilty of corruption during Mr. Canning's administration. Mr. Canning brought in a bill to extend the right of election from the borough to the neighbouring hundred. He was defeated by Mr. Brougham, who carried an amendment transferring the franchise to Manchester. Mr. Brougham's Bill had reached the House of Lords when the Duke acceded to office, and was stopped there by petition from the electors to be heard by counsel in their own defence. While this was going on, East Retford got into disgrace; and in the Cabinet the question arose, What ought to be done with it? The Duke and Mr. Peel proposed that it should be disfranchised, and the right of electing members conferred by Act of Parliament on Birmingham. Mr.

Huskisson and his friends objected, on the ground that the case of Penrhyn was as yet undecided, and that Mr. Canning's arrangement would be broken through, if, after East Retford had been extinguished, Penrhyn should be condemned, and two manufacturing towns simultaneously endowed with the privileges which two agricultural boroughs had forfeited.

The Duke and Peel gave way—the latter sorely against his will; and a proposition was made in the House, which Mr. Huskisson supported, for extending the electoral rights of the borough of Penrhyn to the hundred of Bassettlaw. This was at the first reading; but at the second, without any warning given, Mr. Huskisson first spoke in favour of delay, and then, on a division, went out, Lord Palmerston bearing him company, into the same lobby with the Opposition. It would be judging Mr. Huskisson somewhat harshly, perhaps, if we were to say that by that act he consummated a long-cherished purpose of treason against his chief. Be this, however, as it may, the whole world became forthwith cognisant of the fact that there was no longer a Tory party in existence—no longer, that is to say, in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons, statesmen worthy to be called the leaders of a party which exercised then and still exercises more influence than any other in giving a tone to public opinion in this country.

The Duke's difficulties, grave at the outset, became greater and greater every day, in consequence of this defection of the Canningites. Ho filled up the places rendered vacant by men of whom all that can be said is that they possessed fair ability, and were, in point of character, most respectable. But he could do nothing with them. Even before the split, he had been compelled to give way to the Opposition on the subject of the Test and Corporation Acts; and now that Peel stood wellnigh alone as a debater in the House of Commons,

he felt his own weakness. He persuaded himself, likewise, that on him the necessity was thrown of saving Ireland, at all hazards, from civil war; and that the only way of doing so was to repeal the laws which closed against Roman Catholics seats in Parliament, and a share in the general administration of the country.

The memory of the Duke of Wellington is to us, as it must be to all who put a right value on the greatness of their country, a very sacred thing: yet we cannot look back upon this stage in his career without astonishment and indignation. He had no right to shatter to pieces the party which trusted him, by forcing upon them, in the character of their leader, a measure which they abhorred. And if this be true in his case, it is still more so in the case of Peel. The passing of a Catholic Relief Bill might or might not have been then a matter of necessity; but there was no necessity that they, who had resisted it through life, should have been the men to pass it. Neither can we admit the justice of the Duke's reasoning where he says, writing to Peel, that if they retired, no Government could be formed strong enough to carry the measure. We doubted the fact at the moment; we doubt the fact still. Over and over again it had been thrown upon the Lords to reject a measure brought in by the Opposition,—and the Lords, we venture to say, would have hardly continued their resistance to a scheme, in order to facilitate the adjustment of which the Duke and Peel had resigned office. But, however this may be, a Catholic Relief Bill, brought in by Peel and the Duke, amounted to a sentence of dispersion passed upon the Tories as a party. For the world is not, and never will be, governed according to the dictates of pure reason. Legislators and constituencies are just as much under the influence of passion as private persons; and rarely forgive those who have outraged their prejudices,

however extravagant. The knell of the old constitution was rung on the day that saw Peel get up in his place to contradict the tenor of a whole political life. Everything that followed that unhappy act was but the inevitable result of it.

It was now—and not till now—after the lapse of many years, that the question of Parliamentary Reform recovered its vitality. It came to life, too, with a vigour which had never before been perceptible in it; the staunchest Tories condemning with a violence far exceeding that of the Whigs a system which seemed to place the destinies of the empire in the hands of the Minister for the time being. Lord Russell calls this the steady advance of public opinion. It was no such thing. It was the action of sudden anger—of anger not misplaced—upon minds which had been too much outraged to hear the voice of reason: and it did its work. Besides, no time was afforded for the angry feeling to cool down. The second French Revolution broke out. The elder branch of the Bourbons were driven from the throne for violating the constitution: and everywhere else, in England as well as on the Continent, the contagion spread. Finally, the King's death occurring while the revolutionary fever was at its height, a dissolution of Parliament became inevitable: and the angry Tories joined the Whigs, as the horse in the fable put the rider upon his back, for the simple purpose of taking vengeance on the Government, be the ultimate consequences what they might.

Such is a true statement of the causes which led up to that which Earl Russell justly describes as “a great but bloodless revolution.” And a revolution the passing of the Reform Bill doubtless was in the strictest sense of the term, for it took away the political influences of the country from hands long used to manage them, and threw them into others as yet absolutely untried. But bloodless we can

scarcely call it, remembering, as we do, the sack of Bristol, the burning of Nottingham Castle, and the outrages in various parts of Scotland. At all events, if there was little bloodshed in bringing the revolution about, the country has scarcely to thank the authors of the measure for its exemption from that calamity. Earl Russell forgets to tell how encouragement was given to the formation of political unions in Birmingham and elsewhere; how William IV. was first cajoled and then coerced into doing as his ministers dictated; how these Ministers corresponded with mob-leaders in all the great towns, and sought and obtained support in and out of the House from Mr. O'Connell and his followers. On one point, however, Lord Russell has spoken truly and without reserve. He has not only shown that Sir Robert Peel was to blame for the success of a measure which he himself abhorred, but he has explained the motives by which that shifty statesman seems to have been actuated.

"Sir Robert Peel had convened some of his chief supporters a few days before (the announcement of the ministerial plan) to consider the course to be taken. They acquiesced in his opinion, that the introduction of the bill should not be resisted. Sir Robert Inglis was the only person present who gave a contrary opinion. As this decision was in itself a great mistake in policy, and, in fact, rendered all subsequent opposition useless, such a course on the part of so eminent a party leader may excite surprise. But it may be thus accounted for: two years before, Sir Robert Peel, wishing to save his country from the risk of civil war, had sacrificed all his prejudices, all his pride, and the confidence of his party, to be that 'daring pilot in extremity,' who should place his country in harbour at any loss of honour and fame for himself. But the immolation had been painful in the extreme. Some time afterwards, meeting Sir Thomas Franklin Lewes in an inn in Wales, Sir Franklin started the subject of the Reform Bill, and said that he wondered that such a statesman as his companion had not saved the country from the

wild revolutionary measure of the Ministers, and introduced a safe and moderate Reform Bill of his own. Sir Robert answered, in substance, that nothing would induce him to do again what he had done in the Catholic question."

This we believe to be fairly put; but what are we to think of the man who, after making this utterance, no sooner attained to power again than he again betrayed his party? Besides, we deny the justice of the assumption on which the utterance rests. There was not a Tory member of either House in 1831 who would have hesitated, at a critical moment like that, to put himself entirely at the command of Peel, had Peel been brave enough or generous enough to assume the leadership of the party, and to refuse so much as a first reading to Lord John's bill.* It was, perhaps, too late when the Duke threw himself into the breach; for the dissolution had by that time taken place, and constituencies, excited or overawed, had recourse been had to a repetition of that act, would have scarcely been in a position to return a House essentially more reasonable than that which shouted for the bill. But a bold stand at the outset, a refusal to accept the bill when first offered, must have unseated the Ministry who depended on it, and given to Peel the opportunity of reverting to Pitt's proposals, modified so as to suit the condition of the times. Alas! there was no such spirit in the advocate of the Emancipation Act and the author of the repeal of the corn-laws. He could nibble at Church reform, and correct Whig blunders in finance by imposing on the nation an income-tax which may cease on the Greek calends, certainly not sooner; but he had neither the manhood nor the sagacity to seize the helm of state when the ship was battling with a storm not as yet irresistible. And so, thanks to him and to a few crotchety individuals who could not see that,

where only a choice of evils is presented to us, we do well to choose the least, we got Earl Gray's Reform Bill in all its integrity, and have good cause to thank Providence that it has not as yet produced the whole of its legitimate results.

It is not our intention to go hand in hand with Earl Russell in noticing the various measures of policy which he traces back to his own and his party's triumph. Unfortunately most of the changes which he applauds we lament. We are by no means satisfied that the relation in which the mother country and the colonies now stand towards one another is any improvement on the state of things which prevailed under the old Tory régime. The West India Islands, which then blossomed like so many gardens, have become little better than deserts. The land is worthless, its white proprietors are ruined; and the negroes themselves, freed from slavery, are idle, dissolute, and degraded. Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and the great islands of the Pacific, endowed with the privilege of self-government, have become little else than sources of continual expenditure to Great Britain. They still claim our protection against enemies, within or without, yet they refuse to let our convicts be landed on any portion of their territory, and impose heavy duties on our manufactures, in order to encourage the growth of manufactures at home. In like manner, Ireland can scarcely be said to have become either more prosperous or more peaceable in consequence of all that has been done for her. We have still agitation, less noisy, perhaps, but as determined as ever, against the Established Church, against the rights of landlords, against the English connection. Our foreign policy has been marked by such an absence of dignity and firmness as to make us the laughing-stock of other European nations, and to secure for us the hatred of both sections of what were once, and may, perhaps, become again, the United States of

America. In India a mutiny, which, if firmly dealt with in the beginning, might have been extinguished with comparatively little bloodshed, was allowed to make head till it grew into a formidable rebellion; and even then a Whig President of the Board of Control assured the House of Commons that it was nothing;—for which he was rewarded by being advanced to the peerage. No doubt we have Jews in Parliament, who vote, as becomes them, with their Liberal benefactors; and by-and-by, if things go on as they are now doing, we may find all parliamentary oaths, including, who knows, the oath of allegiance itself, abolished. But holding as we do the opinion in regard to Church and State which the Chancellor of the Exchequer formerly defended, and has now renounced, we confess that these matters, so far from being sources of triumph to us, force upon us the question, "Where will it all end?" Even the abolition of ten Irish bishoprics hardly excites our gratitude, and Church reform in England, due entirely to Peel, might have been more discreetly managed.

Look next to those commercial changes of which Lord Russell most unfairly speaks, as if they were all the consequences of the passing of the Reform Bill; and observe to what they amount. Bread is unquestionably cheaper than it was forty years ago, but it is cheapened by the importation of foreign corn; of which the inevitable consequence has been the throwing out of corn cultivation of a large and constantly-increasing breadth of soil in this country, involving insufficient employment and low wages to our agricultural labourers. As to meat, we cannot recollect that it ever approached the figure to which it has now attained, except during the height of the great war with France. Silks may be cheaper, but they are not home-made silks. The French ribbon-makers thrive while ours are starving; Lancashire has for two years been a great poor-house, of which the inhabitants

exist upon charity; and Staffordshire and all the other iron districts in the kingdom bid fair before long to be brought to a similar condition. It may be that luxuries are brought more than they once were within the reach of the comparatively wealthy class. Even that, however, is doubtful, for good wines maintain their prices, good horses are costly, and good houses enormously dear. But the poor, as it seems to us, are growing daily poorer, and people of moderate means are at their wits' end to keep their proper place in society. It is very easy to show by figures that both our imports and exports have enormously increased. It is not more hard to explain that our customs duties are reduced from many hundred to twelve, differential duties abolished, protection duties repealed or reduced, corn-laws repealed; taxes on glass, soap, coals, candles, paper, newspaper-stamps, stamps, and many other articles, repealed. Be it so; but who gains? Is it the West India planter, or the owner, occupier, and labourer on the land, or the paper-maker or the paper consumer, or anybody except the proprietor of a daily newspaper? For our own part we declare that we should infinitely prefer paying a trifle more than we do for our soap, our candles, our sugar, and our paper, if, by so doing, we could insure two results: first, the restoration of the industries concerned with these articles to the state of prosperity from which they have all fallen; and, next, exemption from the most odious and iniquitous of all imposts, the income-tax.

And here we might, with perfect propriety, take our leave of Earl Russell and his literary performance, were it not incumbent upon us to notice our great omission, of which, when summing up the signs and prospects by which we are surrounded, he has been, by some unaccountable accident, guilty. Lord Russell seems to think that England was never so great or so flourishing as she is now; and he attributes

her growth in influence abroad and wealth at home to the wisdom of Whig legislation. Was it Whig legislation which gave us the facility of intercommunication by sea and land which steam has created? Were railways and screw-steamers, the electric telegraph, or the submarine wire, brought into use by Act of Parliament? Can he not allow something to these incidents? Does he put entirely out of account the great gold discoveries to which, without doubt, more than to anything else, England owes, at this moment, the position which she occupies, such as it is? Why, there is not a clerk in the Bank of England, nor a junior member of the Stock Exchange, nor a millowner in Lancashire, nor an ironmaster in Staffordshire, but could tell him that anything so providential as these discoveries never befell England since she became a nation; that it was the influx of gold consequent upon them, which alone kept her afloat at a time when Whig legislation had deprived her of all the advantages incident to her superior skill as a commercial country; and that, without the extraordinary means thereby afforded of cheapening such articles as are really cheaper, and giving an impulse to trade, she must long ago have fallen into a state of universal bankruptcy. Again, is he wholly forgetful of the enormous growth in population of these islands within the last forty years? And cannot he perceive that such increase must have prodigiously enlarged the extent both of our imports and exports, whatever the tendency of our legislation had been? But this is not all. The real value of imports to a country depends, not upon their estimated worth in money, but on the way in which they conduce to the wellbeing of their recipients. Of £171,000,000 worth of articles imported in 1863 into this country, a large amount contributed to increase the luxuries of the rich; no inconsiderable portion to bring greater poverty upon the poor, by

throwing them out of employment. So far, therefore, it may be doubted whether, looking to the difference in population, England was not quite as well off in 1842, with £65,000,000 of imports, as she is now, or was two years ago, with her £171,000,000. And as to exports, Lord Russell scarcely needs to be reminded that these offer no fair criterion by which to judge of the prosperity of a manufacturing country. We believe that we are right in saying, that the cotton famine, fearful as its results have been, did not come out of time. So enormous had been our exports of cotton goods just before the war in America broke out, that every market in the world was glutted with them, and the millowners must have closed their mills, under any circumstances, till a portion at least of the unsaleable stocks on hand had been got rid of.

Still, in spite of all this—in spite of our conviction that Whig rule has done unspeakable harm—we are willing to believe that Old England will yet right herself, and that the day is not distant when the management of her affairs will fall to wiser heads and safer hands than now have to deal with them. Already the party in place hold out signals of distress. Lord Russell is obliged in his book to explain away his Blairgowrie address, and to assure the world that he by no means meant what has been attributed to him. He rests and is thankful, only to gather breath, after which he is ready to go as far in the way of change as can be expected of him. How far that is we do not indeed pretend to conjecture; for if Lord Amberley be his father's mouthpiece, neither father nor son has as yet made up his mind on that subject. But that is a circumstance not

much to be regarded. The desire for change, in the democratic sense of the expression, has pretty well died out, except at Leeds. Even Birmingham, if we mistake not, is weary of Mr. Bright; and Manchester will probably follow, in part, the example which Preston has set her. Meanwhile, it is the obvious duty of the great Conservative party to prepare, in all directions, for the impending struggle. The present Parliament will probably be dissolved in July or August at the latest; and on the issue of the elections which must follow results depend of which it is impossible to over-estimate the importance. We are glad to find that in Scotland this great fact is not wholly overlooked. At the tenth hour, in Kincardineshire, Sir Thomas Gladstone has taken his proper place, with, as we trust and believe, the fairest prospects of success. And even in "our own romantic town" there must, we suspect, be some dissatisfaction with the results of Whig domination, though the hour and the man be not yet come for giving practical utterance to the feeling. For what with the jobbing of the Chancellor, the wasteful extravagance of the War Office and Admiralty, the tendency towards Radicalism of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the wretched figure which has been cut for years by the Foreign Office, the Palmerston Administration has lost all the hold which his name, and that alone, had given it, upon the respect and further forbearance of the country. Lord Russell's book is evidently put forth with a view to reawaken some dormant feeling in favour of himself and of his party. We shall be very much surprised, indeed, if it fail to produce a diametrically opposite effect.

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—AFTER MESS.

THE mess was over, and the officers of H.M.'s—th were grouped in little knots and parties, sipping their coffee, and discussing the arrangements for the evening. Their quarter was that pleasant city of Dublin, which, bating certain exorbitant demands in the matter of field-day and guard-mounting, stands pre-eminently first in military favour.

"Are you going to that great ball in Merrion Square?" asked one.

"Not so lucky; not invited."

"I got a card," cried a third; "but I've just heard it's not to come off. It seems that the lady's husband is a judge. He's Chief something or other; and he has been called away."

"Nothing of the kind, Tomkins; unless you call a summons to the next world being called away. The man is dangerously ill. He was seized with paralysis on the Bench yesterday, and, they say, can't recover."

There now ensued an animated conversation as to whether, on death

vacancies, the men went up by seniority at the bar, or whether a subaltern could at once spring up to the top of the regiment.

"Suppose," said one, "we were to ask the Colonel's guest his opinion. The old cove has talked pretty nigh of everything in this world during dinner; what if we were to ask him about Barons of the Exchequer?"

"Who is he? what is he?" asked another.

"The Colonel called him Sir Brook Fossbrooke; that's all I know."

"Colonel Cave told me," whispered the Major, "that he was the fastest man on town some forty years ago."

"I think he must have kept over the wardrobe of that brilliant period," said another. "I never saw a real swallow-tailed coat before."

"His ring amused me. It is a small smoothing iron, with a coat of arms on it. Hush! here he comes."

The man who now joined the group was a tall, gaunt figure, with a high narrow head, from which the hair was brushed rigidly back to fall behind in something like an old-fashioned queue. His eyes were black, and surmounted with massive and much-arched eyebrows; a strongly-marked mouth, stern, determined, and, except in speaking, almost cruel in expression, and a thin-pointed projecting chin, gave an air of severity and strong will to features which, when he conversed, displayed a look of courteous deference, and that peculiar desire to please that we associate with a by-gone school of breeding. He was one of those men, and very distinctive are they, with whom even the least cautious take no liberties, nor venture upon any familiarity. The eccentricities of determined men are very often indications of some deep spirit beneath, and not, as in weaker natures, mere emanations of vanity or offsprings of self-indulgence.

If he was, beyond question, a gentleman, there were also signs about him of narrow fortune: his scrupulously white shirt was not fine, and the seams of his well-brushed coat showed both care and wear.

He had joined the group, who were talking of the coming Derby when the Colonel came up. "I have sent for the man we want, Fossbrooke. I'm not a fisherman myself; but they tell me he knows every lake, river, and rivulet in the island. He has sat down to whist, but we'll have him here presently."

"On no account; don't disturb his game for me."

"Here he comes. Trafford, I want to present you to a very old friend of mine, Sir Brook Fossbrooke—as enthusiastic an angler as yourself. He has the ambition to hook an Irish salmon. I don't suppose any one can more readily help him on the road to it."

The young man thus addressed was a large, strongly, almost heavily

built young fellow, but with that looseness of limb and freedom that showed activity had not been sacrificed to mere power. He had a fine frank handsome face, blue-eyed, and bold-looking; and as he stood to receive the Colonel's orders there was in his air that blending of deference and good-humoured carelessness that made up his whole nature.

It was plain to see in him one easy to persuade—impossible to coerce; a fellow with whom the man he liked could do anything, but one perfectly unmanageable if thrown into the wrong hands. He was the second son of a very rich baronet, but made the mistake of believing he had as much right to extravagance as his elder brother, and having persisted in this error during two years in the Life Guards, had been sent to do the double penance of an infantry regiment and an Irish station; two inflictions which, it was believed, would have sufficed to calm down the ardour of the most impassioned spendthrift. He looked at Fossbrooke from head to foot. It was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for companionship, but he saw at once that he was distinctively a gentleman, and then the prospect of a few days away from regimental duty was not to be despised, and he quickly replied that both he and his tackle were at Sir Brook's disposal. "If we could run down to Killaloe, sir," added he, turning to the Colonel, "we might be almost sure of some sport."

"Which means that you want two days' leave, Trafford."

"No, sir; four. It will take a day at least to get over there; another will be lost in exploring; all these late rains have sent such a fresh into the Shannon there's no knowing where to try."

"You see, Fossbrooke, what a casuistical companion I've given you. I'll wager you a five pound note that if you come back without a rise he'll have an explanation that

will perfectly explain it was the best thing could have happened."

"I am charmed to travel in such company," said Sir Brook, bowing. "The gentleman has already established a claim to my respect for him."

Trafford bowed too, and looked not at all displeased at the compliment. "Are you an early riser, sir?" asked he.

"I am anything, sir, the occasion exacts; but when I have an early start before me, I usually sit up all night."

"My own plan, too," cried Trafford. "And there's Aubrey quite ready to join us. Are you a whistler, Sir Brook?"

"At your service. I play all games."

"Is he a whistler?" repeated the Colonel. "Ask Harry Greville, ask Tom Newenham, what they say of him at Graham's? Trafford, my boy, you may possibly give him a hint about gray hackles, but I'll be shot if you do about the odd trick."

"If you'll come over to my room, Sir Brook, we'll have a rubber, and I'll give orders to have my tax-cart ready for us by daybreak," said Trafford; and Fossbrooke promising to be with him so soon as he had given his servants his orders, they parted.

"And are you as equal to this sitting up all night as you used to be, Fossbrooke?" asked the Colonel.

"I don't smoke as many cigars as formerly, and I am a little more choice about my tobacco. I avoid mulled port, and take weak brandy-and-water; and I believe in all other respects I'm pretty much where I was when we met last,—I think it was at Ceylon?"

"I wish I could say as much for myself. You are talking of thirty-four years ago."

"My secret against growing old is to do a little of everything. It keeps the sympathies wider, makes a man more accessible to other men, and keeps him from dwelling

too much on himself. But tell me about my young companion; is he one of Sir Hugh's family?"

"His second son; not unlike to be his eldest, for George has gone to Madeira with very little prospect of recovery. This is a fine lad; a little wild, a little careless of money, but the very soul of honour and right-mindedness. They sent him to me as a sort of incurable, but I have nothing but good to say of him."

"There's great promise in a fellow when he can be a scamp and a man of honour. When dissipations do not degrade and excesses do not corrupt a man, there is a grand nature ever beneath."

"Don't tell him that, Fossbrooke," said the Colonel, laughing.

"I am not likely to do so," said he, with a grim smile. "I am glad, too, to meet his father's son; we were at Ohrist Ohurch together; and now I see he has the family good-looks. 'Le beau Trafford,' was a proverb in Paris once."

"Do you ever forget a man?" asked the Colonel, in some curiosity.

"I believe not. I forget books, places, dates occasionally, but never people. I met an old schoolfellow t'other day at Dover whom I never saw since we were boys. He had gone down in the world, and was acting as one of the 'commissionaires' they call them, who take your keys to the Custom House to have your luggage examined; and when he came to ask me to employ him, I said, 'What, an't you Jemmy Harper?' 'And who the devil are you?' said he. 'Fossbrooke,' said I. 'Not "Wart"?' said he. That was my school nickname, from a wart I once had on my chin. 'Ay, to be sure,' said I, 'Wart.' I wish you saw the delight of the old dog. I made him dine with us. Lord Brackington was with me, and enjoyed it all immensely."

"And what had brought him so low?"

"He was cursed, he said, with a strong constitution; all the other fellows of his set had so timed it, that when they had nothing to live on they ceased to live; but Jemmy told us he never had such an appetite as now; that he passed from fourteen to sixteen hours a day on the pier in all weathers; and as to gout, he firmly believed it all came of the adulterated wines of the great wine-merchants. British gin he maintained to be the wholesomest liquor in existence."

"I wonder how fellows bear up under such reverses as that," said the Colonel.

"My astonishment is rather," cried Fossbrooke, "how men can live on in a monotony of well-being, getting fatter, older, and more unwieldy, and with only such experiences of life as a well-fed fowl might have in a hen-coop."

"I know that's *your* theory," said the other, laughing.

"Well, no man can say that I have not lived up to my convictions; and for myself, I can aver I have thoroughly enjoyed my intercourse with the world, and like it as well to-day as on the first morning I made my bow to it."

"Listen to this, young gentlemen," said the Colonel, turning to his officers, who now gathered around them. "Now and then I hear some of you complaining of being bored or wearied—sick of this, tired of that; here's my friend, who knows the whole thing better than any of us, and he declares that the world is the best of all possible worlds, and that, so far from familiarity with it inspiring disgust with life, his enjoyment of it is as racy as when first he knew it."

"It is rather hard to ask these gentlemen to take me as a guide on trust," said Fossbrooke; "but I have known the fathers of most of those I see around me, and could call many of them as witnesses to character. Major Aylmer, your father and I went up the Nile together, when people talked of it

as a journey. Captain Harris, I'm sure I am not wrong in saying you are the son of Godfrey Harris of Harrisburg. Your father was my friend on the day I wounded Lord Ecclesmore. I see four or five others too—so like old companions that I find it hard to believe I am not back again in the old days when I was as young as themselves; and yet, I'm not very certain if I would like to exchange my present quiet enjoyment as a looker-on for all that active share I once took in life and its pleasures."

Something in the fact that their fathers had lived in his intimacy, something in his manner—a very courteous manner it was—and something in the bold, almost defiant bearing of the old man, vouching for great energy and dignity together, won greatly upon the young men, and they gathered around him. He was, however, summoned away by a message from Trafford to say that the whist-party waited for him, and he took his leave with a stately courtesy and withdrew.

"There goes one of the strangest fellows in Christendom," said the Colonel, as the other left the room. "He has already gone through three fortunes; he dissipated the first—speculated and lost the second—and a third he, I might say, gave away in acts of benevolence and kindness, leaving himself so ill-off, that I actually heard the other day that some friend had asked for the place of barrack-master at Athlone for him; but on coming over to see the place, he found a poor fellow with a wife and five children a candidate for it; so he retired in his favour, and is content, as you see, to go out on the world, and take his chance with it."

Innumerable questions pressed on the Colonel to tell more of his strange friend; he had, however, little beyond hearsay to give them. Of his own experiences, he could only say that when first he met him it was at Ceylon, where he had come in a yacht like a sloop of war

to hunt elephants—the splendour of his retinue and magnificence of his suite giving him the air of a royal personage—and indeed the gorgeous profusion of his presents to the King and the chief personages of the court, went far to impress this notion. “I never met him since,” said the Colonel, “till this morning, when he walked into my room, dusty and travel-stained, to say, ‘I just heard your name, and thought I’d ask you to give me my dinner to-day.’ I owe him a great many—not to say innumerable other attentions; and his last act on leaving Trincomalee was to present me with an Arab charger, the most perfect animal I ever mounted. It is therefore a real pleasure to me to receive him. He is a thoroughly fine-hearted fellow, and, with all his eccentricities, one of the noblest natures I ever met. The only flaw in his frankness is as to his age; nobody has ever been able to get it from him. You heard him talk of your fathers—he might talk of your

grandfathers; and he would too, if he had only the opportunity to lead him on to it. I know of my own knowledge that he lived in the Carlton House coterie, not a man of which except himself survives; and I have heard him give imitations of Burke, Sheridan, Gavin Hamilton, and Pitt, that none but one who had seen them could have accomplished. And now that I have told you all this, will one of you step over to Trafford’s rooms, and whisper him a hint to make his whist-points as low as he can; and, what is even of more importance, to take care lest any strange story Sir Brook may tell—and he is full of them—meet a sign of incredulity—still less provoke any quizzing; the slightest shade of such a provocation would render him like a madman.”

The Major volunteered to go on this mission, which indeed any of the others would as willingly have accepted, for the old man had interested them deeply, and they longed to hear more about him.

CHAPTER II.—THE SWAN’S NEST.

As the Shannon draws near Killybeg, the wild character of the mountain scenery, the dreary wastes and desolate islands which marked Lough Derg, disappear, and give way to gently-sloping lawns, dotted over with well-grown timber, well-kept demesnes, spacious country-houses, and a country which, in general, almost recalls the wealth and comfort of England.

About a mile above the town, in a little bend of the river forming a small bay, stands a small but pretty house, with a skirt of rich wood protecting it at the back, while the lawn in front descends by an easy slope to the river.

Originally a mere farmhouse, the taste of an ingenious owner had taken every advantage of its irregular outline, and converted it into something Elizabethan in charac-

ter, a style admirably adapted to the site, where all the features of rich-coloured landscape abounded, and where varied foliage, heathy mountain, and eddying river all lent themselves to make up a scene of fresh and joyous beauty.

In the marvellous fertility of the soil, too, was found an ally to every prospect of embellishment. Sheltered from north and east winds, plants grew here in the open air, which in less favoured spots needed the protection of the conservatory; and thus in the neatly shaven lawn were seen groups of blossoming shrubs or flowers of rare excellence, and the camellia and the salvia and the oleander blended with the tulip, the mass rose, and the carnation, to stud the grass with the gorgeous colours.

Over the front of the cottage, for

cottage it really was, a South American creeper, a sort of acanthus, grew, its crimson flowers hanging in rich profusion over cornice and architrave; while a passion-tree of great age covered the entire porch, relieving with its softened tints the almost over-brilliance of the southern plant.

Seen from the water—and it came suddenly into view on rounding a little headland—few could forbear from an exclamation of wonder and admiration at this lovely spot; nor could all the pretentious grandeur of the rich-wooded parks, nor all the more imposing architecture of the great houses, detract from the marvellous charm of this simple home.

A tradition of a swan carried away by some rising of the river from the Castle of Portumna, and swept down the lake till it found refuge in the little bay, had given the name of the place, and for more than a hundred years was it known as the Swan's Nest. The swan, however, no longer existed, though a little thatched edifice at the water-side marked the spot it had once inhabited, and sustained the truth of the legend.

The owner of the place was a Dr. Lendrick: he had come to it about twenty years before the time at which our story opens—a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. He was a perfect stranger to all the neighbourhood, though by name well known as the son of a distinguished judge, Baron Lendrick of the Court of Exchequer.

It was rumoured about, that, having displeased his father, first by adopting medicine instead of law as a profession, and subsequently by marrying a portionless girl of humble family, the Baron had ceased to recognise him in any way. Making a settlement of a few hundreds a year on him, he resolved to leave the bulk of his fortune to a step-son, the child of his second wife, a Colonel Sewell, then in India.

It was with no thought of practising his profession that Dr. Lendrick had settled in the neighbourhood; but as he was always ready to assist the poor by his advice and skill, and as the reputation of his great ability gradually got currency, he found himself constrained to yield to the insistence of his neighbours, and consent to practise generally. There were many things which made this course unpalatable to him. He was by nature shy, timid, and retiring; he was fastidiously averse to a new acquaintanceship; he had desired, besides, to live estranged from the world, devoting himself entirely to the education of his children; and he neither liked the forced publicity he became exposed to, nor that life of servitude which leaves the doctor at the hourly mercy of the world around him.

If he yielded, therefore, to the professional calls upon him, he resisted totally all social claims: he went nowhere but as the doctor.

No persuasion, no inducement, could prevail on him to dine out; no exigency of time or season prevent him returning to his home at night. There were in his neighbourhood one or two persons whose rank might have, it was supposed, influenced him in some degree to comply with their requests—and, certainly, whose desire for his society would have left nothing undone to secure it; but he was as obdurate to them as to others, and the Earl of Drumcarran and Sir Reginald Lacy, of Lacy Manor, were not a whit more successful in their blandishments than the Vicar of Killaloe—Old Bob Mills, as he was irreverently called—or Lendrick's own colleague, Dr. Tobin, who, while he respected his superior ability and admitted his knowledge, secretly hated him as only a rival doctor knows how to hate a brother practitioner.

For the first time for many years had Dr. Lendrick gone up to Dublin. A few lines from an old fami-

ly physician, Dr. Beattie, had, however, called him up to town. The Chief Baron had been taken ill in Court and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility. It was declared that he had rallied and passed a favourable night; but as he was a man of very advanced age, at no time strong, and ever unsparing of himself in the arduous labours of his office, grave doubts were felt that he would ever again resume his seat on the Bench. Dr. Beattie well knew the long estrangement that had separated the father from the son; and although, perhaps, the most intimate friend the judge had in the world, he never had dared to interpose a word, or drop a hint as to the advisability of reconciliation.

Sir William Lendrick was indeed a man whom no amount of intimacy could render his friends familiar with. He was positively charming to mere acquaintanceship—his manner was a happy blending of deference with a most polished wit. Full of bygone experiences and reminiscences of interesting people and events, he never overlaid conversation by their mention, but made them merely serve to illustrate the present, either by contrast or resemblance. All this to the world and society was he; to the inmates of his house he was a perfect terror! It was said his first wife had died of a broken heart; his second, with a spirit fierce and combative as his own, had quarrelled with him so often, so seriously, and so hopelessly, that for the last fifteen years of life they had occupied separate houses, and only met as acquaintances, accepting and sending invitations to each other, and outwardly observing all the usages of refined courtesy.

This was the man of whom Dr. Beattie wrote: "I cannot presume to say that he is more favourably disposed towards you than he has shown himself for years, but I would strenuously advise your

being here, and sufficiently near, so that if a happier disposition should occur, or an opportunity arise to bring you once more together, the fortunate moment should not be lost. Come up, then, at once—come to my house, where your room is ready for you, and where you will neither be molested by visitors nor interfered with. Manage too, if you can, to remain here for some days."

It is no small tribute to the character of filial affection when one can say, and say truthfully, that scarcely any severity on a parent's part effaces the love that was imbibed in infancy, and that struck root in the heart before it could know what unkindness was! Over and over again in life have I witnessed this deep devotion. Over and over again have I seen a clinging affection to a memory which nothing short of a hallowed tie could have made so dear—a memory that retained whatever could comfort and sustain, and held nothing that recalled shame or sorrow.

Dr. Lendrick went up to town full of such emotions. All the wrong—it was heavy wrong too—he had suffered was forgotten; all the injustice wiped out. He only asked to be permitted to see his father—to nurse and watch by him. There was no thought for himself. By reconciliation he never meant restoration to his place as heir. Forgiveness and love he asked for—to be taken back to the heart so long closed against him, to hear himself called Tom by that voice he knew so well, and whose accents sounded through his dreams.

That he was not without a hope of such happiness, might be gathered from one circumstance. He had taken up with him two miniatures of his boy and girl to show "Grandfather" if good fortune should ever offer a fitting moment.

The first words which greeted

him on reaching his friend's house were: "Better. A tolerably tranquil night. He can move his hand. The attack was paralysis, and his speech is also improved."

"And his mind? how is his mind?"

"Clear as ever it was—intensely eager to hear what is said about his illness, and insatiable as to the newspaper version of the attack."

"Does he speak? Has he spoken of—his family, at all?" said he, falteringly.

"Only of Lady Lendrick. He desired to see her. He dictated a note to me in terms of very finished courtesy, asking her if, without incurring inconvenience, she would favour him with an early call. The whole thing was so like himself that I saw at once he was getting better."

"And so you think him better?" asked Lendrick eagerly.

"Better! Yes—but not out of danger. I fear as much from his irritability as his malady. He will insist on seeing the newspapers, and occasionally his eye falls on some paragraph that wounds him. It was but yesterday that he read a sort of querulous regret from some writer that 'the learned judge had not retired some years ago, and before that failing health, acting on a very irascible temperament, had rendered him a terror alike to the bar and the suitors.' That unfortunate paragraph cost twenty leeches and ice to his temples for eight hours after."

"Cannot these things be kept from him? Surely your authority ought to be equal to this?"

"Were I to attempt it he would refuse to see me. In fact, any utility I can contribute depends on my apparent submission to him in everything. Almost his first question to me every morning is, 'Well, sir, who is to be my successor?' Of course I say that we all look with a sanguine hope to see him soon back in his court again. When

I said this yesterday, he replied, 'I will sit on Wednesday, sir, to hear appeals; there will be little occasion for me to speak, and I trust another day or two will see the last of this difficulty of utterance. Pemberton, I know, is looking to the Attorney-Generalship, and George Haire thinks he may order his ermine. Tell them, however, from me, that the Chief Baron intends to preside in his court for many a year to come; that the intellect, such as it is, with which Providence endowed him, is still unchanged and unclouded.' This is his language—this his tone; and you may know how such a spirit jars with all our endeavours to promote rest and tranquillity."

Lendrick walked moodily up and down the room, his head sunk, and his eyes downcast. "Never to speak of me—never ask to see me," muttered he in a voice of intense sadness.

"I half suspected at one time he was about to do so, and indeed he said, 'If this attack should baffle you, Beattie, you must not omit to give timely warning. There are two or three things to be thought of.' When I came away on that morning I sat down and wrote to you to come up here."

A servant entered at this moment and presented a note to the Doctor, who read it hastily and handed it to Lendrick. It ran thus:—

"DEAR DR. BEATTIE,—The Chief Baron has had an unfavourable turn, partly brought on by excitement. Lose no time in coming here; and believe me, yours sincerely,
CONSTANTIA LENDRICK."

"They've had a quarrel; I knew they would. I did my best to prevent their meeting; but I saw he would not go out of the world without a scene. As he said last night, 'I mean her to hear my charge.' She must listen to my charge, Beattie; and I'd not be

astonished if this charge were to prove his own sentence."

"Go to him at once, Beattie; and if it be at all possible, if you can compass it in any way, let me see him once again. Take these with

you; who knows but their bright faces may plead better than words for us!" and thus saying he gave him the miniatures; and overcome with emotion he could not control, turned away and left the room.

CHAPTER III.—A DIFFICULT PATIENT.

As Dr. Beattie drove off with all speed to the Chief Baron's house, which lay about three miles from the city, he had time to ponder as he went over his late interview. "Tom Lendrick," as he still called him to himself, he had known as a boy, and ever liked him. He had been a patient, studious, gentle-tempered lad, desirous to acquire knowledge, without any of that ambition that wants to make the knowledge marketable. To have gained a professorship would have appeared to have been the very summit of his ambition, and this rather as a quiet retreat to pursue his studies further than as a sphere wherein to display his own gifts. Anything more unlike that bustling, energetic, daring spirit, his father, would be hard to conceive. Throughout his whole career at the bar, and in Parliament, men were never quite sure what that brilliant speaker and most indiscreet talker would do next. Men secured his advocacy with a half misgiving whether they were doing the very best or the very worst for success. Give him difficulties to deal with, and he was a giant; let all go smoothly and well, and he would hunt up some crotchet—some obsolete usage—a doubtful point, that in its discussion very frequently led to the damage of his client's cause and the defeat of his suit.

Display was ever more to him than victory. Let him have a great arena to exhibit in, and he was proof against all the difficulties and all the casualties of the conflict. Never had such a father a son less the inheritor of his temperament and nature; and this same disappointment rankling on through life—a

disappointment that embittered all intercourse, and went so far as to make him disparage the high abilities of his son—created a gulf between them that Beattie knew could never be bridged over. He doubted, too, whether as a doctor he could conscientiously introduce a theme so likely to irritate and excite. As he pondered he opened the two miniatures, and looked at them. The young man was a fine, manly, daring-looking fellow, with a determined brow and a resolute mouth, that recalled his grandfather's face; he was evidently well grown, and strong, and looked one that, thrown where he might be in life, would be likely to assert his own.

The girl, wonderfully like him in feature, had a character of subdued humour in her eye, and a half-bid laughter in the mouth, which the artist had caught up with infinite skill, that took away all the severity of the face, and softened its traits to a most attractive beauty. Through her rich brown hair there was a sort of golden *reflet* that imparted great brilliancy to the expression of the head, and her large eyes of grey-blue were the image of candour and softness, till her laugh gave them a sparkle of drollery whose sympathy there was no resisting. She, too, was tall and beautifully formed, with that slimness of early youth that only escapes being angular, but has in it the charm of suppleness, that lends grace to every action and every gesture.

"I wish he could see the originals," muttered Beattie. "If the old man, with his love of beauty, but saw that girl, it would be worth all the arguments in Christendom.

Is it too late for this? Have we time for the experiment?"

Thus thinking he drove along the well-wooded approach, and gained the large ground-space before the door, whence a carriage was about to drive away. "Oh, Doctor," cried a voice, "I'm so glad you're come; they are most impatient for you." It was the Solicitor-General, Mr. Pemberton, who now came up to the window of Beattie's carriage.

"He has become quite unmanageable, will not admit a word of counsel or advice, resists all interference, and insists on going out for a drive."

"I see him at the window," said Beattie; "he is beckoning to me; good-bye," and he passed on and entered the house.

In the chief drawing-room, in a deep recess of a window, sat the Chief Baron, dressed as if to go out, with an overcoat and even his gloves on. "Come and drive with me, Beattie," cried he, in a feeble but harsh voice. "If I take my man Leonard they'll say it was a keeper. You know that the 'Post' has it this morning that my mind it is which has given way. They say they've seen me breaking for years back. Good heavens! can it be possible, think you, that the mites in a cheese speculate over the nature of the man that eats them? You stopped to talk with Pemberton, I saw; what did he say to you?"

"Nothing particular — a mere greeting, I think."

"No, sir, it was not; he was asking you how many hours there lay between him and the Attorney-Generalship. They've divided the carcass already. The lion has to assist at his autopsy—rather hard, isn't it? How it embitters death to think of the fellows who are to replace us!"

"Let me feel your pulse."

"Don't trust it, Beattie; that little dialogue of yours on the grass plot has sent it up thirty beats; how many is it?"

"Rapid—very rapid; you need rest—tranquillity."

"And you can't give me either, sir; neither you nor your craft together. You are the Augurs of modern civilisation, and we cling to your predictions just as our forefathers did, though we never believe you."

"This is not flattery," said Beattie, with a slight smile.

The old man closed his eyes and passed his hand slowly over his forehead. "I suppose I was dreaming, Beattie, just before you came up; but I thought I saw them all in the Hall, talking and laughing over my death. Burrowes was telling how old I must be, because I moved the amendment to Flood in the Irish Parliament in '97; and Eames mentioned that I was Curra's junior in the great Bagenal record; and old Tysdal set them all in a roar by saying he had a vision of me standing at the gate of heaven, and instead of going in, as St. Peter invited me, stoutly refusing, and declaring I would move for a new trial! How like the *rasca's*!"

"Don't you think you'd be better in your own room! there's too much light and glare here."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. You need quiet, and the absence of all that stimulates the action of the brain."

"And what do *you*, sir—what does any one, know about the brain's operations? You doctors have invented a sort of conventional cerebral organ which, like lunar caustic, is decomposed by light; and in your vulgar materialism you would make out that what affects *your* brain must act alike upon *mine*. I tell you, sir, it is darkness—obscurity, physical or moral, it matters not which—that irritates *me*, just as I feel provoked this moment by this muddling talk of yours about brain."

"And yet I'm talking about what my daily life and habits suggest *some* knowledge of," said Beattie, mildly.

"So you are, sir, and the presumption is all on my side. If

you'll kindly lend me your arm I'll go back to my room."

Step by step, slowly and painfully, he returned to his chamber, not uttering a word as he went.

"Yes; this is better, Doctor; this half light soothes; it is much pleasanter. One more kindness. I wrote to Lady Lendrick this morning to come up here. I suppose my combative spirit was high in me, and I wanted a round with the gloves—or, indeed, without them—at all events, I sent the challenge. But *now*, Doctor, I have to own myself a craven. I dread the visit. Could you manage to interpose? could you suggest that it is by your order I am not permitted to receive her? could you hint," here he smiled half-maliciously, "that you do not think the time is come for anodynes—eh, Doctor?"

"Leave it to me. I will speak to Lady Lendrick."

"There's another thing; not that it much matters; but it might perhaps be as well to send a few lines to the morning papers, to say the accounts of the Chief Baron are more favourable to-day; he passed a tranquil night, and so on. Pemberton won't like it; nor Hayes; but it will calm the fears of a very attached friend, who calls here twice daily. You'd never guess him. He is the agent of the Globe office, where I am insured. Ah, Doctor, it was a bright thought of Philanthropy to establish an industrial enterprise that is bound, under heavy recognisances, to be grieved at our death."

"I must not make you talk, Sir William. I must not encourage you to exert yourself. I'll say good-bye, and look in upon you this afternoon."

"Am I to have a book? Well; be it so. I'll sit and muse over the Attorney-General and his hopes."

"I have got two very interesting miniatures here. I'll leave them with you; you might like to look at them."

"Miniatures! whose portraits are they?" asked the other, hastily, as he almost snatched them from his hand. "What a miserable juggler; what a stale trick this!" said he, as he opened the case which contained the young man's picture. "So, sir; you lend yourself to such attempts as these."

"I don't understand you," said Beatty, indignantly.

"Yes, sir; you understand me perfectly. You would do, by a piece of legerdemain, what you have not the courage to attempt openly. These are Tom Lendrick's children."

"They are."

"And this simpering young lady is her mother's image; pretty, pretty, no doubt; and a little—a shade, perhaps—of *espièglerie* above what her mother possessed. She was the silliest woman that ever turned a fool's head. She had the ineffable folly, sir, to believe she could persuade me to forgive my son for having married her; and when I handed her to a seat—for she was at my knees—she fainted."

"Well. It is time to forgive him now. As for her, she is beyond forgiveness, or favour either," said Beatty, with more energy than before.

"There is no such a trial to a man in a high calling as the temptation it offers him to step beyond it. Take care, sir, that with all your acknowledged ability, this temptation be not too much for you." The tone and manner in which the old judge delivered these words recalled the justice-seat. "It is an honour to me to have you as my doctor, sir. It would be to disparage my own intelligence to accept you as my confessor."

"A doctor but discharges half his trust when he fails to warn his patient against the effects of irritability."

"The man who would presume to minister to my temper or to my nature should be no longer medico of mine. With what intention,

sir, did you bring me these miniatures?"

"That you might see two bright and beautiful faces, whose owners are bound to you by the strongest ties of blood."

"Do you know, sir—have you ever heard—how their father, by his wilfulness, by his folly, by his heartless denial of my right to influence him, ruined the fortune that cost my life of struggle and labour to create?"

The Doctor shook his head, and the other continued. "Then I will tell it to you, sir. It is more than seventeen years to-day when the then Viceroy here sent for me and said, 'Baron Lendrick, there is no man, after Plunkett, to whom we owe more than to yourself.' I bowed, and said, 'I do not accept the qualification, my Lord, even in favour of the distinguished Chancellor. I will not believe myself second to any.' I need not relate what ensued; the discussion was a long one; it was also a warm one; but he came back at last to the object of the interview, which was to say that the Prime Minister was willing to recommend my name to her Majesty for the Peerage—an honour, he was pleased to say, the public would see conferred upon me with approval; and I refused! Yes, sir, I refused what for thirty-odd years had formed the pride and the prize of my existence! I refused it, because I would not that her Majesty's favour should descend

to one so unworthy of it as this fellow, or that his low-born children should inherit a high name of my procuring. I refused, sir, and I told the noble Marquess my reasons. He tried—pretty much as you have tried—to bring me to a more forgiving spirit; but I stopped him by saying, 'When I hear that your Excellency has invited to your table the scurrilous author of the lampoon against you in the 'Satirist,' I will begin to listen to the claims that may be urged on the score of forgiveness, not till then.'"

"I am wrong—very wrong—to let you talk on themes like this; we must keep them for calmer moments." Beattie laid his finger on the pulse as he spoke, and counted the beats by his watch.

"Well, sir, what says Death? will he consent to a 'nolle prosequi,' or must the cause go on?"

"You are not worse; and even that, after all this excitement, is something. Good-bye now till evening. No books—no newspapers, remember. Doze; dream; do anything but excite yourself."

"You are cruel, sir; you cut off all my enjoyments together. You deny me the resources of reading, and you deny me the solace of my wife's society." The cutting sarcasm of the last words was shown in the spiteful sparkle of his eye, and the insolent curl of his mouth; and as the Doctor retired, the memory of that wicked look haunted him throughout the day.

CHAPTER IV.—HOME DIPLOMACIES.

"Well, it's done now, Lucy, and it can't be helped," said young Lendrick to his sister, as, with an unlighted cigar between his lips, and his hands in the pockets of his shooting-jacket, he walked impatiently up and down the drawing-room. "I'm sure if I only suspected you were so strongly against it, I'd not have done it."

"My dear George, I'm only against it because I think papa would be so. You know we never see any one here when he is at home, and why should we now, because he is absent?"

"Just for that reason. It's our only chance, girl."

"Oh, George!"

"Well, I don't mean that exactly,

but I said it to startle you. No, Lucy; but you see here's how the matter stands. I have been three whole days in their company. On Tuesday the young fellow gave me that book of flies and the top-joint of my rod. On yesterday I lunched with them. To-day they pressed me so hard to dine with them that I felt almost rude in persisting to refuse; and it was as much to avoid the awkwardness of the situation as anything else that I asked them up to tea this evening."

"I'm sure, George, if it would give you any pleasure——"

"Of course it gives me pleasure," broke he in; "I don't suspect that fellows of my age like to live like hermits. And whom do I ever see down here? Old Mills and old Tobin, and Larry Day, the dog-breaker. I ask his pardon for putting him last, for he is the best of the three. Girls can stand this sort of nun's life, but I'll be hanged if it will do for us."

"And then, George," resumed she in the same tone; "remember they are both perfect strangers. I doubt if you even know their names."

"That I do—the old fellow is Sir Brook something or other. It's not Fogey, but it begins like it; and the other is called Trafford—Lionel, I think, is his christian name. A glorious fellow too; was in the 9th Lancers and in the Blues, and is now here with the fifty—th because he went it too hard in the cavalry. He had a horse for the Derby two years ago." The tone of proud triumph in which he made this announcement seemed to say, Now, all discussion about him may cease. "Not but," added he, after a pause, "you might like the old fellow best; he has such a world of stories, and he draws so beautifully. The whole time we were in the boat he was sketching something; and he has a book full of odds and ends; a tea-party in China, quail-shooting in Java, a wedding in Candia—I

can't tell what more; but he's to bring them up here with him."

"I was thinking, George, that it might be as well if you'd go down and ask Dr. Mills to come to tea. It would take off some of the awkwardness of our receiving two strangers."

"But they're not strangers, Lucy; not a bit of it. I call him Trafford, and he calls me Lendrick; and the old cove is the most familiar old fellow I ever met."

"Have you said anything to Nicholas yet?" asked she, in some eagerness.

"No, and that's exactly what I want you to do for me. That old bear bullies us all so, that I can't trust myself to speak to him."

"Well, don't go away, and I'll send for him now," and she rang the bell as she spoke. A smart-looking lad answered the summons, to whom she said, "Tell Nicholas I want him."

"Take my advice, Lucy, and merely say there are two gentlemen coming to tea this evening; don't let the old villain think you are consulting him about it, or asking his advice."

"I must do it my own way," said she; "only don't interrupt. Don't meddle, mind that, George." The door opened, and a very short, thick-set old man, dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, and drab breeches and white stockings, with large shoe-buckles in his shoes, entered. His face was large and red, the mouth immensely wide, and the eyes far set from each other, his low forehead being shadowed by a wig of coarse red hair, which moved when he spoke, and seemed almost to possess a sort of independent vitality.

He had been reading when he was summoned, and his spectacles had been pushed up over his forehead, while he still held the county paper in his hand—a sort of proud protest against being disturbed.

"You heard that Miss Lucy sent

for you?" said George Lendrick, haughtily, as his eye fell upon the newspaper.

"I did," was the curt answer, as the old fellow, with a nervous shake of the head, seemed to announce that he was ready for battle.

"What I wanted, Nicholas, was this," interposed the girl, in a voice of very winning sweetness; "Mr. George has invited two gentlemen this evening to tea."

"To tay!" cried Nicholas, as if the fact staggered all credulity.

"Yes, to tea; and I was thinking if you would go down to the town and get some biscuits, or a sponge-cake perhaps—whatever, indeed, you thought best; and also beg Dr. Mills to step in, saying that as papa was away——"

"That you was going to give a ball?"

"No. Not exactly that, Nicholas," said she, smiling; "but that two friends of my brother's——"

"And where did he meet his friends?" cried he, with a marked emphasis on the friends. "Two strangers. God knows who or what! Poachers as like as anything else. The ould one might be worse."

"Enough of this," said George, sternly. "Are you the master here? Go off, sir, and do what Miss Lucy has ordered you."

"I will not—the devil a step," said the old man, who now thrust the paper into a capacious pocket, and struck each hand on a hip. "Is it when the 'Jidge' is dying, when the newspapers has a column of the names that's calling to ask after him, you're to be carousing and feasting here?"

"Dear Nicholas, there's no question of feasting. It is simply a cup of tea we mean to give; surely there's no carousing in that. And as to grandpapa, papa says that he was certainly better yesterday, and Dr. Beattie has hope now."

"I haven't then, and I know him better than Dr. Beattie."

"What a pity they haven't sent for you for the consultation," said George, ironically.

"And look here, Nicholas," said Lucy, drawing the old man towards the door of a small room that led off the drawing-room. "We could have tea here; it will look less formal, and give less trouble; and Meares could wait—he does it very well; and you needn't be put out at all." These last words fell to a whisper; but he was beyond reserve, beyond flattery. The last speech of her brother still rankled in his memory, and all that fell upon his ear since that fell unheeded.

"I was with your grandfather, Master George," said the old man, slowly, "twenty-one years before you were born! I carried his bag down to Court the day he defended Neal O'Gorman for high treason, and I was with him the morning he shot Luke Dillon at Castle Knuck; and this I'll say and stand to, there's not a man in Ireland, high or low, knows the Chief Baron better than myself."

"It must be a great comfort to you both," said George; but his sister had laid her hand on his mouth and made the words unintelligible.

"You'll say to Mr. Mills, Nicholas," said she, in her most coaxing way, "that I did not write, because I preferred sending my message by *you*, who could explain why I particularly wanted him this evening."

"I'll go, Miss Lucy, resarving the point, as they say in the law—resarving the point! because I don't give in that what you're doin' is right; and when the master comes home, I'm not goin' to defend it."

"We must bear up under that calamity as well as we can," said the young man, insolently; but Nicholas never looked towards or seemed to hear him.

"A barn-a-brack is better than a sponge-cake, because if there's

some of it left it doesn't get stale, and one-and-sixpence will be enough; and I suppose you don't need a lamp?"

"Well, Nicholas, I must say, I think it would be better; and two candles on the small table, and two on the piano."

"Why don't you mention a fiddler?" said he, bitterly. "If it's a ball, there ought to be music."

Unable to control himself longer, young Lendrick wrenched open the sash-door, and walked out into the lawn.

"The devil such a family for temper from this to Bantry!" said Nicholas; "and here's the company comin' already, or I'm mistaken. There's a boat makin' for the landing-place, with two men in the stern."

Lucy implored him once more to lose no time on his errand, and hastened away to make some change in her dress to receive the strangers. Meanwhile George, having seen the boat, walked down to the shore to meet his friends.

Both Sir Brook and Trafford were enthusiastic in their praises of the spot. Its natural beauty was indeed great, but taste and culture had rendered it a marvel of elegance and refinement. Not merely were the trees grouped with reference to foliage and tint, but the flower-beds were so arranged that the laws of colour should be respected, and thus these plats of perfume were not less luxuriously rich in odour than they were captivating as pictures.

"It is all the governor's own doing," said George, proudly, "and he is continually changing the disposition of the plants. He says variety is a law of the natural world, and it is our duty to imitate it. Here comes my sister, gentlemen."

As though set in a beautiful frame, the lovely girl stood for an instant in the porch, where drooping honeysuckles and the tangled branches of a vine hung around her, and then

came courteously to meet and welcome them.

"I am in ecstasy with all I see here, Miss Lendrick," said Sir Brook. "O'd traveller that I am, I scarcely know where I have ever seen such a combination of beauty."

"Papa will be delighted to hear this," said she, with a pleasant smile; "it is the flattery he loves best."

"I'm always saying we could keep up a salmon-weir on the river for a tithe of what these carnations and primroses cost us," said George.

"Why, sir, if you had been in Eden you'd have made it a market-garden," said the old man.

"If the governor was a Duke of Devonshire all these caprices might be pardonable; but my theory is, roast-beef before roses."

While young Lendrick attached himself to Trafford, and took him here and there to show him the grounds, Sir Brook walked beside Lucy, who did the honours of the place with a most charming courtesy.

"I am almost ashamed, sir," said she, as they turned towards the house, "to have asked you to see such humble objects as these to which we attach value, for my brother tells me you are a great traveller; but it is just possible you have met in your journeys others who, like us, lived so much out of the world that they fancied they had the prettiest spot in it for their own?"

"You must not ask me what I think of all I have seen here, Miss Lendrick, till my enthusiasm calms down;" and his look of admiration, so palpably addressed to herself, sent a flush to her cheek. "A man's belongings are his history," said Sir Brook, quickly turning the conversation into an easier channel: "show me his study, his stable, his garden; let me see his hat, his cane, the volume he thrusts into his pocket, and I'll make you an indifferent good guess about his daily doings."

"Tell me of papa's. Come here, Tom," cried she, as the two young men came towards her, "and listen to a bit of divination."

"Nay, I never promised a lecture, I offered a confidence," said he, in a half whisper; but she went on—"Sir Brook says that he reads people pretty much as Cuvier pronounced on the mastodon by some small minute detail that pertained to them. Here's Tom's cigar-case," said she, taking it from his pocket; "what do you infer from that, sir?"

"That he smokes the most execrable tobacco."

"But can you say why?" asked Tom, with a sly twinkle of his eye.

"Probably for the same reason I do myself," said Sir Brook, producing a very cheap cigar.

"Oh, that's a veritable Cuban compared to one of mine," cried Tom; "and by way of making my future life miserable, here has been Mr. Trafford filling my pocket with real Havannas, giving me a taste for luxuries I ought never to have known of."

"Know everything, sir, go everywhere, see all that the world can show you; the wider a man's experience the larger his nature and the more open his heart," said Fossbrooke, boldly.

"I like the theory," said Trafford to Miss Lendrick; "do you?"

"Sir Brook never meant it for women, I fancy," said she, in a low tone; but the old man overheard her, and said, "You are right. The guide ought to know every part of the mountain, the traveller need only know the path."

"Here comes a guide who is satisfied with very short excursions," cried Tom, laughing; "this is our parson, Dr. Mills."

The little mellow-looking, well-cared-for person who now joined them was a perfect type of old-bachelorhood, in its aspect of not unpleasant selfishness. Everything about him was neat, orderly, and appropriate; and though you saw

at a glance it was all and his own enjoyment vided, his good mannerly were ever ready to benefits to others; an genial look he wore, an that nature had gifted did him right good sense and made him pass for lent fellow, though not parson."

He was of use now, by his presence Lucy ceased, not to say that cello, which always remained "Nest," made a pleasantment when she played, sang with much taste and lyrics which are as music Ireland by poetry as by music.

"I wish he was out by Jove, I do!" whispered Lendrick; "he's the low of his cloth I have seen."

"And such a cook," other.

"A cook!"

"Ay, a cook. I'll mix us to dinner, and you've never ever ate fish as he tasted macaroni as dressed I have a salmon for you ten-pound fish. I wish for; but it is in splendid."

"Did you set it?" asked son, eagerly.

"What does he mean?" whispered Trafford.

"Setting means plucking very hot water soon after to preserve and harder. Yes; and I took your the arbutus leaves, too covered it all up with them."

"You are a teachable shall be rewarded. Call him to-morrow. Dare these gentlemen are dis will honour my poor Will you favour me with company at five o'clock, sir?"

Sir Brook bowed, and the invitation with pleasure.

"And you, sir?"

"Only too happy," said

"Lucy, my dear, you must be one of us."

"Oh, I could not; it is impossible, Doctor—you know it is."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"Papa away—not to speak of his never encouraging us to leave home," muttered she, in a whisper.

"I accept no excuses, Lucy; such a rare opportunity may not occur to me in a hurry. Mrs. Brennan, my house-keeper, will be so proud to see you, that I'm not sure she'll not treat these gentlemen to her brandy peaches—a delicacy, I feel bound to say, she has never conceded to any one less than the bishop of the diocese."

"Don't ask me, Doctor. I know that papa——"

But he broke in, saying—

"You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine;"

and besides, I really do want to see how the parsonage will look with a lady at the top of the table: who knows what it may lead to?"

"Come, Lucy, that's the nearest thing to a proposal I've heard for

some time. You really must go now," said Tom.

"Papa will not like it," whispered she in his ear.

"Then he'll have to settle the matter with me, Lucy," said the Doctor, "for it was I who overruled you."

"Don't look to me, Miss Lendrick, to sustain you in your refusal," said Sir Brook, as the young girl turned towards him. "I have the strongest interest in seeing the Doctor successful."

If Trafford said nothing, the glance he gave her more than backed the old man's speech, and she turned away half vexed, half pleased, puzzled how to act, and flattered at the same time by an amount of attention so new to her and so strange. Still she could not bring herself to promise she would go, and wished them all good-night at last, without a pledge.

"Of course she will," muttered Tom in the Doctor's ear. "She's afraid of the governor; but I know he'll not be displeased—you may reckon on her."

LIFE OF STERNE.

ON the present occasion we will not say a word, if we can help it, on an old and tempting subject,—on the genius of Sterne as displayed in Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, or in Mr. and Mrs. Shandy. We will not treat ourselves with a single glance towards that famous cabbage-garden in which so many sieges were so happily conducted; we will not listen to a word that the Corporal may have to say, for if we do we shall never escape from him, we must hear again for the twentieth time the whole of that story, which is never told and scarcely begun, of 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles,' and which is worth the best narrated and most finished story we know of. We mean to limit ourselves to the life of Sterne, to some account of the man himself, who gave to English literature these incomparable creations.

It is a curious fact that there has been hitherto no biography of Sterne. Brief notices, such as we expect to find in a biographical dictionary, have, of course, been sufficiently numerous; but there has been no attempt to develop with any amplitude, or approach to accuracy, the life and character of the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' The materials for such a work, it will be said, were scanty; but meanwhile there were materials enough, it seems, on which to found certain very harsh representations of the conduct and character of Sterne, and these representations should, at least, have been investigated. We feel obliged to Mr. Fitzgerald for undertaking this task. If, as he himself modestly says in his preface (and in which we must reluctantly agree), he has not written what will finally be accepted as

'The Life of Sterne,' plied materials and way for some more cessor. The estimate Sterne commends its just, candid,—charity will—but by no means in its charity,—as imp as any judgment can passed on a character ready interested us—either our affections or For no one can sit examination of the duct of a celebrated out some bias or received from his work are few writers who more favourably—or vourably, according to which we read him—Those who have been noyed by the affectsurdity than they have lighted with the pathos of 'Tristram be disposed to find hypocrisy in the life Mr. Fitzgerald has v admirer, but as an was conscious that sions might lead him able a judgment. M him but a timid adv in some instances be shown more zeal in his client without from truth. On the ever, we have no d Fitzgerald will genera ed as an impartial What is wanted in that more *felicitous* as mak s the pages of much more captivat of another, though l substantially the same is a skill of arrangen selection, an *ars dicen*

'The Life of Laurence Sterne.' By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., Newman & Hall, London.

out of the man himself, that no writer ever learnt, and that no critic can ever teach. In this point of view we could not express ourselves as satisfied with our present biographer; but it is not a point of view on which we are disposed to insist. We readily acknowledge the contribution he has given us towards the right understanding of the character of Sterne, and our object shall be limited to the reproduction of that impression which his book has left upon our mind.

We shall pass over the earlier chapters of Mr. Fitzgerald's work, which treat of Lieutenant Sterne, the father of our Laurence, and of Mrs. Sterne, the mother; and of their incessant journeyings to and fro, and of their numerous offspring, who are generally short-lived—every change of quarters, which the frequent movements of his regiment entail upon the Lieutenant, being signalised by either a birth or a death in the family. Mr. Fitzgerald seems here to have taken a hint from 'Tristram Shandy' itself, for a considerable portion of the biography is filled with events that take place before the hero is born. Some chapters also there are scattered through later parts of the work, which advance the story almost as little as certain fantastic chapters in 'Tristram' that are half filled with asterisks: they bear inviting titles and are written in an emphatic manner, but leave much the same impression behind them as a page of asterisks might have done. All this, we presume, is the result of the necessity to fill two volumes, whatever the quantity of material might be at the disposal of the author. And all this we shall pass over in silence, fixing our attention on those plain facts in the life of Sterne which enable us to form some fair conception of his character.

It was time that we should have these facts brought before us. That coarseness or pruriency which unhappily defaces his writings had, in

the public estimation, stigmatised the man himself. No one had cared to draw the distinction between the character of the man's wit and the character of the man himself. There was an incongruity also between the coarseness of one part of his writings and the sentimentality of another part, which threw over his pathos a suspicion of insincerity. Men were disposed to believe that he was heartless. The antithesis once expressed, that he who could weep over a dead ass could also desert a wife or leave a mother to starve, fastened itself upon the public mind. It was too good an antithesis, too pungent and too poignant, to be readily parted with. And did he not feast and revel with the gaiety and fashion of the London of his day while his poor wife sulked at home in a miserable Yorkshire parsonage? The few facts that were known of his life bore easily an unfavourable construction. As a *coup de grace*, the most accomplished and keenest satirist of our own days drew his shaft against him—drew the arrow to the head. Mr. Thackeray, in one of his pleasant, stinging papers, left poor Sterne writhing before us as the clever, grinning, whining "mountebank," whom he, for his part, would have decorated with laurel and put in the pillory at the same moment. The blow could not have come from a more fatal hand, nor from a quarter whence it might have been less expected. If there was a living man who had apparently absorbed into his own style and manner all that is indisputably excellent in the writing of Sterne, it was Thackeray himself. Not, of course, that the author of 'Henry Esmond' owed conspicuously to this or that writer the charm of manner and admirable command of the English language which distinguish him amongst his contemporaries; but a reader of Thackeray can hardly doubt (what indeed Thackeray appears to say) that there must have been a period

in his life when he read Sterne with that affectionate admiration which alone infuses something of the spirit of one man into another. He might at the same period of his life have read Fielding or Smollett, and been impelled by them to construct plots and tell stories, but Sterne is the only one of his predecessors who could have unconsciously taught him to write. Fielding and Smollett write like carpenters: they cut and hammer and nail you up a box, with fit partitions, that holds well enough what they have to stow away in it. Sterne alone is the artist in language, and carves where the others cut. It seemed a little ungracious that a kindred artist, whose plots and stories derive all their charm from those strains of reflection, often very subtle, which, in fact, constitute what we call the style of the man, should have been so very bitter to that only one amongst his predecessors who also treated his story as the mere field or stage on which to disport himself. Thackeray is merciless to Sterne. Perhaps he was irritated by a false ring in the sentimentality of the 'Sentimental Journey'—(how condemnatory that very title has become to our age!)—but if he was just as the literary critic, he was unjust when dealing with the man Sterne. He might have stripped the tinsel from the embroidered coat, he should have spared the flesh and blood beneath it. Not to say that the sentiment of a past age shares often the same fate as the music of a past age; both may lose their old power over our tears, and gain a new power over our risible faculties, without justifying any charge against the sincerity of either the musicians or the sentimentalists of the olden time. Let us now, at all events, overlook the current of Sterne's life as it lies here before us, and judge if he deserves the severe censures that have been so often cast upon his memory.

Sterne was of good family, and the family of the Sternes was connected with many of our gentry—our untitled nobility, as it is sometimes called—both in England and Ireland. This deserves to be mentioned, because it partly explains how it happened that when, on the publication of 'Tristram Shandy,' the Yorkshire parson became the fashion of the day, he found himself, as he says, a fortnight deep in dinner invitations, tasting the cream of London society. It had not become the custom in Sterne's time to *lionise* a popular author, or at least he was not, merely because he had written a popular book, lionised in the same manner in which he has been since. When Sterne took his seat at fashionable tables, he was not only recognised as the author of 'Tristram Shandy;' he was also known as the descendant of an Archbishop of York, and as allied to the Rawdons and other old families—as, in short, a presentable man. We need hardly say, that the Yorkshire parson might have been descended from a dozen archbishops or from royalty itself, this alone would have brought him no invitation to the tables of the great. But neither, on the other hand, if he had walked out of Grub Street with 'Tristram Shandy' in his hand, would London society have received him as it did. The Yorkshire parson who had written the drollest book, and was the drollest man of the time, was a gentleman by birth, and therefore all ladies and gentlemen might rush to see him. His card of invitation—to adopt what now seems to us the affected style of a past age—was issued by the muses, but it was indorsed by the heralds, or the gentleman usher.

The Archbishop of York, from whom Sterne traced his descent, was that loyal ecclesiastic who, when master of Jesus College, Cambridge, sent off the college plate to the aid of Charles I. This brought on him much tribulation during the time of the Common-

wealth, but he outrode the storm, and finally secured an archbishopric by his act of loyalty. But what was of far more importance to Sterne than a deceased archbishop for an ancestor, he had a living uncle who was Archdeacon of York; and, moreover, there was a Squire Sterne living at Elvington, near York, a cousin, we believe, who appears to have acted like a father towards the lad. Laurence Sterne was born in the barracks of Clonmel, on the 24th of November, 1718. Born in Ireland he was soon transferred to England, and shared in the wandering and unsettled life of his parents. When he had reached the age of ten or eleven (and here, in fact, his biography may be said, for us, to commence), he was taken to a school at Halifax. There his father left him, went abroad, and died. Laurence never saw his father again, and his mother seems to have been sufficiently encumbered with her other children. The boy was in the position of an orphan whom Squire Sterne and his uncle, the archdeacon, and perhaps other clerical relatives, had taken charge of. It was no fault of the mother if she was glad to resign her son to the care of such good friends; nor does it appear to have been the fault of the son that there was henceforward so little communication between them. Only once, in the course of this biography, does the mother reappear upon the stage after Laurence had been left at school at Halifax. We hear that she herself was keeping a school; that, owing to the extravagance of one of her daughters, she became involved in debt; and that a subscription was raised amongst her scholars to free her from her liabilities. Whether Sterne granted or withheld his assistance—whether assistance was asked from him, or whether it was in his power to give it—of all this we know nothing. The facts we have just stated are all that are known, and are the only foundation for the cruel charge

of unfilial conduct that has been laid upon Sterne's memory. This charge is traceable, it seems, to a conversation between Horace Walpole and Mr. Pinkerton. "I know," said Walpole, "from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in a jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her own son," he adds, "had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother." And so the bitter epigram was launched into the world, and it has lived to this day. His mother was led into debt by an extravagant daughter, and released by affectionate pupils; and in the absence of all information as to Sterne's part in the transaction, it is inferred that he would have let her rot in jail, while he stepped aside to shed his tears over a dead ass. Truly a charitable judgment!

But we must return to the school at Halifax. Here young Sterne is said to have studied fitfully, passing many days in idleness, and then making up for lost time by sudden *spurts* of application. A story is told here which we venture to think has not received its quite correct interpretation, although it is from Sterne himself that the narrative, with the interpretation here given to it, is gathered.

"There is a sort of juvenile Shandeanism," writes Mr. Fitzgerald, "in that well-known boyish freak of his, which he himself wrote down, not without a certain complacency, a few months before his death. The schoolroom was being made resplendent with new white-wash; but the incautious workmen had left their ladders and brushes behind. Up scrambled the mischievous urchin, and wrote in 'large capital letters'—a little staggering, perhaps, in outline—his own signature, LAU. STERNE. Presently came the angry usher, who, viewing such a prank as a capital offence, fetches his cane, and whips the young decorator soundly, which heavy punish-

ment, 'Doctor Paidagunnus' comes presently to hear of—more likely still, sees the offending characters staring down upon him from his newly-beautified ceiling; but, strange to say, is much hurt at that castigation, and with that text makes a warm speech to all the scholars assembled, repudiates the usher, and protests that the large capitals, LAU. STERNE, shall remain there uneffaced in *perpetuam rei memoriam*, for that Master Sterne yonder was a boy of genius, who, he was sure, would come to preferment."

This story is told as if it contained a sort of prophecy of Sterne's future celebrity as a man of genius. To us this looks like a prophecy coined after the event. What could have suggested to the schoolmaster the idea that Sterne would write a remarkable book? Such an idea never entered into his own head till he was past forty. The interpretation we venture to put upon the story is, that the schoolmaster did not approve of the punishment which his usher had inflicted on the son of an archdeacon and the relative of the squire, and on a lad likely himself one day to "come to preferment." The usher had applied his cane too severely, or to the wrong back, and the schoolmaster was thus pouring oil into the wounds. We do not think it was a vision of the future man of genius that produced this conciliatory speech; we rather suspect it was a deference to existing, living dignities, lay and ecclesiastical. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, reads it otherwise, and lest we should be spoiling a good story, it is fit that we should add his own comment:—

"How long, we may fairly speculate, did the 'large capitals' remain uneffaced on that Halifax ceiling? Possibly only till whitewashing time came round again; for there are many generations of school-heroes. For it was not the immortality of carving which prevails at Harrow, and secures to Byrons and boys of that calibre a decent interval until they have proved their worth. This LAU, STERNE was no more than paint, easily effaceable; and thirty good years were to run before the village

clergyman was to get his patent of fame. All credit, however, be given to that intelligent pedagogue who forecasted his scholar's horoscope so skilfully. Was it Mr. Lister or Mr. Jackson? Most likely it was Jackson the Bachelor of Arts, and not Lister the Bachelor in Physic. Mr. Sterne calls him 'an able man.' A man certainly of clear vision and intelligence for a director of a country school; or else that readiness and Shandeism of the youth must have been so declared as to be palpable to the eye of the dullest professor. But though the name has been effaced, the schoolroom still remains, and may be seen at this day, with the great oak beams across the ceiling, on which the schoolboy painted his name."

After passing through the school at Halifax, Sterne was transferred to Jesus College, Cambridge. We have the same account of his method of study here as at school. He read little, laughed much, and earned for himself the character "of a man of parts if he chose to use them." It is said that with moderate diligence he might have secured a fellowship; for Jesus College had been endowed by his ancestor, that archbishop who was formerly master of Jesus, and till very lately the relationship, we are told, if supported by any reasonable amount of application, would have been a recognised claim upon a fellowship. We hear nothing, however, of such honour or emolument being even aimed at. He read enough to take the ordinary degree, and obtain his passport into the Church. He was ordained deacon 6th March, 1736, and became henceforth the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

The scandal has been that a clergyman should write 'Tristram Shandy,' or that the author of 'Tristram Shandy' should be a clergyman. Why, it is said, if he could not control the current of his wit or humour—if nature had made him for any of her eccentric men of genius—for that and for no other kind of man,—why must he go into the Church? Why must a man live? Why must he eat and drink, and be clothed, and be hous-

ed? One relative sends young Sterne to school and college, and another is ready to provide him with some "cure of souls," some little vicarage or rectory. He, meanwhile, is of slight frame, of delicate organisation, and has no other outlook in the world. Let him walk his appointed path—he lives; he has his *status* on the face of the earth—a house and provender, and a wife if he cares for one; should he start from this path, leap aside on this side or that, one sees not what is to become of him. If the plea of the necessity of living may be urged in any case of this nature, it may be urged and admitted in favour of Sterne. He probably recognised his profession as a sort of fatality, as little a matter of choice as his birth or parentage had been. Let us add that we perceive no symptom in Sterne of any shade of doubt, of any departure from the faith. He never undertook to teach what he did not believe to be true. He might have suspected that the teacher should have been more gravely impressed himself with the truths he had to declare to others. But this gravity of character may come with age, may come with sorrow or misfortune; it is a matter of seasons and degrees. Who knows, indeed, what seriousness and solemnity of mood might at times have possessed him?—and especially at that time when he entered the portals of the Church, those gates that open only one way—only to those who enter,—open only once, and then close for ever.

But, having once entered through those gates into the sacred courts of the Temple, he should have been decorous ever after. Yes, he should; theoretically he should. Alas! Sterne overpassed those bounds of decorum which even a layman should have respected. It is his manifest, inexcusable fault, for which his memory and his books will for ever suffer. Here we have simply to blame and to regret. But in justice to Sterne, and to all

egregious lovers of humour, let this general observation be made. As humour itself deals with incongruities, bringing together what is grave and frivolous, and out of this very contrast exciting our risibility, so the humorist himself may, or perhaps must, have in his own character, what seems an incongruity; that is, he may laugh much, and yet retain a capacity for grave sentiments, even on those very topics about which his wit has been playing. A droll and indecorous parson, Sterne was not necessarily a thoughtless or hypocritical one. It requires all our charity to believe that a man who can write a parody has the least *scintilla* of reverence or admiration left in him, yet we have been compelled to confess that a man may even perpetrate this most detestable of all literary performances, and still have sense and heart enough to admire the great poet whom he has been mimicking—mimicking as apes mimic men. No stronger case than this could be cited to show that laughter and gravity may dwell together in the same man. The case is, indeed, stronger than we need; for Sterne never made religion the direct subject of his jest or banter; he only jested generally in a manner that seemed, yet might not really be, incompatible with more solemn and serious moods.

Sterne had no sooner passed through the necessary steps than he was inducted into the vicarage of Sutton-on-the-Forest, and made a prebendary of York. He had already been paying his addresses to a Miss Lumley, who was not without some small fortune of her own. He marries and settles down in his vicarage. He is near York. He has, of course, his professional duties to perform, and apparently some glebe land to look after. For his amusements he has "books, painting, and fiddling," and a little "shooting." The bass viol is perhaps his greatest solace. If we wish to form an idea of the man

and of his manner of life at this time, we must not think of him as the author of *Tristram Shandy*; authorship is not yet dreamt of; neither must we too much confound, as some of us are apt to do, the portrait of Yorick as drawn by his own hand with the actual Vicar of Sutton. We must think of him as an active-minded, jocular parson, fond of society, fond, too, of out-of-the-way books. He has good common sense, and apparently understands the management of his own affairs. We hear of no debts. His living and his prebend of forty pounds, and the other forty pounds per annum which his wife brings him, form altogether but a small income—sufficient, however, with prudence; and he has the prudence to make it sufficient.

"For some twenty-six weeks of the year, when his turn came round, must the Reverend Mr. Sterne abide in York; no very cruel necessity for him, and a fair excuse for his being absent from Sutton. 'What prebendary is next to come into residence' (the author is here quoting Sydney Smith) 'is as important a topic to the cathedral town, and ten miles round it, as what the evening or morning star may be to the astronomer.' The coming into residence of young Mr. Sterne, and that procession of his up the aisle 'preceded by men with silver rods,' we may be sure was looked for anxiously."

In addition to Sutton a second small living falls to his lot. He is a humorist if you will, but as yet without any literary ambition. He may expect to creep higher up in the scale of ecclesiastical preferment. Were it not for his weak lungs, which, shut up in a most narrow and confined chest, are always threatening asthma, or bronchitis, you would say that his destiny in life was an enviable one—not brilliant, but secure. Least of all do we see any morbid sentimentality in the man; nor any signs of that "innocence and ignorance of the world and its affairs," which may, indeed, wear an interesting appearance in an imaginary

Yorick, but which makes its possessor a perfect nuisance to all his friends, by reason of his incapacity to take charge of himself. The real "parson Yorick" was happily not afflicted with any such incapacity. He can give his mind when occasion requires it to "stubbing the moor," and the planting of cabbages; and a neighbouring clergyman turns to him for assistance in the matter of his own hay. Of this Mr. Fitzgerald gives us a pleasant instance:—

"Mr. Sterne's letters, and earnest directions in these letters, all show a prompt, energetic shape of action, anything but Shandean. Parson Sterne must have been as vigorous a country gentleman as Squire Western himself. See how he can do a stroke of business for a brother of the cloth. The clerical brother has hay to dispose of. Harken to Yorick!

"I have taken proper measures to get chapmen for it by ordering it to be cried at my own two parishes; but I find a greater backwardness among my two flocks in this respect than I had imagined.' This was owing 'to a greater prospect of hay and other fodder than there was any expectation of about five weeks ago. It is with the utmost difficulty, and a whole morning's waste of my lungs, that I have got sufficient men to bid up to what you had offered—namely, twelve pounds. I have put them off under pretence of writing you word, but in truth to wait a day or two to try the market and see what can be got for it.'"

Mr. Fitzgerald makes a passing comment on this rather too artful proceeding. But if there is, as he intimates, some "little stretch of agricultural morality" in waiting to try the market under these circumstances, it was in the service of a friend that he practises the artifice. It is not always, we fear, that this excuse can be offered for certain minor deviations from truth that have been fixed upon Sterne. An habitual joker is apt to lose his sensitiveness, or scrupulosity, with regard to the telling of truth. He tells *white lies*, or lies for an innocent purpose, and there is a

danger that the lie may some day change its complexion.

But what of Mrs. Sterne—the wife, the companion—in this vicarage? She is said to have had “a good taste in music,” and to have sung well. In other respects she does not seem to have been a very suitable companion for a man of quick intellect and mirthful disposition. The attachment in its origin was of a highly sentimental character. Sterne wooed her for two years, and suffered in the course of his wooing the keenest transitions from hope to despondency. But when the lady was safely housed in the vicarage, either she ceased to make the old efforts to please, or the husband detected deficiencies to which the lover had been blind. She is described as utterly unable to appreciate the humour of her husband, as sinking into the methodical housewife, indifferent to society, contributing nothing to the charm of conversation, perhaps not unwilling that her lively and irrepressible companion should occasionally seek society elsewhere. Her maiden name was Lumley; she came “of a good family in Staffordshire,” and was daughter of the Rev. Mr. Lumley, Rector of Bedal. What brought her to York is not known; possibly no other motive than to enjoy the gaiety of this capital of the north. There Sterne made her acquaintance, and was smitten with a passion quite of the sentimental character, and which has every appearance of having been sincere. So that if, on future occasions, he feels in the same fashion the tyranny of the sex, we may at least believe that his susceptibility is genuine. He was very open to the power of a woman's smile. Mr. Fitzgerald speaks of “the despair and anguish which waited on the various stages of this attachment.” When Miss Lumley had occasion to quit York for a time, and return into Staffordshire, Sterne “takes to his bed, worn out by fevers of all kind.” Her features, we are told, were not beautiful, but of the order we call interesting. The interest, however, was fated to wear off. We quote

the account which Mr. Fitzgerald gives us of the parson's wife after some years of connubial society:—

“Looking on them (Mr. and Mrs. Sterne) through many years, during the nineteen or so of Mr. Sterne's provincial banishment, we are, by the aid of scraps of letters and hints in ‘*Tristram*,’ helped to a rough average portrait of this parson's lady. She is like to have settled down into a plain, well-meaning, orderly, humdrum sort of housewife—excellent for school-work, for cottage-visiting, for marketing, for sweeping up and weekly washings,—excellent as a social labourer of life, yet, unhappily, with a literal turn of mind, and on which her husband's brilliant rockets might explode harmlessly, quite unfelt and unappreciated—a rigid and fatal ignoring of any non-natural sense or witty metaphor: all good workaday qualities, but, as a long experience has shown, very ill-suited to the *ménage* of your brilliant eccentric. She either damps his powder utterly, and he has to go abroad to light up his catherine-wheels, or he boldly projects them on his domestic hearth, and furnishes himself with infinite amusement from her insensibility.

“Long after, when she and her daughter were to set out from York to join him at Paris (a very serious journey), his letters of instruction—showered thickly on her, filled with minutest directions, such as one would impress upon a child—point to the same view. So many things are to be got, all enumerated in language purposely childish and simple. Then, at the end, all are again summed up in a sort of epitome, as though he had called her back to impress all on her once more. “Comic, too, is his caution—‘Mind you keep these things distinct in your head,’ which tone shows a lack of confidence in Mrs. Sterne's intellect.”

These careful instructions show at least no unkindly spirit in their writer. And, to anticipate a little in our biography, we may add that at no time of his life is Mr. Sterne neglectful of the substantial interests and comforts of his partner. She does not share with him that London life which was afterwards due to his celebrity as an author;

this was perhaps impossible, and perhaps by her undesirable; here he might have sacrificed his own pleasures, he could not have communicated them to her; but we never find him neglectful to provide all things needful to her in her own country life, and she shares the common purse, replenished by his writings, as this journey to Paris with her daughter testifies. She and her daughter indeed stay in France for some time, and seem pleased with their sojourn. The last we hear of them is some request on the part of Sterne, who is then in England, that they should return to him. No one can lift the veil, and show us distinctly their domestic life—and why should we wish for any such disclosure? but so far as the facts are known to us, there is no foundation for any serious charge against Sterne in his matrimonial relations. As to the succession of *flames* which kept his heart in such pleasant torture, we cannot regard them in the light of grave infidelities. They were affairs of sentiment, of the imagination, which did not lead, and were never intended to lead, to any such *liaison* as would have compromised his position in society, or broken up his home at the vicarage.

Meanwhile there is another element in the country life in Yorkshire that must not be passed over in silence. Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, was the seat of Mr. Hall—or Hall Stevenson—better known to us under the name of *Eugenius*. Sterne made the friendship of this witty, accomplished, but too profligate gentleman at Cambridge. They were both at Jesus College, where Stevenson was a fellow-commoner. "Crazy Castle" (as the wits who assembled there named the antiquated and picturesque building, which has been since pulled down and substituted by a modern mansion) was the frequent resort of Sterne. Here he could unbend to his heart's delight, and let his imagination riot as it pleased. Here, too, was

rare, curious, grotesque, and humorous volumes. Without that library 'Tristram Shandy' would, perhaps, never have been written. The temptations of 'Crazy Castle' were irresistible to the social, mirth-loving, volatile temper of Sterne. It was an association which must have scandalised his clerical brethren at the time, and which still forms, and with justice, a grave charge against the memory of Sterne. Yet we must be cautious not to implicate Sterne in the actual profligacy of his companion. We meet daily with instances in society where a man tolerates in his friend practices he would not indulge in himself. Let us hear what Mr. Fitzgerald says both of Stevenson Hall and this association of ill omen:—

"The Lord of Crazy Castle was of good family and connections; his father, Colonel Hall, having married a daughter of Lord N. Manners. Mr. Hall was born in 1718, and was thus but a few years younger than his friend Mr. Sterne. It has been seen they were at Cambridge and belonged to the same college when Hall was in the more distinguished grade of fellow-commoner. Unfortunately this agreeable promise was very early falsified, and he fell into the ways of the fashionable professors of vice, who in that day thrust their excesses upon the public with an outrageous effrontery and a shamelessness that passes belief. The orgies of the 'Twelve Monks of Madmenham' were then attracting not so much reprobation as curiosity, and it is believed that this 'ingenious young gentleman' was one of the unholy brotherhood.

"With this godless fraternity has Mr. Sterne's name been associated; and it is only another illustration of the charges which have been recklessly heaped upon him, that he has been announced, officially, as belonging to that order.

"These blemishes are the more to be lamented, as he (Mr. Hall) seems to have been so accomplished a spirit, and adorned with an amiable and courteous disposition—charms which seem to have attached to him a host of friends. Topham Beauclerc, Johnson's friend,

also united this curious combination of a sweet and gracious temper with a wild licence of speech and manners.

"And yet this was the friend, the companion, the dearest intimate, of the author of the 'Sentimental Journey'! some will exclaim; and at first sight, the intimacy would appear significant of the truth of the well-known proverb about companionship. Both men, however, are entitled to some small measure of estimation. The truth is, a great deal of these blemishes in their writings must be set to the account of the peculiar direction of their studies. Both had an almost fanatical relish for the odd racy humours of Rabelais and the minor pantomimists of his school; with both the appetite for that quaint and most original shape of wit and mirth increased with study and grew with acquaintance. Any one who applies himself to this class of literature, must own the extraordinary fascination of this combination of perfect simplicity with a deep fund of mirth. He who has once tasted will find other drink insipid; yet it must be said that the drollery is so bound up with questionable matter, or perhaps the whole humour arises from the naïve fashion with which subjects we would ordinarily shrink from are dealt with, that, from long habit, the student is apt to forgive the matter for the manner, and find his sense of delicacy wearing away."

We think that Mr. Fitzgerald has here put his finger on the right place. It is what we should call a vitiated taste in the species of wit or humour that he cultivated, which has led us to think worse of the man Sterne than he deserves. "O for an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination!" is the prayer we should have put into Sterne's mouth. That his was a case of vitiated taste, not of corrupt life, has always been our opinion. Those very sentimental attachments to "my dear Kitty," and "my dear Eliza," perhaps not altogether unimpeachable in themselves, prove at least that his heart had not been hardened or corrupted by any actual habits of profligacy. When under the influence of these attachments he is like a boy; nothing delights him so much as to render

some slight service, or to make some little present, to a charming woman, and he is repaid by a smile, by a welcome, by being received as first favourite of the house. "My dear Kitty" was Miss Fourmantelle, a young French lady who brought her Gallic graces into the antique city of York; "my dear Eliza" was a Mrs. Draper, wife of "Daniel Draper, Esquire, Counsellor of Bombay," who had come from India for the benefit of her health, and to place her children under proper care in England, and whom Sterne met in one of his visits to London. For this Mrs. Draper he runs and rides and busies himself like a young knight-errant just escaped from school. "I must ever have," he tells us of himself, "some Dulcinea in my head! It harmonises the soul;" and he goes on to say,—"I have been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval between one passion and another." We must give him credit here for speaking as he felt; and a man who feels thus towards the sex may not be very wise or prudent, but he certainly cannot be a man of profligate habits.

Apropos of "my dear Kitty," or, Miss Fourmantelle, Mr. Fitzgerald gives us an instance, one of the most flagrant we have ever known, of unfounded and malignant scandal:—

"What was the ultimate destiny of 'dear, dear Kitty,' is not known; but Mrs. Western, the friend before alluded to, actually took the trouble to endorse upon the bundle of letters a strange and ghastly bit of romance—quite apocryphal—which is only worthy of notice for the purpose of showing what a curious confederacy there has been to vilify the memory of the great humourist in every possible way. This precious bit of history sets out how Mr. Sterne paid his addresses to her for five years, then suddenly deserted her, and married Mrs. Sterne! That by this cruelty she lost her wits, and was taken over to Paris by her eldest sister to be

placed in a mad-house, in which gloomy place of confinement she died. Mr. Sterne, however, during some of his pleasant visits to Paris, contrived to see her; and with a practical eye utilised all the sentiment in the situation, working it up effectively in that well-known 'bit,' *Maria of Moulins*.

"A reference to a single date disposes of this clumsy 'sensation' scene. Mr. Sterne was married in 1740; and we find Miss Fourmantelle, in all her charms, intimate with him twenty years afterwards, viz, in 1760. No one has suffered so much from these cruel fabrications as Mr. Sterne. Think only of a 'Mrs Western' being at the pains to put by this secret record for some mysterious purpose—a piece of vulgar York scandal, quite in keeping as to its truth and consistency with the other vile stories for which he has been made the mark. These were some of the weapons which Eugenius warned him 'Revenge and Slander,' twin-ruffians, were to level at his reputation."

We come now to the great event of his life, the publication of 'Tristram Shandy.' What led to the design of the work, what induced him, who had lived till he was past forty without literary ambition, to contemplate authorship at all, we cannot tell. Who in any case can trace the origin or progress of a remarkable production? Hardly the author himself, and certainly no one else. With justice do we use the old metaphor of *striking upon a vein* of wit or poetry, for it is only in digging—digging for something perhaps which we do *not* find—that we come upon the rich ore; we strike the vein, and dig on, and pursue our treasure, still always with a vague fear that it may vanish or terminate as suddenly as it appeared.

How great and how sudden was the success of 'Tristram Shandy,' is known to everybody. It is not impossible that those parts which merely excite the impatience of the present age—which are put aside as trick and *tomfoolery*, or something worse—helped to give it that immediate notoriety which its sterling merits would not have won. These would have made their way

more slowly with the public. All classes or kinds of readers seem to have joined in their applause. The happy author comes to London, settles himself in apartments in Pall Mall, "the genteeldest in the town."

"It may be questioned," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "if those rooms ever saw such a flood of fine company as then invaded them. He was not twenty-four hours in town before his triumph began. It was enough to have turned any ordinary mortal's head. He was already engaged to 'ten noblemen and men of fashion' for dinners, which shows that his coming must have been eagerly looked for. Mr. Garrick was the first to take him by the hand, and overwhelmed him with favours and invitations. He had been the first, too, to discover the merits of 'Tristram.' He had asked him frequently to dine, introduced him to everybody, and promised 'numbers of great people' to carry the witty stranger to dine with them. He made him free of his theatre for the whole season, and undertook the 'management of the booksellers,' and to procure 'a good price.'"

In short, he was the fashion of the day. Lord Chesterfield asks him to dinner; Lord Rockingham takes him to Court. "All the bishops," he writes, "have sent their compliments to me." That "all the bishops" we take to be a figure of speech as part for the whole. It is certain that one distinguished bishop, Warburton, proclaims aloud his merits, dubs him the *English Rabelais*, and, strange to say, sends him a purse of gold. This purse of gold is a mysterious business; it is hard to believe that the bishop gave, or that Sterne received it; harder still to believe that it was given to Sterne as a bribe, or purchase-money for his silence, —Sterne having had some design of introducing the bishop in his book. There is nothing in the life of Sterne to make it credible that he would be so base as to extort money from another by holding out a threat to turn him into ridicule. Just before his triumphant entry into London, he had written—"I

thank God, though I don't abound, that I have enough for a clean shirt every day, and a mutton-chop; and my contentment with this has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above stooping one inch for it. For estate—curse on it—I like it not to that degree, nor envy (you may be sure) any man who kneels in the dirt for it.” And he adds, “I wrote not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*.” General declarations of this kind, of course, weigh nothing against positive evidence. All eloquent men give eloquent expressions to such sentiments as these. But we have no evidence before us to convict Sterne of any such baseness. Least of all do we agree with Mr. Fitzgerald in the weight he gives to “a strange letter which I have discovered in an obscure magazine, and which was written long after the death of all the parties concerned.” This anonymous letter gives what appears to us a most improbable version of the story: nor is there any evidence that it was really written by a friend of Sterne.

Some ecclesiastical preferment flows in the train of all this applause. Lord Fauconberg gives him the perpetual curacy of Coxwold—no great addition to his income; but other gifts of the same kind may be anticipated. Sterne, no doubt, hoped that though it would not “rain mitres on his head,” some good rectory or other solid preferment might fall to his lot. But here he was disappointed, and was like to be. Good rectories have their course of devolution marked out for them even more strictly than bishoprics, and are less likely than mitres to fall upon the heads of eccentric people. Even Young the poet sighed for one in vain. If Sterne had any chance to lose, he lost it by his indiscretion, and the flagrant and immoderate manner in which he assumed the airs of the man of pleasure. He was a frequent visitor at Ranelagh; he was not contented with the theatre, but must make acquaintance with the actresses behind

the scenes. It is true that there were many of the cloth to keep him in countenance, and that public opinion was very lax, at this epoch, in matters of decorum, and even in grave matters of morality. But it matters not where public opinion draws the line; he who transgresses that line must pay the penalty. And however liberal the licence of speech or conduct which was granted in the days of Sterne, Sterne manifestly outstepped that limit.

But year after year saw him enriched by the sale of ‘*Tristram Shandy*,’ and this accession of wealth opened to him a new source of pleasure and a new mode of life. He could travel abroad. His health, too, required, or he thought it required, a change of climate. Mr. Fitzgerald travels pleasantly over the route familiarised to us by the ‘*Sentimental Journey*,’ and shows us Sterne in the gaiety of Paris:—

“Not less welcome was he to the French than the French to him. He was at once, with scarcely an hour's delay, plunged into the crowd of the wits, philosophers, deists, actors, courtiers, and abbés. He was in the salons in a moment. The doors were thrown open for him. His friend Garrick, who was known to many there, had no doubt stood his sponsor here as he had in London. But in truth he found hosts of friends already on the spot. Here was Mr. Fox, and Mr. Macartney, who afterwards went to China and became Sir George and Lord Macartney, and a whole crowd of ‘English of distinction.’ . . . No wonder that he should write home in a tumult of rapture of the flatteries and distinctions with which he was welcomed. He had been there little more than a week when the current of dinners, the inevitable shape the popular homage was to assume, began to flow; and he was already bound in pleasant dining shackles a fortnight deep. It was the old London story over again; and there was a new feature, not found in the London programmes—the ‘little supper.’”

We naturally tremble for the health of the invalid; but all this festival-work agrees marvellously

with Sterne. He was, no doubt, as singular and exceptional in bodily as in mental constitution. There are men framed on this plan, that though they seem ready to succumb before the first keen blast that blows into them, yet they have that obstinate vitality—say in the brain or nervous system—that they are always equal to any *emergency of enjoyment*. The joy revives them. We wonder that, amidst the harsh interpretations which the character of Sterne has had on every side to undergo, no one has thought of accusing him of affectation in this matter of ill health. Sterne had no feeling, says one; it was mere affectation of feeling. See how he jests and gibes. With equal reason another might have decided that Sterne only shammed illness: see how he sports, and laughs, and dines, and travels. The one would be as fair an inference as the other.

But we have no wish to travel with Sterne, or to go over the ground of his 'Sentimental Journey.' And, indeed, we have touched upon all the points of his life which were necessary to our object. If, after perusing the details of his career as Mr. Fitzgerald presents them, a very harsh verdict is given on this buoyant, impressible, mirth-loving man of genius, it must be by a very harsh judge indeed. We would rather not share in the severity of such a judge. Sterne is no model for any one to imitate, but he is an eccentric friend we can easily tolerate; we could better spare a better man.

Instead of following the several journeys into France of Mr. or Mrs. Sterne, we shall content ourselves with looking in at Coxwold, where he now resides when in England and at his *cure*, and marking how he proceeds with his 'Tristram Shandy.' As to the last scene of his death, and the horrible event that is said to have occurred subsequent to his death, they are known to every one; and, if not, they can be read in the pages of Mr. Fitzgérald.

We care not to extract the narrative here.

The following incident ought not to pass unmentioned:—

"He had long since handed over his parsonage at Sutton to a curate who took charge of that parish. One night, through the carelessness of this curate, or 'of his wife, or his maid, or some one within its gates,' it took fire, and was burnt to the ground, with all Mrs. Sterne's furniture and Mr. Sterne's books, 'a pretty collection.' The loss was close on four hundred pounds. Mr. Sterne goes on with the story—'The poor man and his wife took the wings of the next morning and fled away. This has given me real vexation, for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire that he would come and take up his abode with me till another habitation was ready to receive him; but he was gone, and, as I am told, through fear of my persecution. Heavens! how little did he know of me, to suppose that I was amongst the number of those which heap misfortune upon misfortune.' . . . This is fresh testimony to his goodness of heart, under a trial that would have tried another man's temper severely. At the moment he wrote he felt he would be obliged to rebuild the house. The name of this unlucky curate I have discovered. He was Mr. William Raper, and had been there for six years. I find that he stayed with Sterne until the following year, so that his tolerance of the misfortune was not a mere flourish."

But the house, as every one will expect to hear, was not rebuilt in the lifetime of Sterne. The successor to the vicarage instituted a suit for dilapidation against his widow, Mrs. Sterne, which he was fain to compound for the sum of sixty pounds.

It was to Coxwold he returned, after the first flush of triumph, to continue 'Tristram Shandy.' The plan he proposed to himself was, every winter to produce two volumes, and every spring to reappear with them in London. He must have had great confidence in his own resources to have formed such a plan; and for a few years it was realised. His second visit to Lon-

don with his second instalment of 'Tristram' was as triumphant as his first entry into the capital. Of course the critics were upon him, nor did they want fair grounds of attack.

Amongst those who were more offended with the blemishes than pleased with the original genius of 'Tristram,' many have been surprised to find the name of Goldsmith. He who drew the Vicar of Wakefield, he who designed Beau Tibbs, ought, it is said, to have recognised a fellow-artist in Sterne. The hostile criticism of Goldsmith has been attributed to mortified vanity. He was slowly and laboriously working his way to fame, and lo! this new-comer has but to present himself, and the world of London is at his feet. The contrast was mortifying enough, and doubtless helped him to see the many improprieties in 'Tristram.' But in fact there was another contrast—the contrast between the two men themselves—that would sufficiently account for Goldsmith's dislike of our English Rabelais. Both men write in a clear, beautiful, idiomatic style—both men have humour and refined observation; but here their similarity ends. It was the tendency of Goldsmith to harmonise and complete; his was the *classic* type of composition. Whether his subjects were humorous or pathetic, he aimed at a perfect congruity, a finished and harmonious whole. Sterne was an extreme instance of what has in later days been called the *romantic* school, where incongruities are sought, not shunned. Sterne dared all things. It was his very aim to startle, and disappoint, and produce a sort of dazzling chaos. With all this, Goldsmith could not sympathise. He himself personally is said to have been the least dignified of men; and seen at the club, or in the streets of London, he presented incongruities enough; but when he sat himself down as author to hold communion, from that soli-

tary chair, with the outside, invisible world, he became invested with a calm and modest dignity, and, in his spirit, was graceful as one of the muses. It was not, therefore, really to be wondered at that he recoiled at this new prodigy in literature; it was to him, at very best, as if a satyr had mounted upon Pegasus, and came leaping and flying into the courts of Olympus.

While we should be more indulgent towards the criticism of Goldsmith than Mr. Fitzgerald would probably be, there are other critics whom we think Mr. Fitzgerald treats with even more courtesy than they deserve. These are the pedants, with Dr. Ferriar at their head, who having read the not very accessible books which Sterne had met with at Crazy Castle or elsewhere, forthwith cry out, "Plagiarism!" and would deny to our author his most cherished claim of originality.

We should have hardly thought of alluding to this subject, but in looking over a brief sketch of the 'Life of Sterne,' written by Sir Walter Scott, we were grieved to find that even that generous and acute critic had given ear to this Dr. Ferriar, or had re-coined, without bestowing much attention to the matter, the charges made against Sterne of plagiarism.

"For proof," says Sir Walter Scott, "of this sweeping charge we must refer the reader to Dr. Ferriar's well-known 'Essay and Illustrations,' as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's writings, in which it is clearly shown that he, whose manner and style was so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist that ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages."

Now, a few instances of positive larceny (if such there are proved against him), of passages bodily taken from one book and put into another, cannot deprive Sterne of his claim to originality. A man may earn money and steal money

at the same time. It is not because he has robbed his neighbour, that he has therefore gained nothing for himself by his own peculiar skill and industry. "Whose manner and style was so long thought original!" Could twenty Dr. Ferriars prove that Sterne's manner and style were not original? Is there any book in the language that, to this day, stands out so distinct and solitary as 'Tristram Shandy'?

Dr. Ferriar wrote an exceedingly dull book: brief as it is, we doubt if Sir Walter had the patience to read it through; some extract from it probably satisfied him. The dilettante Doctor seems to have written his little book from no worse motive than simply to parade his own reading. See, I also have read these curious books!—(books often flung away because, on the whole, they were not worth preserving; they had been superseded by better books)—and I have found out where Mr. Sterne pastured. "Where the bee sucks there suck I!" This is what he wished to tell the world. But, of course, Dr. Ferriar's reading could have no interest for the world unless it bore upon Sterne's remarkable work; the Doctor had to show what discoveries he had made as to the growth and production of 'Tristram Shandy.' And a miserable business he has made of it. To drag in some anecdote of his own gathering, he bungles and boggles over the pages of Sterne. He has not the least conception of what really is plagiarism, and what is not. Had he set to work to criticise the 'Antiquary' of Sir Walter Scott, he would have read up all the books that Oldbuck quotes, or from which he gathers his antiquarian lore, and then he would have complacently told the world that he had found Sir Walter out! Mr. Shandy is a pedant, a dealer in learned crotchets, in curious theories—he has fed on books grown out of books—and Sterne is a plagiarist because he has not invented a new

classic and medieval literature for Mr. Shandy to disport in. As well require of Mr. Oldbuck to invent an archæology and a new black-letter library, entirely for his own behoof. It is the merit of a writer of fiction that he thoroughly imbues himself with the literature of the period, or of the kind of personage, he chooses to portray. "Where the bee sucks there suck I!" So says the snail crawling weakly over the same vegetation. A humorist who finds the subject for his jest in the erudite follies of the past, is convicted of having *read!* Lo! these favourite quotations, they had been made before!—this learned nonsense about names and noses, it may be found in books accessible to learned men—this incident which the man of genius has invested with such a charm and significance that it lives for ever in the minds of all his countrymen, might it not have grown out of this other bald fact, or this dull jest, that the bookworm can also discover somewhere in the dust of his library?

There is nothing spiteful, be it said, in Dr. Ferriar's little book—nothing worse than stupidity, and the mere vanity of the pedant. While objecting to Sterne that he borrows from Burton, nothing delights him so much as to show that Sterne had not read the original Greek or Latin from which Burton drew—as if, for the purposes of the author of 'Tristram Shandy,' it was necessary to verify the quotations of Burton. A vague feeling haunts the Doctor that if Sterne had gone direct to the writers from whom Burton quotes, it would not have been plagiarism; and again, if he, Dr. Ferriar, had read the Greek from which Burton has translated, and Sterne has not, he, the Doctor, is so far superior to Sterne, and the world ought to know this. After quoting one of the plagiarised passages from Burton, about the Abderitans, he proceeds thus:—"Why Sterne should have called this a fragment I can-

not imagine, unless, as Burton forgot to quote his author, Sterne was not aware that the story was taken from the introduction to Lucian's essay on the method of writing history. Burton has spoiled this passage by an unfaithful translation. *Sterne has worked it up to a beautiful picture, but very different from the original in Lucian, with which I am persuaded he was unacquainted.*" Very probably. As Sterne's beautiful picture, it seems, is very different from the original in Lucian, no one would suspect him for a moment of having read the original. Nor can there be an earthly motive for emphatically telling us that "Sterne, I am persuaded, was unacquainted with the original," unless it be to tell us at the same time, with equal emphasis, that "I, Dr. Ferriar, am acquainted with it."

It is well understood that there was a course of reading out of which 'Tristram Shandy' grew; without that course of reading Sterne might have written something else,—he could not have written 'Tristram Shandy.' What that something else

would have been it is idle to speculate; but there was that living energy in the man—that power both of humour and pathos—which would surely have developed itself in some direction or another.

But we promised at the commencement of this paper that we would abstain here from literary criticism; and for a fuller detail of the life of Sterne than we are able to find space for, we will refer our readers to Mr. Fitzgerald. His book ought to be read by all who are desirous to obtain an impartial view of the character of one of the most remarkable men in the list of English authors. We have preferred not to enter into minute criticisms upon Mr. Fitzgerald's own manner of writing; it is of that class where there is too incessant, too conspicuous effort to be lively and entertaining. He must excuse us for saying that he would please more if he trusted to the inherent interest of his subject, and laboured less to keep our attention by the little tricks and artifices of composition.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER
IN GENERAL.

PART XV.

THE ENGLISH INQUISITION.

"My Lord," said an eminent Irish counsel, some forty-odd years ago, "if there be any principle embalmed in the glorious constitution of this realm—if there is any right which we claim distinctively as British—it is contained in those noble words, the strongholds against tyranny, the refuge against oppression, '*Nemo me impune lacesset*'—No man is bound to criminate himself."

Now, whether the distinguished authority was perfectly correct in his translation, is not the question I desire to raise here. I simply desire to ask if the great privilege of which we are told we should be so proud avail us much, or indeed avail us anything at all, in presence of the system of cross-examination that is now practised in our law-courts.

Much has been said and written about the licence of the Press—and unquestionably there is a certain tyranny in the expression of opinion so haughtily delivered, so severely conveyed, as we occasionally see it—but what is the most slashing leader, what the most cutting review, to that *mauvais quart d'heure* a man passes in the witness-box when the examining counsel desires to disparage his veracity?

You are sued in some trifling action. It is a question of some garden-seeds or a hearth-rug, the payment for which, for reasons of your own, you dispute. You believe your case a good one; and though the defence may prove more costly than a submission to the demand, your sense of self-respect requires resistance, and you make it.

Now, I am willing that from your earliest have been trained to his true and order; that, good you grew better as a young man; but if you had been a suspect had you been conduct through life, it is next to impossible to stand in which your could have been altered better;—in a word, they have ever shown yourself equal in the pursuit of virtue in resisting every accusation. Get up now into the box, and see what the counsel will make you, him for five-and-forty years, tell me if five-and-twenty could erase the memory of you endured, the insult could not reply to, the were not permitted to re-

In the first place, you sented to the world of court as a species of his mark which Serjeant fire at as long as he had his own ammunition, and range. He may be a stupid, as wrong-headed blundering as the crier he may mistake his facts his brief: but there is what will never forget—there for his own respect you, and that, whether you "for plaintiff" or out of that box you do he has blackened your character defamed your reputation you back to your home injured, and insulted.

Is there a bishop, archbishop on the bench, who in days, or his college-days

after life as tutor, either by word or deed, by something he uttered, something he wrote, some advice he gave, or some advice he did not give, has not in some shape or other done "that thing he ought not to have done," or left undone that which he ought? Is it not very possible that this same error, of whatever kind it may have been, has acted upon his nature either as warning or corrective? Is it not likely that much of his conduct through life has been traced with reference to experiences, bought dearly, perhaps, and that he has shaped his course with the knowledge of these shoals and quicksands which once had threatened him with shipwreck? I take it there must be men amongst us who have learned something from their own errors, and whose example is not the less striking that their manhood is in strong contrast with their youth. I take it that the number of those who could say, I have nothing to secrete, nothing to recant, nothing to unsay, nothing to undo, must be small; and I am strongly disposed to believe that the influence of the very best men would be seriously prejudiced if a perpetual reference were to be made to some circumstances or opinions, or some accidents of their early lives.

Cross-examination rejects all this reserve, and revels in whatever shall display the man in the witness-box as something totally unlike the character he now wears before the world.

Once ingeniously place him in contrast with himself, and he is stamped as a hypocrite; and there is not a man on the jury who will listen to him with any respect.

"I will now ask the witness, my Lord, if the Poem which I hold in my hand, and from which I purpose to read some extracts, was not written by himself. Take that book, sir, and say are those lines yours?"

"My Lord, when I wrote that

"Answer my question, sir. Are you the author of this production?"

"My Lord, I humbly entreat your Lordship's protection, and I desire to know if I am bound to answer this question?"

The Court blandly, almost compassionately, assures him that if he deems any admissions he may make will have the effect of incriminating him, he is not bound to reply; on which the examining counsel, with the leer triumphant towards the jury-box, rejoins, "I will now repeat my question, and the witness will use the discretion which his Lordship informs him is his privilege."

"I was a youth of nineteen, my Lord, when I wrote those verses!" stammers out the confused and almost overwhelmed witness, turning with a human instinct to the one living creature that seems to look pitifully on his sufferings.

"Address yourself to me, sir," shouts out Buzfuz, "and tell me if it was at this same irresponsible period of your life you made the acquaintance of Matilda Gubbins?"

"She was children's governess in my uncle's family," stammers out the blushing martyr, who has a wife and a mother-in-law in court, and whose present miseries pale before the thought of another inquisition that awaits him.

"Gentlemen of the jury," cries Buzfuz, in a voice like that of an avenging angel, "I call upon you to take note of the reply the witness has just returned to my question—a reply of which I hesitate to marvel more at its evasion than at its outrageous effrontery. Instead of a single yes or no to my question, he tells you that his unhappy victim was in a humble position—a poor, perhaps friendless girl."

"Really, brother Buzfuz," interposes the judge, "I must stop this line of cross-examination. It is totally irrelevant to the matter before us."

"My Lord, it is essential to my case to show that this man is not

worthy of credit. He comes here to-day to resist the just demand of a poor and industrious tradesman, and on the faith of his own words to deny the contract that subsisted between them; but before he leaves that box the jury shall see what credence they will accord to one whose whole life has been a tissue of treachery, evasion, and falsehood. My instructions, my Lord, extend to the period of his school-days, of which I now purpose to ask him some questions."

It is in vain for the Court to declare that the witness need not reply to this, that, and the other. We all of us know what effect is produced by a man's refusing to answer some home question, the reply to which we ourselves fancy to be the easiest of all imaginable things, so that when the moment has arrived that the counsel can say, You may go down, sir! he says it with a look, voice, and emphasis that seem to consign the unhappy victim to a depth from which he is

never more to emerge for the remainder of his life.

Now, if these be sore trials to a man, what are they when a woman is the victim? what are they when the vaguest insinuation swells to the magnitude of an insult, and an imputed possibility becomes a grave outrage?

We boast about liberty—we rant about our house being our castle—and we repeat the Pittite about that sanctuary where the rain may enter, and the wind enter, but the King cannot enter; and yet we endure a serfdom ten thousand times more degrading than all the perquisitions of a police, and all the searchings of a "Gendarmerie."

While I write, I read that a verdict, with one thousand pounds damages, has been obtained against a well-known journal for having employed in a criticism the same expressions of disparagement the Attorney-General had used in court; the lawyer being, it is alleged, privileged, the critic is held a defamer!

THRIFT.

I know of nothing so continuously, so pertinaciously overpraised in this world as thrift; nor do I believe that human selfishness ever took on a mask of more consummate hypocrisy than in this same laudation. When I lecture the labouring man on the merits of economy—when I write my little book to show him how life can be maintained on infinitesimal fragments of food, and that homœopathy can apply to diet as well as to physic—my secret motive is often this: to prevent the same man becoming a burden to me, and a charge to the rates, if sickness should overtake or idleness fall upon him. I tell him how he may eke out life on half rations, because the day might come in which he would address himself to me for a meal.

I know there are numbers who do not so act or think, and who

really feel for and compassionate the poor; but even they are prone to suggest sacrifices not one of which they would be capable of making, and instil precepts of self-denial of whose cost they have not the faintest idea.

First of all, thrift is not every man's gift. It is as much an idiosyncrasy as a taste for drawing or an ear for music. There are people in the world whom no amount of teaching would enable to draw a pig or play a polka. You might hammer at these till doomsday without success. Whatever be the cerebral development that confers the quality, they are deficient in it. To harangue such men as these on economy, is like arguing with a deaf man to induce him to dance in time, or insisting on the blind observing the laws of perspective. The quality that should supply the

gift is not there; like St. Cecilia,
Ils n'ont pas de quoi.

In this universal appeal, therefore, to thriftiness, we are as unjust as if we were to enjoin that all men should be painters, statuaries, or poets. There are even races in whom the gift is a very rare endowment, and the man who possesses it an exceptional being. The whole Celtic family are deficient in thrift. There is a mingled recklessness and hopefulness—a dash of devil-may-care with self-confidence, that renders them wasteful. They are spendthrift partly out of a certain impulsiveness that drives them to attract notice; partly out of the general kindliness which loves to disseminate pleasure, and partly because they are intensely sensational; and next to the luxury of affluence is the struggle with a positive difficulty. The Irishman is a strong instance of what I mean. To attempt to make him provident is to try to make the Ethiopian change his skin. You are, in fact, about to do something that nature never intended—never, in her most fanciful mood, so much as speculated on.

Thrift sits very ill on certain natures. If a man's whole system of life is not penetrated with the motive, his attempt to be thrifty will be a failure—not impossibly something worse than a failure. Let me give an instance from my own experience.

A good many years ago, when I was better off in worldly wealth and in spirits than it is likely I shall ever be again, a great man, who was gracious enough to take an interest in me, tendered me some very excellent advice on the score of my wasteful and extravagant mode of life. He pointed out to me how I kept too many horses, gave too many dinners, played high points at whist, and in general indulged in habits totally unsuited to any but men of large means. He brought the matter so home to me by a reference to himself and his own expenditure—he being, as I have said, a

“Personage”—that I could not but feel the application. I pondered over all he said, particularly one point, on which he laid an unusual stress. “Begin your reformation,” said he, “by small economies. You have not an idea how insensibly the desire to extend them will grow on you. Start with something you can do very well without, and you will be astonished to find how many things you now regard as necessities will drop into that category.”

It was not so easy as he said, however, to find that which I could so well dispense with. I liked so many things, and found them all so pleasant! At last I hit upon one; and it is noteworthy that, when a man takes to retrenchment, the first thing he should cut down should be his liberality.

One of my morning pastimes at the time I speak of was to practise pistol-shooting at a gallery in a remote suburb of the city where I lived. It was a pretty spot, with a nice garden, and resorted to by a number of idle amusing fellows, who usually divided their days with a due reference to making them as pleasant as may be. Here we shot, gossiped, betted, and laughed away the forenoon; and though certainly the pastime might be fairly called a superfluity, I had not the heart to abandon it. My conscience, however, urged me to some measure of reduction; and so, I bethought me, I might begin my retrenchment advantageously by cutting off the daily franc I gave a poor devil who used to hold my pony while I was in the gallery.

I made a rough calculation of the pounds per annum this “extravagance” cost me;—how ready one's mental arithmetic becomes at such a moment! It was a matter of, I think I made it, fourteen pounds a-year I was squandering in this wasteful fashion. I will begin with this to-morrow, thought I. It is a good commencement, and I know

of nothing which could less intrench upon my own enjoyments.

When I rode up the next day to the gallery, therefore, I declined the poor fellow's services; and, dismounting, I fastened the bridle of my cob to the hook of the window-shutters, those outside "jalousies" we see in all foreign houses. The poor man's look of dismay, his air of half-reproachful misery, went to my heart; but my great friend had told me to prepare myself for sacrifices. "Your first steps," said he, "will be very painful; now and then they will push you to the very verge of endurance; but you must summon courage to resist, you must go on." And, like one proud of a victory over himself, I stepped boldly on and entered the garden. Was it the consciousness of having done something noble in self-denial that steadied my eye and nerved my hand? Perhaps so. At all events, my first shot struck the very centre, and itself proclaimed the victory by ringing a bell attached to the back of the target, but so loudly and uproariously that my pony, startled by the uproar, broke away, carrying with him window-frame, jealousy, and all together, the repairs amounting to a sum of eighty-seven francs in money, and more ridicule than I am able to set down in a "cash valuation."

This was my first, and, shall I own it? my last attempt at economy. There are temperaments which thrift disagrees with, just as there are constitutions which cannot take opium, or digitalis, or a score of other medicaments that others profit by. Mine, I say it in all humility, is one of them. The agent that acts so favourably in others goes wrong with *me*. Something or other has been omitted in my temperament, or something has been mixed up with it that ought not to have been there. I cannot tell which. Whatever it be, it renders me incapable of practising that sage and well-regulated economy by which other men secure them-

selves against difficulties, and "show a surplus" in their annual balance-sheet.

Just as there are men most eager to become fox-hunters, but who never can sit a fence, or fellows dying to be yachtsmen, but who cannot conquer sea-sickness, I have a most ardent desire to be thrifty, impressed upon me, I own, by that stern condition which is said to be beyond all law. I plot thrift, I dream thrift, I speculate on fifty different ways by which I may reduce the estimates; but, do what I may, it invariably ends in failure. It's always the story of the pony and the window-shutter over again; and so assured have I become, by long and bitter experience, of my incapacity, that whenever I do anything particularly stingy, I have that sensation of mingled vanity and nervousness that so often is felt as the prelude to an outburst of reckless extravagance. I feel myself a spendthrift, and I almost revel in the sense of a thoughtless munificence.

The most striking feature about excessive thrift is its uselessness. Morning does not follow night by a more certain law than does extravagance succeed saving. Pass your whole life in laying up farthings or saving candle-ends, and your son or your nephew, or whoever it be inherits from you, will take care to waste in a week what cost you years to accumulate. Every lesson of your life will be read by him backwards, and all that your dreary existence will have taught him will be warnings against your philosophy.

This thrift tendency would be comparatively harmless if the individual practising it were satisfied with the approval of his own conscience, and the not less pleasant consequences of his increasing store; but this is what he is not—nor can he be. He insists on going about the world recounting all the little shabby and miserable expedients by which he saves money, and tell-

ing all the petty shifts he is put to to preserve existence; and in this way he poisons the life of other men who, poorer than himself, are driven to regard themselves as reckless spendthrifts. My pint of sherry becomes a shameless extravagance the moment I bethink me of my neighbour, who could buy me, and all belonging to me, off the face of the earth, sitting down to his table-beer and saying that he cannot afford better. I may inveigh against his meanness, call him by every hard name I can remember, invest him with every bad quality I can think of, but the victory is

his, and my dry Amontillado will have got a bitter that never belonged to the vintage, and Cleopatra and her pearl will occur to me every time that I touch the decanter.

Now I deny his right to do this. Let him muddy his own well if he likes, but let him not come and throw stones into mine.

A life passed in incessant savings and perpetual self-denials seems to me as logical a mistake as though a man should persist throughout his whole existence in training for a match that was never to come off. I see a good deal of privation in this, and I cannot see the profit.

A PERSONAL-PARLIAMENTARY.

"Messrs Shuffell and Shift present their respectful compliments to Mr. O'Dowd, and beg to learn if he be disposed—as some time he informed them he was—to offer himself for a seat in Parliament. S. and S. have now several borough and two county representations on their list, and are hopeful that neither the pecuniary considerations nor the political obligations will be found any obstacle to Mr. O'Dowd's most natural ambition. An early reply is requested, as a large number of applicants is already in the field."

I received this despatch as I was looking over my fishing-tackle, thinking of hooking something very different from an Under-Secretaryship, or even the berth of Assistant-Commissioner to somebody's commission. I replied at once, intimating that I had a wide conscience and a narrow purse; that my breast was charged with noble aspirations, but I was afraid I had overdrawn my banker. If, then, Messrs S. and S. could hit upon a pure-minded constituency desirous to distinguish themselves in a corrupt age by single-mindedness and devotion, and eager to send into the House a man as unshackled by pledges as he was unstained by

bribery, let me have their address, and they should have mine.

To this came these words, marked "Private"—

"DEAR O'Dowd,—No bosh. Can you come down with fifteen hundred ready? Ba! No, manhood suffrage, no Church, no entail, no anything after ten years.—Yours ever,
MALACHI SHUFFELL."

My reply was—"Money tight, convictions easy, hopes looking up;" and on this we arranged a meeting at Brussels.

Punctual to his appointment, Shuffell arrived an hour after myself. He had but a day to give me, but a day is a long space when two men understand each other, and thoroughly take in, each the intentions of the other. He had brought four specimen boroughs for my inspection. They were the only things going cheap at the moment, for, as he said, "There's a great run on the House now. They all want to get in."

Nothing could be more succinct or business-like than his list. There was first the name of the place, in another column the number of the electors, in a third "available voters," in a fourth general hints for canvass, as thus—"Swamp Leigh with 682.

The Baptist section, and Hoddes the saddler, Maccles of the Fox and Goose, and Tom Groves of the Post-Office. Hints—Reduced taxation, overthrow of the Irish Church subsidy to Congregational religionists, no Sunday traffic, no beer-houses, a general nothingness, and great economy."

"Not the thing for you, Mr. O'D.," said he; "there is no expansiveness here—nothing for the man who 'glories in the name of Briton.' This is better—Comberton, voters 1004; 480 available by various arguments. Of this borough there are annually from forty to fifty drafted into the public service. They like the Revenue, and many are gaugers. They are convivial, Radical, and religious, but above all bigotry in each, and are really devoted to providing for their families, and have always upheld the reputation of the town."

"This is next: Inshakerrigan—Tenant-right, free passage to America, no spirit-duties, No Established Church, no county-rates, the poor on the Consolidated Fund."

The last was a Welsh borough Mnddlmwcrllm; but as the candidate would be called on to pronounce the name, I gave it up at once.

"Is there nothing Conservative?" asked I, for I had several notes in my desk against "growing" Radicalism, the wisdom of our ancestors, and time-honoured institutions.

After a brief pause, he replied, "Yes, there is Ditchley le Moors; but it's costly—very costly: we always keep it for one of the speechless younger sons of a great house."

"You must canvass Ditchley," said he, "in an earl's carriage, and send your orders to the tradespeople by one of the noble lord's funkeys. They have always had that respect paid them, and they like it. Do you happen to know a lord who could spare you his equipage for a week or ten days?"

I shook my head.

"Let us not think of continued he; "besides, it immensely hard to spe side. They all want Eng great, powerful, and Prot with increased armaments nished expenditure. Bul and cut down the Incon the cry. The Church, to upheld in all its stre formity insisted on, and of private judgment ma a difficulty in its way; distance a Reform Bil the franchise to every m pair of black trousers. C this?"

"Scarcely."

"I thought not. Ther easy, tune on the politica the Radical jig, 'Down them.' 'Am I to tell th intelligent assembly I me this evening—an asse represents the skill, the industry, ay, and the in this great nation—that deemed too ignorant, too ed, too irresponsible, and gerous, to be intrusted rights? Is it because by exercise of those quali have made England the of the world, that you excluded from any shai Government whose enac men are more vitally int than yourselves?"

"There's the key-note now."

I arose, threw back my my chest, and continued by labour that life is dig which of us is not prou labourer? If the indbl crat who refuses to let in the rewards and priz State were but to look would find that his own the very pre-eminence were founded on labour, the coronet on his brow v up in the mill or the fa counting-house or the l He would learn that t disciplines the heart, elc

man, and that production is to humanity what creation is to nature."

"No, no; that won't do. None of that. Keep to the labourer—you were good there."

"You are perhaps too narrow-minded for the exercise of the franchise! I wish the men who say this would come down with me to your Mechanics' Institute. I wish they would enter into discussion with some of those intelligent men I met there not more than an hour since. I should like to see their effeminate intellects brought face to face to those great male organisations."

"That's bad; male is Frenchified; say manly."

"You mustn't interrupt," said I; "how the devil am I to keep up the steam if you're always 'banking' my fire? I would like, I say, to see these club-nurtured creatures of self-indulgence and indolence confronted for once with the stupendous vigor of our manufacturing population, and compel them to argue out the great question between them in their proper persons. How do we legislate for the working man? I ask; is it with reference to himself, to his wants, his habits, his hopes, or his instincts? or is it simply by a respect for the convenience, the security, and the wealth of him who employs him? If we change an order in the Court of Bankruptcy, we send out a commission to supply us with information, to search out every detail and particle that may serve to guide us in our judgment, and especially are we concerned to know that no servant of the State should be damaged in his fortune without being duly indemnified; but how do we deal with you? We decree the hours you shall labour, and the hours you shall rest; we settle the periods of your toil as though they were the enactments of a penal code; and when the day of repose arrives, we arrest your plea-

tures, we close to you the few sources of recreation moderate means could compass; we forbid the little excursions that health almost necessitates; and we tell you to sit down and brood over the evil destiny that has made you Englishmen and mechanics!

"Do they like Latin?"

"No; Latin is not quoted in a borough; it will do in the counties and the metropolitan seats, where men cheer it that they may seem to understand it."

"It's a pity: there's nothing rounds off a speech like something with *hominum* in it."

"Keep it for the House; it's always good there."

"And do you really think I shall get there?"

"Your return is certain.—Let us order dinner."

"Wait a moment," said I, "what about a petition? They sometimes try to smash one's election that way."

"A petition," said he, with a sort of contemptuous irritation in his tone, "never succeeds, but against a fellow with some small mean scruple,—some one who hesitates,—some one who won't go in at once and say, Here I am, ready to swear: what shall it be? Bribe? never bribed. Treated? never treated. Promise? never promised. I stand here perfectly unassailable on the score of all corrupt influence, my first and last declaration to the electors being, 'Gentlemen, if you really desire an independent representative—if you are satisfied to send into Parliament a man unpledged and unfettered, and who is no more capable of endeavouring to exert an unfair influence over you than he is of submitting to a similar bondage to himself, I shall be proud to serve you; but if the price of my seat were to be one shilling disbursed in corruption, I would refuse it.'"

"Will a committee believe all this?"

"Not a word of it, but they'll have

to swallow it all the same. Nobody can contradict me but myself; let them try and make me, that's all."

"I'm ready for dinner now," said I, "and with a capital appetite."

A DREAM.

I fell asleep over the Archbishop of York's Charge, and I dreamed a dream! I suppose that the doctor in Mr. Wilkie Collins's story of 'Armada' could, on interrogating me, easily find a clue to each successive portion of my vision, and plainly demonstrate that there was nothing creative in my imaginings—that they were, in fact, mere reproductions of ideas which had once before impinged upon my brain.

Now, whoever glances over the broad sheet of the 'Times'—no matter how cursorily or passing—will in all likelihood have obtained a "reason fair" for a wide discursiveness in his after thoughts, and the Manx physician would have very little difficulty in tracing any consecutive train of ideas to something between the Australian clipper in the first page and the Church Extension Report in the last.

At all events, I dropped off asleep, my mind imbued with the solemn picture of York Cathedral, its stillness broken by but one deep-toned voice, so far off in a shadowy aisle as to sound like a mere echoed thunder in a mountain-gorge; and mixed up with this, at minute-peals, as it were, came the measured boom of loud artillery.

Mr. Collins's doctor would immediately ask if I had not recently been reading the account of the ordnance experiments at Shoeburyness; and I have but to say it is perfectly possible I may, though I can't positively affirm it. My dream was a very confused affair; and all I can pick out of its scattered fragments was, that while standing under the lofty groinings of a stately Gothic cathedral, some one dressed in a cassock, but with a horse-artillery helmet on his head, was explaining to my ignorance the complicated mechanism of an enor-

mous gun. It was, as he informed me, the most perfect piece of casting that had ever come out of a mould; and really, for smoothness, uniformity, solidity, and lustre, it was a marvel to look at. All its mounting, too, was costly and complete; and it was as perfect and as finished as wood and brass could make it.

"This," said he, "is the great cannon of the Established Church, forged at the time of the Reformation out of the scrap-iron of the Church of Rome. It has been well tempered and hammered since that, and is now considered to be the most perfect gun in Christendom. Its range might," he added, "be set down as unlimited; at least it had been known to throw a shell as far as New Zealand: and a very ordinary day's practice was the coast of Africa, or the Islands in the South Pacific." He admitted that now and then accidents did occur from diversity of opinion as to the charge, and the length of the time-fuzes—some shells exploding too soon (they were invented by a certain Colenso), others never going off at all; in fact, as he said, we are all agreed about the gun itself; it is the ammunition that we are disposed to differ on.

"And what do you fire at?" asked I.

"Human wickedness," replied he, "in every shade: whatever corrupts, degrades, and debases man; all that unfits him for a better state and a higher destiny. At these we aim. You should be here," cried he, enthusiastically, "at one of our practising days: such a deafening report, such smoke, such a tremor in the ground as follow the discharge, never were witnessed before."

"And do you always hit the mark?" asked I.

"Well, not always," said he, hesitatingly; "we now and then go short—occasionally to one side, and sometimes clean over it. When we set up the target some thousand miles away—at the North Pole, for instance—a miss doesn't signify so much; there's no one there to record it, and so we conclude we have made a bull's eye; but when we fire at short range it is disagreeable to fail."

"After all," said I, "with such a costly piece of ordnance and such practised gunners, I don't wonder if the public look for very perfect practice."

"As I told you before," said he, "we are not agreed as to the ammunition; some are for compact loading, and would take a long careful aim; others say, Load with grape—fire away right and left, and you'll hit something at last: and disputes have now got so far that each puts in pretty nigh what he likes; and, worse still, some have been known to take a shot at a comrade when he accidentally exposed himself outside the marking hillock."

"This was shameful!" exclaimed I.

"Unhappy, certainly," he replied: "but for all that it's a magnificent gun, and costs the country some millions, too, to keep it in order. There's to be a meeting in a few days now, to determine, if possible, on one kind of charge, not so much for the sake of its efficiency as a projectile, but that it should be easily fired, and that every man could use it. If we could hit upon that," said he, "it would be a great blessing, and mainly promote that good feeling and brotherhood amongst us that the outside world expects to see in us. I must leave you now," said he, pointing to a MS. labelled 'Episcopal Charge'; "the Bishop is waiting for the wadding, and it is his turn to fire;" and so he went.

I cannot give any shape or form to my dreamings after this—short fitful glimpses I had of dumpy little

men in lawn sleeves running wildly to and fro—some with ramrods, some with crossiers. There was much confusion, much noise, and much smoke. I remember no more. When I awoke—taking up as well as I could the fragments of my vision—I endeavoured to lay the pieces together into something consistent. The task was not easy. Sir William Armstrong *would* come into the Chapter House, and there was no means of keeping Messrs. Whitworth and Blakeney out of the Thirty-nine Articles. By a great effort of concentration, however, I fixed one object to the exclusion of the other, and got my eyes steadily bent upon the bishops. Is it true, asked I of myself, as my dream seemed to indicate, that these men, admirably trained and skilled as they were, do not hit the mark they aim at, and that a large proportion of their fire is wide and desultory? And if so, why so?

I do not dare to approach the higher view of the question, but, simply regarding the matter as one affecting the civilisation of the nation, why is the Church so inoperative? why is it so ineffectual in the correction of those vices which, by frequency alone, are sufficient to temper the national disposition, and render a people habitually brutalized and coarse? Why, in one word, is all the expensive organisation we have provided to propagate virtue and conquer vice something not very far from a failure? And why do we occasionally find that the correction of a national disgrace is more referable to that vague and undefined sentiment we call public opinion than to the distinct operation of the Church? Take the case of duelling. If this practice has entirely, or all but entirely, been banished from amongst us, to what or to whom do we owe it? Certainly not to the bishops. The same may be said of the habit of profane swearing. There was a time that men of breeding garnished all they said with oaths, and persons of

education felt it no disgrace to mingle through their talk expressions the coarsest and most irreverent. This has gone, entirely gone. The fast man of the novel or the "Blood" of the comedy no longer offends good taste by such excesses. And who made this reformation? The same enlightened public opinion that suppressed the duel, enlightened through the influence of an able press, quick to mark and to record the advanced civilisation of the nation. With whom then the fault? With the teachers or the scholars? Are the former unsuccessful because they are unwilling to deal with vice save by the weapons of the Church? or are the latter deaf to all appeals save such as come coupled with what may stimulate self-interest or flatter self-love? Preaching certainly never put down duelling, but telling men that if they fought they would be ill looked on and shunned, excluded from trust, cut off from employment. These were arguments that had their weight. So, too, of the habit of using oaths. "Swear not at all" rang out from the pulpit, and men heeded it not; but when they were told it was low-bred, was vulgar, that lords-in-waiting rarely swore, and maids of honour almost never, they began to feel it was the right thing to weed their speech of expletives, and leave curses to the cabmen.

The crusade is now against intemperance, and I am fully convinced that to be successful it must be shown that gentlemen do not get drunk. Once you convince M'Guppy that my Lord Tomnoddy never exceeds three or four glasses of sherry, his snob nature imbibes a virtue through the pores of his vulgarity, and he becomes temperate because it is genteel.

What hypocrisy renders to virtue Snobbery yields to good manners. It is an unsound homage, if you will, but it is still homage, and it would be ill policy to ignore or to reject it.

It takes a long time for the higher graces that adorn a people to filter down to the lower strata of society, but we may see the process going on any day amongst us. Civilisation is now permeating masses in England whose compact insensibility would at one time have seemed to defy all transit. Why should not the Church aid this process, even by an assistance not enjoined by the rubric? Good taste is, I am aware, not the great standard to appeal to; but why not take it as a *mezzo termine*? A people brutalised by low habits and corrupt ways are not very accessible to scriptural admonition. Why not elevate them out of this, and raise them to a level in which higher and nobler appeals will be listened to? Washing a man's hands may not give him an appetite for his dinner, but it will certainly better prepare him to enjoy his meal.

The medieval monks recovered all the prestige that the Church had lost, by devoting themselves to the arts which advance civilisation; and they threw off, besides, the reproach that rash men had been too prone to make, as to priests being essentially lazy and indolent, doing little for themselves, and even less for their neighbours.

The taunt ceased to apply when men saw that these same monks knew more of art, more of literature, were better agriculturists, better craftsmen than all the laity, and that, when the work of life went busily on, with its wars and disputes, its toils, its ambitions, and its jarrings, it was no small privilege to have a class who stood aloof from these passing interests, and whose function it was to link past and future so together, that whatever men had done in bygone days for the betterment of their fellows should not be lost or forgotten, but held as a precious treasure to be transmitted to all posterity.

Might not the lesson they then gave the world be worth remembering now?

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was thus that the reign of Miss Marjoribanks became gradually established and confirmed in Carlingford. It would be unnecessary to enter into detail, or to redouble instances of that singular genius which made itself so fully felt to the farthest limits of society, and which even indeed extended those limits miraculously beyond the magic circle of Grange Lane. Lucilla's powers beguiled not only the Powells and Sir John Richmond's family, who were, as everybody knows, fully entitled to be called county people, and came only on the Thursdays when there was moonlight to light them home, which was not so much to be wondered at, since county society in those parts was unusually heavy at that period; but even, what was more extraordinary, Miss Marjoribanks made a lodgment in the enemy's country on the other side, and made a capture, of all people in the world, of John Brown, who lived in his father's big old house at the town end of George Street, and had always laughed in his cynical way at the pretensions of Grange Lane. But then Lucilla had, as all the ladies admitted, an influence over "the gentlemen," of which, as was natural, they were slightly contemptuous, even if perhaps envious, to some extent, of the gift. For, to be sure, everybody knows that it requires so little to satisfy the gentlemen, if a woman will only give her mind to it. As for Miss Marjoribanks herself, she confessed frankly that she did her best to please Them. "For you know, after all, in Carlingford one is obliged to take them into consideration," she said, with a natural apology. "So many of you poor dear people have to go where they like, and see the people they want

you to see," Miss Marjoribanks added, fluttering her maiden plumes with a certain disdainful pity in the very eyes of Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, who were well aware, both of them, at the bottom of their hearts, that but for Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners, their selfish mates would find infinite objections to the Thursday evening, which was now an institution in Carlingford. And Lucilla knew it just as well as they did, which gave a certain sense of condescension and superiority to her frankness. "I never pretend I don't try to please them," Miss Marjoribanks said; and the matrons found themselves worsted as usual; for, to be sure, it was not for *Them*, but for the good of the community in general, that Lucilla exerted herself so successfully. Nothing indeed could have proved more completely the disinterested character of Miss Marjoribanks's proceedings than her behaviour in respect to Mr. Cavendish, which filled everybody with admiration. After the bold and decisive action taken by Lucilla on the first occasion when the flirtation between him and Barbara Lake became apparent, the misguided young man returned to a better frame of mind; perhaps out of admiration for her magnanimity, perhaps attracted by her indifference, as is the known and ascertained weakness of the gentlemen. And perhaps also Mr. Cavendish was ashamed of himself, as, in Mrs. Chiley's opinion at least, he had so much reason to be. Anyhow, whatever the cause, he behaved himself with the profoundest decorum for several Thursdays in succession, and treated the contralto with such overwhelming politeness as reduced poor Barbara out of her momentary exultation into the depths of humil-

iation and despair. Mr. Cavendish was Lucilla's right hand for that short but virtuous period, and fully justified Miss Marjoribanks's opinion, which was founded at once upon reflection and experience, that to have a man who can flirt is next thing to indispensable to a leader of society; that is to say, if he is under efficient discipline, and capable of carrying out a grand conception. Everything went on delightfully so long as this interval lasted, and Lucilla herself did not disdain to recompense her faithful assistant by bestowing upon him various little privileges, such as naturally appertain to a subject whose place is on the steps of the throne. She took him into her confidence, and made him to a certain extent a party to her large and philanthropic projects, and even now and then accepted a suggestion from him with that true candour and modesty which so often accompany administrative genius. While this continued, kind old Mrs. Chiley kept caressing them both in her old-womanly way. She even went so far as to call Mr. Cavendish "my dear," as if he had been a grandson of her own, and took her afternoon drive in her little brougham past his house with a genial sense of prospective property through Lucilla, which was wonderfully pleasant. To be sure there was not very much known in Carlingford about his connections; but then everybody was aware that he was one of the Cavendishes, and the people who are not content with that must be hard indeed to please. As for Mrs. Woodburn, she, it was true, continued to "take off" Miss Marjoribanks; but then, as Mrs. Chiley justly remarked, she was a woman who would take off the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Virgin Mary, if she had the opportunity; and there was no fear but Lucilla, if once married, would soon bring her to her senses; and then Mr. Chiltern grew more and more feeble, and was scarcely once in a fortnight

in his place in Parliament, which was a sacrifice of the interests of the borough dreadful to contemplate. And thus it was in the interests of Lucilla, notwithstanding that ladies are not eligible for election under such circumstances, that Mrs. Chiley carried on a quiet little canvass for the future M.P.

All this lasted, alas! only too short a time. After a while the level eyebrows and flashing eyes and magnificent contralto of Barbara Lake began to reassert their ancient power. Whatever may be the predisposition of the Cavendishes in general, this particular member of the race was unable to resist these influences. Barbara had managed to persuade Rose to persuade her father that it was necessary for her to have a new dress; and Mr. Lake was more persuadable than usual, being naturally pleased to be complimented, when he went to give his lessons, on his daughter's beautiful voice. "Her talent has taken another development from *ours*," he said, with his little air of dignity, "but still she has the artist temperament. All my children have been brought up to love the beautiful;" and this argument had, of course, all the more effect upon him when repeated by his favourite daughter. "And then Barbara has such a noble head," said Rose; "when nobody is looking at her she always makes a fine composition. To be sure, when she is observed she gets awkward, and puts herself out of drawing; but that is not to be wondered at. I don't want her to be fine, or to imitate the Grange Lane people; but then, you know, papa, you always say that we have a rank of our own, being a family of artists," said Rose, holding up her little head with a pretty arrogance which delighted the father both in a paternal and a professional point of view. "If one could only have made a study of her at that moment," he said to himself, regretfully; and he consented to Bar-

bara's dress. As for the contralto, whose sentiments were very different from those of her father and sister, she watched over the making of the robe thus procured with a certain jealous care which nobody unacquainted with the habits of a family of artists could understand. Barbara's talent was not sufficiently developed to permit of her making the dress herself; but she knew already by sad experience that Rose's views of what was picturesque in costume were peculiar, and not always successful. And then it was only a new dress to Rose, whereas to Barbara it was a supreme effort of passion and ambition and jealousy and wounded *amour propre*. Mr. Cavendish had paid a great deal of attention to her, and she had naturally entertained dreams of the wildest and most magnificent character—of riding in her carriage, as she would herself have said, and dressing as nobody else dressed in Carlingford; and becoming the great lady of the town, and eclipsing utterly Lucilla Marjoribanks, who had been so impertinent as to patronise her. Such had been Barbara's delicious dreams for a whole fortnight; and then Mr. Cavendish, who had taken her up, put her down again, and went away from her side, and delivered himself over, heart and soul, to the service of Lucilla. Barbara had no intellect to speak of, but she had what she called a heart—that is to say, a vital centre, formed by passions, all of which were set in motion by that intense force of self-regard which belongs to some of the lower organisations. Thus she arrayed herself, not in simple muslin, but in all the power of fascination which a strong will and fixed purpose can add to beauty. And in her excitement, and with the sense she had that this was her opportunity, and that advancement and grandeur depended upon the result of her night's work, her level eyebrows, and flushing cheeks, and black intense eyes, rose almost in-

to positive beauty. There was nobody in the room to compare with her when she stood up to sing on that memorable evening. The Miss Browns, for example, were very pretty, especially Lydia, who was afterwards married to young Richmond, Sir John's eldest son; and they were much nicer girls, and far more engaging than Barbara Lake, who was not even a lady, Mrs. Chiley said. But then her determination, though it was a poor enough thing in itself, gave a certain glow and passion to her coarser beauty which it would have been very difficult to explain. When she stood up to sing, the whole room was struck with her appearance. She had her new dress on, and though it was only white muslin like other people's, it gave her the air of a priestess inspired by some approaching crisis, and sweeping forward upon the victim who was ready to be sacrificed. And yet the victim that night was far from being ready for the sacrifice. On the contrary, he had been thinking it all over, and had concluded that prudence and every other reasonable sentiment pronounced on the other side, and that in many ways it would be a very good thing for him if he could persuade Miss Marjoribanks to preside over and share his fortunes. He had made up his mind to this with all the more certainty that he was a man habitually prone to run off after everything that attracted him, in direct opposition to prudence—an inclination which he shared with his sister, who, as everybody knew, had ruined poor Mr. Woodburn's fortunes by "taking off" before his very face the only rich uncle in the Woodburn family. Mr. Cavendish, with this wise resolution in his mind, stood up in the very path of the contralto as she followed Miss Marjoribanks to the piano, and, confident in his determination, even allowed himself to meet her eye—which was rash, to say the least of it. Barbara flashed

upon him as she passed a blaze of intense oblique lightning from under her level brows—or perhaps it was only that straight black line which made it look oblique—and then went on to her place. The result was such as might have been anticipated from the character of the man; and indeed from that hour the history of his perversion could be clearly traced by the interested spectators. Barbara was in richer voice than ever before, and all but obliterated even Lucilla, though she too was singing her best; and thus poor Mr. Cavendish again fell into the snare. That very night the flirtation, which had already created so much talk, was resumed with more energy than ever; and Barbara took Miss Marjoribanks's place at the piano, and sang song after song in a kind of intoxication of triumph. This, to be sure, was visible only to a small portion of the guests who crowded Lucilla's drawing-room. But the result was soon so visible that all Carlingford became aware of it. To be sure, the hero wavered so much that the excitement was kept up for many weeks; but still from the first nobody could have any reasonable doubt as to how it was to end.

And it was while this process of seduction was going on that the character of Miss Marjoribanks revealed itself in all its native grandeur. Lucilla had various kind friends round her to advise her, and especially old Mrs. Chiley, whose indignation went beyond all bounds. "My dear, I would never let her enter my door again—never!" cried the old lady; "I told you long ago I never could bear her looks—you know I warned you, Lucilla. As for her singing, what does it matter? You have a much prettier voice than she has: everybody knows that a soprano is perfect by itself, but a contralto is only a *second*," Mrs. Chiley said, with mingled wrath and satisfaction; "and, my dear, I should never let her enter my house again, if it was me."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, who was now, as usual, equal to the occasion, "it is so nice of you to be vexed. You know I would do anything to please you;—but, after all, there are thousands and thousands of gentlemen, and it is not so easy to find a voice that goes with mine. All my masters always said it was a quite peculiar second I wanted; and suppose Barbara is foolish, that is not to say I should forget my duties," Miss Marjoribanks added, with a certain solemnity; "and then, you know, she has no mother to keep her right."

"And neither have you, my poor dear," said Mrs. Chiley, kissing her *protégée*. As for Lucilla, she accepted the kiss, but repressed the enthusiasm of partisanship with which her cause was being maintained.

"I have *you*," she said, with artless gratitude; "and then I am different," added Lucilla. Nothing but modesty of the most delicate description could have expressed the fact with such a fine reticence. No doubt Miss Marjoribanks was different; and she proved her superiority, if anybody could have doubted it, by the most beautiful behaviour. She took no more notice of the unprincipled flirtation thus set agoing under her very eyes, than if Mr. Cavendish and Barbara Lake had been two figures in gingerbread. So far as anybody knew, not even a flying female shaft from Lucilla's bow, one of those dainty projectiles which the best of women cast forth by times, had ever been directed against the ungrateful young person who had made so unprincipled a use of her admittance into Grange lane; and the faithless gallant had not even the gratification of feeling that Lucilla was "cool" to him. Whether this singular self-denial cost Miss Marjoribanks any acute sufferings, to be sure, nobody could tell, but Mrs. Chiley still marked with satisfaction that Lucilla, poor dear, was able to eat her dinner, of which she had so much need to support her

strength; and after she had eaten her dinner Miss Marjoribanks would go up-stairs and show herself just as usual. She was in perfect voice, and neither lost her colour, nor grew thin, nor showed any of those external signs of a disappointment in love with which most people are familiar. "It might have been different, you know, if my affections had been engaged," she said to her sole and sympathising counsellor; and Mrs. Chiley, who had had a great deal of experience in girls, became more and more of opinion that such sense was all but superhuman. Meantime the tide of public opinion ran very high in Carlingford against Mr. Cavendish, who had been so popular a little while before. If it had been one of the Miss Browns, or a niece of the Colonel's, or indeed anybody in Grange Lane, people might have passed over it—but one of Mr. Lake the drawing-master's daughters! The only person indifferent was Mrs. Woodburn, who ought to have known better; but then she was thoughtless, like her brother, and thought it all the better, on the whole, that he should transfer those attentions which he had been paying to Miss Marjoribanks, and which in that quarter must have come to something, to a little harmless amusement with Barbara, who, after all, was very handsome, and had by times a little air of obdurate stupidity which captivated the mimic. As for anything coming of *that*, Mrs. Woodburn rejected the idea with a simplicity which was perfectly consistent with her insight into other people's weaknesses. She could put on Barbara's stolid defiant look, and even make her eyebrows square, and give something of an oblique gleam to her eyes, with the most perfect skill and mastery of the character, and at the same time be just as stolid as Barbara in respect to what was going on at her very hand, and to the consequences which must follow. She did not want her brother

to marry Miss Marjoribanks, and yet she could not have said a word against so unexceptionable a match; and accordingly it was quite a satisfaction to her to see him turned aside in so perfectly legitimate a manner. She added to her repertory a sketch of Barbara, at the moment when, yielding to Mr. Cavendish's entreaties, she seated herself at the piano "for just one song;" and being perfectly successful in the representation, Mrs. Woodburn took no further care about the matter. To be sure, the hero was sufficiently experienced in such matters to know how to get out of it when it should be the proper time.

Thus the affair progressed which was to have far more serious consequences than these thoughtless persons dreamed of. Barbara ascended again to the heights of exultation and enchantment. Perhaps she was even a little in love; for, after all, she was young, and grateful to the man who thus distinguished her from the world. Yet, on the whole, it is to be feared that his house and his position in society, and the prospect of unlimited millinery, were more to her than Mr. Cavendish. All these details were not perhaps contemplated by himself as he devoted himself to the handsome contralto. He had not begun to dream, as Barbara had done for a long time, of the wedding breakfast and the orange blossoms, or even of furnishing a new drawing-room handsomer than Miss Marjoribanks's, and giving parties which should be real parties and not mere Thursdays. None of these imaginations occupied Mr. Cavendish as he followed Barbara's glowing cheeks and flashing eyes to his undoing. But then if he did not mean it she meant it; and, after all, there are occasions in which the woman's determination is the more important of the two. So that, taking everything into consideration, there can be no doubt that it was very fortunate that Lucilla's affections were not engaged. She behaved as nobody

else in Carlingford was capable of behaving, and very few people anywhere, according to Mrs. Chiley's admiring belief. It was not for a vulgar antagonist like Barbara Lake to touch Lucilla. The way in which she asked her to lunch and went on practising duets with her was angelical—it brought the tears to Mrs. Chiley's eyes; and as for the domestic traitor whom Miss Marjoribanks thus contrived to warm in her magnanimous bosom, she was sometimes so full of spite and disappointment that she could neither eat her lunch or go on with her singing. For, to be sure, the dearest climax of her triumph was wanting so long as Lucilla took no notice;

and so far from taking any notice, Miss Marjoribanks was sweeter and more friendly than usual in her serene unconsciousness. "I am so afraid you have caught cold," Lucilla would say; "if you don't feel clear in your lower notes, we can pass over this passage, you know, for to-day. You must see papa before you go away, and he will order you something; but, my dear Barbara, you must take care." And then Barbara could have eaten her fingers instead of the gloves which she kept biting in her vexation. For, to tell the truth, if Miss Marjoribanks was not jealous, the victory was but half a victory after all.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was thus that Miss Marjoribanks went through all the preliminary stages, and succeeded finally in making a triumph out of what would certainly have been a defeat, and a humbling defeat, for anybody else. She was much too sensible to deceive herself on the subject, or not to be aware that to have a gentleman who was paying attention to her withdrawn from her side in this open manner in the sight of all the world, was as trying an accident as can happen to a woman. Fortunately, as Lucilla said, her affections were not engaged; but then, apart from the affections, there are other sentiments which demand consideration. Everybody in Carlingford (that is to say, everybody who was anybody) knew that Mr. Cavendish had been paying her a great deal of attention, and the situation was one which required the most delicate skill to get through it successfully. Besides, Miss Marjoribanks's circumstances were all the more difficult, since up to this moment she had been perfectly sincere and natural in all her proceedings. Policy had been constantly inspired and backed by nature in the measures Lucilla had

taken for the organisation and welfare of her kingdom, and even what people took for the cleverest calculation was in reality a succession of happy instincts, by means of which, with the sovereignty of true genius, Miss Marjoribanks managed to please everybody by having her own way. A little victory is almost necessary to begin with, and it is a poor nature that does not expand under the stimulus of victory; but now the young reformer had come to the second stage. For, to be sure, that sort of thing cannot last for ever; and this Lucilla, with the natural provision of a ruling mind, had foreseen from the beginning. The shape in which she had feared defeat, if a nature so full of resources could ever be said to fear, was in that of a breakdown, when all the world was looking to her for amusement, or the sudden appearance of a rival entertainer in Carlingford with superior powers; though the last was but a dim and improbable danger, the first was quite possible, and might have arrived at any moment. Miss Marjoribanks was much too sensible not to have foreseen this danger in all its shapes, and even in a kind

of a way to have provided against it. But Providence, which had always taken care of her, as Lucilla piously concluded, had spared her the trial in that form. Up to this moment it had always providentially happened that all the principal people in Carlingford were quite well and disengaged on the Thursdays. To be sure, the ladies had headaches, and the married gentlemen now and then were out of temper in Grange Lane as in other less favoured places; but these social accidents had been mercifully averted on Thursdays, perhaps by means of some special celestial agency, perhaps only through that good-luck which had been born with Lucilla. Not in this vulgar and likely manner was the trial of her strength to come. When she was at the height of her success, and full in the eye of the world, and knew that everybody was remarking her, and that from the saucers for which the Doctor's table was once so famed, but which even Colonel Chiley no longer thought of identifying as Dr. Marjoribanks's, to the fashion of the *high* white frock in which Lucilla had taught the young ladies of Carlingford to appear of an evening, she was being imitated on every hand,—at that moment, when an ordinary person would have had her head turned and gone wild with too much success, Miss Marjoribanks suddenly saw her dragon approaching her. Just then, when she could not put on a new ribbon, or do her hair in a different style, without all Carlingford knowing of it—at that epoch of intoxication and triumph the danger came, sudden, appalling, and unlooked for. If Lucilla was staggered by the encounter, she never showed it, but met the difficulty like a woman of mettle, and scorned to flinch. It had come to be summer weather when the final evening arrived upon which Mr. Cavendish forgot himself altogether, and went over to the insidious enemy whom Miss Marjoribanks had been nourishing

in her bosom. Fifty eyes were upon Lucilla watching her conduct at that critical moment—fifty ears were on the strain to divine her sentiments in her voice, and to catch some intonation at least which should betray her consciousness of what was going on. But if Miss Marjoribanks's biographer has fitly discharged his duty, the readers of this history will have no difficulty in divining that the curiosity of the spectators got no satisfaction from Lucilla. Many people even supposed she had not remarked anything, her composure was so perfect. No growing red or growing pale, no harsh notes in her voice, nor evidence of distracted attention, betrayed that her mind was elsewhere while she was attending to her guests; and yet, to be sure, she saw, just as other people did, that Barbara, all flushed and crimson, with her eyes blazing under their sullen brows, stood in a glow of triumph at the open window, with Mr. Cavendish in devoted attendance, a captive at her chariot-wheels. Matters had been progressing to this point for some time; but yet the two culprits had never before showed themselves so lost to all sense of propriety. Instead of fainting or getting pale, or showing any other symptoms of violent despatch, Lucilla went upon her airy way, indirectly approaching this point of interest. When she came up to that group, which Mrs. Chiley kept regarding as if her kind old countenance, garlanded in her prettiest cap, was a Medusa head, Miss Marjoribanks made a pause, and all Carlingford drew a long breath, and felt its heart stand still, to observe the conflict. But then the conflict was an utterly unequal one, and few people could have any doubt of the result. "Barbara," said Lucilla, "do put your shawl on when you go to the window. You will lose your voice, and then what shall we all do? Mr. Cavendish, please to take her away from the window—take her out of

e draught. I wonder what you n be thinking of to let her stand ere. I should like to know what u would all say if she were to lose r voice."

And when she had said this, Lu-la plunged once more into the vortex of her guests. If she was fronted, or if she was wounded, body found it out; and when rs. Chiley offered the tribute of indignation and sympathy, it is already been recorded how her young friend responded to her. Fortunately my affections never ere engaged," Lucilla said, and no subt that was a great advantage; it then, as we have said, there are her things besides affections to be ken into account when the woman hom you have been kind to, snaps o the man who has been paying tention to you, not only before ur eyes, but before the eyes of l the world. The result of her asterly conduct on this occasion as that her defeat became, as we ve said, a triumph for Miss Mar-ribanks. To be sure, it is to be pped that, in the sweets of their utual regard, the two criminals nd compensation for the disap-oval of the spectators; but nothing ould be more marked than the way hich Carlingford turned its cold oulder on its early favourite. "I ver imagined Cavendish was such fool," Mr. Centum said, who was a an of few words; "if he likes that yle of philandering, it is nothing to e, but he need not make an idiot ' himself." As for Mr. Woodburn, a, as was natural, inflicted vicari- punishment upon his wife. "It ust be all your fault," he growled, hen he was taking her home, and id her at his mercy, with that logic cular to a married man; "you ight to tell him he's making an ass ' himself. Why the deuce do you t him go on with that tomfoolery? e'll lose all his chances in life, and en, I hope, you'll be satisfied. ou women can never see an inch fore your own noses?" cried the civil husband; which, it must be

confessed, was rather hard upon poor Mrs. Woodburn, who had nothing to do with it, and had indeed calculated upon perfecting her sketch of Barbara in the quietness of the walk home; for as everybody lived in Grange Lane, carriages were not necessary for Miss Marjoribanks's guests. They fitted out and in in the moonlight with pretty scarfs thrown over their heads and laced handkerchiefs tied under their chins, and made Grange Lane, between the two straight lines of garden-wall, like a scene in a masquerade on the Thursday evenings. And while Mr. Cavendish was thus suffering by deputy the contempt of his former admirers, Lucilla, by herself in the abandoned drawing-room, was thinking over the evening with a severe but on the whole satisfactory self-examination. After the first shock, which she had encountered with so much courage, Miss Marjoribanks was rather grateful than otherwise to Providence, which had brought the necessary trial upon her in this form. If it had been a breakdown and humiliating failure instead, how different would her sensations have been! and Lucilla was quite conscious that such a thing might have occurred. It might have occurred to her as it had done to so many people to see Thursday come round with a failure of all that made Thursday agreeable. Lady Richmond might have had her influenza that day, and little Henry Centum his sudden attack, which had kept his mother in conversation ever since, and Mrs. Woodburn one of her bad headaches; and as for the Miss Browns, there was nothing in the world but Lucilla's habitual good fortune which prevented them from having blacked their fingers with their photography to such an extent as to make them perfectly unpresentable. Or, to turn to another chapter of accidents, the last duet, which Barbara had insisted upon singing without pro-

per practice, might have broken down utterly. None of these things had happened, and Lucilla drew a long breath of gratitude as she thought how fortunate she had been in all these particulars. To be sure it was necessary to have a trial of one kind or other; and the modest but intense gratification of having stood the test diffused itself like a balm through her bosom. No doubt she would have felt, like most people, a certain pleasure in snubbing Barbara; but then there is, on the other hand, a sweetness in sacrificing such impulse to the sacred sense of duty and the high aims of genius which is still more attractive to a well-regulated mind. Miss Marjoribanks herself put out the candles, and went to her own room with that feeling of having acquitted herself satisfactorily which many people think to be the highest gratification of which the mind is capable. After all, it was by no means certain that Mr. Cavendish would be M.P. for Carlingford. Mr. Chiltern might live for twenty years, or he even might get better, which was more unlikely; or supposing him to be comfortably disposed of, nobody could say with any certainty that some men unknown at present in Carlingford might not start up all of a sudden and gain the most sweet voices of the shopkeepers, who were, to be sure, the majority of the community, and quite outnumbered Grange Lane. It was thus that Lucilla consoled herself as she went to her maiden retirement; and it will be seen that in all this she made very small account of Barbara, who was at that moment hoping that Miss Marjoribanks hated her, and making fancy pictures of her rival's despair. But then there could not be a moment's doubt that Barbara Lake was a foeman quite unworthy of Lucilla's steel.

While all this was going on, Dr. Marjoribanks remained an amused spectator, and chuckled a little

quietly, without saying anything to anybody, over the turn affairs had taken. The Doctor knew all about everybody in Carlingford, and he had never been an enthusiast in favour of Mrs. Woodburn's brother, notwithstanding that the young man had been received so warmly into society as one of the Cavenishses. Perhaps Dr. Marjoribanks being Scotch, and having a turn for genealogy, found the description a little vague; but at all events there can be no doubt that he laughed to himself as he retired from the scene of his daughter's trials. Perhaps the Doctor thought, in a professional point of view, that a little discipline of this description would be useful to Lucilla. Perhaps he thought it would be good for her to find out that—though she had managed to slip the reins out of his hands, and get the control of affairs with a skill which amused the Doctor, and made him a little proud of her abilities, even though he was himself the victim—she could not go on always unchecked in her triumphant career, but must endure like other people an occasional defeat. No doubt, had Lucilla been really worsted, paternal feeling would have interposed, and Dr. Marjoribanks would to some extent have suffered in her suffering; but then the case was different, and nobody required, as it turned out, to suffer for Lucilla. The Doctor was pleased she had shown so much spirit, and pleased also to see how entirely she had discomfited her antagonists, and turned the tables upon the "young puppy," in whom he had no confidence; and withal Dr. Marjoribanks chuckled a little in his secret heart over the event itself, and concluded that it would do Lucilla good. She had vanquished Nancy, and by a skilful jerk taken the reins out of his own experienced hands. It is true that, notwithstanding all this, the Doctor was conscious that he had been on the whole very wisely go-

verned since his abdication, but yet he was not sorry that the young conqueror should feel herself human; so that nobody except Mrs. Chiley felt that mingled rage and disappointment with which Barbara Lake had hoped to inspire Lucilla's bosom; and Mrs. Chiley, so to speak, had nothing to do with it. As for Barbara herself, she returned home in a state of mingled spite and exultation and disgust, which filled her sister with amazement.

"She is such an actor, you know," Barbara said; "she never will give in to let you know how she is feeling—not if she can help it; but for all that she must have felt it. Nobody could help feeling it, though she carried it off so well. I knew how it would be, as soon as I had on a dress that was fit to be seen."

"What is it that she could not help feeling?" said Rose. "I suppose it is Lucilla you mean?"

"I should like to know what right she had to be kind to me," cried Barbara, all glowing in her sullen but excited beauty; "and invite me there, and introduce me in her grand way, as if she was any better than I am! And then to look at all her India muslins; but I knew it would be different as soon as I had a decent dress," said the contralto, rising up to contemplate herself in the little mirror over the mantelpiece.

This conversation took place in Mr. Lake's little parlour, where Rose had been waiting for her sister, and where Barbara's white dress made an unusual radiance in the dim and partially-lighted room. Rose herself was all shrouded up in her morning dress, with her pretty round arms and shoulders lost to the common view. She had been amusing herself as she waited by working at a corner of that great design which was to win the prize on a later occasion. Readers of this history who have studied the earlier chapters will remember that

Rose's tastes in ornamentation were very clearly defined for so young a person. Instead of losing herself in vague garlands of impossible flowers, the young artist clung with the tenacity of first love to the thistle leaf, which had been the foundation of her early triumphs. Her mind was full of it even while she received and listened to Barbara; whether to treat it in a national point of view, bringing in the rose and shamrock, which was a perfectly allowable proceeding, though perhaps not original—or whether she should yield to the "sweet feeling" which had been so conspicuous in her flounce, in the opinion of the Marlborough-House gentleman—or whether, on the contrary, she should handle the subject in a boldly naturalistic way, and use her spikes with freedom,—was a question which occupied at that moment all Rose's faculties. Even while she asked Barbara what the subject was on which Lucilla might be supposed to be excited, she was within herself thinking out this difficult idea—all the more difficult, perhaps, considering the nature of the subject, since the design in this case was not for a flounce, in which broad handling is practicable, but for a veil.

"I wish you would not talk in that foolish way," said Rose; "nobody need be any better than you, as you say. To be sure, we don't live in Grange Lane, nor keep a carriage; but I wish you would recollect that these are only accidental circumstances. As for dress, I don't see that you require it; our position is so clearly defined; we are a family of—"

"Oh, for goodness gracious sake, do be quiet with your family of artists," cried Barbara. "Speak for yourself, if you please. I am not an artist, and never will be, I can tell you. There are better places to live in than Grange Lane; and as for keeping a carriage, I would never call a little bit of a brougham a carriage, if it was me. Lucilla

made believe to take no notice, but she did not deceive me with that. She was as disappointed as ever she could be—I daresay now she's sitting crying over it. I never would have cared one straw if I had not wanted to serve Lucilla out!" cried the contralto, with energy. She was still standing before the glass pulling her black hair about into new combinations, and studying the effect; and as for Rose, she too looked up, and, seeing her sister's face reflected in the glass, made the discovery that there was something like grimace in the countenance, and paused in the midst of her meditations with her pencil in her hand.

"Don't put yourself out of drawing," said Rose; "I wish you would not do that so often. When the facial angle is disturbed to that extent—— But about Lucilla, I think you are excessively ungrateful. Gratitude is not a servile sentiment," said the little Preraphaelite, with a rising colour. "It is a slavish sort of idea to think any one has done you an injury by being kind to you. If that is the sort of thing you are going to talk of, I think you had better go to bed."

"Then I will, and I sha'n't tell you anything," said Barbara, angrily—"you are so poor-spirited. For my part, do you think I'd ever have gone to help Lucilla and sing for her, and all that sort of thing, if it had not been to better myself? Nor I wouldn't have thought of *him* just at first, if it hadn't been to spite *her*. And I've done it too. I'd just like to look in at her room window and see what she's about. I daresay she is crying her eyes out, for all her looking as if she took no notice. I know better than to think she doesn't care. And, Rose, he's such a dear," said Barbara, with a laugh of excitement. To be sure, what she wanted was to be Mrs. Cavendish, and to have a handsome house and a great many nice dresses; but at the same time she was young, and Mr. Cavendish was good-looking,

and she was a little in love, in her way, as well.

"I don't want to hear any more about it," said Rose, who was so much moved as to forget even her design. "I can't think how it is you have no sense of honour, and you one of the Lakes. I would not be a traitor for a dozen Mr. Cavendishes!" cried Rose, in the force of her indignation. "He must be a cheat, since you are a traitor. If he was a true man he would have found you out."

"You had better be quiet, Rosa," said Barbara; "you may be sure I shall never do anything for you after we are married, if you talk like that; and then you'll be sorry enough."

"After you are married! has he asked you to marry him?" cried Rosa. She pushed away her design with both her hands in the vehemence of her feelings, and regarded her sister with eyes which blazed, but which were totally different in their blazing from those which burned under Barbara's level eyebrows. It was too plain a question to have a plain answer. Barbara only lighted her candle in reply, and smiled and shook her head.

"You don't suppose I am going to answer after your insulting ways," she said, taking up her candle; and she swept out of the room in her white dress with a sense of pleasure in leaving this grand point unsettled. To be sure, Mr. Cavendish had not yet asked that important question; but then the future was all before them, and the way clear. As for Rose, she clenched her little fists with a gesture that would have been too forcible for any one who was not an artist, and a member of a family of artists. "To think she should be one of us, and not to know what honour means," said Rose; "and as for this man, he must be a cheat himself, or he would find her out."

This was how Mr. Cavendish's defection from Lucilla took place;

and at the same time it is a satisfaction to know that the event was received by everybody very much as little Stone Lake received it. And as for Miss Marjoribanks, if Barbara could have had the malicious satisfaction of looking in at the window, she would have been mortified to find that right-minded young woman

sleeping the sleep of the just and innocent, and enjoying repose as profound and agreeable as if there had been no Mr. Cavendish in the world, not to speak of Carlingford;—which, to be sure, was a result to be greatly attributed to Lucilla's perfect health, and entire satisfaction with herself.

CHAPTER XV.

This event was of far too much importance in the limited world of Grango Lane to pass over without some of the many commentaries which were going on upon the subject coming to the ears of Miss Marjoribanks, who was the person principally concerned. As for the Doctor, as we have already said, he was so far lost to a sense of his paternal duties as to chuckle a little within himself over the accident that had happened to Lucilla. It had done her no harm, and Dr. Marjoribanks permitted himself to regard the occurrence in a professional point of view, as supplying a little alternative which he could scarcely administer himself; for it is well known that physicians are seldom successful in the treatment of their own families. He was more jocular than usual at breakfast for some days following, and, on the morning of the next Thursday, asked if everybody was to come as usual, with a significance which did not escape the young mistress of the house.

"You know best, papa," she said, cheerfully, as she poured him out his coffee: "if there is anybody who is ill and can't come, it must be your fault—but I did not hear that any one was ill."

"Nor I," said the Doctor, with a quiet laugh; and he could not help thinking it would be good sport to see Cavendish come into the drawing-room all by himself without any support, and make his appearance before Miss Marjoribanks, and do his best to be agree-

able, with an awful consciousness of his bad behaviour, and nobody sufficiently benevolent to help him out. The Doctor thought it would serve him right, but yet he was not sufficiently irritated nor sufficiently sympathetic to lose any of the humour of the situation; and it was with a little zest, as for something especially piquant, that he looked forward to the evening. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she too recognised the importance of the occasion. She resolved to produce that evening a new *plat*, which had occupied a corner of her busy mind for some time past. It was an era which called for a new step in advance. She sat down by the window to wait the appearance of Nancy, with various novel combinations floating in her creative brain. Her first chapter seemed to Lucilla's eyes to be achieved and concluded. She had had much success, in which a mind of correct sentiments could not but find cause of satisfaction; and now was the time to enter upon a second and still more important stage. While she was revolving these ideas in her mind, Nancy came in with more than her usual briskness. It is true that Lucilla had her household well in hand, and possessed the faculty of government to a remarkable extent; but still, under the best of circumstances, it was a serious business to propose a new dish to Nancy. Dr. Marjoribanks's factum was a woman of genius in her way, and by no means an obsequious or an enemy of pro-

gress; but then she had a weakness common to many persons of superior intelligence and decided character. When there was anything new to be introduced, Nancy liked to be herself the godmother of the interesting novelty; for, to be sure, it was her place, and Miss Lucilla, though she was very clever, was not to be expected to understand what came in best with the other dishes for a dinner. "I ain't one as goes just upon fish and flesh and fowl, like some as call themselves cooks," Nancy said. "If I have a failing, it's for things as suits. When it's brown, make it brown, and don't be mean about the gravy-beef—that's my principle; and when it ain't brown, mind what you're a-doing of—and don't go and throw a heap of entrées and things at a gentleman's head without no 'armony. I always says to Miss Lucilla as 'armony's the thing; and when I've set it all straight in my mind, I ain't one as likes to be put out." Nancy would add, with a gleam of her eye which betokened mischief. Miss Marjoribanks was much too sensible not to be aware of this peculiarity; and accordingly she cleared her throat with something as near nervousness as was possible to Lucilla before she opened her lips to propose the innovation. Miss Marjoribanks, as a general rule, did not show much nervousness in her dealings with her prime-minister, any more than in her demeanour towards the less important members of society; and consequently Nancy remarked the momentary timidity, and a flash of sympathy and indignation took the place of the usual impulse of defiance.

"I heard as master said, there was some gentleman as wasn't a-coming," said Nancy. "Not as one makes no difference in a dinner; but I allays likes to know. I don't like no waste, for my part. I ain't one as calk'lates too close, but if there's one thing as I hates like poison, it's waste. I said as I would ask,

for Thomas ain't as correct as could be wished. Is it one less than usual, Miss Lucilla?" said Nancy; and it was Lucilla's fault if she did not understand the profound and indignant sympathy in Nancy's voice.

"Oh, no; it is just the usual number," said Miss Marjoribanks. "It was only a joke of papa's—they are all just as usual——" And here Lucilla paused. She was thinking of the dish she wanted, but Nancy thought she was thinking of Mr. Cavendish, who had treated her so badly. She studied the countenance of her young mistress with the interest of a woman who has had her experiences, and knows how little *They* are to be depended upon. Nancy murmured "Poor dear!" under her breath, almost without knowing it, and then a brilliant inspiration came to her mind. Few people have the gift of interfering successfully in such cases, but then to offer consolation is a Christian duty, especially when one has the confidence that to give consolation is in one's power.

"Miss Lucilla, I would say, as you've been doing too much, if anybody was to ask me," said Nancy, moved by this generous impulse, "all them practisings and things. They're well enough for young ladies as ain't got nothing else to do; but you as has such a deal in your hands—— If there was any little thing as you could fancy for dinner," said Nancy, in her most bland accents. "I've set it all down as I thought would be nicest, allays if you approves, Miss Lucilla; but if there was any little thing as you could fancy——" "Poor dear, it's all as we can do," she murmured to herself. The faithless could not be brought back again; but Ariadne might at least have any little thing she could fancy for dinner, which, indeed, is a very general treatment of such a case on the part of perplexed sympathisers who do not know what to say.

Lucilla was so excited for the moment by this unusual evidence

of her own good fortune, that she had almost spoiled all by sitting straight up and entering with her usual energy into the discussion—but instinct saved Miss Marjoribanks from this mistake. She lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity, and instead of having a fight with Nancy, and getting a reluctant consent, and still more reluctant execution of the novelty, Lucilla felt that she was doing that excellent woman a favour by naming her new dish. Nancy approved so thoroughly as to be enthusiastic. "I always said as she had a deal of sense," she said afterwards, triumphantly. "There ain't one young lady in a hundred as knows what's good for her, like Miss Lucilla." But notwithstanding this fervent declaration of approval, Nancy, softened as she was, could not but linger, when all was concluded, to give a little advice.

"I wouldn't worrit myself with all them practisings, Miss Lucilla, if I was you," said her faithful retainer. "They're a deal too much for you. I've took the liberty, when all was cleaned up, to go on the stair and listen a bit, and there ain't nothing to equal it when you're a-singing by yourself. I don't think nothing of them duets—and as for that bold-faced brazen thing——"

"Oh, Nancy, hush!" said Lucilla; "Miss Lake has a beautiful voice. If she does not look quite like a lady, it is not her fault, poor thing. She has no mamma to set her right, you know. She is the best assistant I have—she and Mr. Cavendish," said Lucilla, sweetly; and she gave Nancy a look which moved the faithful servant almost to tears, though she was not addicted to that weakness. Nancy retired with the most enthusiastic determination to exert herself to the utmost for the preparation of the little dish which Lucilla fancied. "But I wouldn't worrit about them duets," she said again, as she left the room. "I wouldn't, not if I was you, Miss Lucilla,

asking pardon for the liberty: as for having no mamma, you have no mamma yourself, and you the young lady as is most thought upon in Carlingford, and as different from that brazen-faced thing, with her red cheeks——"

"Hush, oh hush, Nancy," Lucilla said, as she sank back in her chair; but Miss Marjoribanks, after all, was only human, and she was not so distressed by these unpolished epithets applied to her *collaborateur* as she might or perhaps ought to have been. "Poor Barbara! I wish she could only look a little bit like a lady," she said to herself; and so proceeded with her preparations for the evening. She had all her plans matured, and she felt quite comfortable about that Thursday which all her friends were thinking would be rather trying to Lucilla. To tell the truth, when a thing became rather trying, Lucilla's spirits rose. Mr. Cavendish's desertion was perhaps, on the whole, more than compensated for by the exhilaration of a difficulty to be encountered. She too began to forecast, like her father, the possibilities of the evening, and to think of Mr. Cavendish coming in to dinner when there was nobody to support him, and not even a crowd of people to retire among. Would he run the risk of coming, under the circumstances? or, if he came, would he prostrate himself as he had done on a previous occasion, and return to his allegiance? This question roused Lucilla to a degree of energy unusual even to her who was always energetic. It was then that the brilliant idea struck her of adjourning to the garden in the evening—a practice which was received with such enthusiasm in Carlingford, where the gardens were so pretty. She put on her hat directly and went down stairs, and called the gardener to consult him about it; and it was thus that she was employed when Mrs. Chiley rang the bell at the garden-gate. If it had been anybody else in Carlingford, Lucilla would have led her

back again to the house, and said nothing about the subject of her conference with the gardener; for it is always best, as all judicious persons are aware, not to forestall these little arrangements which make so agreeable a surprise at the moment; but then Mrs. Chiley was Miss Marjoribanks's special confidant. The old lady had her face full of business that bright morning. She listened to what her young friend proposed, but without hearing it, and said, "Oh yes, my dear, I am sure it will be charming," without the very least notion what it was she applauded. "Let us go in and sit down a moment, for I have something to say to you, Lucilla," Mrs. Chiley said; and when they had reached the drawing-room and shut the door, the Colonel's wife gave her favourite a kiss, and looked anxiously in her face. "You have not been to see me since Monday," said Mrs. Chiley. "I am sure you are not well, or you could not have stayed away so long; but if you did not feel equal to going out, why did not you send for me, Lucilla, my poor dear?" Though Miss Marjoribanks's thoughts at that moment were full of the garden, and not in the least occupied with those more troublesome matters which procured for her Mrs. Chiley's sympathy, she placed the kind old lady in the most easy chair, and sat down by her, as Mrs. Chiley liked to see a young creature do. Lucilla's affairs were too important to be trusted to a young *confidante* of her own age; but even a person of acknowledged genius like Miss Marjoribanks is the better of some one to whom she can open up her breast.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley!" said Lucilla, "I am quite well, and I meant to have come to see you to-day."

"My poor dear!" said Mrs. Chiley again. "You say you are quite well, for you have such a spirit; but I can see what you have been going through. I don't understand how you can keep on, and do so much. But it was not *that* that

brought me here. There is some one coming to Carlingford that I want you to meet, Lucilla. He is a relation of Mary Chiley's husband, and as she does not get on very well with them, you know, I think it is our duty to be civil. And they say he is a very nice man; and young—enough," said Mrs. Chiley, with a look of some anxiety, pausing to see the effect produced upon Lucilla by her words.

Miss Marjoribanks had not, as she once confessed, a very vivid sense of humour, but she laughed a little, in spite of herself, at the old lady's anxious look. "Don't be sorry for me," she said; "I told you that fortunately my affections were not engaged. I don't want any new gentleman introduced to me. If *that* was what I was thinking of, I never need have come home," Lucilla said, with a little dignity; and yet, to be sure, she was naturally curious to know who the new man, who was very nice and young—enough, could be; for such apparitions were not too plentiful in Carlingford; and it did not seem in reason that an individual of this interesting description could come out of Colonel Chiley's house.

"My dear, he is a clergyman," said Mrs. Chiley, putting her hand on Miss Marjoribanks's arm, and speaking in a half whisper; "and you know a nice clergyman is always nice, and you need not think of him as a young man unless you like. He has a nice property, and he is Rector of Basing, which is a very good living, and Archdeacon of Stanmore. He has come here to hold a visitation, you know; and they say that if Carlingford was made into a bishopric, he is almost sure to be the first bishop; and you know a bishop, or even an archdeacon, has a very nice position. I want to be civil to him for Mary Chiley's sake, who is not on such terms as we could wish with her husband's friends; and then I suppose he will have to be a great deal in Carlingford, and I should like him

to form a good impression. I want you and your dear good papa to come and meet him; and then after that—but one thing is enough at a time,” the old lady said, breaking off with a nod and a smile. She too had brought her bit of consolation to Lucilla; and it was a kind of consolation which, when administered at the right moment, is sometimes of sovereign efficacy, as Mrs. Chiley was aware.

“I am sure papa will be very happy,” said Lucilla; “and indeed, if you like, I shall be very glad to ask him here. If he is a friend of yours, that is quite enough for me. It is very nice to know a nice clergyman; but as for being a young man, I can’t see how that matters. If I had been thinking of *that*, I need never—but I should think papa would like to meet him; and you know it is the object of my life to please papa.”

“Yes, my poor dear,” said the Colonel’s wife, “and he would be hard-hearted indeed if he was not pleased; but still we must consider you too a little, Lucilla. You do everything for other people, and you never think of yourself. But I like to see you with nice people round you, for my part,” Mrs. Chiley added—“really nice people, and not these poor-spirited, ungrateful—”

“Hush, hush!” said Lucilla; “I don’t know such nice people anywhere as there are in Carlingford. Some people are never pleased with their neighbours, but I always get on so well with everybody. It is my good luck, you know; and so long as I have you, dear Mrs. Chiley—”

“Ah, Lucilla!” said the old lady, “that is very kind of you—and you could not have anybody that is fonder of you than I am; but still I am an old woman, old enough to be your grandmother, my dear—and we have your future interests to think of. As for all the vexations you have had, I think I could find it in my heart to turn

that ungrateful creature to the door. Don’t let her come here any more. I like your voice a great deal better when you are singing by yourself—and I am sure the Archdeacon would be of my opinion,” said Mrs. Chiley, with a confidence which was beautiful to behold. It was true she had not seen her new hero as yet, but that only left her so much more free to take the good of him and his probable sentiments; for to persons of frank and simple imagination a very little foundation of fact is enough to build upon. No doubt the Archdeacon would be of her opinion when he knew all the features of the case.

“Dear Mrs. Chiley, it is so nice of you to be vexed,” said Lucilla, who thought it as well not to enter into any farther argument. “Papa will be delighted, I am sure, and I can come in the evening. The Colonel likes to have only six people, and you will be three to start with, so there can’t be any room for me at dinner; and you know I don’t mind about dinner. I shall come in the evening and make tea for you—and if you think he would like to come next Thursday—” said Lucilla, graciously. This was how it was eventually settled. Mrs. Chiley went home again through Grange Lane in the sunshine, with that little old-womanish hobble which Mrs. Woodburn executed with such precision, perfectly satisfied with her success, and indulging herself in some pleasant visions. To be sure, a nice clergyman is always nice to know, even though nothing more was to come of it; and a new man in the field of such distinguished pretensions, would be Lucilla’s best defence against any sort of mortification. As for Miss Marjoribanks herself, she was thinking a great deal more of the new details for the approaching evening than of anything else more distant, and consequently less important; but, on the whole, she was by no means displeased to

hear of the Archdeacon. In such a work as hers, a skilful leader is always on the outlook for auxiliaries; and there are circumstances in which a nice clergyman is almost as useful to the lady of the house as a man who can flirt. To be sure, now and then there occurs a rare example in which both these qualities are united in one person; but even in the most modest point of view, if he was not stupid or obstinately Low-Church, there was nothing to despise in the apparition of the Archdeacon thus suddenly blown to her very door. While she had the seats placed in the garden (not too visibly, but shrouded among the shrubs and round the trunks of the trees), and chose the spot for a little illumination, which was not to be universal, like a tea-garden, but concentrated in one spot, under the big lime-tree, Lucilla permitted herself to specu-

late a little about this unknown hero. She did not so much ask herself if he would be dark or fair, according to the usage of young ladies, as whether he would be High or Broad. But, however, that question, like various others, was still hidden in the surrounding darkness.

This was how Mrs. Chiley did her best to cheer up Lucilla in the discouragement from which she supposed her young friend to be suffering. It was perhaps a loftier expedient in one way than Nancy's desire that she should have something she would fancy for dinner; but then there could not be any doubt as to the kindness which prompted both suggestions; and, after all, it is not what people do for you, but the spirit in which they do it, which should be taken into consideration, as Lucilla most justly observed.

CHAPTER XVI.

That Thursday evening was one which all the people in Grange Lane had unanimously concluded would be rather hard upon Miss Marjoribanks. To be sure, when a crisis arrives there is always a certain excitement which keeps one up; but afterwards, when the excitement is over, then is the time when it becomes really trying. There was naturally, under these circumstances, a larger assemblage than usual to watch the progress of the little drama, and how Lucilla would behave; for, after all, society would be excessively tame if it were not for these personal complications, which are always arising, and which are so much better than a play. As for the Doctor himself, the portion of the evening's entertainment which particularly amused him was that which preceded all the rest—the reception given by Lucilla to her guests at dinner, and especially to the culprit, who came in quite alone, and found nobody to stand

up for him. Mr. Cavendish, who felt to the full the difficulty of his position, and, to tell the truth, was a little ashamed of himself, came late, in order to abridge his trial as much as possible; but Lucilla's habitual good-fortune was not confined only to her own necessities, but seemed to involve everybody opposed to her in a ceaseless ill-luck, which was very edifying to the spectators. Mr. Cavendish was so late that the other guests had formed into groups round the room, leaving a great open space and avenue of approach to the lady of the house in the middle; and the audience, thus arranged, was very impatient and unfavourable to the lingerer who kept them waiting for their dinner. When he came in at last, instead of doing anything to help him, everybody ceased talking and looked on in stern silence as the wretched culprit walked all the length of the room up to Lucilla through the unoccupied space which

exposed him so unmercifully on every side. They all stopped in the middle of what they were saying, and fixed stony eyes on him, as the dead sailors did on the Ancient Mariner. He had a very good spirit, but still there are circumstances which take the courage out of a man. To be sure, Miss Marjoribanks, when he reached her at last, received Mr. Cavendish with the utmost grace and cordiality; but it is easy to imagine what must have been the feelings of the unfortunate young man. The Balaclava charge itself, in the face of all the guns, could have been nothing to the sensation of walking through that horrible naked space, through a crowd of reproachful men who were waiting for dinner; and it was only after it was all over, and Mr. Cavendish had safely arrived at Miss Marjoribanks's side, and was being set at his ease, poor wretch, by her incomparable sweetness, that the Doctor, with a certain grim smile on his countenance, came and shook hands with his unfortunate guest. "You are late," Dr. Marjoribanks said, taking out the great watch by which all the pulses of Grange Lane considered it their duty to keep time, and which marked five minutes after seven, as everybody could see. It was ten minutes after seven by the pretty French clock on the mantelpiece, and at least twenty by the lowering countenances of Dr. Marjoribanks's guests. Mr. Cavendish made the best of his unhappy position, and threw himself upon Lucilla's charity, who was the only one who had any compassion upon him; for to see Mrs. Chiley's forbidding countenance no one could have believed that she had ever called him "my dear." "Dinner is on the table, papa," Miss Marjoribanks said, with a little reassuring nod to the culprit who had made her his refuge; and she got up and shook out her white draperies with a charitable commotion for which her faithless admirer blessed her in

his heart. But the place at her left hand was not left vacant for Mr. Cavendish; he had not the spirit to claim it, even had he had the time; and the consequence was that he found himself next to his brother-in-law at table, which was indeed a hard fate. As for Lucilla, nobody had ever seen her in better spirits or looks; she was quite radiant when the famous dish made its appearance which Nancy had elaborated to please her, and told the story of its introduction to her two next neighbours, in a half whisper, to their immense amusement. "When the servants are gone I will tell you what we are laughing at," she breathed across the table to Mrs. Chiley, who was "more than delighted," as she said, to see her dear Lucilla keeping up so well; and when the dessert was upon the table, and Thomas had finally disappeared, Miss Marjoribanks kept her promise. "I could not think how I was to get her to consent," Lucilla said, "but you know she thought I was in low spirits, the dear old soul, and that it would be a comfort to me." Though there was often a great deal of fun at Dr. Marjoribanks's table, nothing was ever heard there to compare with the laughter that greeted Lucilla's narrative. Everybody was so entirely aware of the supposed cause of the low spirits, and indeed was so conscious of having speculated, like Nancy, upon Miss Marjoribanks's probable demeanour at this trying moment, that the laughter was not mere laughter, but conveyed, at the same time, a confession of guilt and a storm of applause and admiration. As for Mr. Cavendish, it was alarming to look at him in the terrible paroxysm of confusion and shame which he tried to shield under the universal amusement. Miss Marjoribanks left the dining-room that evening with the soothing conviction that she had administered punishment of the most annihilating kind, without for a moment diverging from the perfect sweet-

ness and amiability with which it was her duty to treat all her father's guests. It was so complete and perfect that there was not another word to be said either on one side or the other; and yet Lucilla had not in the least committed herself, or condescended from her maiden dignity. As for Dr. Marjoribanks, if he had chuckled over it before, in anticipation, it may be supposed how he enjoyed now this perfect vindication of his daughter's capacity for taking care of herself. The sound of the victory was even heard up-stairs, where the young ladies at the open windows were asking each other, with a little envy, what the men could be laughing at. There was, as we have said, a larger assembly than usual that night. For one thing, it was moonlight, and all the people from the country were there; and then public curiosity was profoundly concerned as to how Lucilla was to conduct herself on so trying an occasion. The laughter even jarred on the sensitive feelings of some people who thought, where a young girl's happiness was concerned, that it was too serious a matter to be laughed at; but then Miss Marjoribanks was not a person who could be classed with ordinary young girls, in the general acceptance of the word.

It was when things were at this crisis, and all eyes were directed to Lucilla, and a certain expectation was diffused through the company, that Miss Marjoribanks made that proposal of adjourning to the garden, which was received with so much applause. Lucilla's instinct, or rather her genius, had warned her that something out of the ordinary course of proceedings would be expected from her on that special occasion. She could not get up and make a speech to her excited and curious audience, neither could she, *apropos* of nothing, tell over again the story which had been received with such applause down-stairs; and yet something was wanting. The ordinary routine did not

satisfy Lucilla's constituency, who had come with the laudable intention of observing her on a trying occasion, and watching how she got through it. "The air is so delicious to-night that I had some seats placed in the garden," Miss Marjoribanks said, "and if you all like we will sing to you up here, and give you as much music as ever you please. You know I never would consent to be too musical when everybody was in one room. It does not matter so much when there are a *suite*; but then papa, you know, is only a professional man, and I have but one drawing-room," said Lucilla with sweet humility. It was Lady Richmond to whom she was addressing herself at the moment, who was a lady who liked to be the great lady of the party. "It is only in summer that we can be a little like you fine people, who have as many rooms as you please. When you are at a little distance we will sing to you all the evening, if you like."

"But, my dear, are you sure you feel able for so much exertion?" said Lady Richmond, who was one of those people who did not think a young girl's happiness a thing to be trifled with; and she looked with what she described afterwards as a very searching expression in Miss Marjoribanks's face.

"Dear Lady Richmond, I hope I am always able for my duty," said that gentle martyr. "Papa would be wretched if he did not think we were all enjoying ourselves; and you know it is the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

This was what the searching expression in Lady Richmond's eyes elicited from Lucilla. The sentiment was perhaps a little different from that which she had conveyed to her delighted auditors in the dining-room, but at the same time it was equally true; for everybody in Carlisle was aware of the grand object of Miss Marjoribanks's ex-

istence. Lady Richmond went down to the garden at the head of a bevy of ladies, and seated herself under the drawing-room windows, and placed a chair beside her own for Mrs. Chiley. "I am afraid that dear girl is keeping up too well," Lady Richmond said; "I never saw such fortitude. All the young people say she does not feel it; but as soon as I fixed my eyes on her I saw the difference. You can always find out what a girl's feelings are when you look into her eyes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Chiley, with a little doubt, for she had been shaken in her convictions by the universal laughter, though she was a little mystified herself by Lucilla's anecdote; and then she had never been gifted with eyes like Lady Richmond, which looked people through and through. "She goes through a great deal, and it never seems to do her any harm," the old lady said, with a little hesitation. "It is such a comfort that she has a good constitution, especially as her mother was so delicate; and then Lucilla has such a spirit——"

"But one may try a good constitution too far," said Lady Richmond; "and I am certain she is full of feeling. It is sure to come out when she sings, and that is why I came to this seat. I should not like to lose a note. And do tell me who is that horrid flirting disagreeable girl?" added the county lady, drawing her chair a little closer. By this time the garden was full of pretty figures and pleasant voices, and under the lime-tree there was a glimmer of yellow light from the lamps, and on the other side the moon was coming up steady like a ball of silver over the dark outlines of Carlingford; and even the two voices which swelled forth up-stairs in the fullest accord, betraying nothing of the personal sentiments of their owners, were not more agreeable to hear than the rustle and murmur of sound which rose all over Dr. Marjoribanks's smooth lawn and pretty

shrubbery. Here and there a group of the older people sat, like Lady Richmond and Mrs. Chiley, listening with all their might; and all about them were clusters of girls and their natural attendants, arrested in their progress, and standing still breathless, "just for this bar," as young people pause in their walks and talks to listen to a chance nightingale. And, to be sure, whenever anybody was tired of the music, there were quantities of corners to retire into, not to speak of that bright spot full of yellow light under the lime-tree. "Nobody but Lucilla ever could have thought of anything so delicious," somebody said, with an enthusiasm of enjoyment. Most likely the speaker was very young, or else very happy, and had no temptation to be moderate in her words; but anyhow the sentiment circulated through the assembly, and gained everywhere a certain acquiescence. And then the two singers up-stairs gave so much scope to curiosity. "Do you think they are all by themselves?" Lydia Brown was heard to ask, with a little natural anxiety; and then the livelier imaginations among the party set to work to invent impossible tortures which the soprano might inflict on the contralto. But, to tell the truth, the two singers were by no means alone. Half the gentlemen of the dinner-party, who were past the sentimental age, and did not care about moonlight, had gone up-stairs according to their use and wont, and remained there, finding, to their great satisfaction, room to move about, and comfortable chairs to sit down in. They sat and chatted in the corners in great content and good-humour, while Lucilla and Barbara executed the most charming duets. Now and then old Colonel Chiley paused to put his two hands softly together and cry "Brava!" but on the whole the gentlemen were not much disturbed by the music. And then there were a few ladies, who were

subject to neuralgia, or apt to take bad colds in the head, who preferred being up-stairs. So that if Lucilla had meant to pinch or maltreat her rival, circumstances would have made it impossible. Miss Marjoribanks did nothing to Barbara, except incite her to sing her very best; but no doubt she was the means of inflicting considerable pain on Mr. Cavendish, who stood at a little distance, and looked and listened to both, and perhaps had inward doubts as to the wisdom of his choice. Such was the arrangement of the personages of the social drama, and it was in this way that everybody was occupied, when the event occurred which at a later period awoke so much excitement in Carlingford, and had so much influence upon the future fate of some of the individuals whose history is here recorded. Everything was as calm and cheerful and agreeable as if Carlingford had been a social paradise, and Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room the seventh heaven of terrestrial harmony. The sky itself was not more peaceful, nor gave less indication of any tempest than did the tranquil atmosphere below, where all the people knew each other, and everybody was friendly. Lucilla had just risen from the piano, and there was a little pause, in which cheers were audible from the garden, and Colonel Chiley, in the midst of his conversation, patted his two hands together; and it was just at that moment that the drawing-room door opened, and Thomas came in, followed by a gentleman. The gentleman was a stranger, whom Miss Marjoribanks had never seen before, and she made a step forward, as was her duty as mistress of the house. But when she had made that one step, Lucilla suddenly stood still, arrested by something more urgent than the arrival of a stranger. Mr. Cavendish, too, had been standing with his face to the door, and had seen the new arrival. He was directly in front of Lucilla, so near her that

he could not move without attracting her attention. When Miss Marjoribanks took that step in advance, Mr. Cavendish, as if by the same impulse, suddenly, and without saying a word, turned right around like a man who had seen something terrible, at which he dared not take a second look. He was too much absorbed at that moment in his own feelings to know that he was betraying himself to Lucilla, or even to be conscious that she was near him. His face was more than pale, it had a green ghastly look, as of a face from which all the blood had suddenly been withdrawn to reinforce the vital centre in some failing of nature. His under-lip hung down, and two hollows which had never been seen there before appeared in his cheeks. Miss Marjoribanks was so taken by surprise that she stood still, thinking no more of her duties, but regarding in utter dismay and amazement the look of dead stupefied terror which thus appeared so unexpectedly before her. Mr. Cavendish had turned right round, turning his back upon a lady to whom he had been talking the minute before. But he was as unconscious of that as of the fact that he had presented the spectacle of his miserable surprise and alarm in the most striking way to the one woman present who had a right to entertain a certain grudge against him. He even looked in her face with his hollow and haggard eyes, in the intensity of his amazement and panic. During this moment of unusual inactivity on Lucilla's part, the stranger had been led up to Colonel Chiley, and had shaken hands with him, and was entering into some explanations which Miss Marjoribanks divined with her usual quick intelligence; and then the old Colonel roused himself up from his easy-chair, and leaned over to speak to Dr. Marjoribanks, and showed symptoms of approaching the lady of the house. All these movements Lucilla followed breathlessly, with

a strange consciousness that only her presence of mind stood between her faithless suitor and a real stranger. To be sure, Barbara Lake chose that moment of all others to show her power, and made an appeal to Mr. Cavendish and his taste in music, to which the unhappy man made no response. Miss Marjoribanks saw there was no time to lose. With a fearless hand she threw down a great portfolio of music which happened to be close to her, just at his feet, making a merciful disturbance. And then she turned and made her curtsy, and received the homage of Mr. Archdeacon Beverley, who had arrived a day before he was expected, and had come to look after his host, since his host had not been at home to receive him.

"But you have broken your music stand or something, Lucilla," said the Colonel.

"Oh, no; it is only a portfolio. I can't think what could make me so awkward," said Miss Marjoribanks; "I suppose it was seeing some one come in whom I didn't know." And then the old gentleman, as was his duty, paid the Archdeacon a compliment on having made such a commotion. "We

used to have the best of it in our day," said the old soldier; "but now you churchmen are the men." Miss Marjoribanks heard the door open again before this little speech was finished. It was Mr. Cavendish who was going out with a long step, as if he with difficulty kept himself from running; and he never came back again to say good-night, or made any further appearance either out of doors or indoors. To be sure, the Archdeacon made himself very agreeable, but then one man never quite makes up for another. Miss Marjoribanks said nothing about it, not even when Mrs. Woodburn came up to her with a scared face, and in full possession of her own identity, which of itself was an extraordinary fact, and proved that something had happened; but it would be vain to say that Lucilla was not much excited by this sudden gleam of mystery. It gave the Archdeacon an extraordinary and altogether unexpected attraction; and as for Mr. Cavendish, it was utterly inconceivable that a man in society, whom everybody knew about, should give way to such a panic. The question was, What did it mean?

THE RATE OF INTEREST

AMONG the tales of Oriental despotism, numerous as those of the Thousand and One Nights, there is one—there are many—of a good King who had a bad Vizier. The King had sincerely at heart the welfare of his people; but the Royal grace was narrowed in its flow by having to pass through the Vizier as an outlet. The covetous Prime-Minister levied from the recipients a tax upon the Royal favours. So he grew very rich; while the country suffered, and the people became poor.

Among other measures of Royal care for the wants of the people, the King had constructed a vast Bund, or reservoir of water,—in order that, in seasons of drought, there might always be a supply of water for irrigating the fields, by the produce of which the people lived. In the East, nine-tenths of the population are dependent upon the soil for their subsistence; and the great desideratum at all times is, an adequate supply of water. Give but water, and the produce of seed-time and harvest never fails. Water is the one thing needful. But the Vizier would have his profit on this also, regardless of the sufferings of the people confided to his care.

Now a year of great drought came, and the people clamoured for water to irrigate their parched fields. It is not said whether the royal reservoir was as large as the artificial lakes in Ceylon—the ruins of which, thirty miles in circumference, are still to be seen. But anyhow, the King had constructed it of such large size that it contained water enough and to spare for the whole surrounding country, even in seasons of the greatest drought. All that was needed was, that the sluices should be fully opened, and the precious streams would have fertilised the arid plains. But the

Vizier resolved to make a large profit out of the wants of the people. So he opened the sluices only a little, pretending that he could do no more, and charged an exorbitant price for the supply of water. All classes suffered, but not alike. The rich men of the country were able to get all they wanted, by paying the greedy Vizier the high terms which he exacted; and they reimbursed themselves for this by charging exorbitant prices for the grain and rice which they sold to the starving people. But the poorer classes, who had not money enough to pay so much, beheld their fields, the support of their homes, parched and barren; and a great famine overspread the land. The people, in consequence, could not pay the usual taxes—which in the East are raised almost entirely in the form of a land-tax; and the King's tax-gatherers came back reporting that they could not get the yearly tribute. Moreover, starving crowds began to gather about the gates of the Royal palace; and the King never went out without being besieged by crowds of his starving and angry people.

At last, when no taxes came in, and tumults began to arise, the King resolved to see for himself what was the matter. So he went forth, and found the fields lying brown and barren, and the rice-crops withered and yellow, and burnt up,—and the poor starving; while the rich repaid themselves for the Vizier's greed by throwing the burden upon the rest of the people: and the Vizier fleecing them all. And the King said, "Why is this? In the reservoir there is water enough and to spare. Why do you not get from it water for the fields, that so you may live and pay taxes?" And they said, "The Vizier will not give us the water unless we pay so much,—and we

have given our all, yet cannot get enough of water." So the King was angry, and ordered the sluices to be opened to the full; and the fertilising streams ran in plenty over the plain,—and their running was like joyous music in the ears of the people; and the famine began to cease. And the Vizier was seized by the people, and thrown into the Bund, where he was drowned by the water of which he had been so greedy. And the King's taxes were paid as before, and the angry discontent of the people passed away.

Now, what Water is to the population of Eastern countries, Money is to ours. In the East men live by the soil; in this country our prosperity depends mainly upon Trade. And for carrying on that Trade, an adequate supply of money is indispensable. In the East, payments in kind to a great degree still suffice for the settlement of accounts; the ryot, for example, who borrows a quantity of rice for seed or for food, repays in rice both the principal and the interest of the debt. But in England the system of barter is exploded, and every payment must be made, either directly or indirectly, in money. In this country, every payment must be made in money, or in forms of credit which are promises to pay in money. Therefore a wise Government should take care that no needless or artificial restrictions be placed upon the supply of this indispensable commodity.

Money, or currency, is simply a form of capital, into which all other kinds of capital may be converted.* And no artificial restrictions ought to be imposed upon such conversion. The State may, or may not, take into its own hands the supply of currency for the community; but if this supply be left to private parties, the State ought to take care, above

all things, that there is not a monopoly,—and that, whatever regulations it may think fit to place upon the supply of currency, all parties alike should be free to carry on that business. The State should either take the supply of currency into its own hands,—or else it should leave the community at full liberty to supply its own wants, and to get these wants supplied in the manner in which it finds most advantageous. A supply of currency, we repeat, is as necessary to the prosperity of this and other countries of the West, as a supply of water is to the lands of the East. And for our Government to make the supply of currency a private monopoly, is really as unwise and despotic a proceeding as it would be for an Eastern Sultan to confer a monopoly of the supply of water upon his Vizier or other favourite. Government may, if it please, require that every reservoir for the supply of the indispensable wants of the community be constructed upon certain principles, which have been found to be the most advantageous; but, subject to these conditions, the business of supply ought to be free to all parties alike. Whether it is better for a Government to take the supply of currency into its own hands, or to leave that business to private establishments, is a debatable question; but there can be no question that for a Government to hand over the supply of currency as a *monopoly* to private parties—as is the present system in this country—is a procedure of all others the most vicious in principle and the most mischievous in practice. It places the community, as regards the supply of currency, as much at the mercy of these private monopolists, as the subjects of the Eastern King were at the mercy of the greedy Vizier for a supply of water.

For all countries, and especially for a great trading country like

* Or it may be (as in the form of bank-notes) only a means of representing capital.

ours, this question of the supply of Money is before all others in importance. It affects the rich, but it still more affects the poor. Whenever there is a scarcity of the circulating medium—a “tight money-market,” as the phrase is—Trade languishes,—the merchants and manufacturers, the great employers of labour, suffer heavy losses,—and thousands of the lower classes are thrown out of employment. Free trade has emancipated the raw materials of commerce and manufacture from legislative imposts, in order that the national industry may have free scope. But another branch of our legislation (the Bank Act) imposes fetters upon all that industry, by occasioning artificial fluctuations in the value alike of the raw material and of the articles into which it is manufactured; and ever and anon enormously depreciates their value—not from any natural diminution in the demand for these productions, but simply by causing an artificial scarcity of the currency, by means of which all buying and selling is carried on.

Recent events have brought this subject anew into prominent notice. Nearly all classes feel that somehow or other there is a great burden, a cruel hardship, laid upon the national industry by the present monetary laws. They feel it in their own losses, and in diminished business; and they see it in the thousands of working men lately thrown out of employment, and no longer able to maintain themselves and their families. The working classes suffer without seeing the cause, and, through such suffering, are apt to become discontented and clamorous for changes of some kind in the Government of the country. This is always, and in all countries, the natural result of popular suffering. It is the parent of dangerous commotions and angry revolutions. Thank God, England is not so threatened at present. But a time may come when the case may be different.

The mercantile classes, on the other hand, feel the hardship of the monetary laws, yet do not see clearly the exact form of the evil. For the most part, they grope in the dark for the means of extricating themselves from a dilemma which they feel most keenly, but the precise nature of which they cannot yet discern. The great form in which the hardship presents itself to them—and which they do see—is the high Rate of Interest to which ever and anon they are subjected. The Rate of Interest—that is the point for them. “Why should the Rate fluctuate so immensely?” they ask; “and why, ever and anon, is it so exorbitantly high?” The fluctuations in the Rate disturb all their calculations,—they arise from circumstances unforeseeable even by the authorities of the Bank-parlour. And the occasional extreme Rates not only swallow up all the profits which traders derive from the employment of money on loan,—but also, by depressing the markets, inflict a loss of 20 or 30 per cent upon the sales which our merchants make in the ordinary course of business.

The Rate of Interest—this, we repeat, is the practical point in the wide question of monetary principles and legislation. It is the object of this article, and a subsequent one, to consider that point,—to show the principles which ought to regulate the rate of interest; the violation of those principles under the existing monetary laws; and the practical means by which the free action of those principles may be insured.

But first, we must say a word about an idea, or doctrine, which has come into vogue as a means of explaining the high charges for money on loan which recently prevailed. It is a current phrase that the recent and long-continued high rate of interest was occasioned by an unusual and excessive amount of “floating capital” being converted into “fixed capital.” Floating capital, or loanable capital, is

that portion of a country's wealth which is deposited—in the form, or by means, of money—in the banks. It consists partly of money, but to a still larger extent of the ledger-debts by which the capital confided to banks is represented. No one denies that the capital, or realised wealth, of this country, and of most others, is yearly increasing; but, it is said, too great a proportion of this wealth has lately been converted into "fixed capital," and thereby withdrawn from the loan-market. Though our capital is increasing, there is less of it (it is said) which can be had on loan than formerly, in consequence of so much of it becoming "fixed." There is a false idea here,—or at least the idea is incorrectly and fallaciously expressed. What is this so-called "fixed capital" into which the conversion is made?

The theorists who maintain this doctrine talk as if the capital withdrawn from the banks in order to be employed in the construction of railways, factories, &c., became permanently fixed, and withdrawn from further use as loanable capital. They speak as if the notes or gold employed in the construction of such works were actually converted into them—as the stones withdrawn from a quarry are permanently locked up in the edifices for the construction of which they are employed. They speak as if the sovereigns or bank-notes were actually built up in factories or railway bridges,—permanently solidified into embankments, engines, carriages, stokers, and railway porters. This, of course, is a total mistake. The capital withdrawn from banks for the construction of a railway is immediately transferred to the engineers, contractors, workmen, and others employed in making the line, in the form of payments and wages; and, either directly or indirectly, this money is by its recipients returned to the banks in the shape of new deposits. It is merely a transference of banking deposits from the

shareholders of the company to the constructors of the railway. What is withdrawn by the former is returned by the latter. On the part of the engineers, contractors, and other employes belonging to the middle class, the capital so received is re-deposited in banks instantaneously. The cheques which they receive are immediately paid in—it may be to the same bank which issued them, or, at all events, to some bank, with which the issuing bank settles accounts in the Clearing-House. The other portion of the expended capital, that paid to the working classes in wages, does not return into bank so quickly. But in the course of a week or a fortnight, it is all paid to shopkeepers, who soon afterwards pay it into bank. Accordingly, in about a month's time, the entire amount of the "floating capital" withdrawn from banks for the construction of a railway, or suchlike work, is returned to the banks, and reappears in its old form as deposits, or "floating capital."

The phrase "fixed capital," therefore, is fallacious. What is, or ought to be, meant by the phrase is simply—capital (in the form of cheques or notes) during its transition from hand to hand previous to its being re-deposited with the banks. The conversion of floating into fixed capital means simply, an increase of business. The construction of a railway is, as regards the community at large, no more a conversion of capital into a "fixed" form than any increase of buying and selling is. The whole capital remains in the country, and immediately finds its way back to the banks: so that the case simply involves a temporary increase in the requirement for currency, such as is produced by an increase of any kind of business.

Moreover, a temporary augmentation of the monetary requirements of a community may be occasioned irrespective of any increase of trade or industry. For example, at Quarter-day, when the Dividends on the Debt

are paid, about a million sterling is required to make those payments, in excess of the ordinary monetary requirements of the country. The Bank must pay out this sum—and a week or so elapses before the money finds its way back to the Bank. This is as much a conversion of “floating” into “fixed” capital, as the construction of a railway is. But the absurdity is at once apparent when the phrase is applied to a case of this kind. To call this a conversion of floating into fixed capital is to mislead. It is simply, we repeat, a temporary increase in the monetary requirements of the community,—which ought to be met, and, but for our monetary laws, would naturally be met, by a temporary increase in the issue of bank-notes. No gold is needed. None is desired in such transactions. Why, then, in such cases, should legislation interfere to forbid a temporary increase in the issues of bank-notes, and thereby occasion a rise in the rate of interest,—not owing to any diminution of capital, but simply from an artificial scarcity of the means of transferring it?

The rate of interest, as is admitted on all hands, ought to be regulated by the amount of capital ready to be loaned, and by the extent of the demand for such capital. And such would be the case but for the ill-judged interference of Acts of Parliament. Our monetary laws entirely upset the natural order of things. It is their artificial restrictions, not the natural principle of supply and demand, which regulate in the main the rate of interest. For they place arbitrary and injurious fetters upon the supply of currency, by means of which alone capital can be lent to those who desire to have it. What matters the supply of loanable capital—in other words, the amount of the deposits in banks—if the banks have not an adequate means of lending it out?

Money is the representative of wealth—the medium by which capi-

tal is lent, and by which it is transferred from one man to another. If this medium be made artificially scarce, it matters little how much capital is waiting to be lent. Though capital be ever so abundant, the rate of interest must be high if this means of transferring capital be made scarce. A scarcity of money affects the rate of interest—the price of capital on loan—just as a deficiency of the means of transport affects the price of goods to the purchaser. If all the corn in England were in a store at York, and if there were no adequate means of conveying it to London, the price of corn in London would be commensurately enhanced. In the case of coal, this actually occurs whenever a hard frost lessens the means of transport, by sealing up the canals. In a most striking manner, the same thing is exemplified in India. India at all times produces food enough for its entire population; and if the means of transport were as abundant there as here, there never would be a famine in India. Nevertheless tens of thousands frequently perish in India, in seasons of local drought, simply owing to the difficulties of transport, and the want of good country roads, by which food can be conveyed to the suffering locality. The price of rice, which, if it could be handed from the producer to the consumer, would be less than a halfpenny a-pound, occasionally becomes twopence a-pound, owing to the want of the means of transferring it from the man who has it to the man who wants it. In like manner does a deficiency of money, occasioned by the legislative restrictions on bank-issues, raise the rate of interest in this country. It is, in fact, as if an immense reservoir of water were only let out, for public use, through a small aperture. Not the abundance of the water, but the size of the orifice, would regulate the price. However much water might be in the reservoir, the supply would be limited by the means of exit,—by

the means of transferring the precious fluid to those who wanted it. The scarcity would be artificial; by simply enlarging the outlet, the supply would be ample. But as long as the restriction on the issue remains, the supply must be inadequate,—and a famine-price has to be paid for the contents of the reservoir, though its contents be really ample for all the wants of the community.

This is precisely what happens in this country in monetary matters. There is more capital in England in proportion to the requirements of the community—more capital ready to be loaned—than in any other country of the world. There is not only enough for our own wants, but we lend abundantly to other countries. In such a country loanable capital ought to be cheap, or at least it ought to be had on moderate terms. Nevertheless, the rate of discount ever and anon rises to an exorbitant amount, owing to the artificial restrictions imposed upon the means of lending capital. The reservoir of capital is abundant, but legislation—like the bad Vizier in the tale—has narrowed the outlet. However much capital there may be, and whatever be the demand for it, an Act of Parliament—passed in mistake—enacts that the means of lending that capital shall at all times be restricted and regulated by entirely different considerations. Hence the rate of discount—the value of capital on loan—often rises to an exorbitant point, (inflicting great hardships upon the country), not from any deficiency of capital, but simply from an artificially produced scarcity of the medium (money) by which capital can be lent.

A single illustration will suffice to show the artificial difficulties placed upon the loaning of capital by our present monetary laws. No one doubts that if the Government wanted a loan of ten or twenty millions sterling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could get it easily and upon easy terms.

It would be subscribed in the City in the course of a few hours. But if it were required that the loan should be paid on a certain day, at Somerset House, in the form of Money, whether gold or bank-notes, the loan could not be got. The deposits, or loanable capital, at the disposal of the Bank of England and the London joint-stock banks amount to £100,000,000; and the amount in the London private banks, and in the other banks throughout the country, is probably three times as much. Here, then, is loanable capital enough. But how is it to be loaned?—how it is to be advanced to Government? Twenty millions in gold or notes, in excess of the ordinary requirements of the community, would be required on a single day, between the hours of 10 and 4, for the one purpose of paying the subscriptions to the loan. And as none of the metropolitan banks, except the Bank of England, are allowed to issue notes,—and as the other English banks are prohibited from extending their issues even for a single day or hour, however great may be the demand for notes on the part of the public,—it is obvious that the twenty millions in notes or gold, needed for the exceptional and momentary purpose of subscribing to the loan, would require to be furnished by the Bank of England. But the Bank, under the present system, could not do this, or anything like it. All that is wanted in such a case is a momentary supply of bank-notes. The banks hold immense deposits, but they have not the means of paying one-tenth part of these deposits in money of any kind. They are not allowed to issue notes of their own in payment of their deposits, however willing their customers may be to take them. Hence, in this supposed case of the Government loan, however ample the deposits in the banks, however abundant the amount of capital ready to be loaned, the Government could not get the loan taken up—simply from

a want of the medium by which the required amount of capital must be transferred. Capitalists are ready to lend—the Government is ready to receive: yet the loan could not be made. The extra amount of bank-notes would be needed only for a few hours: by 4 P.M. they would all be returned to the Bank of England, and cancelled. This would be the natural way of settling such a transaction,—and it is the way in which such transactions used to be settled. But, under our present monetary laws, such an increase of bank-issues, however momentary, is impossible. If the banks had a means of representing the capital deposited with them,—if they were allowed (as used to be the case) to issue notes, subject, of course, to the willingness of the public to receive them,—no such dilemmas could occur. The notes would be returned to the banks when the public demand for them ceased; and the currency could never become redundant, seeing that it would be entirely regulated by the requirements of the community. If the public did not need the notes, it would not take them. But, under the present law, we repeat, every suchlike increase in the monetary requirements of the country—every increase in the demand, not for capital, but for the means of transferring it—however momentary, produces a serious dilemma, and artificially enhances the rate of interest to an exorbitant degree. The rate of interest, in fact, is no longer regulated by the law of supply and demand—viz., by the amount of capital ready to be loaned and by the extent of the demand for it,—but, to a great extent, by the difficulty of obtaining the means by which capital may be lent. To resume our simile, the value of the commodity is regulated not by the quantity in the reservoir, but by the smallness of the orifice through which the precious fluid is supplied.

An increase of the monetary re-

quirements of the country is by no means synonymous with an increased demand for capital. On the contrary, such an increase of monetary requirements may, and often does, coexist with a decrease in the demand for capital. This is notably the case during every commercial panic. Whenever, from any cause, any large failures or suspensions take place, the demand for capital diminishes,—but the demand for currency augments. Every failure or suspension necessarily diminishes the amount of business, and consequently the demand for the use of capital on loan. The suspended firms, of course, entirely cease business; and the panic or distrust occasioned by the suspension of these firms induces other firms to contract their operations. Hence the demand for capital is lessened. But the monetary requirements of the commercial classes increase. Bills—by means of which our whole trade is carried on—become temporarily distrusted. The bills of all merchants connected in business with the suspended firms, or in the same line of business with them, are looked upon with distrust, both by the banks and by the public. The parties dealing with such firms refuse to accept bills from them, and require payment in bank-notes. Hence an increased supply of bank-notes is required, although the ordinary amount of business is diminished. But how is the supply of bank-notes to be obtained? Owing to the restrictions placed upon bank-issues by the Act of 1844, the only establishment from which an additional amount of notes can be procured is the Bank of England. But whenever there is an increased demand for its notes, the Bank raises its rate of discount. It is only permitted to issue a certain amount of notes, and whenever, and from whatever cause, its reserve of notes is diminished, the Bank-rate is raised. The Bank does not say, "We cannot afford to lend so much capital:—" it says, "We have not enough of notes wherewith to transfer the capital—"

to make the loans." Thus the rate of discount is raised contemporaneously with a diminished demand for capital throughout the country. What follows? Simply this, that the prevailing panic or distrust is augmented, and the demand for notes is increased. Every rise in the rate of discount depresses the markets,—at once depreciating the value of goods of all kinds, and still further contracting credit. Hence the failures and suspensions multiply; and with every new failure, bills become more distrusted, and bank-notes are more called for in payment. Another diminution accordingly takes place in the Bank's reserve of notes; and up again goes the rate of discount. And so a momentary commercial difficulty is aggravated into a serious crisis,—during which mercantile firms go down in scores, the trade of the country is immensely diminished, and tens of thousands of the working classes are thrown out of employment.

Such is the Fact: and facts are the best of teachers. It is a very startling fact, truly. It shows plainly the weak point of our present monetary laws. It shows to demonstration that the raising of the Bank-rate, so far from being occasioned by an increased demand for capital, frequently takes place when the demand for capital is remarkably diminished. It shows plainly that the restriction placed upon bank-issues has totally upset the natural course of things, and has made the rate of interest depend, not so much—in many cases not at all—upon the supply of capital and the demand for it, but upon the artificially-made fluctuations in the amount of the medium (bank-notes) by which capital is transferred.

If our limits permitted, we should show what a pernicious effect this legislative enactment has had in aggravating every commercial crisis during the last twenty years. But as the newest—and therefore probably the most interesting—illustration, let us take the commercial crisis

of last autumn: the disastrous facts of which are still fresh in memory, and whose evil consequences are not yet effaced from the condition of our trade and industry.

The first fact to be noted in regard to the recent crisis is, that for nearly twelve months previous, the rate of discount had been unusually and inordinately high. For nearly a year the rate had averaged 7 per cent—nearly 3 per cent above the ordinary charge. Now it is obvious that the Trade carried on under such conditions must have been a thoroughly sound and profitable trade. If it had not been a sound and profitable trade, it could not have been carried on at all. It must have broken down under the continued pressure of such a high rate of discount. Never before, in fact, in the history of British commerce, had industry been subjected to so long and so severe a pressure. For nearly a whole year previous to the initial stage of the late crisis—in August last—the commercial and manufacturing classes had to pay nearly one-half more than usual for the capital with which they carried on their operations. And even after paying this heavy tax upon their gains, there was no sign that their business was not profitable to themselves. In fact, it is manifest that if their trade was not remunerative, even after paying this extra rate for the discount of bills, they would have discontinued, or at least greatly contracted, their operations long before the expiry of these twelve months of an exceptionally high Bank-rate.

What, then, occasioned the crisis? Since trade had proved itself to be so sound and so prosperous during the twelve months previous to the end of August, what brought it to the ground in the months of September, October, and November? The initial cause of the crisis was of so transient and trifling a character as to appear totally inadequate to produce the disastrous results which quickly followed,—and which certainly would not have led to such

consequences but for the pernicious absurdity of our monetary laws. The initial step of the calamity was this:—

Towards the end of August, the news received from America was thought, in some quarters, to indicate an approaching cessation of the Civil War. This was the prevalent impression in Liverpool and among the merchants and manufacturers engaged in the cotton-trade. The North seemed to have grown weary of the war, and it was thought (upon most inadequate grounds) that the Peace party would triumph at the next Presidential election, and if the North desired peace, the South, it was well known, was still more willing to conclude it. But the re-establishment of peace meant a fall in the price of cotton. Cotton was about four times dearer than it had been before the war, and much higher than it will be as soon as peace is restored. Accordingly, the prospect of peace created a temporary panic in the cotton trade—by far the most important branch of our manufacturing industry. The cotton-merchants, apprehensive of a fall in the price of their goods, were anxious to sell largely at once, before their property became depreciated. On the other hand, their customers were unwilling to make their usual purchases of an article which seemed likely soon to experience a great fall in price. In consequence, the cotton-market became depressed—very slightly, it is true, compared with its subsequent condition, but still sufficient to produce embarrassment to the holders of large stocks. In the beginning of September some failures took place. What was worse, rumours, born of panic—and some of them set afloat by unscrupulous speculators merely for stock-jobbing

purposes—began to circulate of an impending failure of many large firms; indeed, the actual suspension of several firms was reported. 'Change, for which there was no foundation. So great was the prevalent apprehension, and so reckless the reports circulated, that on the day in the first week of September, there was an actual panic on 'Change in London.

While Trade was thus disquieted and palpitating, the Bank, on the 8th September, raised its minimum rate of discount to 9 per cent. What followed? Up to that time, the failures had been only half-a-dozen in excess of the average of the previous months of the year; but from that hour they multiplied enormously. In September the number of suspensions nearly equalled the total of the previous eight months and in October the average monthly rate of suspension was augmented twenty-fold!*

This was purely the result of the high Bank rate. By the middle of September the imaginary prospect of peace in America was at an end (even the nominee of the Peace party, General McClellan, declared himself in favour of prosecuting the war); and the disquiet in the cotton-market which had passed away also—and, so, as the original cause of it was concerned, did actually pass away. If a new evil had by this time overtaken the commercial classes. When the best bills could not be counted under 9 per cent, other bills had to pay a still higher rate and many firms, especially those connected with the cotton-trade, could not get their bills discounted at all. Trade could not stand the prolonged pressure. The firms which could not get their bills discounted had to force sales of their goods, in order to get money

* A list of the principal failures during the past year, given in the 'Standard' and republished in the 'Economist,' shows the number of failures per month have been as follows:—

Jan.....4	Average, 2.	May.....2	Average, 3½.	Sept.....23	Average, 28½.
Feb.....3		June.....2		Oct.....63	
March....3		July.....8		Nov.....15	
April.....1		August....7		Dec.....12	

carry on their business; and at the same time their usual customers were not in a position to purchase. Hence the markets became immensely depressed. Cotton goods, both raw and manufactured, were depreciated to the extent of one-third of their value. The merchant who at the end of August had a stock of cotton worth £100,000, in October found these goods worth barely £70,000: a loss to him of £30,000. No wonder that such firms could not stand the pressure. The produce-markets generally, owing to the high Bank-rate and the contraction of credit which always accompanies it, underwent a corresponding, though lesser, depression. In fact, every branch of trade was more or less damaged by the exorbitant terms exacted for the discounts by means of which all our trade is carried on. No one doubts that such was the case, but the fact is demonstrated by the sudden falling off in the Board of Trade Returns, which are the official register of the condition of our commercial industry.

Whenever a monetary or commercial crisis takes place, there are always writers ready with theories or opinions to account for its occurrence. The two most prominent theories in explanation of the late crisis are as follows:—Firstly, the crisis is said to have been caused by an undue amount of "floating capital" having been converted into "fixed capital." Secondly, the crisis has been attributed to "over-trading," and especially to an artificial and unnatural rise in the price of cotton. Unfortunately, the propounders of these opinions do not appeal to facts—they furnish no testimony of facts by which the correctness of their theories can be judged. Whether they be right or wrong, it is the fact that all that they present to the public is an opinion. This is the grand defect of all discussions upon monetary and commercial questions, as at present conducted. In one of the most practical of all the sciences,

the inductive method of inquiry has hitherto been ignored. Opinions are given in abundance, and pass current simply out of deference to the authorities who propound them. There has been enough of this. On an important and most practical question like this, there must be an appeal to facts; and the facts are not only plentiful, but patent and accessible to all. What is wanted is, to treat this science as, by common consent, all the other sciences are treated. Let the inductive, or Baconian, system of investigation be applied to it. Let us remove it from the vague and unreliable sphere of Opinion, and transfer it into the sphere of demonstration. On a former occasion we adopted this method with respect to the great crisis of 1857. We shall proceed in the same manner with respect to the crisis of 1864. We have collected the facts of the case with the greatest care, and the facts are open to all. Our only desire is to ascertain the truth; and if any one find or think that we have stated the facts incorrectly, no one will welcome his criticism more than ourselves.

As the first stage of the crisis, or rather the first step towards it, was the disquietude in the cotton-market, and as the cotton-trade suffered more severely than the others from the calamity, we must show, in the first place, what was the condition of the cotton-market previous to and during the months of crisis. This must be considered under two heads: (I.) the condition of the cotton-trade itself; and (II.) the effect produced upon it by external circumstances. I. Were the imports of cotton unusually or unexpectedly large, so as of themselves to occasion the tremendous fall of prices? Were the prices of cotton in the month of August unnaturally high—was there, in fact, a great inflation of prices, occasioned by wild speculation? The first of these questions involves a matter of fact, readily ascertainable by the amount of cotton in stock in August

and the following months. The answer to the second is given by the prices current in December, after the crisis was over—making allowance for the fact that the numerous failures and losses caused by the crisis produced a prostration of industry from which the country has not even yet recovered. So much as regards the cotton-trade itself. II. The other point to be kept in view, is the effect produced upon the cotton-trade by external circumstances, namely,—(1), by the disquietude arising from the peace-rumours from America; and, (2), by the monetary pressure and embarrassment occasioned by the high Bank-rate, and the accompanying contraction of credit on the part of the banks.

Let the reader keep these points in view, as we lay before him a simple narrative of the facts, drawn from trade-circulars of acknowledged repute, and one of which is endorsed with the high authority of the *Economist*. The first which we shall quote (that of Neill Brothers of London and Manchester) commences by remarking on the great fluctuations in the price of cotton last year, and on the remarkable fact, that after all these fluctuations, the price of cotton was the same at the end of the year as at the beginning:—

“Middling New Orleans has ranged between 32d. and 22d. per lb., fair Egyptian between 31½d. and 21d., fair Dhollerah between 24d. and 14d., and fair Bengal between 18½d. and 8d. And yet how does it all end? Middling Orleans closed on 30th December at 27d., against 27½d. at the beginning of the year; fair Egyptian at 27½d., against 27½d.; and fair Dhollerah at 20d., against 23d.

“To cause such unprecedented fluctuations, it might naturally be supposed by an outside observer that some extraordinary and unlooked-for occurrences, calculated to exert the most important bearing upon the trade, had taken place. Yet nothing unforeseen has really occurred. . . . The supplies of cotton were not larger than was generally anticipated at the beginning of the year; indeed the result falls 80,000 to 100,000 bales [from 3 to 15 per cent] short of most of the

estimates then put forward. Nor were the commercial relations of this country involved in a crisis by any such event as a famine, a revolution, or a great war. Neither did any real change take place in the prospects of the American struggle. . . . How, then, is the panic to be explained?”

They then proceed to state that in July, when the highest price was reached, the stock of cotton was nearly one-fourth less than at the beginning of the year; and that, though the Bank-rate began to rise in the last week of the month, the price was maintained, owing to the stocks of the manufacturers being reduced to a minimum. Of the condition of the trade in August, they say, that “the stock of cotton, and of every thing made from it, was short;” and that “cotton, taken by itself, occupied a strong position.” So much so, that though, on the 8th August, the Bank-rate was again raised, and though, in the third week, there came the rumours of peace in America, the month closed with prices only ½d. (2½ per cent) less than the top price in July. The effects of the peace-rumours (baseless though they were) were so great that “at Manchester business almost collapsed;” nevertheless, as the manufacturers’ stocks had run low, holders of cotton at first resisted any greater decline than ½d. per pound. Up to this point, then, the fall of prices was hardly perceptible. Coming to September, they then say:—

“But confidence, the foundation-stone of the whole edifice, was sapped. Bankers feared to make advances; spinners feared to buy; manufacturers began to fail. The pressure was increased by the rise of the Bank-rate on 8th September. The new banks, to a great extent, withdrew their usual accommodation from Trade, so that merchants had to rely to an unusual extent on their own resources. Prices fell rapidly, till they reached a level of 9d. to 10d. per lb. [80 per cent] below the prices which ruled in August. Many failures, of course, resulted; and the only surprise is that they were not more numerous.

"At last there were indications of a partial relaxation in the money-market. Early in November the money-market assumed a much easier appearance, and the opinion became pretty general that the crisis was over. On the 10th, the bank-rate was reduced to 8 per cent, and on the 24th to 7 per cent," whereupon "prices showed an advance from the lowest point of 5½d. in American, 7d. in Egyptian, and 5d. to 6d. in East Indian qualities." And the year finally closed, as above mentioned, with prices at the same level as at the beginning."

The circular of Ellison and Haywood, of Liverpool, coincides with that of Neill Brothers, in its statement of facts for the first eight months of the year, and says that at the end of August, "taking all things into consideration, the cotton-market was remarkably firm":—

"But in September there was a sudden and great break-down, owing partly to a peace-letter from the 'Times' correspondent at Niagara, and partly to the gloomy state of the money-market, and the advance of the Bank-rate [on 8th Sept.] to 9 per cent, with the threat of a still further immediate rise. . . . A species of panic commenced its reign of terror in the cotton-market. Business was at a complete stand-still both in Liverpool and Manchester. Holders pressed their goods for sale. . . . With the second week of October came a rapid succession of mercantile suspensions, especially in the manufacturing districts. This reduced the demand for cotton, while the necessities of many holders led to compulsory sales, at almost nominal prices. Many of the forced sales were of cotton tendered in fulfilment of delivery-contracts, made two or three months previously, and which the buyers, being unable to get their bills discounted as usual, were unable to pay for. In the third week came the disheartening news from Manchester, where the daily reports of fresh failures in some parts of the cotton districts almost put an end to business. During this week prices touched their minimum point. . . . Nearly the whole of the decline which occurred

between the close of July and the third week of October, took place in the latter half of the period [i.e., subsequent to 8th September]. The average fall in long staples was about 80 per cent, in Smyrna 47 per cent, in Dhollerah and China 43 per cent, and in Bengal 50 per cent. . . . The fall in the prices of yarns and piece-goods was quite as extensive as the average decline in the raw material. Printers gave way nearly 30 per cent, shirtings rather over 30 per cent, domestics 30 to 32, and yarns 33 to 35. But in these there has been a more marked recovery from the lowest point than in cotton."

These simple statements of facts furnish the data for answering the first of the two leading questions in the inquiry as to the causes of the recent crisis,—namely, as to the condition of the cotton-trade, taken by itself. Let us summarise these facts.

Firstly, as regards the extent of the depreciation, or fall in prices, of cotton goods. This, as we have seen, ranged from 80 to 50 per cent. Next, as regards the time when this great depreciation took place. Nearly the whole of this fall of prices, we are told—and as is evidenced by the prices-current of the day—took place subsequent to the 8th September, when the Bank-rate was raised to the exorbitant height of 9 per cent.* On the 2d of September, though the peace-rumours from America had been received a fortnight previous, the prices of Middling Orleans (the standard of the cotton-market) was 81d. per pound, or only ½d. below the maximum price of the year. And at the close of the third week of September, by which time the peace-rumours were at an end, the price was 28d. per pound,—although the Bank-rate had stood at 9 per cent during the previous fortnight. The statement of the trade-circulars above quoted, as to the thoroughly good condition of the cotton-trade at the end of August, is thus proved to be cor-

* The following statement, compiled from the prices-current given in the 'Economist,' shows the fall of prices in September and October:—

	Aug. 2.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 9.	Sept. 23.	Sept. 23.	Sept. 30.	Oct. 7.	Oct. 14.	Oct. 21.
Midd. Orleans,	81½d.	81d.	29½d.	23½d.	27½d.	27d.	26d.	24d.	23d.
Fair Bengal,	17d.	16d.	14½d.	12d.	11½d.	11½d.	10½d.	9½d.	9d.
Bank-rate,	7 per cent.	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

rect. And it seems manifest that if the Bank-rate had not been raised in the beginning of September—if it had remained even at the previous high rate of 8 per cent—the price of cotton (Middling Orleans), despite the transient and wholly baseless peace-rumours, would not have fallen below 29d. or 29½d. per pound. This would have been a fall of only 8 per cent: instead of which the actual depreciation at the end of October was nearly four times as much.

This soundness of the cotton-trade in July and August, when prices were highest, may also be shown in another way,—namely, by the relation of prices to the stock of cotton on hand. Not only, as we have seen, was the year's supply of the raw material rather less than had been anticipated, but in July, when prices reached their maximum, the cotton in port was at its lowest point for the year, while simultaneously the stocks of the manufacturers were "at a minimum." Hence a rise of price was a natural occurrence. And as regards the extent of that rise of price, it appears that so far from being "forced," *i. e.*, in excess of the natural demand, it was even less than might have been justified by the diminution of the stock on hand. At the beginning of the year, the stock of cotton was 28 per cent larger than in July, while the price in July was barely 14 per cent higher than in January. Again, as regards the issue of the matter we find that, despite the depression of trade, and diminution of business occasioned by the numerous failures during the Crisis, the price of cotton at the end of the year was almost identical with what it was at the beginning—although the stock of cotton in hand at the latter period was nearly *double* what it was at the former.* More-

over, it appears that, despite the many failures which had taken place, the price of cotton at the end of the year was only 15 per cent less than the maximum price in July, although the stock of cotton in December was *more than double* what it was in July.

The only legitimate deduction which can be drawn from these facts is, that the price of cotton was not "forced" in July and August last; and also that the transient peace-rumours of themselves would not have sufficed to depreciate cotton (Middling Orleans) beyond 8 per cent at most. The extra fall of about 24 per cent in Middling Orleans (in some other kinds the fall was much greater) was plainly occasioned by the high Bank-rate and the contraction of credit on the part of the banks.

The merchants and the manufacturers connected with the cotton-trade—alike the holders of the raw material and the producers of cotton fabrics—in many cases could not get their bills discounted at the banks; and in consequence, in order to obtain money to carry on their business, they had to make forced sales of their goods, sometimes (as stated above) "at nominal prices." And the more fortunate members of the trade, who did get their bills discounted, had to pay so much to the banks for the usual accommodation, that they found it necessary to contract their operations. An immense change, in fact, had taken place in the measure of value. The merchants and manufacturers who in July and August had given orders for cotton, found when the goods were delivered to them, in September or October, that the goods which had been worth (say) £100,000 a few weeks previous, would barely sell for £70,000. A loss of £30,000! Yet sell they must, when they could not get

* Neill Brothers state that on 1st January 1864 the stock of cotton in ports was 327,000 bales; on 22d July, 249,000; on 31st December, 576,000. At the end of July the price of cotton (Mid. Orleans) was 31½d.; at the end of December it was 27d.

their bills discounted. In such circumstances failures and suspensions were inevitable. Commenting on the list of suspensions for last year, the 'Economist' justly observes that "it comprises a number of respectable houses, several of which were brought down through the severity of the pressure in September and October." And we must say, with Neill Brothers, that the only wonder is that the suspensions were not still more numerous.

The effects of the crisis were not confined to the cotton-trade. The high Bank-rate, and the contraction of credit on the part of the banks, extended the pressure to nearly all the leading branches of the national industry. The produce-markets in general became greatly depressed. Besides cotton, "sugar, rice, jute, and fruit were the articles which most seriously compromised holders—the depreciation in these articles having been very extensive."* In this way a temporary disquietude in the cotton-market was aggravated into a terrible disaster, not only to that trade, but to the industry of the country at large, owing to the monetary pressure occasioned by the action of the banks.

This brings us to the last section of the inquiry. What reason was there for this action on the part of the banks? What cause was there for the raising of the rate of discount, and contraction of credit, which magnified a temporary and baseless disquietude in one branch of trade, into a severe crisis affect-

ing the general trade and commerce of the country?

As the Bank of England is the centre of our banking system, and as it possesses a virtual monopoly of the currency, or note-circulation, of the country, its condition during the crisis is the main point to be considered. How, then, was the position of the Bank of England jeopardised by the events of the crisis? Its position may be considered from three separate points of view. Firstly, as an ordinary financial concern. Secondly, as a bank which has to meet its liabilities to the public by payments in specie. Thirdly, as a bank which, owing to existing legislation, is arbitrarily limited in its power of issuing notes.

I. Its position as an ordinary financial establishment is (like all other businesses) regulated by the excess of its assets over its liabilities. Its liabilities to the public consist of its deposits, and also of the amount of its notes in circulation. Its assets consist of its Government securities (Consols), private securities (chiefly commercial bills), and its stock of coin and bullion. Its banking surplus consists of the excess of these assets over these liabilities. The following table shows the weekly average of its liabilities, assets, and banking surplus, during the separate periods previous to and during the crisis, when the minimum Bank-rate stood respectively at 6, 7, 8, and 9 per cent:—

	LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.			Banking Surplus.	Rate of Discount.
	Notes in Circulation.	Deposits.	Coin and Bullion.	Government Securities.	Private Securities.		
June 15	21,550,000	20,540,000	18,790,000	11,180,000	20,760,000	8,390,000	6
July 27	22,810,000	18,670,000	12,930,000	11,050,000	20,470,000	8,470,000	7
Aug. 8	21,600,000	18,980,000	12,820,000	10,900,000	20,480,000	8,620,000	8
Sept. 7	21,800,000	18,700,000	12,050,000	10,220,000	20,520,000	8,520,000	9

* See the 'Commercial History of 1864,' p. 53, in the 'Economist' of March 11, 1865.

From these statistics it appears that in the two weeks (ending July 27 and August 3) when the rate of discount was 7 per cent, the surplus, or balance in favour of the Bank, was $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent larger than in the previous six weeks, when its rate of discount was 6 per cent. In the subsequent five weeks (Aug. 8—Sept. 7), when the Bank-rate was placed at 8 per cent, the Bank's surplus was 10 per cent larger than during the period when its rate of discount stood at 6 per cent. And during the nine weeks of the crisis (Sept. 7—Nov. 10), when the rate was 9 per cent, the Bank's surplus of assets over liabilities was fully 7 per cent larger than in June and July, when its minimum rate was only 6 per cent. These statistics certainly furnish no explanation of the high rate of discount during the crisis. On the contrary, judging simply by the relation of assets to liabilities, the Bank's rate for

money on loan should have been lower in August, September, October, and November, than it was in June and July.

II. But banking is a peculiar business. In it, there must not only be, as in ordinary business, a surplus of assets over liabilities, but there must be the means to meet the special engagements of banking, which demand that a bank shall be able at all times to pay its depositors or note-holders in gold, so far as it may be required to do so. In this point of view, the position of the Bank is to be determined by the amount of its stock of coin and bullion, and also by the extent of the demand for it.

Before exhibiting the position of the Bank in this respect, we may say a word as to the imports and exports of gold. The balance of the imports and exports of gold into the country during the last six years was as follows:—

1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.
£	£	£	£	£	£
+4,216,000	-3,040,000	+925,000	+2,892,000	+2,832,000	+2,618,000

—giving an average yearly addition to our stock of gold of £2,240,000. It will be noticed that in 1860, instead of there being a balance in favour of this country, there was an excess of gold exports over imports to the amount of upwards of three millions sterling (chiefly to pay for the large cotton imports in that and the following year),—without producing any crisis. Last year, on the other hand, there was not only no deficit, but a larger addition to our stock of gold than usual—namely, £3,618,000, or more than a half greater than the average for the last six years. And

if, examining last year minutely, we look at the gold-balances for each month of the period, we still find nothing to account for the recent monetary embarrassment. On the contrary,—so far from there having been a drain of gold in August, September, October, and November, when the Bank put the screw upon Trade—we find that more than two-thirds of the whole year's addition to our stock of gold took place during these four months. The following are the gold-balances (marked *plus* or *minus*) for each month of last year:—

Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	Balance.
£	£	£	£	£	£	£
-136,449	-25,449	+453,983	-451,747	+1,115,988	+683,598	-+1,500,000
July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Balance.
£	£	£	£	£	£	£
-474,641	+557,708	+545,467	+1,120,140	+380,947	-168,789	-+2,060,817

Thus, then, we see (1) that the addition to the stock of gold in the country last year was one-third

larger than in ordinary years. (2), That the excess of imports over exports of gold during the last half

of the year, when the crisis occurred, was one-third greater than in the previous six months. And (3), that so far from there having been a drain of gold during the months of August, September, and October, when the Bank-rate was raised from 7 to 9 per cent, these months were as regards our stock of gold, with the single exception of May, the three best in the year.

These facts must appear startling to every one who remembers the opinions current during the late crisis. Throughout September and October the leading monetary authorities justified the conduct of the Bank in raising the rate of discount, on the ground that such a measure was necessary to stop the "drain of gold"—the unusual amount of gold which (they said) was being exported in order to pay for cotton. On the face of it, this was a most improbable supposition. When the cotton-market was paralysed, why should our merchants give unusually large orders for cotton? All our cotton imports are paid for in advance. The money goes out when the order is given—or, at all events, long before the cotton arrives in our ports. Accordingly, the amount of money sent abroad is regulated at any particular time, not by the amount of imports which are arriving, but by the extent of the orders which are being given. It is obvious, therefore, that a drain of gold in payment for cotton was a most unlikely thing to happen at a time when the whole cotton-trade was in a condition of unusual depression. Nevertheless, nothing was heard at the time in monetary circles, and in the newspapers which rank highest as monetary authorities, but this cuckoo cry of "the drain of gold," which was said to be taking place in connection with the cotton-trade. The facts which have since come to light, and which we have quoted from the official returns of the Board of Trade, directly contradict these statements—or rather suppositions, although they were an-

nounced with all the authority of ascertained facts,—and show that, so far from there having been any drain of gold during the months of crisis, the export of gold was then reduced to a minimum—far below the monthly average of the previous six years. So far, then, as regards our stock of gold—either in the country or in the Bank of England—one is utterly at a loss to find any explanation of the conduct of the Bank in raising the rate of discount to, and so long maintaining it at, 9 per cent. On the contrary, judged from this point of view, the Bank-rate ought to have been lower in September and October than it was in the previous weeks, when it stood at 7 and 8 per cent.

But the Bank of England is not in a natural position. It is trammelled by our monetary laws. In ordinary circumstances, the condition of a bank is regulated by the amount of specie which it holds, and the extent of the demand for that specie. But, owing to the Act of 1844, the Bank of England is differently circumstanced. Its position is regulated not by its stock of gold, but by the amount of its reserve of notes. Generally, its amount of notes in the Issue Department (its reserve of notes) increases or diminishes with its stock of gold—but not necessarily or always. The reserve of notes may be diminished while its stock of gold remains the same. For example, at Quarter-day and some other periods, when Government salaries, or the dividends on Government stock, have to be paid, the reserve of notes is always diminished, although the amount of bullion in the Bank remains unchanged. And this is also the case at times when, owing to a break-down of credit or other causes, the monetary requirements of the country are temporarily increased. It is an absurd and pernicious arrangement; but we take the facts as they stand. In this investigation of the facts of the recent crisis—to put the case on an unquestionable footing—we

do not challenge the wisdom of the present monetary laws. We simply accept these laws as facts. Yet even with this large admission, we fail to see any adequate reason for the high Bank-rate which so seriously aggravated the late crisis.

Judging the position of the Bank by the amount of its reserve of notes, and putting aside the absurdity of the limitation imposed upon its note-issues, let us see how the case stood. It appears from the official returns of the Bank, that its reserve of notes was nearly one-fourth (fully 22 per cent) larger during the nine weeks when the rate was raised to 9 per cent than at the period when the rate was only 7 per cent! Here, again, we are at a loss to find any adequate reason for the high Bank-rate in the months of September, October, and November.

In fact, from whatever point of view we regard the position of the Bank of England—whether as regards its liabilities, its stock of specie, or its reserve of notes—we can find no justification of its conduct, and of the disasters which it inflicted upon Trade, during last autumn. The following table will enable the reader to see at a glance the position of the Bank during the crisis, and also during the three months previous. In it we give the weekly average of the Bank's surplus of assets over liabilities, its stock of gold, and its reserve of notes, during each of the periods when the Directors placed the rate of discount respectively at 6, 7, 8, and 9 per cent. In the last column we also show the balance (marked by *plus* or *minus*) of the imports and exports of gold during each month of the period:—*

Period.	Banking Surplus.	Coin and Bullion.	Reserve of Notes.	Rate of Discount.	Balance of Exports and Imports of Gold.
June 15 }					£
July 27 }	3,290,000	13,700,090	6,700,000	6 }	June +698,598
July 27 }					July —474,641
Aug. 8 }	3,470,000	12,980,000	5,100,000	7 }	Aug. +557,768
Aug. 8 }					Sept. +545,475
Sept. 7 }	3,620,000	12,820,000	5,630,000	8 }	Oct. +1,120,140
Sept. 7 }					Nov. +830,947
Nov. 9 }	3,520,000	13,050,000	6,253,310	9 }	

This table condenses the facts of the late crisis so far as regards the position and action of the Bank. What does it show? That the banking surplus of the establishment was larger in September, October, and November, when the rate of discount was 9 per cent, than in June and July when the rate charged was only 6 per cent. Also, that both the Bank's stock of gold and its reserve of notes were greater in the months of crisis than in the previous period, when the Bank-rate stood at 7 per cent. And if, instead of averages, we go still more minutely into details, and examine the position of the bank for

each separate week, we find the same anomaly presented. We find that the gold in the Bank had been steadily increasing for four weeks previous to the 8th September, when the rate was raised to 9 per cent, and that the reserve of notes had been similarly increasing for five weeks previous to that date.

Why, then, was the Bank-rate raised?

During the months of crisis, and also during the previous month of August, there was not only no drain of gold, either from the country or from the Bank, but the exports of gold were at a minimum, and a larger addition to the stock

* The averages in this, and in the preceding table, are calculated from the statistics of the Bank of England given in round numbers in the 'Economist's Commercial History of 1864,' p. 44.

of gold in the country took place than during any other period of the year. And as regards the internal requirements of the country, the demand for capital was diminished, owing to the numerous failures and general contraction of business. Trade, partially during September, and still more in October, was paralysed, and the demand for capital to carry on the operations of trade was proportionately

diminished. There are no means of accurately testing the amount of our internal trade, but as regards the other portion of our national industry—namely, our foreign trade—the decline which took place is evidenced by the official returns of the Board of Trade. Our exports stood thus,—showing a decline of nearly 14 per cent (13.8) in the three last months of the year, compared with the five months previous:—

May.	June.	July.	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
14,176,640	18,976,626	14,804,864	16,274,260	14,067,949	12,871,491	12,065,218	12,095,487

Since, then, the position of the Bank of England was stronger, alike as regards assets, bullion, and reserve of notes, in September, October, and November, than in the previous weeks; since there was no drain of gold from the country; and since the demand for capital was lessened by the contraction of trade,—why, we repeat, was the Bank-rate raised?

As yet we have found not a shadow of reason for such a step on the part of the Bank. On the contrary, all the facts hitherto passed in review would lead one to expect a fall, instead of a rise, in the rate of discount. The only other point to be considered is, the disquietude in the cotton-trade at the end of August and beginning of September, in relation to its natural effects upon the banking establishments. The chief consequence of such disquietude was to lessen the amount of business, and the demand for capital; and also, by the diminution of orders, to lessen the export of gold to pay for cotton. These results did take place; and obviously their tendency was not to increase the rate of discount, but to lower it. As a set-off against these causes for a lowering of the Bank-rate, there was one, and one only, of a different character—it was this: In ordinary times, when the markets are in their usual condition, and when sales can be made on the usual terms, merchants and manufacturers generally have a certain portion

of their bills which they do not require to discount. They keep these bills (to use the financial phrase,) “in their portfolio.” But when, from any cause, the markets become depressed—when buyers are few, and sales can only be made at a loss—the merchant has to take his reserve of bills to the bank to get them discounted. As he cannot make his usual sales, he has recourse to these bills in order to procure the means of carrying on his business. Hence, when the cotton-market became depressed at the beginning of September—although the fall in price at that time was not more than 5 per cent—doubtless many cotton-merchants and manufacturers brought out their reserve of bills in order to get them discounted. This circumstance, taken by itself, would increase the demand for loanable capital; but that it was neutralised, and more than neutralised, by the contraction of trading business, and the other circumstances which we have passed in review, is shown by the statistics which we have given of the position of the Bank. It certainly would never of itself have sufficed to produce any banking difficulties; yet, as this is actually the only feature of the case which can be conceived to have influenced the Bank of England in raising its rate of discount, let us see if the case was bettered by the course adopted by the Bank.

The difficulty to be met was the stagnation of the cotton-market,

owing to a temporary and wholly baseless disquietude. How then did the Bank meet it? By adopting a course which still further, and to a fearful extent, depressed the cotton-market—converted disquietude into panic—aggravated a passing difficulty into a prolonged disaster; and moreover, extended the embarrassment and depression, from a single branch of trade, to the general trade of the country. As regards the cotton-trade—although the original disquietude, produced by the peace-rumours, was at an end by the third week of September—the effect of the high Bank-rate, and concomitant contraction of credit, sufficed to produce a continued and steadily increasing depression of the markets until at the end of October the average prices of cotton and cotton-goods were about 80 per cent. below the prices current on the 8th September, when the Bank-rate was raised to 9 per cent.

When a disquietude arises in any branch of trade, it is quite reasonable that banks should be chary of dealing with the firms connected with that line of business. If the cotton-merchants became disquieted as to their position—however baseless the cause of their disquietude,—the banks were unquestionably justified in looking askance at the bills which these firms brought to them to be discounted, and in refusing to discount the bills of any of these firms whose solvency seemed to be imperilled by the prevailing disquietude. But to raise the minimum rate of discount for all bills, to exact a higher rate of usage from the general trade of the country, is quite a different thing. The very disquietude in the cotton-trade tended to lessen, and actually did lessen, the amount of business carried on, and accordingly diminished to an equal extent the demand for capital on loan. So that, we repeat, a fall in the rate of discount would have been more natural than a rise,—especially as, as we have shown, the position of the

Bank was in every respect stronger at the time the rate was raised to 9 per cent, and during the two months when it was kept at that height, than during the previous period when the rate stood at 7 and 8 per cent.

The extent of the calamity which overtook the mercantile and manufacturing classes in autumn last is evidenced by the increase of failures to twenty times their ordinary amount, by the diminution of our export trade, and by the tens of thousands of the working classes thereby thrown out of employment. And yet, in monetary circles, the country is congratulated that the evil was no worse. "Thanks to the Act of 1844," it has been said, "the crisis did not culminate in a disaster like that of 1857." The truth is rather, that but for the action of the Bank, there would not have been any crisis at all. For a few weeks there would have been a temporary depression, of no great magnitude, in a single branch of trade. That would have been all. But so far from the difficulty having been alleviated, as it ought to have been, the action of the Bank not only aggravated it fourfold as regards the cotton-trade, but extended the calamity to the whole industry of the country.

Owing to the monopoly of the currency established by the Act of 1844, banks, instead of being the allies of trade, have become its masters, and occasionally its tyrants. As the whole note-issues of England are dependent upon "the Bank," and as all the other large banks have to carry on their business by means of its notes, it can play the part of despot at its pleasure. It has not more capital to lend than the other banks—on the contrary, the London joint-stock banks of themselves have five times more capital to lend than the Bank has. It is its virtual monopoly of the privilege of issuing notes that gives the Bank its tremendous power. It is not its amount of capital, but its monopoly of the means of lending

capital, that gave to it its despotic supremacy. All the other large banks have to go to it for the means of lending their capital. And hence, however great may be the amount of deposits, or loanable capital, in the banks of the country, they are at the mercy of the Bank of England for the means of lending that capital; and the rate of discount is made dependent mainly upon the terms which the Bank of England chooses to demand for the use of its notes.

Under this monetary monopoly our banks are no longer free agents. If any of them desires to adopt a trusting and generous policy towards Trade, it is unable to do so. It has no power to compete on fair terms with the Bank of England. If any banks desire to help Trade to tide over a temporary difficulty, while the Bank of England adopts the opposite course of raising the rate of discount, these banks find that their customers, whom they have been trusting and helping, are soon ruined by the depression of the markets which never fails to follow the raising of the rate of discount by the Bank of England. Accordingly they soon abandon the attempt, and simply follow the example of the Bank, which they are powerless to resist, leaving Trade to its fate.

Banks were meant to be the allies of Trade, and they would be so, for their own interest, but for the artificial state of matters created by our monetary laws. A recent case exhibits, on a small scale, the wise and timely aid which banks may—and, if under natural conditions, would—render to the community in times of temporary difficulty. We allude to the failure of Attwood and Spooner's bank at Birmingham. By that failure hundreds of traders and farmers were suddenly deprived of their whole reserve funds. In the end they will lose nearly one-half of their money, but in the first place the loss was total. Several months must elapse before a dividend would be paid. What were they to do?

They had bills to meet, rents to pay, and also the weekly wages to their work-people. In this emergency the Birmingham Joint-stock Bank at once stepped forward to assist the sufferers. Without a moment's delay that bank allowed many of the sufferers to open accounts with it. It gave them cash-credits, in short, and allowed them to draw upon it to a certain amount. By this means the disaster was minimised; whereas an opposite policy would have aggravated it, and paralysed the whole trade of Birmingham. The joint-stock bank which thus acted, did so not from any mere feeling of generosity, but simply as a matter of self-interest. It knew that many of the sufferers from the failure of Attwood's bank, although temporarily short of funds, were perfectly solvent, and with timely help, would be able to carry on business successfully as before, so that the money advanced to them was safe. And at the same time the bank knew that henceforth it would obtain these men as new customers. Therefore, although the policy of the Birmingham Joint-stock Bank in this matter may rightly be called generous, it was not less wise and profitable for itself. A similar policy would be adopted on a larger scale in times of temporary commercial embarrassment; if the banks could safely adopt such a course. But as long as the Bank of England acts on the opposite principle, and makes in the difficulties of trade only an excuse for raising its rate, it is impossible for other banks, who of themselves have no means of lending their capital, to alleviate the embarrassment.

In what way this pernicious monopoly of the Bank of England may be abolished, and the rate of interest be made dependent solely upon the natural cause which ought to regulate it—namely, the amount of loanable capital, and the extent of the demand for that capital—we shall show in a subsequent article. But we think we have already demonstrated two points of import-

ance—namely, first, that there was nothing in the position of the Bank of England, even as regulated by the Act of 1844, to justify the conduct of the Directors in raising the rate of discount so exorbitantly last autumn, thereby aggravating a temporary embarrassment in a single branch of trade into a widespread disaster affecting the general trade and industry of the country. Secondly, we have shown that the

rate of interest under our present monetary laws, is not regulated by natural causes, but by the artificial fetters imposed by a legislative monopoly. And, in short, that the supply of Capital does not depend upon the amount of it existing in the national reservoir (the banks), but mainly, and sometimes entirely, upon the mere size of the orifice through which it has to pass before it reaches the trading community.

PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART III.

"Piccadilly, shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirring of wheels, and the rustle of trees,
By daylight, or nightlight, or no day, or silly,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly."—LOCKER.

My gentle poet, don't imagine the merit lies in Piccadilly. May you never know the mood in which you hate Piccadilly, simply because it forms part of a universe which has become detestable to you. Put yourself in my position. I'll just take the liberty of briefly exposing what, in diplomatic slang, is called "the situation." I am telegraphed for in frantic terms by an old lady who is under the firm impression that I am engaged to be married to her daughter. I am violently in love with that daughter, but for certain reasons I have felt it my duty to account for my extraordinary conduct by informing her confidentially that I have occasional fits of temporary insanity. That daughter, I am positively assured by her mother, is no less violently attached to my most dear and intimate friend. My most dear and intimate friend returns the affection. Mamma threatens that if I do not marry her daughter, rather than allow my most dear and intimate friend to do so, she will ally the young lady to a native of Bombay. So much is known. On the following points I am still in the dark:

First, What on earth does Lady Broadbrim mean by telling me to come immediately, as delay may be

fatal—to whom? to me or to Lady Ursula, or herself? My knowledge of her ladyship induces me to incline towards the latter hypothesis; the suspense is, however, none of the less trying.

Second, Does Lady Ursula imagine that I know how she and Grandon feel towards each other?

Third, Is Grandon under the impression that I have actually proposed and been accepted by Lady Ursula?

Fourth, Does my conduct occasionally amount to something more than eccentricity or not?

Fifth—and this was very unpleasant—Shall I find Grandon at our joint abode. And, if so, what shall I say to him?

Sixth, Have Grandon and Lady Ursula met, and did anything pass between them?

Now, my friend Locker, just fancy yourself tearing along Piccadilly at 10 p.m. in a hansom with a string of questions like these chasing each other through your brain, and the prospect of two, if not three, most unpleasant interviews to come off before midnight, and then tell me whether your mood would induce you still to "love Piccadilly."

Thank goodness Grandon was at the House. So, after a hurried

toilet, I went on to Grosvenor Square. The young ladies were both out. Lady Bridget had taken advantage of the *chaperonage* of a newly-married rather fast female cousin, to go to a ball. Lady Ursula had gone to a solitary tea with a crabbed old aunt. Lady Broadbrim was in her own sitting-room, lying on a couch behind a table covered with papers. She looked wearily up when I entered, and held out a thin hand for me to do what I liked with. "How good of you to come, dear Frank," she said. It was the first time she had ever called me Frank, and I knew she expected me to acknowledge it by pressing her fingers, so I squeezed them affectionately. "Broadbrim said if I wanted to make sure of you I ought to have brought Ursula's name into the telegraph, but I told him her mother's would do as well."

"What does the—?" I am afraid I mentally said 'old girl'—"want, I wonder. It must be really serious, or she would have shammed agitation. There is something about this oily calm which is rather portentous. Then she has taken care to have every member of the family out of the house. What is she ringing the bell for now?"

"Tell Lady Ursula when she comes home that I am engaged particularly, and will come up and see her in her bedroom before she goes to bed," said Lady Broadbrim to the servant who answered it.

"Does not Lady Ursula know of my having come to town in answer to your summons?" I asked.

"No, dear child! why should I inflict my troubles upon her? Even Broadbrim, to whom I was obliged to speak more openly, only suspects the real state of the case. I have reserved my full confidence for my future son-in-law."

I lifted up my eyes with a rapid expression, and played with a paper-knife. She wanted me to help her on with an obvious remark, which I declined to make; so, after a pause, she went on with a deep sigh:

"What sad news we keep on

getting of those poor dear Confederates, Frank."

"Let us hope they will recover," said I, encouragingly.

"Oh, but they do keep on falling so, it is quite dreadful."

"There was no great number of them fell at Wilmington."

"How stupid I am," she said, "my poor mind gets quite bewildered. I was thinking of stock, not men; they went down again three more yesterday, and my broker declines altogether to carry them on from one account to another any more. I bought at 60, and they have done nothing but go down ever since. I generally go by Lord Staggerton's advice, and he recommended me to sell a bear some months ago; but that stupid little Spiffy Goldtip insisted that it was only a temporary depression, and now he says how could he know that President Davis would replace Johnston by Hood."

"Very tiresome of Davis; but you should have employed more than one broker," I remarked. "Persons of limited capital and speculative tendencies should operate mysteriously. Your right hand should not know what your left hand is doing."

"Hush, Frank! you can surely be business-like without being profane. I was completely in Spiffy's hands; Lady Mundane told me she always let him do for her, and"—here Lady Broadbrim lowered her voice—"I *know* he has access to the best sources of information. I used to employ Staggerton, but he is so selfish that he never told me the best things; besides which, of course, I was obliged to have him constantly to dinner; and his great delight was always to say things which were calculated to shock my religious friends. Moreover, he has lately been doing more as a promoter of new companies than in buying and selling. Now Spiffy is so very useful in society, and has so much tact, that although there are all kinds of stories against him, still I did not think there was any

sufficient reason to shut him out of the house. There was quite a set made against the poor little man at one time—worldly people are so hard and uncharitable; so, partly for the sake of his aunt, Lady Spiffington, who was my dear friend, and partly, indeed, because Stag-gerton had really become useless and intolerable, I put my affairs entirely into Spiffy's hands."

"And the result is?" I asked.

"That I must pay up £27,000 to-morrow," said Lady Broadbrim, with the impatient sigh of a hardened criminal.

"You should have kept his Lordship to act as a check on the Honourable Spiffington," I said; "but I cannot advise now, unless I know everything."

A faint tinge suffused Lady Broadbrim's cheek as she said, "What more do you want to know?"

"Exactly what money you possess, and exactly how it is invested."

"I don't see that that is at all necessary. Here is Spiffington's letter, from which you will see how much I must pay to-morrow; my assurance that I cannot produce so large a sum at such short notice is enough."

"You can surely have no difficulty in finding some one who would lend you the money, provided you were prepared to pay a sufficiently high rate of interest."

The tinge which had not left Lady Broadbrim's cheek deepened as she answered me, "Frank, it was on no hasty impulse that I telegraphed for you. I do not feel bound to enter into all the details of my private affairs, but I do feel that if there is one man in the world upon whom, at such a crisis, I have a right to rely, it is he to whom I have promised my daughter, and who professes to be devotedly attached to her."

"In short, Lady Broadbrim," said I, rising and taking up my hat, "you are willing to part with your daughter to me on condition of my paying a first instalment of

£27,000 down, with the prospect of 'calls' to an unlimited extent looming in the background. I doubt whether you will find Chundango prepared to go into such a very hazardous speculation, but I should recommend you to apply to him."

At that moment I heard Lady Ursula's voice in the hall, and the rustle of her dress as she went upstairs. I was on my way to the door, but I stopped abruptly, and turned upon Lady Broadbrim. She was saying something to which I was not attending, but now was suddenly paralysed and silenced as I looked at her fixedly. If a glance can convey meaning, I flatter myself my eyes were not devoid of expression at that moment—"What!" I thought, "is it reserved for the mother of this girl I love to make me call her 'a hazardous speculation?'" It is impossible for me to describe the intensity of the hatred which I felt at this moment for the woman who had caused me for one second to think of Ursula as a marketable commodity, who should be offered for purchase to an Oriental adventurer. The only being I despised more than Lady Broadbrim was myself;—because she chose to take my angel off the pedestal on which I had placed her and throw her into the dirt, was I calmly to acquiesce in the proceedings? The storm raging within me seemed gradually to blind me to external objects; my great love was battling with remorse, indignation, and despair; and I stood wavering and distracted, looking, as it were, within for rest and without for comfort, till the light seemed to leave my eyes, and the fire which had flashed from them for a moment became suddenly extinguished.

I was reconciled to consciousness by an exclamation from Lady Broadbrim. "Heavens, Frank, don't stare so wildly, you quite frighten me. I have only asked for your advice, and you make use of expressions and fly off in a manner which nothing but the excitability

of your temperament can excuse. I assure you I am worried enough without having my cares added to by your unkindness. There, if you want to know the exact state of my affairs, look through my papers—you will find I am a woman of business; and I have got an accurate list which I shall be able to explain. Of course all the more important original documents are at my solicitor's."

I sat moodily down without answering this semi-conciliatory semi-plaintive speech. I did not even take the trouble to analyse it. I felt morally and physically exhausted. The long journey, the suspense, and this *dénouement*, had prostrated me. I took up the papers Lady Broadbrim offered me, and turned them vacantly over. I read the list, but failed to attach any meaning to the items over which my gaze listlessly wandered. I felt that Lady Broadbrim was watching me curiously, but every effort I made to grasp the details before me failed hopelessly. At last I threw the packet down in despair, and leaning over the table clasped my bursting forehead with my hands.

"Dear Frank," said Lady Broadbrim, and for the first time her voice betrayed signs of genuine emotion, "I know I have been very imprudent, but I did it all for the best. You can understand now why I hesitated to tell you everything at first. You don't know how much it has cost me, and to what means I am obliged to resort to keep up my courage; besides, I have got into such a habit of concealment that I could not bear that even you should know the desperate state of our affairs, though I have no idea that in so short a time you could have unravelled such complicated accounts and arrived at the terrible result. Perhaps you would like me to leave you for a few moments. I will go and say good-night to Ursula, whom I heard going up-stairs just now."

I heard Lady Broadbrim leave the room, but did not raise my head,

and indeed only slowly comprehended the purport of her last speech. As it dawned upon me, the hopelessness of the whole situation seemed to overwhelm me. Chaos and ruin like gaunt spectres stared me in the face! What mattered it if the Broadbrim family were bankrupt in estate, if I was to become bankrupt in mind! What matter if they lost all their worldly possessions? Had I not lost all hope of Ursula, and with her every generous impulse of my nature? Why should I save the family, even if I could? Why in this desert of my existence spend a fortune on an oasis I was forbidden ever to enter or enjoy? Why should I bring offerings to the shrine at which I might never worship? The whole temple that enclosed it was tottering. Instead of helping to prop it up, why not, like Samson, drag it down and let it bury me in its ruin? I threw myself on the couch from which Lady Broadbrim had risen, and, turning my face to the wall, longed with an intense desire for an eternal release. At that moment my hand, which I had thrust under the pillow, came in contact with something hard and cold. I drew it out and was startled to find that it was a small vial labelled "POISON." I am not naturally superstitious, but this immediate response to my thoughts seemed an indication so direct as to be almost supernatural. I had hardly framed in definite terms the idea of a suicide which should at once end my agony, when the means thereto were actually placed in my very hand. Even had I doubted, the inward sense, the inspiration to which I trust, and which has never yet failed me, said, Drink! It even whispered aloud, Drink! From every corner of the room came soft pleasant murmurs of the same word. Angels floating round me bade me drink. Every thought of moral evil vanished in connection with this final act. I looked forward with rapture to the long sleep, before me, and with a smile of the most intense and fer-

vent gratitude I raised the bottle to my lips. I remember thinking at the moment, "The smile is very important—it shall play upon my lips to the end. Ursula, I die happy, for my last thought is, that in the spirit I shall soon revisit thee," and the liquid trickled slowly down my throat. It was not until I had drained the last drop that I suddenly recognised the taste. It was the "pick-me-up" I always get at Harris's, the apothecary in St James's Street, when my fits of nervous exhaustion come on, but there seemed rather more of the spirituous ingredient in it than usual. The life-stream began to tingle back through all my fibres—my miseries took grotesque forms. "Ha! ha! Lady Broadbrim! the means you take to keep up your courage, which you so delicately alluded to just now, have come in most opportunely. What a fool I was to make mountains out of mole-hills, and call the little ills of life miseries. We will soon see what these little imprudences are the old lady talks of." And I took up the papers with a hand rapidly becoming steady, and glanced over them with an eye no longer confused or dim. Oh the pleasure of the sensation of this gradual recovery of vigour of mind and force of body!

I was engaged in this task, and making the most singular and startling discoveries, the nature of which I shall shortly disclose, when I heard Lady Broadbrim coming down-stairs. I felt so angry with her for having been the means of tempting me to commit a great sin, and for the trouble she was causing me generally, that I followed the first impulse which my imagination suggested as the best means of revenging myself upon her. Accordingly, when the door opened she found me stretched at full length on the sofa, my form rigid, my face fixed, my eyes staring, my hands clenched, and my whole attitude as nearly that of a person in a fit as I had time to make it.

"Gracious, what is the matter?" said she.

My lips seemed with difficulty to form the word "poison."

"Frank, speak to me!" and she seized my hand, which was not so cold as I could have wished it, but which fell helplessly by my side as she let it drop.

"Poison!" I this time uttered audibly.

"Where did you get it?" said she, snappishly. For it began to dawn upon her that I was not poisoned at all, but had discovered her secret. I turned my thumb languidly in the direction of under the pillow. She hastily thrust in her hand and pulled out the empty bottle. "You fool!"—she actually used this expression; I have heard other ladies do the same—"you fool," and she was literally furious, "what did you go poking under the pillow for? You are no more poisoned than I am; it is a draught I am obliged to take for nervous depression, and your imagination has almost frightened you into a fit. I put 'poison' on it to keep the servants from prying. Come, get up, be a man—do," and Lady Broadbrim gave me her hand, in consideration for her weakness, to help myself up by.

"Dearest Lady Broadbrim," said I, pressing it to my lips, "I cannot tell what comfort you give me. I was just beginning to regret the world I thought I was about to leave for ever, when your assurance that I have not taken poison, but a tonic, makes me feel as grateful to you as if you had saved by life. I confess that, when I found that you considered your affairs to be so desperate that you had provided the most effectual mode of escape from them, I envied the superior foresight which you had displayed, and determined to repair my error. If it is worth dear Lady Broadbrim's while to poison herself, I thought, it is surely worth mine. But, after all, suicide is a cowardly act either in a man or a woman: better far face the ills of

life with the aid of stimulants, and fly for refuge in the agony of a financial crisis to the shop of an apothecary."

"You are an incomprehensible creature, Frank," said Lady Broadbrim; "I am sure I hope for her own sake that Ursula will understand you better than I do; but as your humours are uncertain, and you seem able to go into these affairs now, I think we had better not waste any more time; only I do wish" (with a wistful glance at the bottle) "you would provide yourself with your own draughts in future."

"How lucky," thought I, as I put on a business-like air, and methodically began arranging the papers according to their dockets. "Now if it had been just the other way, and her Ladyship had taken the draught instead of me, how completely I should have been at her mercy! Now, I am master of the situation."

"Greek loan, thirty thousand," I read, going down the list; "I am afraid this is rather a losing business. I see they have been already held over for some months. I suppose some of the £27,000 is to be absorbed there."

"Yes," said Lady Broadbrim; "because if I can carry on for another fortnight, I have got information which makes it certain I shall recover on them."

"What is this? five hundred pounds' worth of dollar bonds?" I went on.

"Oh, I only lost a few pounds on them. I bought them at threepence a-piece and sold them at twopence. Spiffy got me to take them off his hands, and, in fact, made a great favour of it, as he says there is nothing people make money more surely out of than dollar bonds."

"Timson's Eating-house and Cigar Divan Company, Strand. Well, there is a strong direction. How do you come by so many shares?"

"Lord Staggerton was one of the promoters, and had them allotted to me," said Lady Broadbrim. "He also was kind enough to put me

into two Turkish baths, a monster hotel, and a music-hall. You will see that I lost heavily in the Turkish baths and the hotel, but the music-hall is paying well. Spiffy says I ought never to stay so long in anything as I do; in and out again, if it is only half a per cent, is his system; but Staggerton used to look after my interests, and managed them very successfully. I am afraid that all my troubles commenced when I quarrelled with him. He is now promoting two companies which I hear most highly spoken of, but he says I must take my chance with others about shares, and he won't advise me in the matter. One is 'The Metropolitan Crossing-Sweeping Company,' of which he's to be chairman, and the other is the 'Seaside Bathing-machine Company.' Spiffy says they will both fail, because Staggerton has not the means of having them properly brought out. Bodwinkle won't speak to him, and unless either he or the Credit Foncier bring a thing out, there is not the least chance of its taking with the public. They don't so much look at the merits of the speculation as at the way in which it is put before them; and with this system of rigging the market, so many people go in like me only to get out again, that it is becoming more and more difficult every day to start anything new. Oh dear," said Lady Broadbrim, "how exhausted it always makes me to talk 'City.' I only want to show you that I understand what I am about, and that if you can only help to tide me over this crisis, something will surely turn up a prize."

"I know you disapprove of cards, but perhaps you will allow me to suggest the word 'trump' as being more expressive than 'prize,'" I said. "Well, now we have got through the companies, what have we here? Why, Lady Broadbrim, you have positively taken no less than seven unfurnished houses this year. What on earth do you intend to do with them all?"

"My dear Frank, where have you been living for the last few years? do with them? Exactly what dozens of smart people, with very little to live on, do with houses—let them to be sure. I made £1100 last year in four houses, and all by adding it on to the premiums. I don't like furnishing and putting it in the rent. In the first place, one is apt to have disagreeable squabbles about the furniture, which, however good you give people, they always say is shabby; and in the second, you get much more into the hands of the house-agents."

"Well, but," I said, "here is one of the largest houses in London—rent, unfurnished, £1500 a year. That is rather hazardous: who do you expect will take that?"

"Oh, that is the safest speculation of them all," said Lady Broadbrim. "I had an infinity of trouble to get it. Spiffy first suggested the plan to me, and we found it succeed admirably last year. It was we who brought out Mrs. Gorgon Tompkins and her daughters. She took the house from me at my own rent, on condition that Spiffy managed her balls, and got all the best people in London to go to them. This year we are going to bring out the Bodwinkles. It will be much easier, because she is young, and has no family. He, you know, is a man of immense wealth in the City—in fact, as I said before, his name is almost essential to the success of any new company. I told his wife I could have nothing to do with them unless he came into Parliament, for they are horridly vulgar, and they were bound to do what they could for themselves before I could think of taking them up. Lady Mundane positively refused to have anything to do with them, and, in fact, I live so little in the world, though I keep it up to some extent for the sake of my girls, that it was quite an accident my hearing of them. Now, however, he has got into the House of Commons, and it is arranged that she is to take the

house, and Bodwinkle is to help Spiffy in City matters, on condition that he gets all Lady Mundane's list to her first party. Poor Spiffy is a little nervous, as Bodwinkle actually wanted to put it in writing on a stamped paper; but he is so immensely useful to society, that the least people can do is to be good-natured on an occasion of this kind."

"No fear of them," said I; "if Bodwinkle is the only man who can launch a company in the City, no one can compete with Spiffy in launching a snob in Mayfair. But I thought you never went to balls."

"I never do; but because I do not approve of dancing, there is no reason why I should not let houses for the purpose. You might as well say a religious banker ought not to open an account with a theatre, or a good brewer live by his beer, because some people drink too much of it. If any one was to leave a gin-palace to me in a legacy, I should not refuse the rent."

"Any more than you do the interest of your shares in the music-hall. And now," said I coolly, gathering up all her papers and putting them in my pocket, "as it is past one o'clock, and I see you are tired, I will take these away with me, and let you know to-morrow what I think had better be done under the circumstances."

"What are you doing, Frank? what an unheard-of proceeding!—I insist upon your leaving my papers here."

"If I do you must look elsewhere for the money." No, Lady Broadbrim!"—I felt that my moral ascendancy was increasing every moment, and that I should never have such another opportunity of establishing it—"we had better understand each other clearly. You regard me at this moment in the light of your future son-in-law, and in that capacity expect me to extricate you and your family from your financial difficulties. Now, I am quite capable of 'behaving badly,' as the world calls it, at the shortest notice. I told you at Dickiefield

that I was totally without principle, and we are both trusting to Ursula to reform me. But I will relinquish the pleasure of paying your debts, and the advantage of being reformed by your daughter, unless you agree to my terms."

"And they are?" said her Ladyship, doggedly.

"First, that from this evening you put the entire management of your affairs into my hands, and, as a preliminary measure, allow me to take away these papers, giving me a note to your lawyer authorising him to follow my instructions in everything; and, secondly, that you never, under any pretence, enter into any company or speculation of any kind except with my permission."

A glance of very evil meaning shot across her Ladyship's eyes as they met mine after this speech, but I frightened it away by the savageness of my gaze, till she was literally obliged to put her hand up to her forehead. The crisis was exciting me, for Ursula was at stake, and it was just possible my conditions might be refused; but I felt the magnetism of my will concentrating itself in my eyes as if they were burning-glasses. It seemed to dash itself upon the reefs and barriers of Lady Broadbrim's rocky nature; the inner forces of our organisations were engaged in a decisive struggle for the mastery; but the field of battle was in her, not in me. I had invaded the enemy's country, and her frontier was as long and difficult to defend as ours is in Canada. So I kept on pouring in mesmeric reinforcements, as she sat with her head bent, and her whole moral being in turmoil. Never before had any man ventured to dictate to this veteran campaigner. The late Lord had been accustomed to regard her as infallible, and Broadbrim has not yet known the pleasures of independence. She never had friends who were not servile, or permitted herself to be contradicted, except by a few privileged ecclesiastics, and then, only

in unctuous and deprecatory tones. That I, of whom the world was accustomed to speak in terms of compassion, and whom she inwardly despised at this moment, should stand over her more unyielding and imperious than herself, caused her to experience a sensation nearly allied to suffocation. I seemed instinctively to follow the mental processes through which she was passing, and a certain consciousness that I did so demoralised her. Now, I felt, she is going to take me to task in a "sweet Christian spirit" about the state of my soul, and I brought up "will" reinforcements which I poured down upon her brain through the parting of her front, till she backed suddenly out of the position, and took up a hostile, I might almost say an abusive, attitude. Here again I met her with such a shower of invective, "uttered not, yet comprehended," that after a silent contest she gave this up too, and finally fell back on the flat rejection of me and my money altogether. This, I confess, was the critical moment. She took her hand down when she came to this mental resolution, and looked at me, I thought, but it might have been imagination, demoniacally. What had I to oppose it? My love for Ursula? No! that would soften me. My aversion to Lady Broadbrim? No; for it was not so great as hers for me. For a moment I wavered; my will seemed paralysed; her gaze was becoming fascinating, while mine was getting clouded, till a mist seemed to conceal her from me altogether. And now, at the risk of being misunderstood and ridiculed, I feel bound to describe exactly the most remarkable occurrence of my life. At that moment I saw distinctly, in the luminous haze which surrounded me, a fiery cross. I have already said that objects of this kind often appeared to me in the dark, *à propos* of nothing; but upon no former occasion had a lighted room become dim, and a vision manifested itself which seemed an answer to the involun-

tary invocation for assistance that I made when I found the powers of my own will beginning utterly to fail me; and what was still more strange, never before had any such manifestation effected an immediate revolution in my sentiments. Up to that moment I had been internally fierce and overbearing in my resolution to subdue the nature with which I was contending, and I was actually defeated when I received this supernatural indication of assistance. Before the dazzling vision had vanished, it had conveyed its lesson of self-sacrifice, and created within me a new impulse, under the influence of which I solemnly vowed that if I triumphed now I should use my victory for the good not only of those I loved, but of her then sitting before me. The demon of my own nature, which had evidently been struggling with the demon of hers, suddenly deserted me, and his place seemed occupied by an angel of light furnishing me with the powers of exorcism, which were to be gained only at the sacrifice of self. My very breath seemed instantly charged with prayers for her, at the moment I felt she regarded me with loathing and hate.

An ineffable calm pervaded my whole being. A sense of happiness and gratitude deprived the consciousness of the conquest which I had gained of any sentiment of exultation; on the contrary, I felt gentle and subdued myself—anxious to soothe and comfort her with that consolation I had just experienced. Ah, Lady Broadbrim! at that moment, had I not been in the presence of a "saint," I should have fallen upon my knees. Perhaps as it was I might have done so, had she not suddenly leant back exhausted.

"Frank," she said, "I seem to have been dreaming. I am subject to fits of violent nervous depression, and the agitation of this scene has completely overcome me; my brain seems stunned, and all my faculties have become torpid. I

can think of nothing more now, do what you like; all I want is to go to sleep. If you ring the bell in that corner Jenkins will come down. Good-night; I shall see you to-morrow. Take the papers with you."

I took Lady Broadbrim's hand—it was cold and clammy—and held it till her maid came down. She had already fallen into a half-mesmeric sleep, but was not conscious of her condition. I saw her safely on her way to her bedroom on the arm of her maid, and left the house with my pockets full of papers, more fresh and invigorated than I had felt for weeks. A new light had indeed dawned upon me. For the first time one of these "hallucinations," as medical men usually term them, to which I am subject, had contained a lesson. Not only had I profited from it upon the spot, but it had suggested to me an entirely new line of conduct in the great question which most nearly affected my own happiness, and seemed to guarantee me the strength of will and moral courage which should enable me to carry it out. At the same time, I am not so sure of my powers to adhere to my resolution, that I can admit my readers into my confidence. Time alone will show whether the project I formed as I walked home, with the piercing March wind cutting me through, will ever be realised in the manner I now propose.

There is one point which I have in common with Euclid,—my most brilliant inspirations very often come to me in my tub, or while I am dressing. On the morning following the scene above described, I trusted to this moment to furnish me with an idea which should enable me to put my plan into operation, but I sought in vain.

In the first place, though I assumed in the presence of Lady Broadbrim a thorough knowledge of the peculiar description of the transaction in which she was engaged, I feel bound not to conceal from my readers that I am as utterly and

entirely ignorant of the terms of the Stock Exchange as of the language of the swell mob. Debentures, stock, scrip, coupons, and all the jargon connected with such money-making and money-losing contrivances, are to me incomprehensible; nor do I ever desire to know more of them than I do already, feeling assured that it is a description of information which, if dwelt upon, not only degrades the intelligence, but is apt to debase the moral nature. I do not for a moment wish to reflect upon those honest individuals who devote their whole lives to the acquisition of money and nothing else. Had one of my own ancestors not done so, I should not now be the millionaire I am, and able to write thus of the pursuit of wealth. But let no man tell me that the supreme indifference to it which I entertain, does not place my moral nature upon a higher platform than a gold-hunter can possibly aspire to. When, therefore, I looked forward to an interview with the Honourable Spiffington Goldtip, I felt that I should be most completely at his mercy in matters of business; and though I was animated by the most benevolent sentiments, both as regarded Lady Broadbrim and little Spiffy himself, still I was haunted by the apprehension that my generosity would be misunderstood, and that I should be "done." Not being versed in the Capel Court standard of morality; or being in the habit of treading those delicate lines upon which Spiffy had learnt to balance himself so gracefully, I might, instead of doing him good, be the means of encouraging him in that pecuniary scramble which enabled him to gain a precarious livelihood.

"After all," I thought, "why not hover about the City with one's hands full of gold, as one used to after dinner at Greenwich, when showers of coppers delighted the ragged crowd beneath, and have the fun of seeing all the mud-larking Spiffys, fashionable and snobbish, scrambling in wild confusion,

and rolling fraternally over each other in the dirt! If I can't convert them, if I must be 'done' by them, I will 'do' to them as I would be 'done' by; and rather than leave them to perish, will adopt an extreme measure, and keep on suffocating them with the mud they delight to revel in, till they cry aloud for help. What a pleasure it would be to wash Spiffy all over afterwards, and start him fresh and sweet in a new line of life!" As I said before, I was in my tub myself as I made this appropriate recollection; then my thoughts involuntarily reverted to Ohundango. When I had threatened Lady Broadbrim with the mercenary spirit of that distinguished Oriental, I inwardly doubted whether, indeed, it were possible for her to propose any pecuniary sacrifice which he was not prepared to make, in order to gain the social prize upon which he had set his heart; and I dreaded lest I should have driven her in despair to have recourse to this 'dark' alternative,—whether in order to save the Broadbrim family from ruin and disgrace—for I suspected that the papers I had carried away contained evidence that one was as possible as the other—Ursula would accede to the pressure of the family generally, and of her mother in particular, whose wish none of her children had ever dared to thwart, was a consideration which caused me acute anxiety. I must prepare myself shortly for a conversation on the subject with Grandon. What should I say to him? Granting that the means occasionally justify the end, which I do not admit, what would be the use of making a false statement either in the sense that I was, or that I was not, going to marry Ursula? If I said I was, he would think me a traitor and her a jilt; if I said I was not, I must go on and tell him that the family would be ruined and disgraced or that she must marry Ohundango to save it. He would obtain comfort neither way. Bet-

ter leaves him in doubt and suspense, since putting him out of it was in the first place impossible, where everything was uncertain; and where, in the second, even certainty would only add to his misery. Then, I thought, how will he account for my reserve? what can he think except that it arises from an unworthy motive?—and I brushed my hair viciously. At that instant I heard a thump at the door, and before I could answer, in walked the subject of my meditation.

"Well, my dear old fellow," said Grandon, as he grasped my hand warmly, "how mysterious and spasmodic you have been in your movements! I was afraid even now, if I had not invaded the sanctity of your dressing-room, that you would have slipped through my fingers. I know you have a great deal to tell me, of interest to us both; and we are too fast friends to hesitate to confide in each other on any matters which affect our happiness. True men never have any reticence as between themselves; they only have recourse to that armour when they happen to be cursed with false friends." I cannot describe my feelings during this speech; how on earth was I to avoid reticence? how show him that I loved and trusted him when I had just been elaborately devising a speech which should tell him nothing? and I thought of our school and then our college days—how I never seemed to be like other boys or other men of my own age—and how when nobody understood me Grandon did, and how when nobody defended my peculiarities Grandon did—how he protected and advised me at first out of sheer compassion, until at last I had become as a younger brother to him. How distressed he was when I gave up diplomacy, and how anxious during the five years that I was exploring in the far West, and gold-digging in Australia, and how nothing but his letters ever induced me to

leave the wild, reckless life that possessed such a wonderful charm for me; and how he bore with my wilfulness and vanity; for the faults of my character at such moments would become painfully apparent to me; and how now I was going to return it all, by allowing him to suppose that I had deliberately plotted against his happiness, and ruthlessly sapped the solid foundations upon which our life's friendship had been built. He saw these painful thoughts reflected but too accurately upon my face, for he had been accustomed to read it for so many years, and he smiled a look of encouragement and kindness. "Come," he said, "I will tell you exactly, first everything I suspect, and then everything I know, and then what I think about it, so that you will have as little of the labour of revelation as possible. First of all, I suspect that you imagine that I had proposed to Lady Ursula Newlyte before we met the other day at Dickiefield: I need not say that in that case I should have told you as much upon the evening we parted; I pledge you my word I have never uttered a syllable to Lady Ursula from which she could suspect the state of my feelings towards her, and she has never given me any indication that she returned my affection; I therefore did not mention myself when you told me your intention of proposing to her at Dickiefield; I only do so now in consequence of a letter which I received from Lady Broadbrim last night.

"A letter from Lady Broadbrim?" said I, aghast.

"Yes," he said, "in which she encloses a copy of one of yours containing your proposal to Lady Ursula, and informs me that you were aware when you made it of the difficulties you might have to encounter through me. She goes on to say that, whatever may have been her daughter's feelings towards me at one time, they have completely changed, as she at once

accepted you; and she winds up with the rather unnecessary remark that this is the less to be regretted by me, as under no circumstances would I have obtained either her consent or that of Lord Broadbrim. And so," my poor friend went on, but his lips were quivering, and I turned away my eyes to avoid seeing the effort it cost him—"and so, you see, my dear Frank, it is all for the best. In the first place, she never loved me. I have too high an opinion of her to suppose that if she had, she would have accepted you; in the second, she would never have married me against her mother's consent, and so even if she had loved me, we should have both been miserable; and, thirdly, if there is one thing that could console me under such a blow, it is, that the man she loves, and the family approve, is my dear old friend, who is far more worthy the happiness in store for him than I should have been." He put his hand kindly on my shoulder as his strong voice shook with the force of his suppressed emotion, and I bowed my head. I felt utterly humiliated by a magnanimity so noble, and by a tenderness surpassing that of women. I thanked God at that moment that Lady Ursula did *not* love me, and I vowed that Lady Broadbrim should bitterly expiate her sins against us both. Here, then, was the secret of her refusing to acknowledge that she had stolen my missing letter at Dickiefield, and this was the precious use she had made of it. The question now was, what was to be done? But my mind was paralysed—all its strength seemed expended in vowing vengeance against Lady Broadbrim. When I tried to form a sentence of explanation to Grandon, my brain refused its functions; I felt as if I were in a net, and that the slightest movement on my part would entangle me more inextricably in its meshes. The last resolution I had come to before he entered the room was, on no account to tell him the exact state of the case, and this re-

solution had now become an *idée fixe*. I had not clearness of mind at the moment to decide whether it was right or wrong. I felt that when my head was clear I had come to the conclusion that it was best, so I stuck to it now. True, it involved leaving him in the delusion that Ursula and I were engaged—but was it altogether certain to remain a delusion? did Lady Ursula really care for him? I had only Lady Broadbrim's word for it. Again, had I anything better to give him? would it be a comfort to him to hear the Obundango alternative? These in a confused way were the thoughts which flitted across my brain in this moment of doubt and difficulty, so I said nothing. He misinterpreted my silence, and thought me overwhelmed with remorse at the part I had played. "Believe me," he said, "I do not think one particle the worse of you for what you have done; I know how difficult it is to control one's feelings in moments of passion; and you see you were quite right not to believe Lady Broadbrim when she told you Ursula cared for me."

"I had already written the letter then," I stammered out.

"Of course you had; I never supposed you could do the dishonourable thing of hearing she cared about me first, and writing to her afterwards, although Lady Broadbrim said so. When you did make the discovery that Lady Ursula's affections were not already engaged, you were perfectly right to win her if you could. I only bargain that you ask me to be your best-man."

This was a well-meant but such a very unsuccessful attempt at resignation on Grandon's part, that it touched me to the quick. "My dear Grandon," I said—and I saw my face in the glass opposite, looking white and stony with the effort it cost me not to fall upon his neck and cry like a woman; "I solemnly swear, whatever you may think now, that the day will come when you will find that I was worthy the privilege of having been even your

friend. I was going to say, Till then, believe me and trust me; but I need not, for I know that, however unnatural it seems for me to ask you not to allude again to the subject we have just been discussing, you will be satisfied that I would not ask it without having a reason which if you knew you would approve. On my conscience I believe that I am right in reserving from you my full confidence for the first time in my life; but do not let the fact of one forbidden topic alienate us—let it rather act as another link, hidden for the moment, but which may some day prove the most powerful to bind us together.”

Grandon's face lit up with a bright frank smile. “I trust and believe in you from the bottom of my soul, and you shall bury any subject you like till it suits you to exhume it. Come, we will go to breakfast, and I will discourse to you on the political and military expediency of spending £200,000 on the fortifications of Quebec.”

“Well,” thought I, as I followed Grandon down-stairs, “for a man who is yearning to be honest, and to do the right thing by everybody, I have got into as elaborate a complication of lies as if I were a Russian diplomatist. First, I have given both Lady Broadbrim and Grandon distinctly to understand that I am at this moment engaged to Ursula, which I am not; and secondly, I have solemnly assured that young lady herself that I am conscious of being occasionally mad.”

In this tissue of falsehoods, it is poor consolation to think that the only one in which there may be some foundation of truth is the last. Supposing I was to go in for dishonesty, perhaps I could not help telling the truth by the rule of “contraries.” I will go and ask the Honourable Spiffington whether he finds this to be the case, and I parted from Grandon in the hope of catching that gentleman before he had betaken himself to his civic haunts. I was too late, and pursued him east of Temple Bar.

Here he frequented sundry “board-rooms” of companies which by a figure of speech he helped to “direct,” and was also to be found in the neighbourhood of Hercules Passage and the narrow streets which surround the Stock Exchange, in the little back dens of pet brokers, upon whom he relied for “good things.” Spiffy used to collect political news in fashionable circles all through the night and up to an early hour of the morning, and then come into the City with it red-hot, so as to “operate.” He was one of the most lively little rabbits to be found in all that big warren of which the Bank is the centre, and popped in and out of the different holes with a quickness that made him very difficult to catch. At last I ran him to a very dingy earth, where he was pausing, seated on a green baize table over a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and chaffing a rising young broker who hoped ultimately to be proposed by Spiffy for the Piccadilly Club. He was trying to establish a claim thereto now, on the strength of having been at Mrs. Gorgon Tompkins's ball on the previous evening. “It is rather against you than otherwise,” said Spiffy—who was an extremely off-hand little fellow, and did not interrupt his discourse after he had nodded to me familiarly—“I can't afford to take you up yet; indeed, what have you ever done to merit it? and Mrs. Gorgon Tompkins has enough to do this season to keep her own head above water without attempting to float you. I did what I could for her last night, but she can't expect to go on with her successes of last year. We had a regular scene at 6 A.M. this morning, ‘in banquet halls deserted,’—tears, and all that sort of thing—nobody present but self, Gorgon, and partner. We took our last year's list, and compared them with the invitations sent out this year. The results were painful—only the fag-end of the diplomatic corps had responded, none of the great European powers present, and our own

Cabinet most slenderly represented. Obligated to resort for young men to the byways and hedges; no expense spared, and yet the whole affair a miserable failure."

"Have you tried lobsters boiled in champagne at supper, as a draw?" said I.

"No," said Spiffy, looking at me with admiration. "I did not know this sort of thing was in your line, Frank." He had not the least right to call me Frank; but as everybody, whether they knew him or not, called him Spiffy, he always anticipated this description of familiarity.

"To tell you the truth, I could pull the Tompkins through another season, but I am keeping all my best ideas for the Bodwinkles. Bodwinkles' first ball is to cost £2000; he wanted me to do it for £1500, and I should have been able to do it for that, if Mrs. Bodwinkle had had any *h's*; but the *crème de la crème* require an absence of aspirates to be made up to them somehow. Oh, with the extra £500 I can do it easily," said Spiffy, with an air of self-complacency. "She is a comparatively young woman, you see, without daughters; that simplifies matters very much. And then Bodwinkle can be so much more useful to political men than Gorgon Tompkins; the only fear is that he may commit himself at a late hour at the supper-table, but I have hit on a notion which will overcome all these possible *contretemps*."

"What is that?" said I, curiously.

"Well, in confidence, I don't mind telling you, as you are not in the line yourself; but it is a master-stroke of genius. Like all great ideas, its merit lies in its simplicity."

"Well, don't keep us any longer in suspense; I promise not to appropriate it."

"Well," said Spiffy, triumphantly, "I am going to *pay* the aristocracy to come!"

"Pay them!" said I, really astounded; "how on earth are you going to get them to take the money?"

"Ah, that is the secret. Wait till the Bodwinkles' ball. You will see how delicately I shall contrive it; a great deal more neatly than you do when you leave your doctor's fee mysteriously wrapped in paper upon his mantelpiece. I shall no more hurt that high sense of honour, and that utter absence of anything like snobbiism which characterises the best London society, than a French cook would offend the nostrils of his guests with an overpowering odour of garlic; but it is a really grand idea."

"Worthy of Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, or the first Napoleon," said I; "posterity will recognise you as a social giant with a mission, if the small men and the envious of the present day refuse to do so."

"I don't mind telling you," Spiffy went on, "that the idea first occurred to me in a Scotch donkey-circus, where I won as a prize for entering the show, a red plush waistcoat worth five shillings. The fact is, Bodwinkle is so anxious to get people, he would go to any expense; he has even offered me a commission on all the accepted invitations I send out for him, graduated on a scale proportioned to the rank of the acceptor. I am afraid it would not be considered quite the right thing to take it; what do you think?"

"Well," said I, "I doubt whether society would stand it. You must bring them to it gradually. At present, I feel sure they would draw the line at a 'commission.' *Apropos* of the Bodwinkles, I want to have a little private conversation with you."

"I am awfully done," said Spiffy. "I never went to bed at all last night. I got some information about Turkish certificates before I went to the Tompkins; then I stayed there till past six, and had to come on here at ten to turn what I knew to account. However, go ahead; what is it in? Jones here will do it for you. No need of mystery between us. 'Cosmopolitan district' is the sort of thing I

can conscientiously recommend—I'll tell you why: I went down to the lobby of the House last night on purpose to hear what the fellows were saying who prowled about there pushing what my wretched tailor would call 'a little bill' through committee. It is becoming a sort of 'ring,' and the favourites last night were light Cosmopolitans."

"What on earth are they as distinguished from heavy?" I asked.

"Jones, show his Lordship the stock-list," said Spiffy, with a swagger.

The investigation of the "list" completely bewildered me. Why a £10 share would be worth £19, and a £100 share worth £99, 10s., in the same company, was not evident on the face of the document before me, so I looked into Spiffy's.

"Puzzling, isn't it?" said Spiffy.

"Very," I replied. "Now tell me," and I turned innocently towards Mr. Jones, for Spiffy's expression was secretive and mysterious—"explain to me how it is that a share upon which only £10 has been paid, should be so much more valuable than one which has been fully paid up."

"Ask the syndicate," said Jones, looking at Spiffy in a significant way.

I felt quite startled, for I expected to see a group of foreigners composing this institution walk into the room; it was not until I had looked again to Spiffy for information, and was met by the single open eye of that gentleman, that I drew an inference and a very long breath.

"Spiffy," I said, "I am getting stifled—the moral atmosphere of this place is tainted; take me to the sweetest board-room in the neighbourhood—I want to speak to you on private business."

"Haven't time," said Spiffy, looking at his watch.

"Not to settle Lady Broadbrim's little affair," said I, in a whisper.

Spiffy got uncommonly pale, but recovered himself in a second. "All right, old fellow," and he poured a few hurried words in an incompre-

hensible dialect into Jones's ear, and led the way to the Suburban Washing-ground Company's board-room, which was the most minute apartment of the kind I had ever seen.

I shall not enter into the particulars of what passed between Spiffy and myself on this occasion. In the first place, it is so dry that it would bore you; in the second place, it was so complicated, and Spiffy's explanations seemed to complicate it so much the more, that I could not make it clear to you if I wished; and in the last, I do not feel justified in divulging all Lady Broadbrim's money difficulties and private crises. Suffice it to say, that in the course of our conversation Spiffy was obliged to confide to me many curious facts connected with his own line of life, and more especially with the peculiar functions which he exercised in his capacity of a "syndic," under the seal of solemn secrecy. Without the hold over him which this little insight into his transactions has given me, I should not be able to report so much of our conversation as I have. Nevertheless, I thought it right to tell him how much of it he would shortly see in print.

"Gracious, Frank," said Spiffy, petrified with alarm, "you don't mean to say you are going to publish all I told you about the Gorgon Tompkins and the Bodwinkles? how am I ever to keep them going if you do? besides there are a number of other fellows in the same line as I am. Just conceive the injury you will inflict upon society generally—nobody will thank you. The rich 'middle' who are looking forward to this kind of advancement will be furious; all of us 'promoters' will hate you, and 'les hautes' will probably cut you. Why can't you keep quiet instead of trying to get yourself and everybody else into hot water?"

"Spiffy," said I, solemnly, "when I devoted myself to 'mission work,' as they call it in Exeter Hall, I

counted the cost, as you will see on referring back to my first article. I am still only at the beginning. I have a long and heavy task before me; but my only excuse for remaining in society is that I am labouring for its regeneration."

"You won't remain in it long," said Spiffy, "if you carry on in your present line. What do you want to do? Eradicate snobbism from the British breast?—never! we should all, from the highest to the lowest, perish of inanition without it."

"Society," said I, becoming metaphorical, "is like a fluid which is pervaded by that ingredient which you call 'snobbism,' the peculiarity of which is that you find it in equal perfection when it sinks to the bottom and becomes dregs, and when it rises to the surface and becomes *crème*—though of course it undergoes some curious chemical changes, according to its position. However, that is only one of the elements which pollute what should be a transparent fluid. I am subjecting it just now to a most minute and careful analysis, and I feel sure I shall succeed in obtaining an interesting 'precipitate.' I do most earnestly trust both you and the world at large will profit by my experiments."

"Frank, you are a lunatic," said Spiffy, with a yawn, for I was beginning to bore him. "I suppose I can't help your publishing what you like, only you will do yourself more harm than me. Let me know when society has 'precipitated' you out of it, and I will come and see you. Nobody else will. Good-bye!"

"He calls me a lunatic," I murmured, as I went down-stairs—"I thought that I should be most likely to hear the truth by applying to the Honourable Spiffington."

The same reasons which have compelled me to maintain a certain reserve in narrating my conversation with this gentleman prevent me fully describing the steps which I am at present taking to arrange Lady Broadbrim's affairs, and which

will occupy me during the Easter recess. Now, thank goodness, I think I see my way to preventing the grand crash which she feared, but I decline to state the amount of my own fortune which will be sacrificed in the operation. The great inconvenience of the whole proceeding is the secrecy which it necessarily involves. Grandon is under the impression that I am gambling on the Stock Exchange, and is miserable in consequence, because he fancies I add to that sin the more serious one of denying it. Lady Ursula, whom I have avoided seeing alone, but who knows that I am constantly plotting in secret with her mother, is no doubt beginning to think that I am wicked as well as mad, and is evidently divided between the sacred obligation of keeping the secret of my insanity, and her dread lest in some way or other her mother should be the victim of it. Lady Bridget is unmistakably afraid of me. The other day, when I went into the drawing-room and found her alone, she turned as pale as a sheet, jumped up, stammered out something about going to find mamma, and rushed out of the room. Did I not believe in Ursula as in my own existence, I could almost fancy she had betrayed me. Then there is Broadbrim. He is utterly puzzled. He knows that I am come to pull the family out of the mess, and put his own cherished little person into a financially sound condition; and he is equally well assured that I would not make this sacrifice without feeling certain of marrying his sister. But, in the first place, that any man should sacrifice anything, either for his sister or any other woman, is a mystery to Broadbrim; and, in the second, I strongly suspect that Ursula has said something which makes him very doubtful whether she is engaged to me or not. Poor girl! I feel for her. Was ever a daughter and sister before placed in the embarrassing position of leaving her own mother and brother in the de-

lusion that she was engaged to be married to a man who had never breathed to her the subject of his love, much less of matrimony! Then Spiffy and Lady Broadbrim's lawyer both look upon the marriage as settled: how else can they account for the trouble I am taking, and the liberality I am displaying? There is something mysterious, moreover, in the terms upon which I am in the house. Lady Broadbrim is beginning to think it unnatural that I should not care to see more of Ursula; and whenever she is not quite absorbed with considering her own affairs, is making the arrangement known among mammas by the expression, "bringing the young people together"—as if any young people who really cared to be together, could not bring themselves together without mamma or any body else interfering. Fortunately Lady Broadbrim is so much more taken up with her own speculations than with either her daughter's happiness or mine, that I am always able to give the conversation a City turn when she broaches the delicate

subject of Ursula. How Ursula manages on these occasions I cannot conceive, but I do my best to prevent Lady Broadbrim talking about me to her, as I always say mysteriously, that if she does, "it will spoil everything"—an alarming phrase, which produces an immediate effect. Still it is quite clear that this kind of thing can't continue long. If I can only keep matters going for a few days more, they will all be out of town for Easter, and that will give me time to breathe. As it is, it is impossible to shut my eyes to the fact, that my best friend is beginning to doubt me—that the girl I love dreads me—and that the rest of the family, and those sufficiently connected with it to observe my proceedings, either pity, laugh at, or despise me. This, however, by no means prevents their using their utmost endeavours to ruin me. That is the present state of matters. The situation cannot remain unchanged during the next four weeks. Have I your sympathies, dear reader? Do you wish me well out of it?

TO A LARK,

ON HEARING ONE SING EARLY IN FEBRUARY.

Up in the sky! sweet Lark! up! up!
 The sun Kilpatrick hills doth brighten,
 The care-draught brimming in my cup
 Thou sweetenest, and my heart doth lighten.
 Up, and thy first spring lay prolong;
 The labour ache flies from thy song.

Up higher yet, blithe lark! no eye
 On earth should see thine eye's joy-glisten;
 Hide in yon blue spot of the sky,
 And I'll beneath thee sit and listen;
 For if thy notes but reach my ear,
 Sweet bird, no other sound I'll hear.

From yonder dreary Mine but now
 Emerging, I my grief was muttering;
 In vain the sunshine touched my brow,
 Till from the grass I saw thee fluttering,
 And heard thy "Hail, Spring!" o'er me lured,
 Sweet as the water-spring to thirst.

I foolishly and faithless deemed
 These Knowes had nought my heart to gladden;
 And, nursing discontent, but dreamed
 Of toil and trouble in Garscadden;
 Till, like the sun a cloud dispelling,
 Thy song came better things foretelling.

What was it called thee up to sing?
 The merle and thrush thy song hear mutely;
 Yon frozen uplands feel no Spring,
 The winds with chilling breath salute me.
 Say wherefore dost thou soar so proudly,
 And trill thy ecstasy so loudly?

Didst thou perceive the care-cloud spread
 Upon my face, and, sympathising,
 Spring from the bare turf, kindness-led,
 And on thy angel-mission rising,
 Above me circled trilling, trilling,
 My heart with peace and gladness filling?

Or wert thou only love-inspired?
 Of thine own pleasure thinking only?
 Nor saw me where I, vexed and tired,
 Among the Pit-wood sat so lonely?
 And had the song, so sung and heard,
 A sensual source alone, dear bird?

'Tis said thou hast no joys of thought—
 That raptureless from earth thou springest;
 And, thus melodious toiling, nought
 For sunshine car'st, and aimless singest;
 And art at most a feathered creature—
 A whistle in the mouth of nature.

No matter; thou art of the seers,
 To whom a wondrous foresight's given;
 And when to men no sign appears,
 Thou, in the calendar of heaven,
 Spring's advent read'st, and with weird skill
 Her foot-fall not'st upon the hill.

And whatsoever else thou art,
 Where'er celestial sages rank thee,
 The tribute of one grateful heart
 Thou hast; with all my soul I thank thee.
 Where no sun shines, where none can hear thee,
 The memory of thy song shall cheer me.

DAVID WINGATE.

THE STATE AND PROSPECT OF PARTIES.

On the 4th of April, 1859, Lord Derby delivered in the House of Lords as suggestive a speech as in times comparatively quiet was ever addressed to that august assembly. He was then at the head of a Conservative Administration, the second which in the course of six years he had succeeded in forming. It had just sustained a defeat upon a vital question in the House of Commons, and the alternative submitted to him as First Lord of the Treasury was, either to carry his own and his colleagues' resignation to the foot of the Throne, or to advise her Majesty to dissolve the Parliament. After well considering the question, the Cabinet determined that, for the sake of the country and of Parliamentary government in the abstract, it would be best to dissolve. They communicated their views to the Sovereign, who at once adopted them; and Lord Derby now came down to state to his brother Peers, and through them to the country, the course which he intended to pursue, and his reasons for pursuing it.

During the twelve previous years—in the interval, that is to say, between 1847 and 1859—there had been no Government, properly so called, in this country, but a succession of Administrations holding place rather than power, one after another, on mere sufferance. The great party which it had taken so many years to consolidate, one rash act of its leader shivered to pieces. The repeal of the Corn-Laws at Sir Robert Peel's dictation, came upon his Conservative followers like a repetition of the policy of 1829; and the same natural indignation which operated before to hurry them into a reckless pursuit of vengeance, drove them again, only with a terrible accession of force, to follow the same course. We do not presume

to insinuate that any other proceeding was under the circumstances possible. An army which believes itself to have been twice betrayed by its general, can scarcely be expected to trust him a third time; and though we may now see, looking to all that followed, how well it would have been to keep Peel chained where he was, and to guide his future policy for him, it is idle to argue that a policy so Machiavellian might have suggested itself, or could have been adopted by the party in 1847. One thing, however, as we deplored it at the moment, so we have not ceased to think of it with regret ever since. It might be becoming as well as natural to drive Peel out of office; it was a great mistake to do so upon a question where he had the right on his side. His Registration of Arms Bill, if good in itself, could not be made bad because he proposed it. The House of Commons had sanctioned the first reading, the Conservatives to a man voting for it. It was the same when it came to a second reading, yet to a man the Conservatives voted against it. The consequence was, that Peel earned, what he ill deserved, a crown of martyrdom; and blind anger, not a statesman-like objection to his general policy, was, with some show of reason, accepted by the public as the cause of his overthrow.

Sir Robert Peel separated himself from his old adherents by suddenly adopting a policy, which throughout the whole of his political career he had resisted. He received in return the empty plaudits of Whigs; but when the time came for testifying to the sincerity of their professions, the Whigs, as might have been expected, tripped up his heels. They never liked him, even when playing their game; they entertained no thought of keeping him where he was for the sake

of the country. For four years he had excluded them from office, and they did not intend to sit any longer on the shady side of the House. Lord John Russell, accordingly, seized the opportunity of the Registration of Arms Bill, to move an amendment, which, with the help of the angry Conservatives, he carried. Place and pay thus passed to him and to his friends, but strength enough to carry on an independent Government was nowhere.

Lord John Russell overthrew Sir Robert Peel's Government, and took possession of Downing Street on the plea of having averted from Ireland a great political injustice. He had not been many weeks in office before the necessity of passing a bill, as stringent as that which he so successfully resisted, became apparent to him. He proposed such a bill with consummate effrontery, and, in spite of fierce opposition from his own people, he carried it. This was playing over again, though with a curious change of dresses and decorations, the game of 1835. In 1835 he had carried certain resolutions affecting the Irish Church, which, as soon as Sir Robert Peel's Government was overthrown by them, he abandoned. He now, being in office, passed a measure which, while in opposition to Sir Robert Peel's Government, he had successfully resisted. That was all, so far as he himself was concerned, but it was not all in its effect upon Parliamentary government and Parliamentary parties. A large section of those to whom he had been accustomed to look for support fell off from them; and though he kept his place long enough to do a good deal of mischief, he kept it uneasily.

Lord John Russell's Administration lasted, subject to many checks and one collapse, rather more than three years. It owed its stability so far, not to any strength inherent in itself, far less to the preponderance of pure Whig principles in the House of Commons, but to the dis-

organized condition of the Conservatives as a party, and to the attitude of neutrality taken up by an influential section of it. For Peel carried with him many men amiable in private life, and of undoubted administrative ability, who, having sacrificed some of them their better convictions to a sense of loyalty to their chief, could not follow any other leader so long as he lived. This band, more powerful, perhaps, on account of the estimation in which it was held out of doors than from its numbers, or even its authority in the House, acted like the balance-wheel in the machinery of a watch. It became to a great extent the arbiter of all disputes. Incapable itself of undertaking office, it was yet strong enough to decide with whom office should rest, and over and over again it saved Lord John Russell not less from his foes than from his friends.

Peel's death came upon the nation like a thunderbolt. It had the immediate effect of dividing the little band which called itself by his name. Some, following the dictates of patriotism and principle, returned to their old faith, condoning the offences which, in the first burst of their anger, the Conservatives had committed against their old chief. Others wavered, hesitated, played fast and loose, and ended by selling themselves to Whiggery and to place. Yet there were good names among that renegade body too. To Lord John Russell's Administration the calamity which thus divided the neutrals proved disastrous in the extreme. Without Peel and his adherents, Lord John Russell could do nothing. In 1850 his majority went from him, and his resignation was tendered and accepted.

Called upon thus early by the Queen to support her, Lord Derby made his first attempt to construct a Conservative Administration. How the attempt failed, we need not stop to particularise. It is difficult for men long accustomed

to act with statesmen trained to the details of official life to understand that in such details there is really no mystery: that whatever seems to the uninitiated to be obscure, soon becomes clear enough on closer inspection; and that whatever is really intricate because of its technicality may be safely left to the permanent members of what is called the civil service; than whom, with rare exceptions, there does not exist in any country a more intelligent and trustworthy body of gentlemen. Lord Derby was not, however, alive to that fact, and failing to conciliate certain old colleagues, of whom he entertained an exaggerated opinion, he abandoned the attempt. The consequence was that Lord John resumed the functions of government. He resumed them, however, under very disadvantageous circumstances. He felt himself to be the head of one section of the Liberals, and of one only. Lord Palmerston, as he well knew, was the head of another. There cannot be two kings in Brentford. Lord Palmerston was summarily dismissed from the Foreign Office, and in less than a year the Cabinet broke down. Lord John proposed a measure for enrolling a militia force, the want of which had been long felt and deplored. Lord Palmerston moved an amendment on the scheme, which, with the help of the Conservatives, he carried. Once more Lord Derby received her Majesty's command to form an Administration, and, seeking on this occasion no extraneous help, he succeeded in forming it.

But a glance at the state of parties sufficed to demonstrate that, with the House of Commons constituted as it then was, a Conservative Government could not last a single day. Though superior to Whigs and Radicals and waverers taken separately, the Conservatives were not strong enough to resist a combination formed against them, for the purpose of expelling them

from office. It was determined, therefore, at the first convenient opportunity, to dissolve; and the dissolution took place in the autumn of 1852. The results of that movement by no means fulfilled the hopes, rather than the expectations, which had been founded on it. The country, it was clear, had not yet arrived at any fixed conclusions respecting the principles on which it desired to be governed. The gain to the Conservatives in point of numbers proved indeed to be considerable, but for that very reason the hostility of the rival factions was embittered fourfold. When the new Parliament met, it was easy to see that, balanced against all the other parties, the Ministers were still in a minority. It was manifest, likewise, from the outset, that no measure of forbearance would be meted out to them. An amendment on the Address, in answer to the Queen's Speech, was moved and carried. Whereupon, without having had an opportunity of explaining their views, far less of developing their policy, Ministers had nothing for it except to resign.

These repeated failures of the two historic parties, and the apparent impossibility on both sides of sufficiently recruiting their strength, suggested one of the most extraordinary delusions which in the last forty years has darkened the English mind. It was believed that if an Administration could be formed, such as should comprehend moderate men, as they were called, of all shades of political opinion, Parliament might be got in time to do its work, and the business of the country be carried on. With whom this bright idea originated has never been clearly shown. The Queen's advisers, during the interregnum, were the late Lord Lansdowne and the late Lord Aberdeen; and the latter magnate, if he did not suggest the scheme, undertook to act upon it. He was himself a Tory so far as foreign politics were concerned. He had held the seals

of the Foreign Office under the Duke of Wellington, and cultivated then, as he had done before, and was understood to have done since, intimate and familiar relations with the Governments of Russia and of Prussia. On questions of home policy, and particularly in relation to free trade, he belonged indeed to the liberal school; but on Church questions his opinions were known to be fixed. Having assented to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and to Catholic Emancipation, he was not disposed to go farther. As a Tory, therefore, representing Toryism in the state to which the Duke and Sir Robert Peel had brought it, Lord Aberdeen undertook to form a Government. He made no advances, as far as we have ever heard, to Lord Derby, or to any member of his late Administration. They and their supporters in both Houses of Parliament seem to have been regarded as incorrigibles. But to every other political section he held out the hand of friendship. The results were as follows:—From among the Whigs place was given to Earl Granville, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Argyll, and Sir Charles Grey. Lord Palmerston, at that time apparently without any political connections, was placed in the Home Office. To Lord Lansdowne a seat in the Cabinet was given, unencumbered with the charge of any department of state. The Peelites contributed three of their number to this motley Administration. The Duke of Newcastle became Colonial Secretary, Sir James Graham First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Sidney Herbert Secretary-at-War. From among the Radicals only one man was found worthy to be admitted within the charmed circle. Sir William Molesworth, as thorough an aristocrat as ever made profession of democratic opinions, took office as First Commissioner of the Board of Works; and the vessel of the State, so manned, put to sea.

The vessel held its course tolerably well as long as fair weather lasted; but at the first occurrence of an adverse breeze it reeled and laboured. Drifting into war, the Cabinet drifted also into difficulties, and the rope of sand which kept its antagonistic parts together soon gave way. The first to leave the sinking ship was, of course, Lord John Russell. How could it be otherwise? It was impossible for the representative of one of the great Revolution Houses, a Whig of the Whigs, and the author of the Reform Bill, to play for any length of time a subordinate part to an old Tory; and being dissatisfied with the position which he held, it would have been contrary to nature had he allowed considerations of loyalty to his colleagues, or any thought of what the commonwealth required, to stand between him and the indulgence of his own humours. He withdrew from the Administration, and its continued existence became thenceforth a question of time. Mr. Roebuck's successful motion for inquiry into the management of the Crimean war settled that question, and the Coalition Cabinet resigned in a body.

Once more there was chaos; and once more Lord Derby received her Majesty's commands to help her out of her difficulties. What an opportunity was presented to him then! How sadly he missed it! No doubt Lord Palmerston behaved upon the occasion in a manner which we would rather be excused from particularising. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert likewise outraged their better principles when they allowed themselves to be swayed by the advice of the present Premier. But how came Lord Derby, with his knowledge of character, to make his advances to these two followers of Peel through one whom Peel entirely distrusted? The popular prejudice in Lord Palmerston's favour, which by-and-by carried all before it, can hardly be said to

have had at that time any existence. Newspapers might point to him as the first statesman able to get the country out of its difficulties, but newspapers scarcely as yet spoke the opinions of the public, and they contradicted the views of persons possessing better sources of information than themselves. On another point likewise Lord Derby seems to have deceived himself. He imagined that between Lord Palmerston and the Whig section of the late Cabinet a great gulf was fixed; and that if he, with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert, could be induced to take office under a Conservative leader, a brighter era than had dawned upon the country since the great breach of 1846 might be inaugurated. So persuading himself, he made a confidant in an evil hour of one who immediately betrayed him. The results are well known. On Lord Derby's relinquishing the powers which had been intrusted to him, Lord Palmerston undertook to form an Administration. The two statesmen who, by his advice, refused to connect themselves with Lord Derby, consented to become members of that Administration. They had not taken their seats in the Cabinet many days ere they found reasons to withdraw from it again. Yet the Administration stood. It stood because circumstances entirely beyond control, entirely unexpected, and, as the event has shown, not very fortunate, did for Lord Palmerston what he never could have done for himself. A peace with Russia was patched up through the intrigues of France, at the very time when England was just gathering her strength for the war; and he who, as Home Secretary, had, by neglecting to call out the militia in time, contributed more than any man living to the disasters which befel the British army in the Crimea, was hailed as the great pacificator of Europe; as the statesman who, by the wisdom of his counsels, had more than com-

pensated for the tarnish which was admitted to have fallen on the honour of his country in arms.

This false cry—and altogether false it was—gave to Lord Palmerston that prestige which his unparalleled adroitness has enabled him ever since to retain. Popular as he had become, however—personally popular, we mean—evidence was soon afforded that even he lacked influence enough to carry Parliament with him except upon its own terms. Tidings of Sir John Bowring's quarrel with the Chinese reached London. Lord Palmerston, with that fidelity to his agent, which, by the by, is one of his redeeming virtues, supported Sir John Bowring. The House of Commons, and especially the Radical portion of it, took a different view of the subject; and, glad of the opportunity of showing that neither through him nor through anybody else were they disposed to put confidence in the executive, they immediately struck out. Mr. Cobden proposed a vote of censure on the Government for needlessly involving the country in fresh wars; and the Government, after a spirited debate, was left in a minority.

So far from being disheartened by this defeat, Lord Palmerston saw in it the best chance that was likely to fall to him of establishing over the House of Commons the same ascendancy which he had established over the newspaper press. He gave the word, and a cry was raised that the great pacificator was an ill-used man; that a discontented Parliament, jealous of his renown, stood between him and the vindication of the national honour; and that the point to be determined at the hustings was, whether Lord Palmerston should be supported or "the meteor flag of England" lowered at the bidding of a barbarian? The cry was eminently successful. Such a Parliament was returned as in the memory of liv-

ing man had never before come together. Not even Pitt's popularity in 1784 equalled that of Palmerston in 1857. For Palmerston was verily England, and England was verily Palmerston.

At last, then, there appeared to be some prospect of a Government which should be able to depend upon its own party, and to take its own course. It might not be in the estimation of many the very best Government which could have been formed; but anything was better than constant change, anything preferable to a state of things which left no man free to adopt the policy which he believed to be best for the country, and to pursue it steadily. Factions, when kept under for any length of time, change in some degree their character; and governments which are fairly honest and honestly brave, gain strength the longer they remain in office. Alas! all this was the merest delusion. There was really no party at Lord Palmerston's back strong enough to carry him through a crisis, should it come; and come it did, within a few months after the new Parliament set itself to business. The Orsini plot horrified Europe. The French army, if not the French nation, lost its temper and its head. Lord Palmerston, fresh from bullying China and Persia, became suddenly impressed with a sense of moral right, and in a manner less dignified than earnest proposed on the demand of the French Minister to alter that law of equal hospitality to strangers which had from time out of mind been the boast of this country. We conscientiously believe that, but for the jealousies of factions, he would have carried his measure, inopportune as it was. The law of hospitality had in the Orsini case been grossly abused, and it was fitting that steps should be taken to render such another outrage impossible. But there was an opportunity which the factions could not allow to escape them of

convincing Lord Palmerston that, however popular he might be in the country, he was in Parliament at their mercy. Mr. Milner Gibson, sitting on the Ministerial side of the House, moved an amendment at the second reading of the "*Conspiracy to Murder*" bill. He was supported by Mr. Gladstone, at that time in bitter hostility to the Government, and a majority of nineteen against him left the defeated Premier no option except to resign.

It was under such circumstances that Lord Derby found himself for the third time called upon, and indeed morally constrained, to undertake the responsibilities of office. Again he offered the hand of reconciliation to the Peelites, with whom he would have willingly joined the administrative talent of Earl Grey, and again they declined his proposal. He had no choice, therefore, except to fall back upon his colleagues of 1852, of whom, to their honour be it remembered, there was not one—not even Mr. Disraeli himself—but was prepared to postpone his own claims, provided, by making that sacrifice, he could contribute to secure a stable Administration for the country.

Lord Derby constructed his Cabinet, and in a spirit not very hopeful, certainly, but bravely and honestly took steps to submit his measures, present and prospective, to a House of Commons in which it was next to impossible that he should command a majority. He found himself hampered by a promise given in the Queen's Speech that the question of Parliamentary Reform should be considered; and, wisely or unwisely, he made up his mind to grapple with that difficulty at once. Perhaps it was as well that the Conservatives did try to settle that point. It had been made use of so often, in and out of Parliament—sometimes as a means of annoyance to the Government, sometimes by the Government, with a

view to conciliate adverse votes—that statesmen as yet comparatively untried may well be pardoned for having embraced the opportunity made for them—not by them—to convince, if they could, both the House and the people out of doors, that they were not the obstructives which their enemies represented them to be. They brought in a Reform Bill, and were beaten. What were they to do after that? If they resigned, who could take their places? Not Lord Palmerston, for his own House of Commons had rejected him; not Lord John Russell, for the House was Lord Palmerston's, not his; not the Peelites, for their following was down at zero; not the Radicals, for they were in numbers far inferior to either Whigs or Tories. Keep the House as it was, however, and the only sure prospect would be a continuance of that state of things which had already shaken, and must, if persevered in, put an end to all confidence in the constitution. Ministers would therefore dissolve; and that their object in so doing might not be misunderstood, their eloquent chief delivered a manifesto, of which the moral may be said to be expressed in the following sentences:—

“I have heard it said that the days of Parliamentary government have come to an end. If by that is meant that the days are gone by when the House of Commons was divided into two distinct parties, within each of which the leaders exercised an undisputed and uncontrolled power over their followers, commanding their votes and exercising a species of Parliamentary discipline, then I admit those days are gone, and are not likely to return. But, my Lords, if it is meant that henceforth no Government can hope for support, not on individual questions, on which exceptions may occur, but that no Government will be able hereafter to obtain a permanent majority in the House of Commons strong

enough to keep it from being overborne by other conflicting parties, not themselves bound by any common tie, each having its own leader and its own projects,—if the House of Commons is to be divided into a number of little parties, none capable of exercising a permanent influence in the affairs of the country, but able, collectively, to prevent the measures and impede the business of the Ministry which has been formed;—if in that sense government by party is at an end, then I warn your Lordships that the system of government by Parliament itself will have received a blow from which it may not easily recover.”

Lord Derby's manifesto, though it so far failed that a Parliament was returned which he found it impossible to control, cannot be said to have been thrown away either upon the constituencies or the House of Commons. There was a far greater display of Conservative feeling at the general election of 1859 than had been manifested on any similar occasion since 1842; and the consequence is, that the Government which almost immediately succeeded that of Lord Derby was brought under the influence of Conservative restraint to an extent never before experienced by a Cabinet set up for the avowed purpose of promoting a liberal policy. Lord Palmerston, during six years' tenure of office, has neither brought forward a Reform Bill in the name of the Government, nor consented to disarm the country. When the Church has been assailed in its rights and property, he may not have taken any active part in defending it, but he has left his followers to their own devices, knowing perfectly well that there was strength enough on the other side to hinder the movement from becoming dangerous. Even his commercial policy, more or less Gladstonian as we admit it to be, has not been without an element of Conservatism in it. At all events, he

has the merit of having kept the machine working free from the collapses which, previously to his last accession to power, had become events of almost annual occurrence. And this, we must be permitted to observe, is an advantage not lightly to be spoken of, because we quite agree with Lord Derby in thinking that any Government which is stable, so long as it leaves the great institutions of the country intact, is preferable to such a balance of parties as has given us not fewer than seven distinct Governments, besides two periods of anxious interregnum, within the space of little more than twelve years. But then arises the question, How long may we calculate on things remaining in their present state? and if, as is probable, changes must soon come, in what direction may we calculate that the current of public opinion is likely to fall? We will endeavour to answer these questions.

When Lord Palmerston last acceded to office he was 75 years of age. He is now 81. With ordinary men 75 years are enough to unfit them for the wear and tear of public life. Since the days of the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage, we never heard till now of an octogenarian vigorous enough to conduct the affairs of a great nation. It would be absurd to deny, likewise, that even in Lord Palmerston, preternaturally hale as we admit him to be, symptoms of failing strength are discernible. Had he been what he once was, he would not have tolerated either the extra-Parliamentary harangues of his Chancellor of the Exchequer during last autumn, or the recent speech of that incomprehensible statesman in the House of Commons on the Irish Oluirch. It is evident, too, that in the Cabinet the balance of influences has changed not in his favour. This is the necessary consequence of the modifications which, in the lapse of a very few years, have taken place in its component parts. Death has removed from

it in that interval three men, all of them more or less bound by old traditions to withstand radical changes in the constitution. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis made gaps in such an Administration as that of Lord Palmerston which could not be easily supplied. Sidney Herbert's great personal popularity, his genial manners, his generous disposition, threw a veil no doubt over political defects, which those who knew him best, best understood and most deplored. His personal antipathies were too strong for his political convictions—a great weakness in a statesman. Still, though a recent, and, we must add, an unwilling convert to Whiggery, Sidney Herbert could not subside into Radicalism. In the Palmerston Cabinet he might always be counted upon as giving his vote against measures which endangered the great institutions of the country; and his administration of the War Office, though liable to objection, was, upon the whole, vigorous and wise. He died in the prime of his days, and the Church certainly—we believe the State likewise—lost in him a faithful and industrious servant.

Next George Cornwall Lewis was taken away, an able, honest, clear-headed man, neither a Whig nor a Radical nor a Palmerstonian, nor, by profession at least, a Conservative. He was a political philosopher, connected rather by accident than design with colleagues, some of whom he distrusted, others he despised. Sceptical to a degree on almost every other point, he had unbounded faith in the excellency of the English constitution, to which he saw greater danger from the encroachments of the democracy than from any other cause. His voice was always raised in Cabinet against proposals which had for their object the transference of the burdens of the State to one class, and the surrender of its political influences to another. He was likewise

a great lover of peace. We have reason to believe that he, and he alone, stood between us and a rupture with the Federal States of America in the matter of the Trent outrage; and that he carried the Cabinet with him by the mere force of reason, which he brought to bear against outraged feeling. How far his policy was a wise policy as regards the interests of this country and of the world time has yet to show. But arguing the matter, as he did, exclusively from a legal point of view, his conclusions were undeniably sound. There was room to demand, as Lord Palmerston did, reparation for a wrong committed. There was no room for an appeal to arms, till reparation should have been formally refused. Lord Palmerston might indeed have gone further than he did, and insisted upon the dismissal from the American navy of Captain Wilkes; but this latter right his sagacious colleague persuaded him to waive, and he did well perhaps in so advising. If we were not to go to war, and to secure by so doing the independence of the South, we acted judiciously in inflicting upon the national vanity of our cousins as light a wound as the circumstance would allow. And that we acted thus is due entirely to the influence of George Cornwall Lewis in the Cabinet. But George Cornwall Lewis is gone, and with him has departed by far the strongest Conservative element in Lord Palmerston's Administration. While he lived, his excellent sense was a counterpoise to the erratic genius of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was confessedly the man to whom the old Whig party looked as the successor to Lord Palmerston when inevitable fate should do its work. And if we must have, after Lord Palmerston passes away, a continuance of what is called Liberal government, then we are free to confess that men of the calibre of George Cornwall Lewis are the sort of persons

whom we should desire to see at the head of them. Lewis was no Whig.

In the Duke of Newcastle, even more than in Sidney Herbert, though not, perhaps, so much as in Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Lord Palmerston lost a colleague who could ill be spared. The Duke of Newcastle was cursed with a most unhappy temper, and was himself most unhappy in all his domestic relations. These circumstances were not without their weight in colouring his political opinions. The quarrel with his father threw him into the arms of the Liberals, and he acted ever after with a party with which he had few sentiments in common. But he acted as the drag acts upon the carriage-wheel in descending a hill. This it was which, from an early date, from his first acceptance of office in the Coalition Cabinet, rendered him to the Whig and Radical sections in the House an object of special dislike. He was made the scapegoat at the break-down during the Crimean war, as is now admitted by all who are conversant with the circumstances, very unfairly. And even after his return to the Colonial Office, both Whigs and Radicals made a point of undervaluing him to the utmost of their power. But he too is gone, and though his successor at the Colonial be neither Whig nor Radical, we very much doubt whether his voice carries with it anything like the weight which the Duke's did, or is always lifted for the same purpose which the Duke of Newcastle desired to serve.

Lord Palmerston has got in the room of these three men—all of them men of mark and tried ability—Earl de Grey in the House of Lords, and Mr. Cardwell and Sir Charles Wood in the House of Commons. Earl de Grey, amiable and respectable in private life, is not a man to bring weight to any Government or any party which accepts him as one of its leaders.

Painstaking and assiduous, he appears to lack strength of character enough to control even his own office. In the Cabinet and in the House of Lords he is little better than a cipher. He has neither natural talent, nor acquired knowledge, nor experience, nor the gift of speech. We should imagine that he is felt to be an encumbrance rather than a gain by Lord Palmerston, a dead weight to be carried rather than a strong arm willing and able to help in sustaining a load. In the House of Commons he professed Radical opinions. What his opinions may be now, few people seem to know, and fewer still to care. Mr. Cardwell is cast in a different mould. He possesses fair abilities, with considerable experience of office. He speaks well, especially when required to speak against time, though it must be confessed that he seldom speaks with much authority. Unfortunately, likewise, he has lent himself to one or two moves which were discreditable to his party when in opposition, and this has done him no good. Still, take him in all his bearings, it must be confessed that he is an acquisition to the party which has adopted him, and the more so that he appears to be free from those strong personal antipathies which told so much against better men and abler members of the little party to which he properly belongs.

Sir Charles Wood is the reverse of all this. A singularly ungracious manner, the result of dyspepsia or bad temper, or both, is perpetually involving him in small squabbles, not alone with members of Parliament sitting on the Opposition benches, but with his own supporters, and with every one who approaches him on business. His Whig connection has placed him where he is; whether he is not more a source of weakness than of strength to the Government which has adopted him, we must leave the members of that Government to say.

It thus appears, assuming Lord

Palmerston to be, what many both of his friends and enemies believe that he is, in reality a Tory, by profession only a Liberal, that the support which enabled him to keep the even tenor of his way has gone from him at a time of life when he was least able to spare it. An old man of eighty-one, even if he had Sidney Herbert, George Cornewall Lewis, and the Duke of Newcastle to stand by him, would find it a hard matter enough to resist the vehemence of Mr. Gladstone, aided by the dogged and smiling perseverance of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Charles Villiers. Left alone, as it is pretty well understood that he now is, for neither Lord de Grey nor Mr. Cardwell can be of much use to him, it seems impossible that he should escape being swept sooner or later into measures of which his judgment disapproves.

We have spoken of Mr. Gladstone and his vehemence, and of the lengths to which he is carried by it. Let none of our readers fall into the common error of supposing that he acts now, or has for some time past been acting, on the mere impulse of the moment. Mr. Gladstone watches the signs of the times as narrowly as any man, and in his own way is both able and willing to shape his course as these may direct. He has shown more than once that, when bent on a particular object, there is no power, in the Cabinet, at least, to keep him from achieving it. In the repeal of the paper duties he triumphed quite as signally over his colleagues in office as over the Conservative Opposition. What is there to stop him, when Lord Palmerston succumbs to age or to weariness, from compelling the Liberal party to accept him as its chief? While George Cornewall Lewis lived, there might have been considerable difficulty in accomplishing that object. Somehow or another, Liberals of all shades of opinion, and many Conservatives too, entertained a high opinion of that hesitating speaker,

the erudite scholar, that calm and judicial thinker. The Whigs to a man swore by him. But now there is no one in the House of Commons, at least—no one, we mean, on the Liberal benches—who can pretend for a moment to place himself in competition with the eloquent and irritable Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Knowing this, and measuring very accurately his standing in other quarters, Mr. Gladstone has judged it expedient of late to put out a feeler in the direction of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland.

How the feeler is likely to be taken, the coming general election will doubtless show. If the priests believe that Mr. Gladstone bides his time, and is ready, at the fitting moment, to destroy the Established Church, they will certainly do their best to send to Parliament Irish members pledged to support him in that work. And as he is already the accepted head of the Radicals of England and Scotland, he may fairly enough calculate on being able to bear down, through this combination of forces, such resistance as the Whigs are in a condition to offer. On the other hand, the Whigs are scarcely prepared to accept as their leader a new man, however highly gifted. It is said that they are arranging to bring forward either Lord Russell or Lord Clarendon as Palmerston's successor, in the hope that Mr. Gladstone may be prevailed upon to accept the leadership of the House of Commons. We believe that they deceive themselves in trusting to that hope. Mr. Gladstone will not play second fiddle either to Lord Russell or Lord Clarendon;—nor can either Lord Russell or Lord Clarendon form a Government if Mr. Gladstone refuse to become a member of it. What follows? The Whigs will give way. Rather than see the Conservatives in office, they will accept Mr. Gladstone as their chief; but they will accept him on compulsion—and serve him without the slightest cor-

diality. There will follow upon this, individual secessions, one after another, as reasonable pretexts are afforded, till, by-and-by, Mr. Gladstone's Administration will be reduced to the necessity of choosing between resignation and some desperate attempt to keep its place at the expense of the constitution. All this, be it observed, we anticipate on the calculation that Ireland will send to the new Parliament a stronger body of Ultramontane members than it now sends, and that the Radical party in England and Scotland will maintain the position which it now holds. But are both events certain? We think not.

It appears to us that Mr. Gladstone's threatened hostility to the Established Church will do him quite as much harm as good at the general election in Ireland. The Protestants of that country, though numerically weak, are in influence, station, and intelligence far superior to the Roman Catholics. To a man, too, they are loyal to the Union with England—the Liberals or Whigs among them quite as much so as the Tories. And Irish Whigs, not less than Irish Tories, know that it is only by maintaining the Protestant Church as the Established Church of the country that the Union can be maintained. We express ourselves thus—not adverting solely to the fact that the Act of Union distinctly provides for this arrangement. That is, indeed, true, and common justice requires that before you violate a compact solemnly entered into, as this was, you should replace the parties to it in the exact situation in which they stood when the compact was entered into. Do this, and the overthrow of the Established Church in Ireland becomes impossible. But apart from this, there is the consideration, that when the Established Church falls, there is absolutely nothing left, the value set upon which can induce any Irishman, be his creed and place in

society what it may, to contend for a continuance of the Union. Considered in the abstract, Ireland loses more than she gains by the fusion of her legislature into that of Great Britain. Her nobility and gentry are drawn away by that incident—some by their duties, others by their pleasures—from the capital of their own country. And say what we will, a Parliament purely Irish is more likely to pass measures suitable to the wants and wishes of Ireland, than one which is composed of four-fifths English and Scotch, and only one-fifth Irish members. The evils incident to the existing state of things the Irish landowners are willing to endure, because they look to the tendency of imperial legislation; and are satisfied, that in time—as soon, that is to say, as the industrial resources of their own country are developed—Ireland will benefit by the triumph of such legislation. But pass an Act abolishing the Established Church, and as they will have no farther excuse for setting themselves in opposition to the wishes of the majority of their countrymen, they will all become repealers—some through indignation at the outrage put upon their principles, and others because it is pleasanter to live in amity than its opposite with our neighbours. For these and other reasons, it is a matter of doubt with us whether Mr. Gladstone has not damaged himself, and the Government in Ireland, by his recent display of hostility to the Irish Church. If the priests support, the property and intelligence of the country will oppose him. Wherever a Protestant constituency is in the ascendant, it will, without regard to minor differences, return a member pledged to defend the Church; and every Irish member pledged to defend the Established Church of Ireland will fall into the ranks of Conservatism, as a matter of course. Our deliberate opinion, therefore, is, that so far Mr. Gladstone has shot wide of his mark. Let us see

next how the Radical party stands, and what its prospects are in the future.

The Radicals in general, and Mr. Gladstone in particular, have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. Cobden. Amiable, gentle, generous, in his own way, Richard Cobden won many hearts, often when men's judgments condemned his views, and his manner of advancing them. He was as thorough a democrat as Mr. Bright, without any of Mr. Bright's bluster and bad taste. He had established for himself a European reputation, of which the whole Radical body were justly proud; and it gave him immense weight, both in the House of Commons and in the country. Mr. Cobden had, indeed, shot his bolt. He was essentially a man of one idea, and that idea he lived to see triumphant. Take him apart from the subject of free trade, and you found that there was really no depth in him. His notions of foreign policy were childish in the extreme. He did not seem to know that an Established Church and a hereditary House of Lords are inevitable ingredients in the constitution of this country. He was, however, a thoroughly honest man, and entertained, as such, both dislike and contempt for the Palmerstonian section of the present Government. Without doubt he would have supported Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps he might have taken office under him; for both were peace-at-any-price men—both parliamentary reformers—both free-traders. But however this may be, he would have gone farther to bring Mr. Gladstone into office, and to keep him there, than any other man in England had the power to go. He has left no successor to his popularity in the party to which he belonged, nor any inheritor of his influence. We repeat, then, that in losing him Mr. Gladstone has lost much; and the cause of Radicalism, if possible, still more. We doubt whether either the one or the

other will ever in our day recover the blow.

And this leads us to consider what the position and prospects of this Radical party really are. That there are one or two able men among them cannot be denied. Mr. Bright, of course, stands, by common consent, in the foremost rank of Parliamentary speakers, and Mr. Göschen is not unlikely, by-and-by, if he be returned again, to secure the ear of the House. But when we have said this, we have said all. Looking to Parliament as it now is, Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Charles Villiers are neither of them destitute of eloquence, but their places in the Cabinet muzzle them; they can only speak as Lord Palmerston will allow. Mr. Gladstone alone asserts the privilege of saying what he pleases. Then, again, there are Mr. Baines, a rather small man, with Mr. Scholfield and the recent accession, Mr. Potter, smaller men still. These are all ready to follow Mr. Gladstone when he raises the Radical standard. Not so John Bright. The only intellect to which he ever condescended to submit his own was Mr. Cobden's, and that statesman being removed, it is impossible to guess at the extent to which his rabid Americanism may carry him. The exhibition which he made of himself at Rochdale the other day, is but a foreshadowing of sterner things to come. He is essentially the tribune of the people. He will neither serve the Crown himself, nor allow anybody else, if he can help it, to put on the royal livery. It appears, then, that the Radicals in the present House of Commons are not, upon the whole, either strong enough, or sufficiently united among themselves, to dictate to the Crown whom it shall choose as the head of an Administration. Neither do we anticipate that a general election will either add to their numbers or consolidate their strength. The recent defeat of the Conserva-

tive candidate at Rochdale counts, in our opinion, for nothing. He entered the lists under circumstances the most unfavourable which could have occurred. His chances against Cobden living, would have been infinitely greater than against the memory of Cobden just dead. But wait till the dissolution takes place, and then it will be seen that even in Rochdale there is Conservatism enough to fight a winning battle. Rochdale, moreover, is not England; and England is everywhere less prepared than she was presumed to be a year or two ago to destroy the Church, and abolish the hereditary senate. With respect to the Church, the Liberation Society itself is beginning to complain, through its organs of the press, that Dissent is losing ground. We read of shortcomings among Baptists—of backslidings in the Congregational body—of apathy everywhere. Church-rates are not only not defeated, but it has become a hard matter to get up a spirited opposition to them. The latest returns show that in not more than 870 out of 13,000 parishes was a rate proposed without being carried. And another point is worthy of notice. Ten or twelve years back there was a large section of the Church, a formidable number both of clergy and laity, who gave their sympathies more to Nonconformist latitudinarianism than to the principles and strict practices of their own communion. A prodigious reaction has taken place among these men. The 'Record,' at one time the advocate of fusion with Evangelical Dissent, writes more bitterly against Dissent and Dissenters than even the 'Guardian' itself. They have thrown aside the mask too openly for the lowest of Low-Church polemics any longer to mistake or misrepresent their intentions. In like manner, we are glad to find that the ten-pound householder is beginning to value the political status which he has acquired, and to understand its ob-

jects. The differences between masters and men, of which we have heard so much of late, are not without their significance. They show that the class whom demagogues take under their protection are, for obvious reasons, the very last to which political privileges should be conceded. What power has a working man to keep aloof from a strike when the order for it has gone forth from the governing committee, or to withhold his subscription from that trades-union which has made a slave of him, and will keep him in slavery? And whither could he carry his vote, assuming him to have acquired one, except to the candidates chosen by the governing committee, and pledged to do its bidding? The ten-pound householders are not blind to these facts. They perfectly understand that the moment the flood-gates are opened there must be an end, in their body, to freedom of individual choice. For though it may happen that in any given borough—say Preston, or Leeds, or Rochdale, or Westminster—the six-pounders shall come short, numerically, of the classes above them, they will yet show such strength, concentrated and applied by word of command, as to render inevitable one of two results. Either the ten-pounders must forget minor differences, and unite to bring in their own man, in opposition to the trades-union candidate; or the trades-union will bring in their man, through the inability of the strongest out of two or more local parties to cope with them, who act steadily together.

It seems then, to us, that both Parliamentary reformers and political dissenters are less influential in the country now than they were six years ago. With Parliamentary reform the Conservatives, either as a government or in opposition, will probably never again desire to meddle. There is less objection to their dealing with the Church-rate question, should an opportunity be

afforded of settling it, on terms satisfactory to all concerned. But this great fact they must never forget, that our parish churches belong to the poor; that they were built by the owners of the soil in order that the masses might worship freely in them; and that the soil has been burthened with the cost of keeping them in repair, in order that no charge on that account might fall upon the people. Any settlement, therefore, which should dis sever the connection which now subsists between territorial rights and the obligation which goes along with them, would be unjust towards the non-territorial classes, in exact proportion as it threw upon them a burthen which the landowners are bound exclusively to carry.

Of the state and prospect of our own, the Conservative party, it now remains to speak. It is at this moment confessedly the strongest of all parties, both in the House of Commons and in the country. It is not now, any more than it was in 1859, strong enough to grapple with and overcome all the other parties combined against it. That the coming election will, in this respect, very much alter the relations in which parties stand towards each other, we are scarcely sanguine enough to anticipate. But we do expect to gain something; quite enough to place us in a position such as shall enable us to take advantage of the dissensions which are sure to arise in the enemy's ranks. Lord Palmerston may meet the new Parliament as First Minister of the Crown. If he do, things will remain for a while pretty much as they are. If he do not, let us add, as soon as he quits the stage, startling changes must occur. And for these changes the Conservatives ought to be prepared. In the first place, they must close their ranks, as we are happy to say that we believe they are doing. Crochets, prejudices, personal antipathies, and predilections, must all be laid aside. Even opinions which are dignified

with the name of principles, the triumph of which is clearly impossible, must, as far as men of honour can do such things, be placed in abeyance. On the question of protection and free-trade all sensible people are now agreed. It may have been unwise to adopt the latter system when we did, and as we adopted it; but only a set of madmen would think of going back to a state of things which has for ever passed from us. Indeed the Conservative policy ought to be, and will be, we trust, more decidedly a free-trade policy than that of the Liberals. Take, for example, the malt-tax, and if you wish to understand the question thoroughly, read over again Sir Lytton Bulwer's eloquent and most masterly address. Not one speaker on the Ministerial side of the House ventured in the late debate to grapple with it; not even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, adroit of fence, skilful in dialectics, as he is. On the other hand, observe how entirely illogical was Mr. Gladstone's argument, how destitute of all fairness the line of action which he expressed his anxiety to follow. He had nothing to urge for the retention of the tax, except that it is productive and easily collected. But so was the duty on foreign corn, which had, besides, this to be urged in its favour, that the foreign grower paid the tax; whereas the malt-tax is levied directly on the British farmer, and indirectly upon every consumer of beer throughout the kingdom. Indeed, so obviously fair are the claims of the agriculturists in this matter, that it would not surprise us to find Mr. Gladstone himself proposing a plan for the partial reduction of the impost. Be this, however, as it may, the Conservatives will do well to come to a distinct understanding among themselves as to the course which they intend to pursue; and seeing that not only the strength of their own party is against the tax, but a

considerable section of Liberal county members besides, they will act judiciously if, either as a Government or in Opposition, they endeavour to get rid of it at the earliest possible date. It were better to keep the income-tax as it is a few years longer, than to continue this duty on home-grown malt beyond the current session.

Nobody will suspect us of looking with favour upon Popery in Ireland or anywhere else; but the time has gone by for seeking to root it out of the country except by fair controversy. Mr. Bentinck, and the gallant band who, sitting on the Conservative benches, vote with him, must remember this. If any fair chance occur of bringing monasteries and other religious institutions under Government inspection, by all means let them ask for such inspection; and as often as they find positive wrongs to complain of, let their complaints be made. But the constant denunciation of outrages, of the reality of which there is no proof, serves but to damage the cause which it is intended to promote. It exasperates personal feeling on both sides, and separates those who ought to work cordially together. There is no need for Conservatives either to espouse the Pope's quarrel in Italy, or to vote for the repeal of those slender checks which restrain both Romanists and Protestant dissenters from attacking, without loss of character to themselves, the Established Church at home. But our policy in regard to these points must be defensive only, not aggressive; defensive so far as the maintenance of our Protestant institutions is concerned at home, and frank acceptance of whatever may be finally settled between the Pope and the Italian Government abroad.

On the whole, then, we arrive at conclusions which, when fairly looked at, may, we think, be considered as holding out good hope for the future of Conservatism. At pre-

sent party feeling is dormant. Nobody contemplates its revival in the lifetime of the present Parliament, but revive it certainly will at the hustings, and for that we must be prepared. The current of affairs in America likewise may bring us to very embarrassing conclusions. If the North prevail, as now seems probable, in subjugating the South, there will follow demands upon this country which can neither be conceded with honour nor refused without risk. And then it will be seen whether our present rulers have placed us in a position, either creditably to avert the arbitrament of war, or to accept it with reasonable prospect of success. Here, then, is a great point in favour of the party to which we belong. We are not responsible for anything that has occurred. We neither threatened war without going into it four years ago, nor failed so to enforce the Foreign Enlistment Act as to let the Alabama loose upon the ocean. Neither is it through any negligence on our part that the means of placing gunboats on the Canadian lakes are wanting, or that not a ship in the navy is mounted with guns capable of encountering an American iron-clad. God forbid that, contemplating the probable coming of days of danger and

of difficulty, we should think of aught except how best they are to be met. And this much her Majesty's Government may count upon, whosoever be the hands that wield it, that from the Conservatives they will receive a ready and willing support to every measure of which it is the object to maintain the rights and defend the honour of the country. But it is no slight consolation to feel that in bringing matters to their present state we had no share. That all this will be remembered and spoken of by-and-by at every hustings in the United Kingdom, we are well convinced.

Parliaments have been liberal in their grants of late beyond all precedent. The army and navy estimates of last year were within a trifle as gigantic as they used to be in the height of the Crimean war; yet we have no navy fit to keep for us the dominion of the sea. And for the defence of our own shores we depend mainly on the Volunteers. A Government which has so grossly neglected its duty must, we should think, with or without an American war, come to grief. The one great subject of mortification is, that the nation must in its interests, and may in its honour, have to pay for the blunders of its incompetent rulers.

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PICCADILLY: AN EPISODE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS BIOGRAPHY.

PART IV.

THE great difficulty which I find in this record of my eventful existence is, that I have too much to say. The sensations of my life will not distribute themselves properly. It is quite impossible for me to cram all that I think, say, and do every month into the limited space at my disposal. Thus I am positively overwhelmed with the brilliant dialogues, the elevating reflections, and the thrilling incidents, all of which I desire to relate. No one who has not tried this sort of thing can imagine the chronological, to say nothing of the crinological, difficulties in which I find myself. For instance, the incidents which occupied the whole of my last article took place in twenty-four hours, and yet how could I have left out either the poison scene, or my interview with Grandon, or Spiffy's interesting social projects? Much better have left out the poison scene, say some of my critical friends. It was not natural—too grotesque; but is that my fault? If nature has jammed me into a most unnatural and uncomfortable niche in that single step which is

said to lead from the sublime to the ridiculous, am I responsible for it? If, instead of taking merely a serio-comic view of life, like some of my acquaintances, I regard it from a tragic burlesque aspect, how can I help it? I didn't put my ideas into my own head, nor invent the extraordinary things that happen to me, and this is the reflection which renders me so profoundly indifferent to criticism. I shall have reviewers finding out that I am inconsistent with myself, and not true to nature here—as, for instance, when I fell violently in love with Ursula in one evening, or to the first principles of art there—as when I wrote to propose to her early next morning: as if both art and nature could not take care of themselves without my bothering my head about them. Once for all, then, my difficulties do not arise from this source at all; they are, as I have said before, of the most simple character. In fact, they resolve themselves into Kant's two great *a priori* ideas, time and space. Now I could quite easily run on in the moral reflective vein to the end

of the article, but then what should I do with the conversations which I ought to record, but to which I shall not be able to do justice, because I am so bound and fettered by the chain of my narrative? What an idea of weakness it conveys of an author who talks of "the thread of his narrative!" I even used to feel it when I was in the diplomatic service, and received a severe "wiggling" once for writing in one of my despatches, "My Lord, I have the honour to resume the 'tape' of my narrative"—so wedded is the Foreign Office to the traditions of its own peculiar style. I was glad afterwards they kept me to "the thread," as when I wanted finally to break it I found no difficulty. By the way, after I have done with society, I am going to take up the departments of the public service. If I let them alone just now, it is only because I am so desperately in love, and my love is so desperately hopeless; and the whole thing is in such a mess, that one mess is enough. At present I am setting my dwelling-house in order. When that is done I will go to work to clean out the "offices."

I may also allude here to another somewhat embarrassing circumstance which, had I not the good of my fellow-creatures at heart, might interfere with the progress of my narrative; and this is the morbid satisfaction which it seems to afford some people to claim for themselves the credit of being the most disagreeable or unworthy of those individuals with whom I am at present in contact. They would pretend, for instance, that there is no such person as Spiffington Goldtip, but that I mean him to represent some one else; and they take the 'Court Guide,' and find that no Lady Broadbrim lives in Grosvenor Square, so they suppose that she too stands for some one else who does. Now, if I hear much of this sort of thing I shall stop altogether. In the first place, neither Spiffy nor Lady Broadbrim

will like it; and in the second, it is very disagreeable to me to be supposed to caricature my acquaintances under false names. I have never had the least intention of doing so; but when, perchance, I find groups of people, even though I know them, acting unworthily, I should be falling into the same error for which I blame the parsonic body of the present day, if I shrink from exposing and cutting straight into the sores that they are fain to plaster and conceal. In these days of amateur preaching in theatres and other unconsecrated buildings, I feel I owe no apology to my clerical brethren for taking their congregations in hand after they have quite done with them.

People may call me a "physician" or any other name they like, and tell me to heal myself; but it is quite clear that a sick physician who needs rest, and yet devotes all his time and energies to the curing of his neighbours, is a far more unselfish individual than one who waits to do it until he is robust. Therefore, if I am caught doing myself the very things I find fault with in others, "that has nothing at all to do with it," as Lady Broadbrim always says when all her arguments are exhausted.

Those of my readers who have taken an interest in her ladyship's speculations and in my endeavours to extricate her from her pecuniary embarrassments, may conceive our feelings upon hearing of the surrender of General Lee. I regret to say that, in spite of every device which the experience of Spiffy, of Lady Broadbrim's lawyer, and of Lady B. herself, could suggest, her liabilities have increased to such an extent in consequence of the rapid fall of Confederate stock, that I was obliged to take advantage of the Easter recess to run over to Ireland to make arrangements for selling an extremely encumbered estate, which I purchased as a speculation some years ago, but had never before visited. This

trip has given me an opportunity of enabling me thoroughly to master the Irish question. I need scarcely say how much I was surprised at the prosperous condition of the peasants of Connemara after the accounts I had received of them. When I "surveyed" my own estate, which consists of seven miles of uninterrupted rock, I regarded with admiration the population who could find the means of subsistence upon it, and whose rags were frequently of a very superior quality. I also felt how creditable it was to the British Government, that by a judicious system of legislation it should succeed in keeping people comparatively happy and contented, whose principal occupation seemed to me to consist of wading about the sea-beach looking for sea-weed, and whose diet was composed of what they found there. That every Irishman I met should expect me to lament with him the decrease by emigration in the population of a nation which subsists chiefly on peat and periwinkles, illustrated in a striking manner the indifference which the individuals of this singular race have for each other's sufferings; and it is quite a mistake, therefore, to suppose that absentee landlords, who are for the most part Irish, live away from their properties, because they are so susceptible to the sight of distress that they cannot bear to look upon their own tenantry. To an Englishman nothing is more consoling than to feel that the Irish question is essentially an Irish question, and that Englishmen have nothing at all to do with it—that the tenant-right question is one between Irish landlords and Irish tenants—that the religious question is one between Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants—and that the reason that no Englishman can understand them is, because they are Irish, and inverted brains would be necessary to their comprehension. These considerations impressed themselves forcibly upon my notice at a meet-

ing of the National League, which I attended in Dublin, the object of which was to secure the national independence of Ireland, and to free it from the tyranny of British rule. One of the speakers made out so strong a case for England, that I could only account for it by the fact that he was an Irishman arguing the case of his own country. "How," he asked, "is the English Parliament to know our grievances, when out of 105 members that we send up to it, there are not two who are honest? Why is not the O'Donoghue in the chair to-day? he is the only man we can trust, and we can't trust him. Why are the Irish Protestants not true to themselves and the cause? Why, in fact, is there not a single man of the smallest position and influence either on the platform or in the body of the house, except myself, who am a magistrate of the county of Cork, and therefore unable to advocate those violent measures by which alone our liberties are to be gained? Is it because we have got them already? No! but because Irishmen do not care a farthing about them. Shame on them for their apathy," &c. It was pleasant to listen to this Irish patriot inveighing against his countrymen, and finally making England responsible for Irishmen being what they are. Bless them, my heart warmed towards them as I saw them at Queenstown trooping on board an emigrant ship, looking ruddy and prosperous, bound on the useful errand of propagating Fenianism, of exhibiting themselves as choice specimens of an oppressed nationality, and of devoting their brilliant political instincts, their indefatigable industry, and their judicial calmness to the service of that country which is at present suffering from a determination of blood to the head in the person of Andy Johnson. If anything can right that extremely crank craft "United States" at present on her beam-ends, let us hope that it will be by

taking in Irishmen at the rate of one thousand per week, to serve as ballast; for most certainly the best means of increasing the sailing qualities of the respectable old tub, "British Constitution," will be by inducing the ballast aforesaid to throw itself overboard. I was pitching and rolling abominably between Kingston and Holyhead as I drew this appropriate nautical parallel, and was not in a mood to relish the following announcement, which appeared in the pages of a fashionable organ that happened to be the first journal I bought in England:—

"We are in a position to state that a marriage is arranged between Lord Frank Vanecove, M.P., second son of the late Duke of Dunderhead, and Lady Ursula Newlyte, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Broadbrim."

How I envied "our position," and what a very different one mine was! However, the notice served its purpose, for it prepared me for what I should have to encounter in London—the sort of running fire of congratulation I must expect to undergo all along Piccadilly, down St James's Street, and along Pall Mall. Should I simper a coy admission, or storm out an indignant denial? On the whole, the most judicious line seemed to be to do each alternately. The prospect of puzzling the gossip-mongers generally almost consoled me for the feeling of extreme annoyance which I experienced. "The embroglio must clear itself at last," thought I, "but it will be a curious amusement to see how long I can keep it from doing so;" and I bought an evening paper as I approached London, by way of distracting my mind. The first news which thrilled me as I opened it was the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln. I am not going to moralise on this event now, and only allude to it as it affects the story of my own life. It saved me that evening from the embarrassment I had

anticipated; for even when I went to the Cosmopolitan, I found everybody listening to Mr. Wog, so that nobody cared about my private affairs, and it induced Lady Broadbrim to make a secret expedition into the City of a speculative nature next morning, as I accidentally discovered from Spiffy. It is not impossible that the knowledge of this breach of faith on her part may prove a valuable piece of information to me.

I sauntered into "the Piccadilly" on the following afternoon, armed at all points, and approached the bay-window, in which I observed Broadbrim and several others seated round the table, with the utmost *insouciance*. They had evidently just talked my matter over, for my appearance caused a momentary pause, and then a general chorus of greeting. Broadbrim, with an air of charming *naïveté* and brotherly regard, almost rushed into my arms; but his presence restrained that general expression of frank opinion on the part of the rest of the company, with reference to my luck, with which the fortunate *fiancé* is generally greeted. Still, the characters of my different so-called "friends" and their forms of congratulation were amusing to watch. There was the patrouising, rather elderly style—"My dear Vanecove, I can't tell you how happy the news has made me. I was just saying to Broadbrim," and so on; then the free and easy "Frank, old fellow" and "slap on the back" style; then the "knowing shot" and "poke in the ribs" style; then the "feelings too much for me" style—severe pressure of the hands, and silence, accompanied by upturned eyes; then the "serious change of state and heavy responsibilities" style. Oh, I know them all, and am thankful to say the peculiar versatility of my talents enabled me to give as many different answers as there are styles. I am not such a fool as not to know exactly what all my friends said of

the match behind my back:—"Sharp old woman, Lady Broadbrim; she'll make that flat, Frank Vanecove, pay all the Broadbrim debts;" or, "Odd thing it is that such a nice girl as Ursula Newlyte should throw herself away on such a maniac as Frank Vanecove;" then, "Oh, she'd marry anybody to get away from such a mother;" again, "I always thought Vanecove a fool, but I never supposed he would have deliberately submitted to be bled by the Broadbrims." That is the sort of thing that will go on with variations in every drawing-room in London for the next few evenings. Now I am striking out quite a new line to meet the humbug, the hypocrisy, the scandal, and the ill-nature of which both Ursula and myself are the subjects. Thus, when Broadbrim greeted me in the presence of the company, after I had received their congratulations with a good deal of ambiguous embarrassment, I appeared to be a little overcome, and, linking my arm in that of my future brother-in-law, walked him out of the room. "My dear Broadbrim," said I, "for reasons which it is not necessary for me now to enter into, but which are connected with the pecuniary arrangements I am making to put your family matters straight, this announcement is a most unfortunate occurrence—we must take measures to contradict it immediately."

"Why," said Broadbrim, "if it is the case, as you know it is, I don't see the harm of announcing it: to tell you the truth, I think it ought to have been announced sooner, and that you have been putting Ursula lately in rather a false position, by seeming to avoid her so much in society, because you know it has been talked of for some time past."

"Ah, then I fancy the announcement was made on your authority," I said; "it is a pity, as I had made up my mind to postpone the ceremony until I had not only completed all my arrangements for

putting your family matters square, but could actually see my way towards gradually clearing off the more pressing liabilities with which the estate is encumbered. You know what a crotchety fellow I am. Now, my plan is, clear everything off first, and marry afterwards; and unless you positively contradict the report of my marriage with your sister I shall immediately countermand the instructions under which my lawyers are acting, and take no further steps whatever in the matter." I felt a malicious pleasure in watching Broadbrim's face during this speech, as I was sure that he had done his best to spread the report of my marriage with his sister for fear of my backing out, and escaping from my obligations in respect to his financial embarrassments. It is only fair to him to state, that these were none of his own creating—he had been a perfect model of steadiness all his life. "It will be pleasanter for us both," I went on, "that the world should never be able to say, after my marriage with your sister, that you and your mother continue to live upon us. Now, I tell you fairly, that, for family reasons, this premature announcement renders it impossible for me to proceed with those arrangements which must precede my connection with your family."

Broadbrim's face grew very long while he listened to this speech. "But," he said, "it is not fair to Ursula that everybody should suppose that you are engaged to her, and refuse to acknowledge it."

"Pray, whose fault is it," said I, "that anybody supposes anything about it? I have never told a soul that I was engaged to be married, and if you and your mother choose to go spreading unauthorized reports, you must take the consequences; but"—and a sudden inspiration flashed upon me—"I will tell you what I will do, I will be guided entirely by Lady Ursula's wishes in the matter. If she wishes the re-

port contradicted, I must insist most peremptorily on both Lady Broadbrim and yourself taking the necessary steps to stop the public gossip; but if she is willing that the marriage should be announced, I pledge you my word that I will allow no preconceived plans to influence me, or pecuniary difficulties to stand in the way, but will do whatever she, your mother, and yourself wish."

"Very well," said Broadbrim, "that sounds fair enough. I'll go and see Ursula at once."

"Not quite so fast; please take me with you," I said. "As it is a matter most closely affecting my future happiness, I must be present at the interview, and so must Lady Broadbrim."

"I don't think that is an arrangement which will suit Ursula at all. In fact, both she and my mother are so incomprehensible and mysterious, that I am sure they will object to any such meeting. Whenever I have spoken to my mother about it, she always meets me with, 'For goodness' sake don't breathe a word to Ursula, or you will spoil all;' and when, in defiance of this injunction, I did speak to Ursula, she said, in a lackadaisical way, that she had no intention of marrying any one at present; and when I went on to say that in that case she had no business to accept you, she asked me what reason I had for supposing that she ever had done so; and when I said, 'The assurance of my mother's ears in the drawing-room at Dickiefield,' she stared at me with amazement, and burst into a flood of tears."

"Under these circumstances, don't you think you would have done better not to meddle in the matter at all?" I remarked. "However, the mischief is done now, and perhaps the best plan will be for you to bring about a meeting between your sister and myself. I suppose whatever we arrange will satisfy you and Lady Broadbrim?"

"Well, I don't know," said

Broadbrim, doubtfully; "she does not seem to know her own mind, and I don't feel very sure of you. However, you are master of the situation, and can arrange what you like. My mother is going to a May meeting at Exeter Hall tomorrow to hear Caribbee Islands and Ohundango hold forth. I know the latter is to call for her at eleven, so if you will come at half-past, I will take care that you have an opportunity of seeing Ursula alone."

This conversation took place as we were strolling arm-in-arm down St. James's Street on our way to the House, thereby enabling the groups of our friends who inspected us from divers club windows, to assert confidently the truth of the report.

Just as I was parting from Broadbrim at the door of the lobby we were accosted suddenly by Grandon; he looked very pale as he grasped my hand and nodded to my companion, who walked off towards "another place" without waiting for a further greeting. "I suppose, now that your marriage is publicly announced, Frank, it need no longer be a tabooed subject between us, and that you will receive my congratulations."

My first impulse was to assure him that the announcement was unauthorised so far as I was concerned, but the prospect of the impending interview with Ursula restrained me, and I felt completely at a loss. "Don't you think, Grandon," I said, "that I should have told you as much as gossip tells the public, had I felt myself entitled to do so? I only ask you to trust me for another twenty-four hours, and I will tell you everything."

Grandon looked stern. "You are bound not to allow the report to go one moment uncontradicted, if there is nothing in it; and if there is, you are equally bound to acknowledge it."

"Surely," I said, in rather a piqued tone, "Broadbrim is as much interested in the matter as you are,

and he is satisfied with my conduct."

"I tell you fairly I am not," said Grandon. "You will do Lady Ursula a great injustice, and yourself a great injury, if you persist in a course which is distinctly dishonourable."

At that moment who should come swaggering across the lobby where we happened to be standing, but Larkington and Dick Helter. "Well, Frank, when is it to be?" said the latter. "You were determined to take the world by surprise, and I must congratulate you on your success."

"Thanks," said I, calmly, for I was smarting under Grandon's last words; "the day is not fixed yet. What between Lady Broadbrim's scruples about Lent and some arrangements I had to make in Ireland, there has been a good deal of delay, but I think," I went on with a slight simper, "that it has nearly come to an end."

"There," said I to Grandon, when they had favoured me with a few *bonalités*, and passed on, "that is explicit enough surely; will that satisfy you, or do you like this style better?" and I turned to receive Bower and Scraper, who generally hunt tufts and scandal in couples, and were advancing towards us with much *empressement*.

"My dear Lord Frank, charmed to see you; no wonder you are looking beaming, for you are the luckiest man in London," said Bower.

"How so?" said I, looking unconscious.

"Come, come," said Scraper, and he winked at me respectfully; "we have known all about it for the last two months. I got it out of Lord Broadbrim very early in the day."

"Then you got a most deliberate and atrocious fabrication, for I suppose you mean the report of my marriage to his sister, and I beg you will contradict it most emphatically whenever you hear it," said I, very stiffly. And I walked on into

the house, leaving Grandon more petrified than the two little toadies I had snubbed. I can generally listen to Gladstone when he is engaged in keeping the House in suspense over the results of his arithmetical calculations, but the relative merits of a reduction of the tax on tea and on malt fell flat on my ears that evening, and even the consideration of twopence in the pound off the income-tax failed to exercise that soothing influence on my mind which it seemed to produce on those around. I looked in vain for Grandon; his accustomed seat remained empty, and I felt deeply penitent and miserable. What is there in my nature that prompts me, when I am trying to act honestly and nobly, to be impracticable and perverse? Grandon could not know the extent of the complication in which I am involved, and was right in saying what he did; yet I could no more at the moment help resenting it as I did, than a man in a passion who is struck can help returning the blow. Then the fertility and readiness of invention which the demon of perverseness that haunts me invariably, displays, fairly puzzles me, and you too, I thought, as I looked up, and saw little Scraper whispering eagerly to Dick Helter, who was regarding me with a bewildered look, quite unconscious that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had become poetical in regard to rags, and was announcing that we were about

"To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

"Ah," thought I, as I gazed on that brilliant and ingenious orator, "he is the only man in the House, who, if he was in such a mess as I am, would find a way out of it."

My first impulse on the following morning, before going to Grosvenor Square, was to go and apologise to Grandon, and I had an additional reason for doing so after reading the following paragraph in the 'Morning Post':—

"Lord and Lady Nolands had the honour of entertaining at dinner last night the Marquess and Marchioness of Scilly, the Countess (Dowager) of Broadbrim, the Earl of Broadbrim and Lady Ursula Newlitt, Mr. and Lady Jane Helter, Lord Grandon, the Honourable Spiffington Goldtip, and Mr. Scraper."

To have made it thoroughly unlucky I ought to have been there as a thirteenth. As it is, I wonder what conclusion the company in general arrived at in reference to the affair in which I am so nearly interested, and I told them off in the order in which they must have gone into dinner. The Scillys and Nolands paired off; Helter took down old Lady Broadbrim; Broadbrim took Lady Jane; Grandon, Lady Ursula; and Spiffy and Scraper brought up the rear. I pictured the delight with which Helter would mystify Lady Broadbrim, by allowing her to extract from him what he had heard first from me and then from Scraper, and how Spiffy and Scraper would each pretend to have the right version of the story, and be best informed on this important matter. All this was easy enough, but my imagination failed to suggest what probably passed between Grandon and Ursula; so I screwed up my courage and determined to go down to Grandon's room and find out. We often used to breakfast together, and I sent down my servant to tell him to expect me. Under the circumstances I thought it right to give him the opportunity of refusing to see me, but I knew him too well to think that he would take advantage of it.

He was sitting at his writing-table, looking pale and haggard, as I entered, and turned wearily towards me with an air of reserve very foreign to his nature.

"My dear Grandon," I said, "I have come to apologise to you for my unjustifiable conduct yesterday, but you cannot conceive the worry

and annoyance to which I have been subject by the impertinent curiosity and unwarrantable interference of the world in my private affairs. When you told me I was acting dishonourably, an impulse of petulance made me forget what was due to Ursula, and answer my inquisitive friends as I did; but I am on my way to Grosvenor Square now, and will put matters straight in an hour."

"The mischief is done," said Grandon, gloomily, "and it is not in your power to undo it. Whatever may have been the motives by which you have been actuated—and far be it from me to judge them—you have caused an amount of misery which must last as long as those whom you have chosen as your victims live."

"I beseech you to be more explicit," I said; "what happened last night?—I insist upon knowing."

"You know perfectly well that as you stand in no nearer relation to Lady Ursula than I do," and Grandon's voice trembled, while his eye gleamed for a second with a flash of triumph, "you have no right to insist upon anything; but I have no objection to tell you that as Lady Ursula was quite in ignorance of any such report having currency, as that which has now received a certain stamp of authority, by virtue of the conspiracy into which you seem to have entered with her mother and brother, she was overwhelmed with confusion at the congratulations which it seems the ladies heaped upon her after dinner last night, and finally fainted. Of course all London will be talking of it to-day, as the Helters went away early on purpose to get to Lady Mundane's before Scraper could arrive there with his version of the catastrophe."

"Did she tell you she did not care for me, Grandon?" said I, very humbly.

"She told me to forgive you, and love you as I used to, God help me,"

burst out Grandon, and he covered his face with his hands. "Frank," he said, "she is an angel of whom neither you nor I am worthy; but oh, spare her—don't, for God's sake, hold her up to the pity and curiosity of London. I would do anything on earth she told me; but what spell have you thrown over her that in spite of your heartless conduct she should still implore me to love and cherish you? how can I obey her in this when your acts are so utterly at variance with all that is noble and honourable?"

I had discovered what I wanted, for in spite of every effort to conceal it, I detected a tone of jealousy in Grandon's last speech. Ursula in her moment of agony had unconsciously allowed him to perceive that he alone was loved, and had urged him still to love and cherish me, because as an irresponsible being she had thought me more than ever in need of sympathy and protection. For a moment I wavered in my resolution. Should I open my heart and give my dearest friend a confidence which should justify me in his eyes, at the risk of destroying the project I had formed on that night when, walking home from my interview with Lady Broadbrim, I had determined to devote my energies to the happiness of others and not of myself? or should I maintain that flippant, heartless exterior which seemed for the time necessary to the success of my plans? As usual, my mind made itself up while I was doubting what to do, and in spite of myself I said jauntily, "Well, now that you know that she cares about you and not about me, I suppose you have nothing to do but to return her affection?"

"I have done that for some time," he replied, "but you know how perfectly hopeless our love is; and yet," and his voice deepened and his face flushed with enthusiasm, "I am happier loving hopelessly and knowing that I am loved than I have ever been before. Forgive me, Frank, but I do not feel for you as I should

have done had you behaved differently; you had no right to let me suppose that she had accepted you when the subject had never been breathed between you. Your conscience must tell you that you have acted in an unworthy manner towards us both."

"Grandon," I said, sententiously, "my conscience works on a system utterly incomprehensible to an ordinary intelligence, and I am quite satisfied with it. I will have a metaphysical discussion with you on the matter on some other occasion. Meantime, you think Ursula has decided on preferring the ruin and disgrace of the Broadbrim family to a *mariage de convenance* either with me or any one else?"

"I did not know it was a question of disgrace," said Grandon, "and I am quite sure that Lady Ursula will do the right thing. I would rather not discuss the subject any further; we shall certainly not agree, and I am afraid that we might become more widely estranged than I should wish. Here is breakfast. It was you who last asked me to bury this unhappy subject, it is my turn now to make the same request. I wish to heaven it had never arisen between us."

"What a lucky fellow you are!" said I, looking at him with the eye of a philosopher; "now you would never imagine yourself to be one of the most enviable men in London, with the most charming of women and the most devoted of friends ready to sacrifice themselves at your feet—she *incomprise*, I *incompris*."

"Don't trifle," said Grandon, sternly, interrupting me; "my patience is not inexhaustible."

"Luckily, mine is," said I, with my mouth full of grilled salmon, "otherwise, I should not be the right stuff for a social missionary—*à propos*, you have never asked me what I have been doing in that line; nor told me anything of your new friend Mr. Hartmann. I met Wog at the Cosmopolitan the other night,

and asked him to come to breakfast here on Monday—you must get Hartmann, and we will have Chundango, Joseph, and Brother Oryssotom."

"I am not sure that Hartmann would care about it," said Grandon, who underrated his own gift of patience, for I had tried it severely, and he was now gentle and calm as usual; "you had better meet him some day alone first; and now I must be off, for I have a committee of the House to attend."

"And I a rendezvous of a still more interesting character to keep;" and as I left Grandon I observed a shade of disgust and disappointment cross his face at my last speech. I always overdo it, I thought, as I walked towards Grosvenor Square, but Grandon ought to make allowances for me. He has known me all my life, but it was reserved for us both to be in love with the same woman to bring out the strong points in each of us. Lavater says you never know whether a man is your friend until you have divided an inheritance with him; but it is a much more ticklish thing to go halves in a woman's love. Never mind, I'll astonish them both yet. Now then, to begin with her; and I boldly knocked at the door. I found Broadbrim in his own little den.

"It is all right," he said as I entered; "I have told Ursula you are coming, and she will see you in the drawing-room."

I had not been for two minutes alone with Lady Ursula, since we parted at Dickiefield; indeed, when it is remembered that my whole intercourse with her upon that occasion extended over little more than twenty-four hours, and that we had never been on any other terms since than those of the most casual acquaintances, the embarrassing nature of the impending interview presented itself to me in a somewhat unpleasant aspect. Now that it had come to the point I could not make up my mind

exactly what to say. I tried to collect my ideas and go over the history of the events which had resulted in the present predicament. Why was I in the singular position of having to make a special appointment with a young lady with whom I was desperately in love, whom I knew but slightly, but who supposed me to be mad, for the purpose of asking her, first, whether she considered herself engaged to be married to me or not, and secondly, if not, whether she would have any objection to the world supposing that such was the case. Now my readers will remember that the sudden impulse which induced me in the first instance to delude Lady Broadbrim into believing that Lady Ursula had accepted me, arose from the desire to save her from the tender mercies of Chundango. Lady Ursula had in fact owed the repose she had enjoyed for the last two months entirely to her supposed engagement to me. The moment that is at an end her fate becomes miserable. If she will but consider herself drowning, and me the straw, I shall only be too happy to be clutched. If I cannot propose myself as a husband, I will at least suggest that she should regard me in the light of a straw.

I had got thus far when I found myself in her presence. She looked very pale, and there was an expression of decision about the corners of her mouth which I had not before remarked. It did not detract from its sweetness, nor did the slight tremor of the upper lip as she greeted me detract from its force. It is a great mistake to suppose that a tremor of the lip denotes weakness; on the contrary, it often arises from a concentration of nervous energy. I am not quite so sure about a tremor of the knees. That was what I suffered from at the moment, together with a very considerable palpitation of the heart. Now the difficulty of such a moment is to know how to begin. I

have often heard men say that when they have obtained an interview with a great statesman for the purpose of asking a favour, and he waits for them to begin without helping them out with a word, they have experienced this difficulty. That arises from the consciousness that they are sacrificing their self-respect to their "career." If they would never go near a statesman except when they wanted to confer a favour upon him, they would have no difficulty in finding words. Fortunately, the great majority of our public *employés* are not yet hardened beggars like the Neapolitans, and are not, like them, dead to any sentiment of shame upon these occasions, though it is to be feared that they will soon become so. The responsibility of demoralising the servants of the public lies entirely with the heads of the departments. In proportion as these gentlemen are not ashamed of sacrificing their subordinates in order to keep themselves in office, will those subordinates become as unblushing place-hunters as their masters are place-keepers. Once accustom a man to being a scapegoat, and you destroy at a blow his respect for himself and for the man who offers him up. I could become very eloquent upon this subject, if I was not afraid of keeping Ursula waiting; there are few men who need having their duties pointed out to them more constantly than Cabinet Ministers. Attacks in the House of Commons do them no good, as they are generally the result of party tactics, and spring from as unworthy a motive as does the defence. Men who have got place don't pay much attention to attacks from men who want it. Then, as I said before, the Church utterly ignores its duties in this respect. Who ever heard of a bishop getting up and pointing out to her Majesty's Ministers the necessity of considering the interests of the country before their own? It would be immediately supposed that he was bullying them, because he

wanted to be "translated," and this would be considered the only excuse for the same want of "good taste" which I, who am only desirous for their good, am now displaying. I put it to you, my Lords, in all humility, do you ever get up in your places, not in the House of Peers, but in another House, and point out to the rulers of the country that no personal consideration should ever interfere with their doing the right thing at the right moment? Do you ever explain to the noble Lords among whom you sit, that when a committee is chosen from both sides of the House to inquire into a simple question of right or wrong, the members of it are bound to vote upon its merits and according to their consciences, rather than according to the political parties to which they belong? and do you ever ask yourselves what you would do in the same circumstances? Do you ever tell the Heads of Departments that they are responsible for the *morale* which pervades the special services over which they preside? that the tone of honour, the amount of zeal and of disinterestedness which subordinates display must depend in a great measure upon the example set them by their chief? that you can no more expect an orchestra to play in tune with a leader devoid of a soul for music, than a department to work well without the soul of honour at its head! Do you ever faithfully tell these great men, that just in proportion as their position is elevated so is their power for good or for evil? and when you see their responsibilities sit lightly upon them, do you ever take them to task for trifling with the highest interests of the country, and stifling the consciences of its servants? If the fact that in your ecclesiastical capacity you are beholden to one or other of the political parties, makes it delicate for you to attack your opponents, then let the Liberal Episcopacy jealously guard the

honour of the Liberal Cabinets, and the Tory Bishops watch over the public morality of their own side so soon as it shall come into office.

Of course, I was not thinking of all this as I entered the drawing-room, but I had thought it often before, and feel impelled to mention it now. What I actually did was to blush a good deal, stammer a good deal, and finally make the unpleasant discovery that that presence of mind which my readers will ere this have perceived I possess to an eminent degree, had entirely deserted me. I think this arose from the extreme desire I felt that Lady Ursula should not at that moment imagine that I was mad. Perhaps, my reader, it may have happened to you to have to broach the most delicate of all topics to a young lady who regarded you in the light of a rather dangerous lunatic, and you can therefore enter into my feelings. I was not sorry to find myself blushing and stammering, as it might have the effect of reassuring her, and making her feel that for the moment at least I was quite harmless.

"I am glad, Lord Frank," she said, observing my confusion, "that you have given me this opportunity of seeing you, as I am sure you would not willingly inflict pain, and should you find that you have unintentionally done so will make all the reparation in your power."

At this moment I glanced significantly at Broadbrim, who left the room.

"Unfortunately it too often happens, Lady Ursula," I said, "that it is necessary to inflict a temporary pain to avert what might become a permanent misery."

"I cannot conceive," replied she, "to what permanent misery, as affecting myself, you can allude, in which your intervention should be necessary, more especially when exhibited in a form which places me in such a false position. I need not say that the announcement which I saw

for the first time in a newspaper caused me the greatest annoyance; but when I found afterwards that my mother, my brother, and even Lord Grandon, had heard it from your own lips many weeks before, and that in fact you had given my mother, under a promise that she would not allude to the subject to me, such a totally erroneous idea of what passed at our interview at Dickiefield,—when I thought of all this, I could only account for it by the last revelation you made to me there."

She maintained her self-possession perfectly until she was obliged to allude to my insanity, then she dropped her eyelids, and the colour for the first time rushed into her cheeks as she shrank from touching on this delicate subject. At the moment I almost felt inclined to tell her that I was as sane as she was, but refrained, partly because I was not sure of it myself, partly because I did not think she would believe me, partly, because, after all, it might be the best justification I could offer for my conduct, and partly because I was not quite ready to enter upon an explanation of the *ruse* by which I had hoped to save her from the persecution of her mother to marry Chundango. This suddenly reminded me of my idea that she was in the position of one drowning. I therefore said, in a careless way, for the purpose of showing her that her allusion to my insanity had produced no unfavourable impression upon me—

"Lady Ursula, would you have any objection to regarding me in the light of a straw?"

"A what!" said Lady Ursula, in a tone in which amazement seemed blended with alarm.

"A straw," I repeated; "I assure you you are drowning, and even an unworthy being like myself may be of use to you, if you would but believe it. Remember Chundango's conduct at Dickiefield—remember the view Lady Broad-

brim took of it, until I interposed, or, as I should more accurately say, until the current swept me past her—remember that up to this moment she has never recurred to the subject of Mr. Chundango, who, although he comes to the house constantly, now devotes himself entirely to Lady Broadbrim herself; and allow me to say it, you owe it all to a timely straw."

Lady Ursula seemed struck by the graphic way in which I put her position before her, and remained silent for a few moments. It had evidently never occurred to her, that I had indirectly been the means of securing her tranquillity. She little thought it possible that her mother could have talked her matrimonial prospects over with a comparative stranger in the mercantile terms which Lady Broadbrim had used in our interview at Dickiefield. And I am well aware that society generally would consider such conduct on the part of her Ladyship coarse and unladylike. It showed a disregard of *les convenances* which good society is the first to resent. Those who have never secretly harboured the designs which Lady Broadbrim in the agony of a financial crisis avowed, might justly repudiate her conduct; but "conscience does make cowards of us all," and fashionable mothers will naturally be the first to censure in Lady Broadbrim a practice to which, in a less glaring and obnoxious form, they are so strongly addicted. If in silvery accents she had confided her projects to Lady Mundane, the world would have considered it natural and ladylike enough; the coarseness consisted in her telling them to me. O generation of slave-owners! why persist in deluding yourselves into the belief that so long as you buy and sell your own flesh and blood in a whisper, there is no harm in it?

My gentle critics, I would strongly advise you not to place me on my defence in these matters; I have

every disposition to let you down as gently as possible, but if you play tricks with the rope, I shall have to let you down by the run. Why, it was only last year that all the world went to Mrs. Gorgon Tompkins's second ball. They no more cared than she did that she had lost one of her daughters early in the season, just after she had given the first. I remember Spiffy Goldtip taking public opinion in the club about it, and asking whether an interval of four months was not enough to satisfy the requirements of society in the matter, as it would be so sad if, after having made such good social running before Easter, Mrs. Gorgon Tompkins were to lose it all afterwards through an unfortunate *contretemps* of this kind. Now I doubt whether Lady Broadbrim could surpass that. However, she is capable of great feats, and I fully expect she will strike out a new line soon; there has been a lurking demon in her eye of late which alarms me. Fortunately I am not yet finally committed, financially. It is true, it has cost me a few thousands, which I shall never see again, to tide the family over its difficulties thus far, but I can still let it down with a crash if it suits me.

"Lord Frank," said Lady Ursula after a pause, "I have already alluded to the circumstance which has induced me to treat you with a forbearance which I could not have extended to one whom I regarded as responsible for conduct unwarrantable towards myself, and certainly not to be justified by any possible advantage which I might be supposed to derive from it. I consented to see you now, because I feel sure that when you know from my own lips that I wish you at once to deny the rumour you have been the means of originating, I may depend upon your doing so."

"May I ask," I said, with much contrition in my tone, "what explanation you gave Lady Broadbrim on the subject?"

"If you mean," said Lady Ursula, "whether I accounted to mamma for your conduct as I do to myself—in other words, whether I betrayed your secret—I have carefully refrained from discussing the subject with her. Fortunately, after dinner at the Nolands' last night, Broadbrim told me that he had seen you, and that you were coming here to-day, so I assured mamma that she would hear from you the true state of the case; though, of course, I felt myself bound to let her understand that, owing to a fact which I was unable to explain, she had been completely misled by you."

"And what did Lady Broadbrim say?" I asked.

"She said that had it not been for a meeting she was obliged to attend this morning, she would have waited to see you to-day, but that she was sure I laboured under some strange delusion, and that a few words of explanation from you would smooth everything."

"Will you allow me to tell you what those few words are?" said I. "Lady Broadbrim little imagines the real state of the case, because she knows what you do not know, that I am engaged in clearing off her own pecuniary liabilities, and making arrangements by which the old-standing claims on the Broadbrim estates may be met. You may never have heard how seriously the family is embarrassed, and how unlucky all Lady Broadbrim's attempts to retrieve its fortunes by speculation have been. I could only account to her for the pecuniary sacrifices she knows I am making by allowing her to suppose that I was incurring them for your sake." I could not resist letting a certain tone of pique penetrate this speech, and the puzzled and pained expression of Lady Ursula's face afforded me a sense of momentary gratification, of which I speedily repented. As she looked at me earnestly, her large blue eyes filled slowly with tears. "Is she crying because this

last speech of mine proves me hopelessly mad?" thought I; "or does she feel herself in a pecuniary trap, and is she crying because she does not see her way out of it?" and I felt the old sensation coming over me, and my head beginning to swim. Why, oh why, am I denied that method in my madness which it must be such a comfort to possess? It is just at the critical moment that my osseous matter invariably plays me a trick. I seemed groping for light and strength, and mechanically put out my hand; the soft touch of one placed gently in it thrilled through my nerves with an indescribable current, and instantaneously the horrid feeling left me, and I emerged from the momentary torpor into which I had fallen. I don't think Ursula remarked it, for she said, and her eyes were now overflowing, in a voice of surpassing sweetness, "Lord Frank, I have discovered your *real* secret; it is no longer possible for you to conceal the noble motives which have actuated you under your pretended——"

"Hush!" I said, interrupting her; "what I did, whether rightly or wrongly, I did for the best. Now I will be guided by your wishes. What am I to do?"

"Allow no worldly consideration, however unselfish, either for myself or those dearest to me, to induce you to swerve from the course which truth and honour distinctly point out. Whatever may seem to be the consequences, we are both bound to follow this, and we have but to feel that, if need be, we are ready to make great sacrifices to receive the requisite faith and strength. Believe me," she concluded, and her voice trembled slightly, "whatever happens, I shall feel that you have given me proofs of a friendship upon which I may depend."

I pressed the hand I still held, and I felt the touch was sacred. Ah, thought I, as I left the room,

and was conscious that the gentle influence of her I had parted from was still resting upon me, "that is the right kind of spirit-medium. There is a magnetism in that slender finger which supports and purifies." O my hardened and material readers, don't suppose that because I know you will laugh at the idea of a purifying or invigorating magnetism I shall hesitate to write exactly what I feel on such matters. If I refrain from saying a great deal more, it is not because I shrink from your ridicule, but from your ignorance; you may not believe that the pearls exist; I honestly admit that they are not yet in my possession, but I have seen those who own them, and, unfortunately, also I have seen the animals before whom they have been cast. And you, my dear young ladies, do not ignore the responsibility which the influence you are able to exercise over young men imposes upon you. You need not call it magnetism unless you like, but be sure that there is that conveyed in a touch or a glance which elevates or degrades him upon whom it is bestowed, according as you preserve the purity and simplicity of your inmost natures. If you would only regard yourselves in the light of female missionaries to that benighted tribe of lavender-gloved young gentlemen who flutter about you like moths round a candle, you would send them away glowing and happy, instead of singeing their wings. If, when these butterflies come to sip, you would give them honey instead of poison, they would not forsake you as they do now for the gaudy flowers which are too near you. I know what you have to contend against—the scheming mothers who bring you up to the "Daughticultural Show," labelled and decorated, and put up to competition as likely prize-winners—who deliberately expose you to the first rush of your first seasons, and mercilessly watch you as you are swept along by the tearing stream—

who see you without compunction cast away on sandbanks of worldliness, where you remain till you become as "hard" and as "fast" as those you find stranded there before you. Here your minds become properly, or rather improperly, opened. You hear, for the first time, to your astonishment, young men talked of by their Christian or nicknames—their domestic life canvassed, their eligibility discussed, and the varied personal experiences through which your "hard and fast" friends have passed, related.

Then, better prepared for the rest of the voyage, you start again, and venture a little on your own account. What bold swimmers you are becoming now! How you laugh at and defy the rocks and reefs upon which you are ultimately destined to split! Already you look back with surprise to the time when almost everything you heard shocked you. What an immense amount of unnecessary knowledge you have acquired since then, and how recklessly you display it! Do you think it has softened and elevated you? Do you think the moral contact which should be life-giving to those who know you, benefits them?

It is not true, because young men behave heartlessly, that you must flirt "in self-defence," as you call it. When a warfare of this kind once begins, it is difficult to fix the responsibility; but if one side left off, the occupation of the other would be gone. If you want to revenge yourselves on these fickle youths—*strike!* as they do in the manufacturing districts. Conceive the wholesome panic you would cause, if every girl in London bound herself not to flirt for the entire season!

Unless you do something of this kind soon, you will reverse the whole system of nature. The men will be the candles, and you the moths. They will be the flowers, and you the butterflies. If all the brothers in London persist in trying to imitate their sisters, and all the

sisters are their brothers, what a nice confusion we shall arrive at. The reason I preach to you and not to them now, is, because I think I have a better chance with the mind of a masculine young woman than a feminine young man. If you only knew what a comfort it would be to talk sense instead of that incessant chaff, you would read a little more. I don't object to your riding in the Park—the abominable constitution of society makes it almost the only opportunity of seeing and talking to those you like without being talked about; but you need not rush off for a drive in the carriage immediately after lunch, just because you are too restless to stay at home.

First, the Park and young men, then lunch, then Marshall and Snelgrove, then tea and young men again, then dinner, drums, and balls, and young men to three A.M. That is the tread-wheel you have chosen to turn without the smallest

profit to yourself or any one else. If I seem to speak strongly, it is because my heart yearns over you. I belonged once to the lavender-gloved tribe myself, and though I have long since abandoned the hunting-grounds of my youth, I would give the world to see them happy and innocent. Moreover, I know you too well to imagine that I have written a word which will offend you. Far from it. We shall be warmer and closer friends ever after; but I am strongly afraid Mamma will disapprove. She will call 'Piccadilly' "highly improper," and say that it is a book she has not allowed any of "her girls" to read. I don't want to preach disobedience; but there are modes well known to my fair young friends of reading books which Mamma forbids, and I trust that they will never read one against her wish which may leave a more injurious impression upon their minds than 'Piccadilly.'

NOTES AND NOTIONS FROM ITALY.

" *L'è agabello che aiutò a salire
Fu il primo ad esser rovesciato.*"

THESE are days of sorrow and mourning in the ancient capital of the warlike subalpine kingdom. Turin veils her face and casts ashes on her head, for her glory is about to go forth from her gates without prospect of return. Other cities have had misfortunes grievous to endure; plague and pestilence have depopulated them, barbarians have sacked and burned, waters have overwhelmed, and earthquakes have overthrown them; but from disasters and ruin they rose again, prouder and more stately than before, and past misfortune was soon forgotten in the vigour of revival and the sunshine of success. Turin has no such hope to console her desolation. Harder to bear than the greatest of those calamities is the fate that now befalls her. After being the head of the corner, it is doubly cruel to be cast down and rejected by the builder. After having been for centuries the chosen of kings and courts and senates, it is grievous to dwindle into the insignificant residence of a provincial aristocracy. All these losses, all this humiliation, incurred by no fault, but due to merit, — the ungracious guerdon of loyalty, valour, and self-sacrifice. It is because Piedmont has been ever loyal to its king, valiant in the field, stout-hearted in adversity, and persevering in its enterprises, that Turin now finds itself on the eve of decapitalisation. Virtue, says the moralist, is its own reward; and amongst men such may be the case, but here is a flagrant proof that it is not always so with cities.

The Piedmontese have been called the English of Italy, and they have certainly long been greatly in advance of the rest of the country,

thanks to freedom, religious and civil, and to its natural consequence, unrestricted and profitable intercourse with nations more advanced in civilisation. The refuge, after 1848, of many of the most enlightened and intelligent men of other parts of Italy, Turin's increase in size and prosperity has also borne testimony to the benefit of constitutional government. Whilst deploring the disastrous change now impending over her, one cannot but wonder at the persistent conviction the Turinese have cherished, that their city would continue to be the capital of Italy whole and united. This might have been possible, had the peninsula accrued to the house of Savoy by right of conquest. Considering the way in which the kingdom of Italy has been formed, it was unreasonable to expect that its numerous famous cities should be content, one and all, to waive their claims and doff their bonnets before a traditionless town in a remote corner of the kingdom, with inhabitants only semi-Italian, and whose habitual discourse is in a harsh and barbarous patois. Such an expectation could hardly, one would think, survive calm reflection. Before Rome, it is true, Turin bowed her head and declared her readiness to resign her supremacy. But the transfer to the Capitol was a remote contingency; who could tell what time would elapse ere the tricolor should wave over the city of the Cæsars? Turin had been called upon for an earlier sacrifice, and, great though it be, it is not to be denied that some compensation has already been afforded. It is no small glory to have been the armed hand, civilised and liberating, which has

drawn together the severed portions of the fairest of European lands, which has combined into one state Tuscany and the Sicilies, Lombardy and the Romagna, extending to them all the benefits of example, and inspiring even the ignorant and degraded Neapolitan with a sense of his inferiority and a desire for improvement. One of the most striking features of the change that has taken place in Southern Italy is the progress of education—many schools now open and well attended, where lately scarcely one was to be found. This is satisfactory to reflect upon, but still, for Piedmont, and especially for Turin, the change of capital is hard to bear, the more so as it was decided only two years ago that, until Rome should be acquired, Turin was the most fitting seat of government. If Tuscany be renowned in the annals of poetry and art, Piedmont is no less celebrated for the military virtues and exploits of its princes and people. We live in an age of steel and steam, when the sword is more often in request than the lyre and the easel, especially in a country whose very existence is still disputed, and whose nearest neighbour is a powerful foe. It may be urged that the arsenal rather than the picture-gallery claims the presence of a soldier-sovereign. Cialdini's arguments in favour of the strategical advantages of Florence find opponents amongst Italian generals not less experienced than himself, and whose military education has been more regular than his. In short, the Piedmontese have much to urge against the change, and it is natural that they should dispute its propriety and justice. The contrivers of the Convention, the Minghetti Ministry, might have found it difficult fully to prepare the minds of the people of this city for the loss of rank about to befall it; but they should at least have endeavoured to break the news to them gently, and to spare

them the shock of a sudden announcement. If they thought themselves justified in concluding a convention of which the change of capital was a condition, without consulting Parliament as to whether that condition were a proper one, they should have taken measures to conciliate public opinion. But nothing of the kind was done—not so much as a newspaper article in any of the numerous journals then subsidised with the funds of the State. It is still a matter of dispute how the news got out. As many believe, the present Secretary of Legation at Paris, a *protégé* of Cavour's, and who in September last was doing duty at the Italian Foreign Office, communicated it to a friend of his, the editor of a Turin morning paper. The Secretary and the editor are both Jews, and a considerable intimacy existed between them. According to another and more accredited version, Minghetti himself, with characteristic levity and want of foresight, authorised the publication of the change of capital, which was suddenly announced by the halfpenny journal referred to. One morning the Turinese read at every street corner the totally unexpected intelligence that their capital was to be reduced to a provincial town. It is hardly worth while to mention the story circulated at certain Turinese tea-tables, to the effect that the King's favourite, the well-known Rosina, to whom he is reported to be privately married, taunted an uncivil shopkeeper with the coming change. By whomever first betrayed, the news came out abruptly, and the shock was electric. But there was no danger of serious disturbances as its consequence, and it was the fault of the authorities, of the politeness of some and the folly of others, that Turin's streets were stained with blood. "Who would have supposed," a member of the late Cabinet was heard to say, "that the Turinese would have risen in

insurrection?" They did nothing of the sort; there was not an attempt at a barricade, and not a firearm was captured from the rioters, if such they may be called, who were chiefly mere lads urged on by a small number of mischievous democratic agents, and whose utmost misdeeds consisted in a few shouts and volleys of stones. In the days of Cavour a more serious demonstration was met by a glance from the window, a smile, and the jest, "My Turinese are merry to-night." But Cavour was of different stuff from the Minghettis, Peruzzis, and Spaventas. Such measures as were taken were calculated rather to provoke and irritate than to soothe.

Instead of allowing the effervescence to subside of itself, as it would have done, gendarmes were suffered and encouraged to fire on the people. Numerous victims testified to the combined cowardice, incapacity, and recklessness of human life which distinguished some of the men highest in authority at that disastrous conjuncture. The shameful and most unnecessary massacres of the 21st and 22d of September will long be remembered with indignation and rage in Turin, where they cost the Ministers their places and the King his popularity.

Turning from these melancholy memories, let us enter a room whose aspect is probably familiar to not a few who read these pages. A spacious oblong hall, overloaded with decoration in the most superlative modern Italian style. The walls disappear under colour and gilding, corpulent Cupids clamber and gambol over them in all directions, resting upon arabesques and clinging to garlands, whilst verdant dragons rear themselves amongst wreaths of roses. The arched embrasures of the windows, which, owing to the near approach of adjacent walls, admit, at the brightest season, only a subdued light, are profusely gilt, and partly filled with crimson draperies. The decorators were evidently re-

solved to leave no plain surface whereon to rest the eye: walls and ceiling alike are crowded with figures, flowers, fanciful borders, and elaborate adornments, until the beholder is dazzled and bewildered, and suffers his weary gaze to fall upon the floor, or to stray through the window to the time-stained and weather-worn walls, balconies, and external staircases of the unpretending dwellings outside. Only a professional glider could estimate the amount of the precious metal that has been expended upon those walls and cornices; the carmine upon the cheeks of the Cupids would supply the whole *corps de ballet* of the Teatro Regio for a long season; rumour tells of the enormous sums, the scores of thousands of francs, that have been disbursed to the cunning artists and artificers who have made this great saloon the gaudiest in Europe. The triumph of their art, the *ne plus ultra* of their achievements, is displayed upon the ceiling, where all the gods of Olympus are assembled at their revels; where Jupiter quaffs nectar from the hand of Hebe, whilst jealous Juno bends her brows, and the bird of Jove, red lightning in its clutch, seems to menace the mortals assembled below. It is towards six of the clock; dinner is in full progress at Trombetta's; the session is at its height; the hotel is full to its very roof, partly with passing foreigners, but still more with the senators and deputies who have come together from all parts of Italy. Down the centre of the vast room runs the long *table d'hôte*, prolonged by cross tables at the further end, and showing not a single vacant place. The hall is sufficiently wide to allow of rows of small tables along each of its sides, and at these dine solitary guests, or groups of from two to four persons. The gilt chandeliers suspended from the roof and distributed profusely round the room flame with gas, whilst a huge vase in the middle of the table supports

a system of waxlights. It is the busiest hour of the day; culinary furnaces are in full blast; a regiment of slim black-coated waiters glide swiftly and noiselessly about the room, or hover round the *table d'hôte*, watchful for the wants of the guests. If you have been long enough in Turin to acquire some knowledge of the *carte du pays*, the company assembled furnishes materials for amusing study and observation. Neglecting the often-described English groups, immediately recognisable by the beards of the gentlemen and the flat, smooth hair of the ladies, formerly a foreign, but now exclusively an English style, let us limit ourselves to the Italian element. One finds plenty of names of ancient fame, some of them borne by men of mark. Here are scions of old nobility from Milan, Florence, and Genoa, whose patronymics figure in many a gorgeous page of Italian history, crowded with narratives of war and enterprise, of revel and tourney. One almost wonders to see what humdrum prosaic personages these inheritors of great names and far-descended titles in many instances are, and to find the sages and warriors of the middle ages dwindled into prosy deputies and puny carpet-knights. Here, from Naples, are princes by the half-score, many of whom would be puzzled to show the whereabouts of their principalities, but who are doubtless great men in their own land, although they may scarcely have been heard of out of it. Now and then one hears a name which brings a flood of associations to one's memory. Here, for example, sits a calm and gentlemanlike senator from Florence whose name is Strozzi, and one is carried back to the days of Cosmo de' Medici, the implacable enemy of his great ancestor Filippo, the Rothschild of the middle ages, who died for the liberties of Florence after thrice enduring the torture. Near the gentle and refined-looking bearer

of this great name sits a young man with an eminently Italian physiognomy, Gherardesco, direct descendant of that Ugolino who perished with his two sons and two grandsons in the Tower of Famine at Pisa. Further on, in a little old man, you see the owner of those fairy islands in Lake Maggiore, Isola Bella and Isola Madre, where one feels transported to the luxuriant tropics; he too boasts of a great ancestor, the saintly Carlo Borromeo. There has been a hot discussion in the Lower Chamber to-day, and the conversation at table, at least among a dozen deputies, chiefly relates to it, and is of a most animated character. Yonder sits one who knows everybody, and takes a leading part in the talk; an old man seemingly, but looking older than he really is; a pleasing face, with weak eyes, often blinking as if distressed by light to which they had long been unused; a gentle, genial, suffering expression which enlists sympathy, and almost excites compassion. He takes much snuff; his voice is weak and hoarse, and frequently broken by a deep cough. It is not with impunity that eleven years are passed in Neapolitan prisons. Carlo Poerio, condemned on the evidence of suborned witnesses, was fettered to a galley-slave, and wore a chain weighing fifteen English pounds, like a common felon. One wonders to see no bitterness in the benign face of the prisoner of Montesarchio, but one discerns in the placid lineaments more capability of patient endurance than energy or mental power. The amiable and loquacious old gentleman glides gently down the vale of age. He would be better at Naples inhaling its soft breezes than in this harsh and cloudy climate, but he is used to self-sacrifice, and duty detains him at Turin. Not far from him sits Lacaita, also from Naples, but well known in England, which he dearly loves and

warmly admires. He is a striking example of the admirable results of English principles, habits, and thoughts, engrafted upon the warm, impressionable, and perceptive nature of the southern Italian. Near him sit several Tuscan deputies, in whom the keen observer remarks a degree of mental balance and calm judgment generally deficient in the more impulsive and volatile Neapolitans. Those gentlemen, with characteristic courtesy, suppress all outward signs of joy and exultation at the transfer of the capital to their beautiful Florence. Here is an Italian admiral, fat, fair, and bald; and near to him a slender, handsome aide-de-camp of one of the princes of the blood. His friends point him out as the mirror of honour, the personification of modern chivalry; and the passing stranger is struck by the ideal beauty of the face and the wondrous depth of those large lustrous eyes. There are not a few ex-ministers at the table, and amongst them the late Premier Minghetti, a well-intentioned man of some cleverness, but by no means of the stuff of which prime-ministers are generally made, and whose sanguine temperament and administrative incapacity have done a great deal to plunge Italy into her present difficulties. Some of the groups at the side-tables are not without interest. Every day a solitary old man, with long white hair and feeble gait, comes noiselessly into the room, and places himself at the same small table, commanding a view of all the guests; but though he wears spectacles to assist his dim sight, he does not seem to heed the animated groups incessantly passing before him. The pale high forehead and the delicate oval face, with its pointed white beard, recall a portrait by Vandyke, and in this venerable gentleman, the type of an Italian courtier, we see an aged likeness of Charles I. Family misfortunes have left him impoverished and alone, and he

may be seen every evening at the theatre, a touching picture of dignified, refined, and lonely old age.

Pass we to the next table. There two men seated opposite to each other are dining heartily and cheerfully, chatting and smiling like persons who are at no loss for topics interesting alike to both. One is dark and soldierly-looking, with shining black hair, cut rather short, and beginning to wear away at the crown, with shaven cheeks and black mustache and beard. His nose is prominent, his style of physiognomy handsome, but rather coarse, his expression energetic and decided rather than amiable and good-tempered, his complexion, habitually florid and sunburnt, has now a dull red flush, due probably to dinner and the heat of the room. His companion is a slender man, with rather small features, tanned by weather, quiet and gentlemanlike in manner. He wears a long coat, buttoned high, with a gold chain meandering outside it. He has no mustaches, and the general style of his dress, taken in conjunction with the collar of thick greyish whisker that completely surrounds his face, gives him much the look of an Englishman—at least as many Englishmen appeared some ten years ago, before the practice of wearing the full beard became so generally adopted amongst them. In fact, as a Frenchman was one day heard to remark of this gentleman, "*Il a l'air plus Anglais que les Anglais*," and might be put in the same category with a well-known Anglomaniac Austrian diplomatist, who, having been vituperated as an Englishman by a street boy he had accidentally run against, gave the lad a dollar for the compliment. Persons who have seen them will probably recognise in the above pen-and-ink portraits the most rising general and the most distinguished admiral Italy possesses, and will write under the sketch the names of Cialdini

and Persano. The former lately won parliamentary fame by a speech which took the country by surprise, few having suspected the oratorical powers of the dashing and successful soldier. The speech, which had manifestly been studied, was a clever and effective production, and it won the more applause because it proclaimed truths which others had feared to utter, and because it was spoken in a parliament where long-winded talkers abound, but where eloquence is exceedingly rare. Not far from the two officers, the late Minister for Foreign Affairs, Visconti Venosta, dines opposite to Jacini, the present Minister of Public Works, who is about to leave for Florence on business connected with the coming change of capital. Venosta is a tall fair man from the Valteline, who looks more like a German than an Italian. He is remarkably quiet in manner and sober in gestures for one born south of the Alps. His character stands high for disinterestedness and patriotism; and although not responsible for the errors of his former colleagues, he has chivalrously taken upon himself a share of the odium cast upon them, and manfully defended them in the Chamber of Deputies. His abilities are good, and he made one of the best speeches delivered in the Lower House on the subject of the change of capital. There are persons in Turin who think it not unlikely that at no distant date he will again hold the seals of office, possibly in a government of which Cialdini will also be a member.

The sole beauty of Turin is its glorious Alpine range, which is sometimes covered with snow as early as October. Later in the year, when the heavy fogs roll away from the city, the stranger is startled to see a towering bulwark of snow rising between him and northern Europe. Marvellous and entrancing are the effects of sunlight upon these undulating masses when seen on the rare occasion of a clear

brilliant day; and it is difficult to believe that only four hours in the railway will bear one away from these frozen peaks to Genoa on the radiant Mediterranean and to the palm-trees of the Riviera. Turin seems Italian only to those who have just crossed the mountain barrier. To the traveller from the south, Piedmont appears beyond the boundaries of Italy. Few linger in her capital longer than to repose after the passage of the Mont Cenis, or to prepare to encounter it. Yet Turin can boast of a few collections which would be deemed well worth inspection anywhere but on the borders of the promised land of the sight-seer. The Egyptian Museum is a treasure to the learned. There is an interesting and extremely well-arranged armoury, and the gallery of paintings contains some choice specimens of Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, and Albani, and even claims the possession of a genuine Raphael, the Madonna della Tenda; but comparatively few visit them. The eager tourist, bound for Florence and Rome, reserves his enthusiasm for their renowned galleries, whilst those who are going home are satiated with art, and are thankful to spare the aching eyes and overloaded brain. The style of Turin is essentially prosaic and uninteresting; and, although its arcades are a purely Italian feature, it does not look like the threshold of that picturesque and beautiful country, whose pre-eminent loveliness has ever been her distinction and misfortune. Still one must mount into remote antiquity to find the origin of Turin, which derives its name from the Taurini, a Ligurian tribe. The vicissitudes of ages have swept away all traces of the occupation by the Romans, except a wall which is flanked by two towers, and forms part of a building now known as *Il Palazzo dei due Torre*; formerly it served as a gate of the town, and was named the *Porta Palatina*; while from a tradition which cannot be

traced, the common people call it the Prison of Ovid. Turin was marquisate during the middle ages, but was so often sacked and ravaged that only one specimen of medieval architecture remains, the Palazzo Madama, in the centre of the Piazza Castello. Much of the old simplicity of this building was destroyed a hundred and fifty years ago by the mother of Vittorio Amedeo, whose residence it was. With the vicious taste of the period, she decorated the severe old pile with what the Italians call a "majestic façade" of marble columns and Corinthian pilasters, and entirely built up two of the towers. The eastern side escaped renovation, and the eye, wearied with the eternal uniformity of the streets and squares of Turin, reposes gratefully upon the discoloured moss-grown wall and the two picturesque medieval towers which remain. The whole building narrowly escaped destruction early in the present century. A gallery which connected it with the Royal Palace was pulled down, and it was proposed to level the Palazzo Madama and fill up the venerable moat, in order to lay the square completely open. Fortunately Napoleon had the good taste to oppose such an act of barbarism, and the Senate of the kingdom now meets in the great hall, while the reception-rooms have been turned into a temporary picture-gallery for the collection already alluded to. Although Turin, as we have said, has little pretensions in the way of art or antiquity, it is close to the loveliest valleys and mountains in the world, where the blue skies of the south combine with the grand scenery of Switzerland. If the near neighbourhood of the mountains freezes the city in winter, and brings fog, rain, and drizzle in autumn, it facilitates the most delightful excursions in spring and summer among the scarcely known valleys which lie at the foot of the Piedmontese Alps; and the lover of nature will always associ-

ate Turin, in spite of its own unattractiveness, with his pleasantest recollections of Italy.

The time is past, however, for the exclusive contemplation of scenery or study of art. It must be a narrow mind which can bound its sympathies at this time within such restricted limits. Other and greater interests have sprung up in the land so long looked upon as a mere museum for the studious. A whole nation has arisen from the sleep of centuries, a slumber mistaken for death, eager to give the lie to the detractors who pronounced it utterly defunct, and fit only to supply Europe with singers and scene-painters.

Even the capabilities of the race have been doubted. So low had the modern Italians sunk in the scale of nations, that the *possibility* of their regeneration has been questioned, and much has been written to prove that they are utterly effete, that having reached their highest developement they have fulfilled their appointed destiny, and, worn out, will gradually fade away before the advances of younger and more vigorous members of the human family. This view, however, is chiefly taken by mere votaries of art, who hold all other progress cheaply, who estimate the greatness of nations according to their artistic developement, and who grow eloquent when they descant upon the famous times of the Medici, forgetful or regardless that Italy's most glorious period of painting and sculpture was also that of the grossest superstition and most degraded moral and social condition. Her patrons were often profligate tyrants, and the narrowest bigotry was sometimes the source of her artists' purest inspirations. In fact, since faith in her Church has declined, no source of inspiration seems to have remained to her. Her religion and her rulers reduced her to a lethargy in which she quietly dozed on for centuries, while the foreigner made her a battle-

field, and fought about and dismembered her at his pleasure. Meanwhile other and less gifted nations have outstripped her in her own arts. Her people are not less endowed by nature than formerly, but there is no culture, no elevated standard of excellence, no spur to perfection. Taste abounds; everybody has it; it is the birthright of the whole people and an inalienable part of their nature, but they turn it to no account, and one comes to the land of myrtles and roses to find no gardens, and to the birthplace of song to find no music. In proportion as nature has been bountiful, man has been heedless. How far representative institutions will tend to develop the peculiar capabilities of the race, remains to be seen; but we may reasonably expect a degree of moral excellence and material prosperity that have never existed before, and that seem unfortunately opposed to the conditions most favourable to art. Italians, however, must not be judged by the severe English standard. Their temperament is essentially artistic and sensuous; it repudiates toil, and demands time for pure sensation. They are vehement, impulsive, and morbidly sensitive, shrinking from a single word of censure, and greedy of praise. He who would be accounted their friend must never find a fault, but approve without qualification. This weakness is particularly visible in their political life. They are not content with the acknowledgement of all Europe that they have done a great deal; they like to be told that they have attained perfection. Their craving for flattery and dread of blame have destroyed all criticism. The Italians deal only in eulogy, and their language has shared in the general decline; it has lost its vigour, become wordy, illogical, and inexact—the natural result of the purposeless lives and tame insincerity of those who have used and moulded it since the days of Dante. The amalgamation of the various

Italian states, however, has already produced a change, which may be detected in the discussions in the Chambers. A new and more vigorous dialect is being created by the general adoption of words hitherto confined to this or that province. Doubtless the very character of the language will undergo a transformation to meet the exigencies of new thoughts and principles. With respect for truth will come exactitude of expression; promptitude and businesslike habits will beget terseness and vigour, to the exclusion of voluminous and inflated phrases of little or no signification.

A great deal has been done to promote the education of the lower classes of Italians, and in the southern provinces, where, in 1860, only one hundred and thirteen in a thousand could read, the proportion is rapidly rising. Unfortunately there is not as yet an equal improvement amongst the upper classes. Inter-course with other nations will of necessity enlighten them in time, but the whole system of education must be changed, and a different estimate set upon the value of mental cultivation, ere Italian noblemen, as a class, can take their place among men of enlightened minds and noble aspirations in other countries; while nothing can be more inane and frivolous than the lives of the women, who, themselves subject to priestly authority, too often exercise a baneful influence over the men of their families. The early youth of a girl of the upper class is passed in a convent or under harassing and unnecessary restrictions. Scarcely any intercourse is permitted with young people of the opposite sex; in fact, to secure a good marriage, a young lady ought to be kept almost in complete seclusion. Meanwhile, it often happens that a high-spirited girl employs her whole intelligence in deceiving her mother and evading her vigilance. Matches are sometimes made by signs in the streets, to the amazement of the parents, to whom it has never oc-

curred to substitute principles for espionage. As may be expected, once freed by marriage from the thralldom of girlhood, a career of folly, and often of vice, is run by women naturally gifted with every capability of making good wives, good mothers, and exemplary members of society, had they but had a rational training and a fair share of enjoyment before they were married to a man chosen by their family, and utterly indifferent to themselves. The strong love of Italians for children often exercises a beneficial influence, and many a young and beautiful woman is absolutely and entirely devoted to her children with an abnegation of self seldom equalled, and never surpassed, in the homes of domestic England. If there be no children, the theatre is the only resource; the husband prefers his café, or devotes himself to a reigning belle in another box; so the wife is escorted by his friend—hence the origin of the now somewhat unfashionable appendage of the *cavaliere sercente*. One is startled to hear well-known scandalous stories of the leaders of society, who, scarcely repentant of the sins of their youth, spend their mornings in devotion and their evenings in receptions or the never-palling theatre. The tone in which immorality is spoken of indicates only too truly the low standard of the whole country; yet it cannot be doubted that even in this particular there has been some improvement in the last fifty years. However, there is little or no mental culture; formerly, at Naples, the women of the middle class were kept ignorant upon principle; they were not taught to write, lest they should communicate with their lovers. In Northern Italy they have always been more advanced, and it is a curious fact that, in Turin, where the language is chiefly compounded of Italian and Provençal, two old romances of chivalry are reprinted every year, and are the favourite literature of the people. Among

the higher class these romances are unknown; no book ever cumber the tables except a 'Journal des Modes,' or an occasional French novel. Art and literature are never spoken of in society, and a reference to a Tauchnitz novel would give a lady the dreaded reputation of a *bas bleu*.

A strong line of demarcation exists among the men. The man of science or letters does not, as with us, mingle in general society, but keeps to his class, and shrinks from the unlearned and ungenial aristocrat. It is not pride and exclusiveness that here sunder classes as in Germany, for the Italian nobleman is affable to everybody, and the high-born lady chats with her coachman, and calls her maid "*figlia mia*." Uncongeniality is the real barrier that divides society.

One of the worst symptoms in Italy at the present moment is the violent admiration of everything French. In a nation aspiring to be free and constitutional, her representatives constantly quote French history and French precedents even in the Chambers, but rarely allude to those of England, whose institutions they profess to imitate. It might have been well for Italy if, before attempting constitutional government, she had passed through the ordeal of an enlightened despotism under a ruler who would have governed her resolutely for her good, until she was trained into governing herself. Even the hated Austrians have left beneficial effects behind them in Lombardy, in the cleanliness of the streets and the superior decency of public habits. In truth, one is hourly amazed and disgusted by the coarse and filthy practices of a people certainly not deficient in refinement of nature, and singularly endued with courtesy and consideration for the feelings of others; but strange inconsistencies meet one at every turn. Most of the books written about Italy give only one side of the picture; her fatal beauty be-

wilders the judgment; the deceit and falsehood of her children are pardoned for the sake of their grace and attractiveness; their rags and dirt add to the picturesqueness of a country where so many come only to seek pictorial effects. People travel less in quest of truth than of enjoyment, and when distance lends her usual enchantment, even the drawbacks which could not be ignored when absolutely present, fade from the memory altogether. The result has been deplorable for Italy. She has become accustomed to extravagant eulogium, and spoiled by indiscriminate praise; and she refuses to believe that her prestige is entirely due to the glory of the past, and to that marvellous natural beauty which owes nothing to man, and which man, with all his vices and corruptions, is still powerless to impair.

The Italians have been considered the moral antipodes of the Anglo-Saxons; yet there are strong points of resemblance between the races, and as strong dissimilarities between the former and their Gallic neighbours. Simple, natural, and absolutely free from all attempts at theatrical effect in their language and manners, they are singularly sympathetic, and one feels for their failings much the same indulgence extended to those of children. Indeed it ought never to be forgotten that the tyranny and corruption of the old governments either kept the people in tutelage like children, or degraded them almost below the dignity of manhood. It is much to be desired that a strong English influence, political and social, should counteract the insidious French tendencies which daily grow more evident, and are much deplored by right-minded Italians themselves. An English education engrafted upon the Italian character produces an admirable combination. A few young men affect the English style, speak the language fluently, and have even acquired the true insular tranquillity of utterance.

But when the most successful imitator rises in his place in the Senate or Chamber, there is a startling transformation. The words pour forth with wonderful volubility, in clear, distinct, and vibrating tones, and the rapid and graceful gestures, especially of the animated Neapolitans, almost distract the attention of the foreigner from the subject of the speech. It must be the vehement utterance and constant gesticulation of the Italian orator that so soon fatigue him, and render a long discourse a far greater effort to him than it is found to be by more phlegmatic speakers. Every three-quarters of an hour he requires a "riposo," a pause of a few minutes, and plentiful recourse is had to sugar-and-water at intervals during the whole speech. A loud, distinct utterance is the habit of the whole people; in the south it often rises into a squall, and even among the higher classes harsh and hoarse voices grate painfully upon the fastidious ear. Not many years ago, an English gentleman, unacquainted with this peculiarity, remarked at a large party, composed of the *élite* of the Neapolitan capital, "If I did not know I was in the best society in Naples, I should think myself in Bedlam."

In those days there were other little peculiarities which probably no longer exist. Young men of fashion had vague ideas of geography, and one asked an English lady, "which was the largest place, England or London?" King Ferdinand would probably have preferred that the youth had never heard of either. A man of wealth and high position at Court, who, after some trouble, had obtained permission to travel, shipped himself on board a French steamer, and when told that she was three hundred horse power, innocently asked where the horses were? Ten years have wrought vast changes even in that darkest corner of the peninsula. An older man, and a compatriot of the courtier cited above, observed

but a few weeks ago, in his place in the Senate, "Railways, steamboats, the electric telegraph, and a free press, have made the civilized world like one family. No new discovery, no truth, can long be the privilege of one people only." King Ferdinand knew this so well that, although he could not prevent foreigners from entering his country, he took care to keep his own subjects at home. People who lived in the provinces had often to manœuvre for a year to get leave to visit Naples, and longer journeys were exceptions indeed. Even energetic British travellers were sometimes worn out by the fatigue, bustle, and worry attendant upon an expedition to Naples and its environs. From the hour of landing, beset by beggars, unceasingly importuned for money by officials, living in an atmosphere of noise, and a state of perpetual warfare with guides and hackney-coachmen, life became insupportable. Many have been driven away by this combination of annoyances, added to the want of comfort, and the absence of the appliances of civilisation, rapidly increasing in every other city where English congregate. In truth, whilst all other places progressed, Naples stood still, and lived, like Italy in general, upon her past reputation. Even public safety was little cared for in those days. In 1857 a young Englishman was attacked in the Chiaia, at ten o'clock at night. Possibly the object was only plunder, but the young man resisting, the ruffians stabbed him. Passers-by heard and saw the attack, but not a soul ventured to interfere. The unfortunate man dragged himself to a house kept by an Englishwoman, where he was sheltered and cared for. He died in a week. His Majesty having just before proclaimed an amnesty on the auspicious event of the birth of a prince, about two hundred common felons had been released from the galleys, and the police were too much engaged in looking after poli-

tical offenders, and in dispersing groups of three or four persons, to have time to attend to mere murderers and robbers.

Subsequently to the Revolution of 1860, quantities of police records were sold as waste paper; and some of these, discovered in a shop in the island of Capri, came into the hands of persons to whom their contents related. A young English lady, who had been for three years resident in Naples, found in them, to her amazement, a minute record of most of her movements and acts, during the greater part of that time. Amongst her friends and acquaintances were some on whom the authorities looked with suspicion, and thus it doubtless was that she had been subjected to a surveillance whose closeness must have given the police an amount of trouble certainly not compensated by the results obtained. To her amusement and gratification the faded memories of many a pleasant excursion and adventure were revived by entries like the following: "June 1857.—La Signorina, with her father and the notorious Don E., sailed to Capri in the English war-steamers, which called for them at Sorrento. Before landing the whole party went to *curiosare* in the Blue Grotto." Whilst chronicling these trifles, matters of real importance to them and to the Government constantly escaped the observation of these purblind police spies. The notorious Don E. above mentioned was a benevolent foreigner, an enthusiast for the Italian cause, whose long acquaintance with Naples, with its ways and its people, sometimes enabled him to interpose between persecuted liberals and the tyranny of the Government. In that same year of 1857 an incident occurred which gave unbounded satisfaction to him and to the lady in question, and, if the police ever became acquainted with it, it was only *après coup*—too late to avail them, and no mention of

the affair was likely to be made in their records. Two Neapolitans, men of education and independent means, incurred the suspicions or the ill-will of the police. This was no uncommon occurrence at that time in Naples. Men of irreproachable character were not unfrequently pitched upon by the *sbirri* for persecution on political grounds. It mattered not that no shadow of proof existed against them, that neither by word nor deed had they manifested disaffection to the existing order of things. They were known or believed to sympathise with the Liberal party; or perhaps they led retired lives, avoided the cafés, and were suspected of reading and even of thinking; in this latter case they were certainly dangerous members of society and proper prison inmates. Shut them up by all means; they need not know of what they are accused—advise them not to ask. Alas! how many innocent men rotted away their lives in the dark mouldy dungeons of Ischia or the Vicaria—victims, perhaps, to some real offender who had secured his own safety by zeal in denouncing the guiltless. Tyranny in Italy has not seldom been indebted for its secret information to that base pusillanimity which seeks to secure immunity from suspicion by the betrayal of confidence, or by affording false information.

In the case of the two gentlemen above referred to, a false friend had pointed them out as hostile to the Government. Having fortunately received timely warning, they had contrived for two whole years to elude the vigilance of the police by incessant change of place, repeatedly escaping over the roofs of houses during domiciliary visits. This wretched existence had become unendurable, and at all hazards they resolved to attempt an escape from the country. In the Bay of Naples there lay a foreign man-of-war soon leaving for Malta. Were it possible to get on board they would be in safety, and

Don E. was appealed to as intercessor in this case of real distress. It was said he was a countryman of the captain of the frigate, but whether that were true or not, it is certain they were one day seen in earnest confabulation on the quarterdeck of the —. It was easy to satisfy the commander that the persons desirous of a passage under the protection of his flag were no criminals, but victims of the most groundless persecution. A few hours after the captain came on shore to bid his friends good-bye, and called upon Don E. This visit was mentioned in the police diary, but only as numbers of others were, and the entry was unaccompanied by comments indicating that any suspicion or importance was attached to it. We may presume that the police never knew that a council of war was held in the drawing-room of that house upon the Chiaja, and that, before the captain left, the English lady, on whom so special a watch was kept, laughingly selected from a basket of visiting-cards upon the table those of a staunch partisan of the Government, and cutting them in halves with certain peculiar zigzags of the scissors, handed two of the pieces to the departing sailor. That night it still wanted some hours to moon-rise when a small boat with muffled oars glided into the deep gloom below the side of the frigate. A minute afterwards two strangers stood upon her deck, bowed to an officer who advanced to meet them, and silently presented him with the counterparts of the cards he had received that morning. He nodded, and the new-comers went below. For a few minutes the officer paced the deck, apparently deep in thought, and then ordered a boat to be lowered. There was a grand ball that night at the Accademia Reale, under the same roof as the Royal Palace, and at midnight Captain — made his appearance there. He sought the English lady, and whispered, "They

are on board; I sail in an hour, and have come only to show myself." "If those around us did but know," said the lady, glancing at the awful Minister of Police then passing with a Neapolitan general well known for his hatred of the Liberal party, "we should both be arrested." But nobody ever did know. By daybreak the frigate was miles away from the beautiful bay, making for scorched and sun-browned Malta. The diligent police continued to scour the lanes, and prowl into garrets and over the roofs; but their prey had escaped, and their persecutors never knew how they had been outwitted. Meanwhile the fugitives received money under feigned names in Malta, until the downfall of Bourbon rule in 1860 released them and hundreds of others from exile, and many from a captivity worse than death.

During that period of espionage and tyranny at Naples, brigandage, always the curse of the country, was kept within moderate limits. Though robbery in every other form was universal, the highways were comparatively safe, at least in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; and even in Sicily, under the iron rule of the Minister of Police, the dreaded *Maniscalco*, one might travel securely from one end of the island to the other. It did not suit King Ferdinand to permit brigandage on a large scale, as his predecessors had often done; but by isolating his provinces and rigidly repressing every attempt at progress or communication from without, he did much to perpetuate a condition of society eminently favourable to its existence. His moral appreciation of the vocation may be surmised from the almost incredible fact that he pensioned a well-known leader and his band, and assigned them a retreat in the island of Ischia. They had committed the error of being too daring, and violating the outward

decency which the King prided himself upon maintaining throughout his dominions. The traditional and picturesque bandit disappeared for a time from the beaten track, and the most adventurous travellers seldom caught a glimpse of him. During the least perilous period, however, of the late King's reign, a party of English ladies met with a ludicrous adventure on the dreary road which skirts the Gulf of Salerno, leading from that city to Pæstum. A few miles from the Temples the carriage was stopped by a party of horsemen, to all appearance mounted gendarmes. Saluting the ladies respectfully, the leader informed them that they were appointed by the Government to escort all travellers to Pæstum and back at a charge of ten piastres. The unprotected ladies thought it a most considerate, though rather expensive, arrangement, and thankfully accepted the escort of the gallant band. How vividly that wild and beautiful drive comes back to memory after the lapse of long years! The broad smooth road coasting the slumbering Mediterranean; the sapphire sea flecked with graceful lateen sails. Salerno lies behind, backed by a moss-grown ruined castle. At the furthest point is seen Vietri; whence may be traced a faint white line creeping along the face of the cliffs on the opposite side of the gulf, broken here and there by slender campanile and clusters of human habitations. Amalfi, gleaming high against the towering cliffs, closes that unrivalled road, so often painted from the cave of the Capuccini Monastery, which, rising above the town, commands the whole bay. Yet higher still, perched on the loftiest mountain-summit, sits Positano; to the left Scarcatoia, even more unapproachable; at their feet lie the verdant little Syren isles, while in the distance Capri reposes upon the azure waters like a lion couchant guarding the Bay of Naples. To the tourist's left rises a range of mountains bound-

ing the malaria-stricken plain, along which the swift little horses, harnessed three abreast, jingling with bells and decked with nodding plumes, canter merrily. Under the shade of the mountains are seen villages—Battipaglia and Eboli—the latter an ominous name. There, thirty years ago, a young English bride and bridegroom were murdered by seven brigands. Murray tells the story, and their countrymen look with a shuddering interest towards the scene of the tragedy. How thankfully the ladies at this point saw themselves surrounded by their military guard may be imagined! The *soi-disant* officials punctually performed their part of the agreement; and it was not until the ladies had returned to Naples and told the story, that they had the least idea that they had been the heroines of an adventure with real brigands, who had hit upon this polite and novel mode of pursuing their calling. Brigandage then wore its mildest aspect. It is in times of political excitement that external agencies excite mere highwaymen into the commission of the most atrocious cruelties. In thinly inhabited districts, where roads and large towns are few and hiding-places plenty, banditti are the natural product of the soil; and, even in families of a superior class, a little excess of severity on the part of a father towards a son sent the latter to enlist with the brigands as commonly as impatience of restraint in former days drove the wild English boy to sea. Even now brigandage is by no means entirely confined to the Neapolitan provinces. At the present moment a daring robber infests the country round Lake Thrasyment. His name is Cinicchia, and he began his career of crime by stabbing his own brother in the presence of a number of persons who cared not to interfere in the family quarrel. He fled from justice and took to the road, or it perhaps should rather

be said to the woods, and for years he has lived by levying blackmail upon all who have aught to give, excepting only one or two powerful families, whose intercession in his behalf he hopes to secure by this forbearance. He is a celebrity in his way, and the district he haunts abounds in tales of his audacious exploits. Not long ago the steward of a rich absentee landlord was making up accounts with an agent, and came upon an entry of twenty crowns set down as "paid to Cinicchia." "What next?" cried the steward; "this can never pass." "What can I do?" piteously inquired the agent; "when Cinicchia demands money, Cinicchia will have it." The bailiff still demurred. Suddenly he was startled by a knock at the house door, and a loud voice called his name and summoned him to descend and open. The bailiff turned pale and stood irresolute. "You had better come," said the voice, "and bring two hundred crowns with you. I know you have the money in the house. I am Cinicchia." The frightened bailiff hesitated no longer, but went down with the two hundred crowns, which he charged to his employer's account with the agent's twenty. All attempts to catch this robber have hitherto been in vain. He never sleeps under a roof, continually changes his lurking places, and his loaded revolver is ever in his hand. Notwithstanding his impunity and success—for he is known to have amassed large sums—he is weary of an outlaw's existence, and lately made overtures to the authorities, through one of the families he had never molested. He declared his wish to retire from business, and asked to be allowed to settle three thousand crowns upon his family and embark for America, where he proposed reverting to his original trade of a mason. The Government was willing to consent, but imposed the condition that he should give up his asso-

ciates. With the proverbial honour of his class, he refused to be guilty of a *tradimento*; and as, upon the other hand, none would betray so loyal a robber, he will probably die in his bed, although he never sleeps in one. Cinicchia is not habitually cruel, and doubtless he burns candles to the Madonna, gives alms to the poor, and is looked upon by his countrymen as a hero driven from society, through having had the "misfortune" to kill a man. The scene of his exploits is amongst the most interesting in Italy, being the rich and picturesque country surrounding Perugia, a city of Etruscan origin, beautifully situated on a height, and famous as the birth-place of Raphael's master, Perugino. About twenty years ago the ancient tomb of the Volumni family was accidentally discovered in the neighbourhood; and memories of more recent, though still of classic, date are evoked by Lake Trasymene. Forests of oak flourish in its vicinity, and grand mountains encircle it. For a short distance the road from Perugia passes along the swampy margin of its waters, and near the battle-field where Hannibal vanquished Flaminius and the Roman legions, when the contending armies fought so furiously that they were not conscious of a great earthquake which levelled many Italian cities, changed the course of rivers, lowered the tops of mountains, and even drove back the sea. The lake itself periodically retreats from its shores, and leaves a strip of land uncovered for some years, the waters returning as they receded, slowly and imperceptibly. There is an interesting historical incident connected with that strip of land. When Pope Pius V. was a simple monk, he lived on the border of the lake, and had a neighbour named Fiorenzi. In process of time the monk was offered a cardinal's hat, but he was so poor that he could not raise the necessary money without the help

of his well-to-do neighbour, who lent him twelve hundred crowns to take him to Rome and pay the fees. When the cardinal reached the dignity of the tiara, he sent for his friend Fiorenzi, made him a gentleman of the chamber and a marquis, but never repaid the money he had borrowed. Perhaps the Papal treasury was low; at any rate his Holiness hit upon a novel expedient. He granted his quondam neighbour the strip of land round the lake from which the waters recede, and though an uncertain source of income, as may be supposed, it still yields some eight or nine hundred crowns a year to the family—that is, when not under water; and Pius V. cannot be said to have repudiated his debt.

These desultory reminiscences have led us far away from Turin, which claims a few parting words. Already abandoned by royalty, before these lines appear in print the expiring capital will have been stripped of all the pomp and circumstance of government. The other Italian cities cannot be said to have shown themselves duly grateful to Turin and its brave inhabitants. Six years ago they looked hither hopefully and entreatingly for succour; their desire has been accomplished, their liberation wrought, and now they rejoice at the downfall of the ladder that enabled them to rise. What would Italy at this moment be but for Piedmont? Still split into petty states, she would lie prostrate and powerless at the feet of her Austrian and Bourbon rulers. The ancient provinces, as they now are called, are the sinews of Italy. The great statesman, the scene of whose birth and death is marked, by the pious care of the municipality, on the corner house of the Via Cavour, in Turin, achieved that which, to Europe, seemed the dream of a visionary. Out of what had long been termed a mere geographical expression, he

constructed a living Italy. It ill becomes the provinces that owe their emancipation to his foresight and sagacity, and to the sacrifice of the oldest jewel of the Sardinian crown, to rejoice in the hour of Turin's desolation. Little sympathy has been shown for the suffering city. The maladroit Ministers, who might have soothed the wounded and satisfied all parties, doggedly refused the slight concession asked of them. The previous Cabinet, whose negligence and incapacity led to the tragedy of September, sat silent, all the session through, in the Chamber of Deputies. They may have felt it impossible to justify themselves, and may have been unwilling to admit culpability; but it would have cost them nothing to utter a few words of regret, a single expression of sorrow, for the bloodshed which, in Turin, will always be considered to lie at their door. To have done so, although it could not altogether cancel the past, would have insured tranquillity and resignation for the present and for the future. As it was, and as might be expected, angry passions, which had smouldered for a time while justice was hoped for, became again aroused. Emissaries from without, the party of action and the party of the Pope, combined with malcontent Turinese to make useless and irritating demonstrations. In their exasperation some talked of annexation to France, whilst others declared themselves eager to join Switzerland. Are these Italians? Are these countrymen of the patriot statesman who was consoled, upon

his dying bed, by the conviction that the unity of Italy was secured? Would they suffer a movement of paltry local jealousy to endanger the edifice, still incomplete, whose fall would overwhelm them and give a shock to the cause of freedom throughout the world? It would be unfair to blame the whole of Turin for the disturbances which resulted in driving the King prematurely to Florence. But it cannot be forgotten that the municipal council not only declined royal hospitality, but refused, for several days, to express, in the name of the town, regret for a most insulting demonstration made at the very gates of the palace. Victor Emmanuel has been accused of want of feeling in giving a ball at all, considering the mournful events of September, and the gloomy prospects of the ancient capital of his dynasty. Perhaps it would have been politic to give to public charities the sum proposed to be spent in festivity, but that course also would have provoked complaint, and, indeed, it was one of those cases in which it was impossible to please everybody. Whatever the failings and faults of the King, to himself personally the change of capital is a greater sacrifice than to any one of his subjects. Turin's best friends must regret that at the eleventh hour she should have proved forgetful of that loyalty and self-respect which, if maintained to the last, would have secured to her the reverence ever accorded to those who suffer and sacrifice much for a noble and patriotic cause.

Turin, April, 1865.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART V

CHAPTER XVII.

THE arrival of Mr. Archdeacon Beverley in Carlingford was, for many reasons, an event of importance to the town, and especially to society, which was concerned in anything that drew new and pleasant people to Grange Lane. For one thing, it occurred just at the time when that first proposal of elevating Carlingford into a bishopric, in order to relieve the present bishop of the district of a part of his immense diocese, had just been mooted; and supposing this conception to be ever carried out, nobody could have been more eligible as first bishop than the Archdeacon, who was in the prime of life, and a very successful clergyman. And then, not to speak of anything so important, his presence was a great attraction to the country clergy, especially as he had come to hold a visitation. Besides that, there were private reasons why some of the families in Grange Lane should be moved by the arrival of the Archdeacon. Notwithstanding all this, it is impossible to deny that Mrs. Chiley, his hostess, and even Miss Marjoribanks herself, regarded the manner of his first appearance with a certain displeasure. If he had only had the good sense to stay at home, and not come to seek his entertainers! To be sure it is awkward to arrive at a house and find that everybody is out; but still, as Mrs. Chiley justly observed, the Archdeacon was not a baby, and he might have known better. "Coming to you the very first night, and almost in his travelling things, to take the cream off everything," the old lady said, with tears of vexation in her eyes; "and after that, what have we to show him in Carlingford, Lucilla?" As for Miss Marjoribanks, she was annoyed, but she knew the wealth of her own re-

sources, and she was not in despair, like her old friend. "They never know any better," she said, sympathetically. "Dear Mrs. Chiley, there was nothing else to be expected; but, at the same time, I don't think things are so very bad," said Lucilla; for she had naturally a confidence in herself of which even Mrs. Chiley's admiring faith fell short. The Archdeacon himself took it quite cheerfully, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "I have no doubt it was a very pleasant party, if one could have got the key-note," he said, in his Broad-Church way, as if there was nothing more to be said on the subject, and Lucilla's Thursday was the merest ordinary assembly. For there could be no doubt that he was Broad-Church, even though his antecedents had not proclaimed the fact. He had a way of talking on many subjects which alarmed his hostess. It was not that there was anything objectionable in what he said—for, to be sure, a clergyman and an archdeacon may say a great many things that ordinary people would not like to venture on,—but still it was impossible to tell what it might lead to; for it is not everybody who knows when to stop, as Mr. Beverley in his position might be expected to do. It was the custom of good society in Carlingford to give a respectful assent, for example, to Mr. Bury's extreme Low-Churchism—as if it were profane, as it certainly was not respectable, to differ from the Rector—and to give him as wide a field as possible for his missionary operations by keeping out of the way. But Mr. Beverley had not the least regard for respectability, nor for that respect for religion which consists in keeping as clear of it as possible; and the way

in which he spoke of Mr. Bury's views wounded some people's feelings. Altogether, he was, as Mrs. Chiley said, an anxious person to have in the house; for he just as often agreed with the gentlemen in their loose ways of thinking, as with the more correct opinions by which the wives and mothers who had charge of Their morality strove hard to keep them in the right way; and that was the reverse of what one naturally expected from a clergyman. He was very nice, and had a nice position; and, under all the circumstances, it was not only a duty to pay attention to him, but a duty from which results of a most agreeable character might spring; but still, though she could not be otherwise than kind, it would be impossible to say that it was out of personal predilection that Mrs. Chiley devoted herself to her guest. She admitted frankly that he was not like what clergymen were in her time. For one thing, he seemed to think that every silly boy and girl ought to have an opinion and be consulted, as if they had anything to do with it—which was just the way to turn their heads, and make them utterly insupportable. On the whole, perhaps, the old lady was more charitable to Mary Chiley, and understood better how it was that she, brought up in sound Church principles, did not get on so well as might be desired with her husband's family, after a week of the Archdeacon. And yet he was a delightful person, and full of information, as everybody admitted; and, to be sure, if Carlingford should be erected into a bishopric, as would be only right—and if Mr. Beverley should happen to be appointed bishop, as was highly probable—then it would be a pleasure to think that one had been kind to him. At the same time it must be admitted that he showed a great want of tact in coming to Miss Marjoribanks's Thursday, and thus brushing, as it were, the very cream off his introduction to Grange

Lane. And Mrs. Chiley still sighed a little over Mr. Cavendish, and thought within herself that it was not his fault, but that designing, artful creature, who was enough to lead any man wrong. For it was very clear to the meanest capacity that nobody could ever call the Archdeacon "my dear," as, with all his faults, it had been possible to call Mr. Cavendish. And by this line of thought Mrs. Chiley was led to regret Mr. Cavendish, and to wonder what had become of him, and what family affairs it could be that had taken him so suddenly away.

A great many people in Carlingford were at that moment occupied by the same wonders and regrets. Some people thought he was frightened to find how far he had gone with *that* Miss Lake, and had left town for a little to be out of the way; and some thought he must have been speculating, and have lost money. To tell the truth, it was very strange that he should have disappeared so suddenly,—just at the moment too, when old Mr. Chiltern had one of his bad attacks of bronchitis, which Dr. Marjoribanks himself had admitted might carry him off any day. Nothing could be more important to the future interests of young Cavendish than to be on the spot at this critical moment, and yet he had disappeared without telling anybody he was going, or where he was going, which was on the whole a perfectly unexplainable proceeding. His very servants, as had been ascertained by some inquiring mind in the community, were unaware of his intention up to the very last moment; and certainly he had not said good-bye to anybody before leaving Dr. Marjoribanks's garden on that Thursday evening. Mr. Woodburn, who was not a person of very refined perceptions, was the only man who found his disappearance quite natural. "After making such a deuced ass of himself, by George! what could the fellow do!"

said his brother-in-law, who naturally enjoyed the discomfiture of so near a connection; and this was no doubt a providential circumstance for Mrs. Woodburn, who was thus saved from the necessity of explaining or accounting for her brother's unexpected disappearance; but it failed to satisfy the general community, who did not think Mr. Cavendish likely to give in at the first blow even of so distinguished an antagonist as Miss Marjoribanks. Some of the more charitable inhabitants of Grange Lane concluded that it must be the sudden illness of some relative which had called him away; but then, though he was well known to be one of the Cavendishes, neither he nor his sister ever spoke much of their connections; and, on the whole, public opinion fluctuated between the two first suggestions — which seemed truest to nature at least, whether or not they might be fully corroborated by fact—which were, either that Mr. Cavendish had taken fright, as he might very naturally have done, at the advanced state of his relations with Barbara Lake; or that he had speculated, and lost money. In either case his departure would have been natural enough, and need not, perhaps, have been accomplished with quite so much precipitation; but still such a community as that in Grange Lane was in circumstances to comprehend how a young man might take fright and leave home, either because of losing a lot of money, or getting entangled with a drawing-master's daughter. The immediate result, so far as society was concerned, was one for which people did not know whether to be most glad or sorry. Mrs. Woodburn, who kept half the people in Grange Lane in terror of their lives, seemed to have lost all her inspiration now her brother was away. She did not seem to have the heart to take off anybody, which was quite a serious matter for the amusement of the community. To be sure

some people were thankful, as supposing themselves exempted from caricature; but then unfortunately, as has been said, the people who were most afraid for Mrs. Woodburn were precisely those who were unworthy of her trouble, and had nothing about them to give occupation to her graphic powers. As for Miss Marjoribanks, who had supplied one of the inimic's most effective studies, she was so much disturbed by the failure of this element of entertainment that her legislative mind instantly bestirred itself to make up for the loss. "I have always thought it so strange that I never had any sense of humour," Lucilla said; "but it would not do, you know, if all the world was like me; and society would be nothing if everybody did not exert themselves to the best of their abilities." There was a mournful intonation in Lucilla's voice as she said this; for, to tell the truth, since Mr. Cavendish's departure she had been dreadfully sensible of the utter absence of any man who could flirt. As for Osmond Brown and the other boys of his age, it might be possible to train them, but at the best they were only a provision for the future, and in the mean time Miss Marjoribanks could not but be sensible of her loss. She lamented it with such sincerity that all the world thought her the most perfect actress in existence. "I have nothing to say against any of you," Lucilla would say, contemplating with the eye of an artist the young men of Grange Lane who were her raw material. "I daresay you will all fall in love with somebody sooner or later, and be very happy and good for nothing; but you are no assistance in any way to society. It is Mr. Cavendish I am sighing for," said the woman of genius, with the candour of a great mind; and even Mrs. Woodburn was beguiled out of her despondency by a study so unparalleled. All this time, however, Lucilla had not forgotten the

last look of her faithless admirer as he faced round upon her when Mr. Archdeacon Beverley came into the room. She, too, like everybody else, wondered innocently why Mr. Cavendish had gone away, and when he was coming back again; but she never hinted to any one that the Archdeacon had anything to do with it; for, indeed, as she said to herself, she had no positive evidence except that of a look that the Archdeacon *had* anything to do with it. By which it will be seen that Miss Marjoribanks's prudence equalled her other great qualities. It would be wrong to say, however, that her curiosity was not excited, and that in a very lively way; for, to be sure, the vague wonder of the public mind over a strange fact, could never be compared in intensity to the surprise and curiosity excited by something one has actually seen, and which gives one, as it were, a share in the secret,—if indeed there was a secret, which was a matter upon which Lucilla within herself had quite made up her mind.

As for the Archdeacon, the place which he took in society was one quite different from that which had been filled by Mr. Cavendish, as, indeed, was natural. He was one of those men who are very strong for the masculine side of Christianity; and when he was with the ladies, he had a sense that he ought to be paid attention to, instead of taking that trouble in his own person. Miss Marjoribanks was not a woman to be blind to the advantages of this situation, but still, as was to be expected, it took her a little time to get used to it, and to make all the use of it which was practicable under the circumstances—which was all the more difficult since she was not in the least "viewy" in her own person, but had been brought up in the old-fashioned orthodox way of having a great respect for religion, and as little to do with it as possible, which was a state of mind largely

prevalent in Carlingford. But that was not in the least Mr. Beverley's way of thinking. It was when Lucilla's mind was much occupied by this problem that she received a visit quite unexpectedly one morning from little Rose Lake, who had just at that time a great deal on her mind. For it may easily be supposed that Mr. Cavendish's sudden departure, which bewildered the general public who had no special interest in the matter, must have had a still more overwhelming effect upon Barbara Lake, who had just been raised to the very highest pinnacle of hope, closely touching upon reality, when all her expectations collapsed and came to nothing in a moment. She would not believe at first that it could be true; and then, when it was no longer possible to resist the absolute certainty of Mr. Cavendish's departure, her disappointment found vent in every kind of violence—hysterics, and other manifestations of unreason and self-will. Rose had been obliged to leave the Female School of Design upon her papa's over-burdened shoulders, and stay at home to nurse her sister. Perhaps the little artist was not the best person to take care of a sufferer under such circumstances; for she was neither unreasonable nor self-willed to speak of, though perhaps a little opinionative in her way—and could not be brought to think that a whole household should be disturbed and disordered, and a young woman in good health retire to her room, and lose all control of herself, because a young man, with whom she had no acquaintance three months before, had gone out of town unexpectedly. Perhaps it was a want of feeling on the part of the unsympathetic sister. She gave out that Barbara was ill, and kept up a most subdued and anxious countenance down-stairs, for the benefit of the children and the maid-of-all-work, who represented public opinion in Grove street;

but when Rose went into her sister's room, where Barbara kept the blinds down, and had her face swollen with crying, it was with a very stern countenance that her little mentor regarded the invalid. "I do not ask you to have a sense of duty," Rose said, with a certain fine disdain, "but at least you might have a proper pride." This was all she took the trouble to say; but it must be admitted that a great deal more to the same effect might be read in her eyes, which were generally so dewy and soft, but which could flash on occasion. And then as the week drew on towards Thursday, and all her representations proved unavailing to induce Barbara to get up and prepare herself for her usual duties, the scorn and vexation and impatience with which the dutiful little soul met her sister's sullen determination that "she was not able" to fulfil her ordinary engagements, roused Rose up to a great resolution. For her own part she was one of the people who do not understand giving in. "What do you mean by lying there?" she said, pounding Barbara down small and cutting her to pieces with infallible good-sense and logic; "will that do any good? You would try to look better than usual, and sing better than usual, if you had any proper pride. I did not fall ill when my flounce was passed over at the exhibition. I made up my mind that very evening about the combination for my veil. I would die rather than give in if I were you."

"Your flounce!" sobbed Barbara—"oh, you unfeeling, insensible thing!—as if your h-heart had anything to do with—that, I only went to s-spite Lucilla—and I won't go—no more—oh, no more—now he's been and deserted me. You can't understand my feelings—g-go away and leave me alone."

"Barbara," said Rose, with solemnity, "I would forgive you if you would not be mean. I don't

understand it 'in one of us. If Mr. Cavendish has gone away, it shows that he does not care for you; and you would scorn him, and scorn to show you were thinking of him, if you had any proper pride."

But all the answer Barbara gave was to turn away with a jerk of annoyance the old easy-chair in which she was lying buried, with her hands thrust up into her black hair, and her eyes all red; upon which Rose left her to carry out her own resolution. She was prompt in all her movements, and she wasted no time on reconsideration. She went down into Grange Lane, her little head erect, and her bright eyes regarding the world with that air of frank recognition and acknowledgment which Rose felt she owed as an artist to her fellow-creatures. They were all good subjects more or less, and the consciousness that she could draw them and immortalise them gave her the same sense of confidence in their friendliness, and her own perfect command of the situation, as a young princess might have felt whose rank protected her like an invisible buckler. Rose, too, walked erect and open-eyed, in the confidence of *her* rank, which made her everybody's equal. It was in this frame of mind that she arrived at Dr. Marjoribanks's house, and found Lucilla, who was very glad to see her. Miss Marjoribanks was pondering deeply on the Archdeacon at that moment, and her little visitor seemed as one sent by heaven to help her out. For to tell the truth, though Lucilla understood all about Mr. Cavendish and men of his description, and how to manage them, and take full use of their powers, even her commanding intelligence felt the lack of experience in respect to such a case as that of the Archdeacon, who required a different treatment to draw him out. She was thinking it over intently at the moment of Rose's arrival, for Lucilla was not a person to give up the advantages

of a novel position because she did not quite understand it. She felt within herself that there was no doubt a great effort might be produced if she could but see how to do it. And it was Thursday morning, and there was no time to lose.

"I came to speak to you about Barbara," said Rose. "She is not fit to come out this morning. I told her it was very ungrateful not to make an effort after you had been so kind; but I am sorry to say she has not a strong sense of duty; and I don't think she would be able to sing or do anything but look stupid. I hope you will not think very badly of her. There are some people who can't help giving in, I suppose," said Rose, with an impatient little sigh.

"And so this is you, you dear little Rose!" said Lucilla, "and I have never seen you before since I came home—and you always were such a pet of mine at Mount Pleasant! I can't think why you never came to see me before; as for me, you know, I never have any time. Poor papa has nobody else to take care of him, and it always was the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

"Yes," said Rose, who was a straightforward little woman, and not given to compliments. "I have a great deal to do too," she said, "and then all my spare moments I am working at my design. Papa always says that society accepts artists for what they can give, and does not expect them to sacrifice their time," Rose continued, with her little air of dignity. To be sure Miss Marjoribanks knew very well that society was utterly unconscious of the existence of the Lake family; but then there is always something imposing in such a perfectly innocent and superb assumption as that to which the young Preraphaelite had just given utterance; and it began to dawn upon Lucilla that here was another imperfectly understood but effective instrument lying ready to her hand.

"I should like to see your design," said Miss Marjoribanks, graciously. "You made such a pretty little wreath for the corner of my handkerchief—don't you remember?—all frogs' legs and things. It looked so sweet in the old satin stitch. What is the matter with poor Barbara? I felt sure she would catch cold and lose her voice. I shall tell papa to go and see her. As for to-night it will be a dreadful loss, to be sure, for I never could find a voice that went so well with mine. But if you are sure she can't come——"

"When people have not a sense of duty," said Rose, with an indignant sigh, "nor any proper pride,——Some are so different. Barbara ought to have been some rich person's daughter, with nothing to do. She would not mind being of no use in the world. It is a kind of temperament I don't understand," continued the little artist. All this, it is true, was novel to Miss Marjoribanks, who had a kind of prejudice in favour of the daughters of rich persons who had nothing to do; but Lucilla's genius was broad and catholic, and did not insist upon comprehending everything, and it was at this moment that a new idea flashed upon her with all the rapidity of an intuition. She gave Rose a sudden scrutinising look, and measured her mentally against the gap she had to fill. No doubt it was an experiment, and might fail signally; but then Miss Marjoribanks was always at hand to cover deficiencies, and she had that confidence in herself and her good-fortune which is necessary to everybody who greatly dares.

"You must come yourself this evening, you dear old Rose," said Lucilla. "You know I always was fond of you. Oh yes, I know you can't sing like Barbara. But the Archdeacon is coming, who understands about art; and if you would like to bring your design—— My principle has always been, that there should be a little of everything in

society," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I daresay you will feel a little strange at first with not knowing the people, but that will soon pass off—and you *must* come."

When she had said this, Lucilla bestowed upon little Rose a friendly schoolfellow kiss, putting her hands upon the little artist's shoulders, and looking her full in the face as she did so. "I am sure you can talk," said Miss Marjoribanks. She did not say "Go away now, and leave me to my arrangements;" but Rose, who was quick-witted, understood that the salute was a dismissal, and she went away accordingly, tingling with pride and excitement and pleasure and a kind of pain. The idea of practically exemplifying, in her own person, the kind of demeanour which society ought to expect from an artist had not occurred to Rose; but destiny having arranged it so, she was not the woman to withdraw from her responsibilities. She said to herself that it would be shabby for her who was known to have opinions on this subject, to shrink from carrying them out; and stimulated her courage by recourse to her principles, as people do who feel themselves bound to lay sacrifices on the altar of duty. Notwithstanding this elevated view of the emergency, it must be admitted that a sudden thought of what she would

wear had flushed to Rose's very finger-tips, with a heat and tingle of which the little heroine was ashamed. For, to be sure, it was Thursday morning, and there was not a moment to be lost. However, after the first thrill which this idea had given her, Rose bethought herself once more of her principles, and stilled her beating heart. It was not for her to think of what she was to put on, she who had so often proclaimed the exemption of "a family of artists" from the rules which weigh so hard upon the common world. "We have a rank of our own," she said to herself, but with that tremor which always accompanies the transference of a purely theoretical and even fantastic rule of conduct into practical ground—"We are everybody's equal, and we are nobody's equal—and when papa begins to be appreciated as he ought to be, and Willie has made a Name—" This was always the point at which Rose broke off, falling into reverie that could not be expressed in words; but she had no leisure to remark upon the chance "compositions" in the street, or the effects of light and shade, as she went home. A sudden and heavy responsibility had fallen upon her shoulders, and she would have scorned herself had she deserted her post.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It may be imagined that Rose Lake was not the only person who looked forward with excitement to the evening of this Thursday, which was to be, properly speaking, the Archdeacon's first appearance in Carlingford. To be sure he had dined at the Rectory, and also at Sir John Richmond's, besides that there had been somebody to dinner at Colonel Chiley's table almost every day; but then there were only county people at Sir John's, and Mr. Bury's guests na-

turally counted for very little in Grange Lane;—indeed, it was confidently reported that the Rector had invited Mr. Tafton of Salem Chapel to meet the Archdeacon, and that, but for the Dissenting minister having more sense and knowing his place, that uneasy conjunction would have taken place, to the horror of all right-thinking people. So that Dr. Marjoribanks's was in reality the first house where he had any chance of seeing society in Carlingford. It would perhaps

be using too strong a word to say that Miss Marjoribanks was anxious about the success of her arrangements for this particular evening; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that the circumstances were such as to justify a little anxiety. Mr. Cavendish was gone, who, to do him justice, was always agreeable, and his departure disturbed the habitual party; and Mrs. Woodburn had lost all her powers, as it seemed, and sat at Dr. Marjoribanks's left hand, looking just like other people, and evidently not to be in the least depended on; and Lucilla was aware that Barbara was not coming, which made, if nothing else, a change in the programme of the evening. No music, nobody to do the flirting, nor to supply the dramatic by-play to which Grange Lane had become accustomed; and a new man to be made use of, and at the same time to be pleased and fascinated, and made the instrument of fascinating others. A young woman of powers inferior to those of Miss Marjoribanks would have sunk under such a weight of responsibility, and there was no doubt that Lucilla was a little excited. She felt that everything depended upon her courage and self-possession. If she but lost her head for a moment and lost command of affairs, everything might have been lost; but then fortunately she knew herself and what she could do, and had a modest confidence that she would not lose her head; and thus she could still eat her dinner with the composure of genius, though it would be wrong to deny that Lucilla was a little pale.

And then, as if all these things had not been enough to discourage the lady of the house, another discordant element was added by the presence of Mr. Bury and his sister, whom it had been necessary to ask to meet the Archdeacon. The Rector, though he was very Low-Church, had no particular objections to a good dinner—but he

had a way of sneering at "the flesh," even while taking all due pains to nourish it, which roused Dr. Marjoribanks's temper. Sometimes the Doctor would launch a shaft of medical wit at his spiritual ruler, which Mr. Bury had no means of parrying. "I have no doubt," Dr. Marjoribanks would say, "that an indigestion is an admirable way of mortifying the flesh, as our excellent Rector says. Fasting was the suggestion of a barbarous age; it must have kept those anchorite fellows in an unchristian strength of stomach. And it's far more philosophical to punish the offending body, as Mr. Bury does, by means of made dishes;" and when he had thus disturbed his reverend guest's enjoyment, the Doctor would go on with great relish with his dinner. This, however, was not the only danger to which the peace of the party was exposed. For the Rector, at the same time, regarded Mr. Beverley with a certain critical suspiciousness, such as is seldom to be encountered except among clergymen. He did not know much about his clerical superior, who had only recently been appointed to his archdeaconry; but there was something in his air, his looks and demeanour, which indicated what Mr. Bury considered a loose way of thinking. When the Archdeacon made any remark the Rector would pause and look up from his plate to listen to it, with his fork suspended in the air the while—and then he would exchange glances with his sister, who was on the other side of the table. All this, it may be supposed, was a little discomposing for Lucilla, who had the responsibility of everything, and who could now look for no assistance among the ordinary members of her father's party, who were, as a general rule, much more occupied with the dinner than with anything else that was going on. In this state of affairs Miss Marjoribanks was very glad when the Archdeacon, who occupied the post of honour by her

side, made a lively new beginning in the conversation. It had not to call *flagged* before—not precisely *flagged*—but still there were indications of approaching exhaustion, such as can always be perceived half-a-mile off by anybody who has any experience in society; and when the Archdeacon took up the ball with all the liveliness of a man who is interested in a special question, it will not be difficult to any lady who has ever been in such circumstances to realise to herself Miss Marjoribanks's sense of gratitude and relief.

"By the by," said Mr. Beverley, "I meant to ask if any one knew a man whom I am sure I caught a glimpse of the first day I was in Carlingford. Perhaps it was in the morning after I arrived, to be precise. I can't recollect exactly. If he lives about here, he ought to be known, for he is a very clever, amusing sort of a fellow. I don't know if Carlingford is more blessed than other country towns with people of that complexion," said the Archdeacon, turning to Lucilla with a smile. He was in no hurry, though he was a little curious. The subject was not exciting to him; and to be sure nothing could be further from his thoughts than that there was anybody at the table who might have turned sick with anxiety and suspense, and felt the pause he made a horrible kind of torture. He paused and turned to Miss Marjoribanks with the smile which is a kind of challenge when it is addressed to a young lady, and meant to lead to a lively little combat by the way. As for Lucilla, she was conscious of an immediate thrill of curiosity, but still it was curiosity unmingled with any excitement, and she had no particular objection to respond.

"Everybody is nice in Carlingford," said Miss Marjoribanks; "some people are always finding fault with their neighbours, but I always get on so well with everybody—I suppose it is my luck,"

said Lucilla; which, to be sure, was not precisely an answer to the Archdeacon's question. And there was somebody at the table all the time who could have fallen upon her and beaten her for putting off the revelation which trembled on the lips of Mr. Beverley, and yet would have given anything in the world to silence the Archdeacon, and felt capable of rushing at him like a fury and tearing his tongue out, or suffocating him, to stop the next words that he was going to say; and yet the same inconsistent person was furious with Lucilla for postponing this utterance a little: and all the while so absolute are the restraints of society, everybody at Dr. Marjoribanks's table sat eating their dinner, one precisely like another, as if there had been no such thing as mystery or terror in the world.

"You must not expect me to believe in the perfection of human society," said the Archdeacon, going on in the same strain; "I would much rather pin my faith to the amiable dispositions of one young lady who always finds her neighbours agreeable—and I hope she makes no exception to the rule," said the Broad-Churchman in a parenthesis, with a smile and a bow—and then he raised his voice a little: "The man I speak of is really a very amusing fellow, you know, and very well got up, and calculated to impose upon ordinary observers. It is quite a curious story; he was a son of a trainer or something of that sort about Newmarket. Old Lord Monmouth took an extraordinary fancy to him, and had him constantly about his place—half brought him up indeed, along with his grandson, you know. He always was a handsome fellow, and picked up a little polish; and really, for people not quite used to the real thing, was as nearly like a gentleman——"

"Come, now, I don't put any faith in that," said Mr. Woodburn. "I don't pretend to be much of a

one for fine company myself, but I know a gentleman when I see him; a snob always overdoes it, you know——”

“I never said this man was a snob,” said the Archdeacon with a refined expression of disgust at the interruption flitting over his features; “on the contrary, if he had only been honest, he would have been really a very nice fellow——”

“My dear sir,” said Mr. Bury, “excuse me for breaking in—perhaps I am old-fashioned, but don’t you think it’s a pity to treat the question of honesty so lightly? A dishonest person has a precious soul to be saved, and may be a most deeply interesting character; but to speak of him as a very nice fellow, is—pardon me—I think it’s a pity; especially in mixed society, where it is so important for a clergyman to be guarded in his expressions,” said the Rector. When Mr. Bury began to speak, everybody else at table ceased talking, and gave serious attention to what was going on, for the prospect of a passage of arms between the two clergymen was an opportunity too captivating to be lost.

“I hope Mr. Bury’s dishonest friends will pardon me,” said the Archdeacon; “I mean no harm to their superior claims. Does anybody know the man here, I wonder?—his name was Kavan, I think, or something like that—an Irish name. I assure you he was a very good-looking fellow—dark, good features, nearly six feet high——”

“Oh please don’t say any more,” said Miss Marjoribanks, and she could not quite have explained why she interrupted these personal details; “if you tell me what he is like I shall fancy everybody I meet is him; Mr. Centum is dark, and has good features, and is nearly six feet high—never mind what he is like—you gentlemen can never describe anybody; you always keep to *generals*; tell us what he has done.”

Somebody drew a long breath

at the table when the Archdeacon obeyed Miss Marjoribanks’s injunction. More than one person caught the sound, but even Lucilla’s keen eyes could not make out beyond controversy from whom it proceeded. To be sure, Lucilla’s mind was in a most curious state of tumult and confusion. She was not one of the people who take a long time to form their conclusions; but the natural conclusion to which she felt inclined to jump in this case was one so monstrous and incredible that Miss Marjoribanks felt her only safeguard in the whirl of possibilities was to reject it altogether, and make up her mind that it was impossible; and then all the correspondences and apparent corroborations began to dance and whirl about her in a bewildering ring till her own brain seemed to spin with them. She was as much afraid lest the Archdeacon by some chance should fall upon a really individual feature which the world in general could identify, as if she had had any real concern in the matter. But then, fortunately, there was not much chance of that; for it was one of Lucilla’s principles that men never can describe each other. She listened, however, with such a curious commotion in her mind, that she did not quite make out what he was saying, and only pieced it up in little bits from memory afterwards. Not that it was a very dreadful story. It was not a narrative of robbery or murder, or anything very alarming; but if it could by any possibility turn out that the man of whom Mr. Beverley was speaking had ever been received in society in Carlingford, then it would be a dreadful blow to the community, and destroy public confidence for ever in the social leaders. This was what Lucilla was thinking in her sudden turmoil of amazement and apprehension. And then all this time there was another person at table who knew all about it twenty times better than Lucilla, and knew what was coming, and had a still

more intense terror lest some personal detail might drop from the Archdeacon's lips which the public in general would recognise. Notwithstanding, Mr. Beverley went on quite composedly with his story, never dreaming for a moment that anybody was disturbed or excited by it. "He has a mark on his face," the Archdeacon said—but here Miss Marjoribanks gave a little cry, and held up both her hands in dismay.

"Don't tell us what marks he has on his face," said Lucilla. "I know that I shall think every man who is dark, and has good features, and is six feet, must be him. I wonder if it could be my cousin Tom; he has a little mark on his face—and it would be just like his dreadful luck, poor fellow. Would it be right to give up one's own cousin if it should turn out to be Tom?" said Miss Marjoribanks. The people who were sitting at her end of the table laughed, but there was no laughing in Lucilla's mind. And this fright and panic were poor preparatives for the evening, which had to be got through creditably with so few resources, and with such a total reversal of the ordinary programme. Miss Marjoribanks was still tingling with curiosity and alarm when she rose from the table. If it should really come to pass that an adventurer had been received into the best society of Carlingford, and that the best judges had not been able to discriminate between the false and true, how could any one expect that Grange Lane would continue to confide its most important arrangements to such incompetent hands?

Such was the dreadful question that occupied all Lucilla's thoughts. So far as the adventurer himself was concerned, no doubt he deserved anything that might come upon him; but the judgment which

might overtake the careless shepherds who had admitted the wolf into the fold was much more in Miss Marjoribanks's mind than any question of abstract justice. So that it was not entirely with a philanthropical intention that she stopped Mr. Beverley and put an end to his dangerous details. Now she came to think of it, she began to remember that *nobody of her acquaintance* had any mark on his face; but still it was best not to inquire too closely. It was thus with a pre-occupied mind that she went up to the drawing-room, feeling less in spirits for her work than on any previous occasion. It was the first of the unlucky nights, which every woman of Lucilla's large and public-spirited views must calculate upon as inevitable now and then. There was no moon, and the Richmonds naturally were absent, and so were the Miss Browns, who were staying there on a visit—for it was after the engagement between Lydia* and John; and Mr. Cavendish was away (though perhaps under the circumstances that was no disadvantage); and Mrs. Woodburn was silenced; and even Barbara Lake had failed her patroness.

"You are not in spirits to-night, Lucilla, my poor dear," said Mrs. Chiley, as they went up-stairs; and the kind old lady cast a fierce glance at Mrs. Woodburn, who was going before them with Miss Bury, as if it could be her fault.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I am in perfect spirits; it is only the responsibility, you know. Poor Barbara is ill, and we can't have any music, and what if people should be bored? When one has real friends to stand by one it is different," said Lucilla, with an intonation that was not intended for Mrs. Chiley, "and I *always* stand by my friends."

* It may be mentioned here that this was an engagement that none of the friends approved of, and that it was the greatest possible comfort to Miss Marjoribanks's mind that she had nothing to do with it—either one way or another, as she said.

If she meant anything by what she said there was no time to enlarge upon it, for they were just at the drawing-room door, where all the heavy people were waiting to be amused. Mrs. Chiley held her young friend back for a moment with those unreasonable partisan ideas of hers, which were so different from Lucilla's broad and statesmanlike way of contemplating affairs.

"I am so glad that bold thing is not coming," said the kind old lady; "she deserves to be ill, Lucilla. But don't go and over-excite yourself, my poor dear. People must just amuse themselves in their own way. They are very well off, I am sure, with this pretty room and a very nice cup of tea, and each other's things to look at. Never mind the people, but go and find a nice corner and have a chat with the Archdeacon when he comes up-stairs. I am sure that is what he would like. And you know he is the stranger, and the person to be studied," said the designing old woman. As for Lucilla, she made no categorical response; she only opened the door a little wider for Mrs. Chiley's entrance, and arranged the ribbons of the old lady's cap, as she followed her into the room, in a caressing way.

"I daresay we shall do very well," Lucilla said, feeling her courage rise within her in face of the emergency; and thus she went her way into the gay mob who were waiting for her, and who had not the least idea when Miss Marjoribanks made her appearance among them that she had anything on her mind.

But the first group that met Lucilla's eye as she went into the drawing-room was one which made her start a little, self-possessed as she was. This group was composed of, in the first place, Barbara Lake in her crumpled white dress, which she had not had any heart to think of, and which was just as she had taken it off last Thursday evening.

Barbara herself showed to as little advantage as her dress did. There was no expectation about her to brighten her up. Her heavy black eyebrows lowered like a dead line of resistance and defiance, and her eyes gleamed underneath sullenly oblique and dangerous. Her hair was hastily arranged, her complexion muddy and sombre, her eyelids red. It was as easy to see that she had been crying, and that disappointment and spite and vexation had had the greatest share in her tears, as if all the party had been admitted to the little house in Grove Street and had heard the tempest going on. Though she had made up her mind that she was unable to go, when her going was merely a necessary loyalty to Lucilla, the fact that Rose had been invited acted with a wonderfully stimulating effect upon her sister. Then she began to think that, perhaps, after all, *he* might have come back, and that to be out of the way and leave the field clear to Lucilla was all that her enemies wanted—for poor Barbara could not but think that she must have enemies. And the mere idea that Rose was asked roused her of itself. "I don't know what she could mean by asking you, unless it was to spite me," said the sullen contralto. "Oh yes, I daresay she will be very glad to get rid of *me*; but I'll go to spite her," Barbara cried, with a flash from under her lowering brows; and it was this amiable motive which had brought her out. She thought, if by any chance Mr. Cavendish might happen to be there, that the sight of her all crumpled and suffering would be eloquent to his heart, for the poor girl's knowledge of the world and "the gentlemen" was naturally very small. Thus she made her appearance with her disappointment and rage and vexation written on her face, to serve as a beacon to all the young women of Carlingford, and show them the necessity of concealing their feelings. Mrs. Chiley, who felt that Barbara

deserved it, and was resolved not to pity her, seized the opportunity, and delivered quite a little lecture to a group of girls on the subject of the forsaken.

"A disappointment may happen to any young person," Mrs. Chiley said, "and so long as it is not their fault nobody could blame them; but, my dears, whatever you do, don't show it like that. It makes me ashamed for my sex. And only look at Lucilla!" said the old lady, who, to tell the truth, instead of looking ashamed, looked triumphant. And, to be sure, Miss Marjoribanks had regained all her pristine energy, and looked entirely like herself.

What was still more extraordinary, however, was that Mrs. Woodburn had quite emerged from her momentary quietude, and was in a corner, as usual, with a group of people round her, from whom stifled bursts of laughter were audible. "I am frightened out of my life when I see that woman," said one of the Grange Lane ladies, who was the very impersonation of commonplace, and utterly unworthy the mimic's while. "She is taking some of us off at this moment, I am quite sure."

"My dear, she is very amusing," said Mrs. Chiley, drawing her lace shawl round her shoulders with that little jerk which Mrs. Woodburn executed to perfection. "I am quite easy in my mind, for my part. There can't be much to take off in an old woman that is old enough to be all your grandmothers; and I am quite pleased for Lucilla's sake." And then, it is true, the girls laughed, and tried hard to hide that they were laughing, for they had all heard Mrs. Woodburn give that very speech with inimitable success. But it was in reality the Archdeacon of whom the mimic was giving a private rehearsal at that moment. She was doing it with a little exaggeration, and colouring strongly, which perhaps was owing to an imperfect acquaintance with the sub-

ject, and perhaps to the little excitement which accompanied the throwing off of the cloud which had enveloped her. To be sure, nobody knew why she should have been under a cloud, for married sisters don't generally lose their spirits in consequence of a brother's temporary absence; but still the general eye perceived the change. "Now you look a little like yourself again," some one said to her. "You might have been out of town, like Mr. Cavendish, for anything one has heard of you for a week past."

"I have been studying very closely," Mrs. Woodburn said; "it is so important to get the key-note;" and this was how, more than by anything he said or did himself, that Mr. Beverley's ways of expressing himself became familiar to the mind of Grange Lane.

All this time little Rose Lake had been standing by the table near her sister, not feeling very comfortable, if the truth must be told. Rose had been obliged to solve the important question of what she was to put on, by the simple, but not quite satisfactory, expedient of wearing what she had, as so many people have to do. And her dress was, to say the least, rather a marked contrast to the other dresses round her. For when one is an artist, and belongs to a family of artists, one is perhaps tempted to carry one's ideas of what is abstractly graceful even into the sacred conventionalities of personal attire; and it is sad to be obliged to confess that the success is generally much less apparent than one might have expected it to be, as many an unfortunate painter's wife has found out to her cost. Among all the Grange Lane girls there was not one who would have looked, as Miss Marjoribanks herself said, *nicer* than Rose if she had been dressed like other people. To be sure, there were several handsomer, such as Barbara, for instance, who possessed a kind of beauty, but who was as far from being *nice* as can be conceived; but then what can be done with a

girl who goes out for the evening in a black dress trimmed with red, and made with quaint little slashings at the shoulders and round the waist of an architectural character? Rose's opinions in respect to effective ornamentation were, as has been said, very strongly marked for so young a person; and though she was perfectly neat, and not a crumple about her, still it must be confessed that her costume altogether suggested, even to Lucilla, who was not imaginative, one of the carnival demons that she had seen in Italy. When she went up to her young visitor, veiling her altogether, for the moment, in her own clouds of white, Miss Marjoribanks made a furtive attempt to put some of the tags out of the way; but this was an impracticable effort. "It was so nice of you to come on such short notice," Lucilla said, putting her hand affectionately on Rose's shoulder; but her eyes would wander while she was speaking from her little schoolfellow's face to her dreadful trimmings; "and I am so glad to see Barbara is better. But you shan't be troubled to-night, for we are not going to have any music. I am sure you are not able to sing," said Miss Marjoribanks, addressing the elder sister; and all this time she was insidiously fingering Rose's tags, which were far too firmly secured to yield to any such legerdemain. And then, as was natural, Lucilla had to go away and attend to her other guests; and the other people in the room were too busy with their own talks and friends to pay any attention to Rose, even had she not been sister to Barbara, whom nobody felt disposed to notice. Rose had brought a large portfolio with her, containing not only the design in which her own genius was launching forth, but also some drawings which the little artist set much less store by, and one surreptitious sketch, which was by Willie, who had not yet made a name. She thought, in her innocence, poor child, as is natural to

youthful professors of art or literature, that such matters form the staple of conversation in polite society, and that everybody would be pleased and proud to have heard of and seen, just before his *debut*, the works of the coming man. "I have brought some drawings," she said to Lucilla, putting her hand upon the portfolio; and Lucilla had said, "You dear little Rose, how nice of you!"—but that was all that had as yet passed on the subject. Miss Marjoribanks regarded with eyes of painful interest the young Pre-raphaelite's tags, but she paid no regard to the portfolio, and never even asked to see its contents. Rose, to be sure, might have sat down had she pleased, but she preferred to keep her place standing by her sister's side, with her hand upon the portfolio, listening to all the people talking. It was rather a disenchanting process. All of them might have seen the portfolio had they liked, and yet they went on talking about the most unimportant matters;—where they were going and what they were to wear, and what new amusements or occupations had been planned for the morrow—which two words indeed seem to mean the same thing according to the Carlingford young ladies. As Rose Lake stood and listened, a few of her childish illusions began to leave her. In the first place, nobody said a syllable either about art, literature, or even music, which gave the lie to all her previous conceptions of conversation among educated people—and then it began slowly to dawn upon Rose, that a life like her own, full of work and occupation, which she had been used up to this moment to think a very good life, and quite refined and dignified in comparison with most of the lives she knew of, was in reality a very shabby and poor existence, of which a young woman ought to be ashamed when she came into society in Grange Lane. When this discovery began

to dawn upon the little artist, it made her very hot and uncomfortable for the first moment, as may be supposed. She who had thought of the Female School of Design as of a Career, and considered herself a little in the light of one of the pioneers of society and benefactors of her kind! but in Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room the Career seemed to change its character;—and then Rose began to think that now she understood Barbara. It was, on the whole, a painful little bit of experience; and the more humbled she felt in herself, the more did her little heart swell within her, with the innocent pride grown bitter, and the happy complacency of her scruples turned into a combative self-assertion, which is not an uncommon process with people who have cherished ideas about the rank of artists. The world did not care in the least for her being an artist, except perhaps in so far as that fact gave a still more absurd explanation to her absurd dress; and then she had never been to a ball, and was not going to any ball, nor to the picnic on Saturday, nor to Mrs. Centum's on Monday, nor to ride, nor to drive, nor to do anything that all these young people were doing; and naturally the sensation produced was not a very agreeable one; for, to be sure, she was only seventeen, and it went to her heart to be so altogether out of accord with everything she heard of in this new world. Thus she stood, losing more and more the easy grace of her first attitude, and getting morose and stiff and constrained, with a sense of being absurd. This perhaps was why Barbara had always stopped her when she began to speak of their rank as artists. Barbara had been more far-sighted than herself, and had but followed the lead of the world. This was the lesson Rose was learning as she stood up at the end of the room, clearly marked out in her black-and-red dress against the background and en-

tourage of white-robed angels. It had been Barbara that knew best. It was a lesson a little sharp, but still it was one which everybody in her position has to find out, and which it was very well for her to learn.

And it was just at this time that the gentlemen came up from the dining-room. As for Barbara, she roused up a little from her sullen silence, and turned an eager look to the door, with a lingering, desperate idea that after all, *he* might be there—which was an act which shocked her sister. "If you would only have a proper pride!" the impatient little mentor whispered; but Barbara only heaved up her plump round shoulders, and jerked her ear away. So far from having proper pride, she rather wanted to show all the Grange Lane people that she was looking for *him*, that she was suffering from *his* loss, and had hopes of his return, and came not for them or for Lucilla, but on his account; for Barbara had no dreams of any possible good to be got out of papa's being appreciated, or Willie making a name; and even to be the deserted of Mr. Cavendish was a more flattering distinction than to be simply the drawing-master's daughter. But, of course, there was no Mr. Cavendish there; and, to tell the truth, his absence made itself most distinctly felt at that critical moment. Then, for the first time, the ordinary public found out how he had bridged over the chasm between the dinner-party—who were satisfied and *blasts*, and wanted repose—and the evening people, who were all quite fresh, and looked for amusement. The public, with its usual dulness of perception, had ignored this, though Miss Marjoribanks had known it from the very beginning, and now there was nobody to take this delicate office. The result was, that the gentlemen were just falling into that terrible black knot all by themselves about the door, and betaking themselves to the subjects which were, as Lu-

Lucilla justly remarked, on a level with their capacities, when Miss Marjoribanks felt that the moment had arrived for decisive action. The Archdeacon, to do him justice, had made a little effort to enter into general society; for he was still "young—enough," as Mrs. Chiley said, to think it worth his while to take in the younger and prettier section of the community into the circle of his sympathies. But it was here that the limited range of a Churchman became apparent in comparison with the broad and catholic tendencies of a man of the world like Mr. Cavendish. A well-brought-up young woman in general society cannot be expected on the spot to bring forward her theological doubts or speculations for immediate solution; and that was the only kind of flirtation which Mr. Beverley was properly up to. He made one or two attempts, but without great success; and then the Archdeacon began to veer slowly downward into the midst of the circle of black coats which was slowly consolidating, and which was the object of Miss Marjoribanks's special terror; and this being the case, Lucilla felt that no time was to be lost. Though she had taken no notice of the portfolio, and, to tell the truth, did not care in the least about its contents, she had no more forgotten that it was there than she forgot any other instrument which could be put to use. When it was evident that nothing else was to be done, Miss Marjoribanks called the Archdeacon to her to the other end of the room. "I want to show you something," said Lucilla. "I am quite sure you know about art. Do come and look at Miss Lake's drawings; they are charming. This is Mr. Beverley, Rose, and you must let him see what you have got in the portfolio. He is quite a judge, you know; and she is a little genius," said Lucilla. This speech awoke a little flutter of amazement and consternation in the assembly; but

Miss Marjoribanks knew what she was about. She opened up the portfolio with her own hands, and brought forth the drawing which was Willie's drawing, and which, to be sure, Lucilla knew nothing about. "It was my luck, you know," as she said afterwards; for Willie's drawing was wonderfully clever, and quite in Mr. Beverley's way. And then everybody got up to look at it, and made a circle round the Archdeacon; and the Broad-Churchman, who had at bottom no objection to be mobbed and surrounded by a party of ladies, exerted himself accordingly, and opened up to such an extent, that the whole room thrilled with interest. Thus Lucilla's luck, as she modestly called it, or rather her genius, triumphed once more over the novel combination which had perplexed her for the first moment. She drew a little apart, well pleased, and looked on with that sense of success and administrative power which is one of the highest of mental enjoyments. She contemplated the grouping affectionately, and felt in her own soul the reassuring and delicious consciousness that, having mastered such a difficulty as this, she might go on with renewed confidence in her own powers; and it was this soothing, and at the same time exhilarating, sentiment which was interrupted by the somewhat impatient gestures of Mrs. Chiley, who at this moment caught Lucilla's dress, and drew her to her side.

"My dear," said the old lady, hastily, "this will never do. It is all very well to sacrifice yourself, but you can't expect me to approve of it when you carry it so far. Go and talk to him yourself, Lucilla! What was the good of bringing him here, and making a fuss about him, all for *that*? And you will see that other fantastic little creature will be just as nasty as her sister," said Mrs. Chiley, who was so much excited that she could scarcely restrain herself from speaking out loud.

But Lucilla only smiled like an angel upon her excited friend. "Dear Mrs. Chiley," she said, in a seraphic way, "the lady of the house must always think of her guests first; and you know that the object of *my* life is to be a comfort to dear papa."

Thus that evening came to a climax of success and satisfaction so far as Miss Marjoribanks was personally concerned; but it will

be necessary to turn over another leaf before describing the very different sentiments of little Rose Lake at the same crisis; for, of course, no great work was ever achieved without the sacrifice of a certain number of instruments, and the young Preraphaelite was at this moment no better than a graphic little pencil in the greater artist's hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Archdeacon Beverley was tall and strong, as was natural to a Broad-Churchman; and when he took Willie's drawing in his hand, and held it up to his eyes, and began to express his sentiments on the subject, it did not occur to him that his shadow, both physical and moral, was quite blotting out the little figure down at his elbow, whom he supposed to be the artist, and whose face was crimson, and her heart beating, and her whole frame in a tremble of eagerness to disavow the honour, and secure the credit of his work to Willie, who had still his name to make. As for Rose's explanations and descriptions, they might as well have been uttered to a collection of deaf people for any effect they had upon the Archdeacon, who was discoursing about the picture in his own way, ever so far up above her—or to his auditory, who were interested in what he was saying because he said it, and not because of any interest they had in the subject. Rose stood trembling with impatience and a kind of feminine rage, deep down in the circle of white ladies, and under the shadow of the large black figure in the midst of them. The Archdeacon might have stood very well for one of the clerical heroes upon whose arm the modern heroine thinks it would be sweet to lean—who would guard her from the world, and support her in trouble, and make his manly bosom a bulwark for her against all injus-

tice; which, indeed, was a way of thinking of Mr. Beverley, which some of the ladies surrounding him at that moment might have been not disinclined to adopt, as, to be sure, it was the conception of his character which Mrs. Chiley would very fain have impressed on Miss Marjoribanks. But as for Rose, on the contrary, so far from thinking of clinging to his arm, and being supported thereby, her girlish impulse was to spring upon that elbow, which was the only point accessible to her stature, and box and pinch him into listening to the indignant disclaimers, the eager protestations, to which he gave no manner of attention. But then it is well known that the point of view from which circumstances compel us to regard either a landscape or a person, has everything to do with the opinion formed upon it. Willie was the genius of the Lake family, as may be divined, and he was just then in London, working very hard, and thinking of making a name with still more servid though less confident calculations than those of his little sister; and the idea that she was appropriating his glory, however unwillingly, and depriving him for a moment of the honour due to him, drove Rose half frantic; while, at the same time, Nature had made her voice so soft, and toned it so gently, that all her efforts could not secure herself a hearing. As for the audience in general, it was, on the contrary,

quite enchanted with the Archdeacon's elucidation. It was not so much that he was entertaining, as that it was *him*, the highest clerical dignitary who had been seen for a long time about Carlingford, possibly its future bishop, and a man who was said to have written articles in the *Reviews*, and to be a friend of Dean Howard's, and very well received in the highest quarters. Such a man could not fail to be an authority on the subject of art; or, indeed, on any other subject which it might be his pleasure to discuss.

"I recognise here a wonderful absence of conventionality," said the Archdeacon. "There is good in everything. Perhaps the want of any picture-gallery in the neighbourhood of Carlingford, which I have been so sorry to observe——"

"Oh, but I assure you Sir John has a very nice collection of pictures," said one of Mr. Beverley's audience, "and dear Lady Richmond is so kind in letting one bring one's friends to see them. She is such a sweet woman—don't you think so? I am sure my husband says——"

"Lady Richmond is a good, pure, gentle woman," said the Archdeacon in his Broad-Church way, summing up and settling the question; "everybody must be the better for knowing her. There is a great deal of very fine feeling for drapery in that mantle—and the boy's attitude is remarkable. There is a freedom in that leg, for example, which is extraordinary for a lady——"

"But it is not a lady," shrieked Rose, who was getting incoherent, and with difficulty restrained herself from seizing Mr. Beverley's elbow. The Archdeacon this time gave a little glance down at her, and his eye caught her red trimmings, and he smiled a little—he thought he knew what she meant.

"Miss Lake declines to be mildly judged on the score of being a lady," he said, "and I quite agree with her—so we'll abandon that phra-

seology. I confess that I was quite unprepared to find such genius in Carlingford. It is a delightful little town, but with no collection of pictures, no gallery, no masters——"

But here Rose, who could bear no longer, made a dash at last at that elbow which represented to her for the moment all the arrogance and superficial information of criticism. "Papa is the master," cried Rose, "and there are two schools of design. We gained six prizes, and Willie had all his first training——"

"Precisely," said the Archdeacon, in his bland tones. "Schools of design are admirable things in their way. They develop what one may call the superficial talent which pervades the community; but to find a real power, such as this may develop into, in a town so destitute of the means of instruction, says a great deal for human nature. Centum, you are a connoisseur, you know what I mean. Why you should not have a yearly exhibition at Carlingford, for example, when there is an amount of native talent which can produce a sketch like this, I cannot conceive. Look how finely characterised are the different figures; and such depth of feeling in the accessories,—this piece of drapery, for example. I am sure all our thanks are due to Miss Lake for suffering us to see her production. I should like you to examine it well, Centum," said the Archdeacon—and then it passed to Mr. Centum's hand. To tell the truth, Mr. Centum would have differed from Mr. Beverley had he dared; for it is all very easy for a stranger to speak about native talent; whereas for a man who lives in the town, and may be expected to foster a rising artist in a more substantial way than by mere praise, it is a very different matter. But then the banker knew that to differ from the Archdeacon, a man who was in the very best society, and indeed quite familiar at Windsor, would be to make a summary end of the reputation he himself enjoyed as a

connoisseur. So he drew near and looked at the drawing, and echoed Mr. Beverley's sentiments—but naturally in a modified way.

"But as for a yearly exhibition, I don't know what to say about that," said Mr. Centum, "for you know we'd have to give a prize to tempt a few of the fellows in London to send a picture or two. All that is very easy in theory, but it is much more difficult in practice. It's a very clever drawing. I dare say your father touched it up—did he not? I always said Lake was a very clever fellow in his way—but if it was the very finest beginning ever made, it is only a sketch, and one swallow does not make a summer; and then," said Mr. Centum, trying to escape by a joke, "you know a young lady is never to be calculated upon; though, as a sketch, nothing could be more promising," added the man whose character was at stake; and then the whole party burst into an animated discussion of the chance of an exhibition at Carlingford, and the duty of fostering native talent. Rose stood in the centre of the circle all this time, while Willie's drawing passed from hand to hand and all this talk went on, palpitating with vexation and impatience, and keen feminine rage, and unable to get anybody to listen to her. Nobody cared the least in the world whether it was or was not she who had done it. Nobody knew anything about Willie; whether he made a Name or not, who cared? It was a very successful expedient, so far as Lucilla's great work was concerned, and rewarded her pains in a way which it was delightful to contemplate; but then there never was a great work in the world which did not involve a few heartaches to the instruments; and to be truly successful a person of the highest order of administrative genius must be indifferent to that. At the same time it would be quite false to say that Miss Marjoribanks contemplated any such accompaniment, or had the

least intention of wounding Rose, who, on the contrary, was a great pet of hers; but Lucilla's eyes were naturally fixed upon her own aim, which was, it must be confessed, of sufficient magnitude to justify a few sacrifices of the rank and file. If a great monarch was to count how many soldiers would be killed every time it was necessary to his credit to fight a great battle, what would become of the world? But then the misfortune was, that in this case poor little Rose had been quite as intent upon *her* little aim as was Lucilla, and did not understand that she was there to be bowled over, and to make way for the car of triumph. When she had restored to her at last the precious drawing which had gained so much praise, and which, by this time, was a little frayed at the edges (but, to be sure, that was only the mounting-board), and looked as if it had seen service, instead of being elated and triumphant as she was expected to be, poor Rose could scarcely keep from crying. Not hers was to be the gratification of helping Willie on his first step towards a Name. On the contrary, she felt herself in the horrible position of having usurped his credit, and done him an injury, and put his drawing away in the portfolio with inexpressible feelings, shutting it down over her own poor little work and the veil which had up to this moment held the principal share in her thoughts. Alas, by this time poor Rose had more serious matters to think of! And when she made an attempt privately, when there was some chance of being heard, to rectify the mistake, her effort was equally unsuccessful. She took her chance when she saw Mr. Centum alone, and stole up to him, and made her little statement. "It was my brother's drawing, not mine," she said; and the banker, who had by this time forgotten all about it, opened his eyes and stared at her. "Ah—oh—it was your brother's," said Mr. Centum, with a

little yawn; and the impulse may be forgiven to Rose if she could have seized upon this man who considered himself a connoisseur, and given him a good shake in her rage and vexation. But then, to be sure, all that impatience did no good; and Rose was not even grateful for the kiss Lucilla gave her when she went away. "Thank you so much for bringing that beautiful drawing," Miss Marjoribanks said; and she meant it quite sincerely, and felt that Rose and her portfolio had helped her to her latest triumph just as Barbara and her contralto had helped in the earliest. And thus the two representatives of the arts went home in their wounded condition, after having served their purpose. To be sure, Barbara richly deserved her share of the pain; but at the same time Lucilla had gone over them both in her triumphal chariot, and they had contributed much to her victory. And then neither of them was philosophical enough to feel that to help on, even by your own humiliation, the success of a great work, is worth everybody's while. Miss Marjoribanks had made use of them as society generally makes use of art, and they unfortunately had taken it as the artist generally does take that supreme compliment. This was the other side of the picture which Lucilla looked upon with such complacent eyes; and at the very same moment Mrs. Chiley, seeing matters from *her* point of view, confided to her husband her vexation and annoyance at the way in which her young friend neglected her opportunities. "He is not like what clergymen were in our day," said the old lady, "but still he is very nice, and has a nice position, and it would just suit Lucilla; but to think of her going and leaving him with these Lake girls, notwithstanding the lesson she has had! and I have no doubt the little one is just as designing and nasty as the other. If it should come to anything,

she has only herself to blame," said Mrs. Chiley. As for the Colonel, he took it more calmly, as a gentleman might be expected to do.

"You may trust a parson for that," said the old soldier. "He knows what he is about. You will never find him make such an ass of himself as young Cavendish did." But this only made Mrs. Chiley sigh the more.

"Poor Mr. Cavendish!" said the old lady. "I will never blame him, poor fellow. It was all that deceitful thing laying her snares for him. For my part I never like to have anything to do with those artist kind of people—they are all adventurers," said the Colonel's wife; and she went to bed with this unchristian persuasion in her mind. Thus the matter was regarded on all sides with sentiments differing according to the different points of view; and the only person who looked at it abstractedly, and contemplated not the accidents of the evening, but the work itself, which was progressing in the face of all kinds of social difficulties, was the master-mind which first conceived the grand design of turning the chaotic elements of society in Carlingford into one grand unity. One may be charitable to the natural feelings of those who have been shot at and ridden over in the course of the combat; and one may even sympathise a little with the disgust of the critic who can see the opportunities which have been neglected after the day was won; but in reality, it is only the eye of the general who has planned it who can estimate the true importance of each individual fight in the campaign. And when we announce that Miss Marjoribanks herself was satisfied, there remains little more to say.

As for the Archdeacon, he, as was natural, knew nothing about the matter. He said again, with the natural obtuseness which is so general among the gentlemen, that it had been a very pleasant

party. "She has a fine clear candid nature," said Mr. Beverley; "I should think such a person must exercise an influence for good on society;" which, no doubt, was true enough. This was how Lucilla, by sheer dint of genius, triumphed over all the obstacles that stood in her way; and without music, without the county people, and without Mr. Cavendish, still continued with renewed *éclat* her weekly success. But though she was satisfied with the evening, it would be vain to deny that there were perturbations in the mind of Miss Marjoribanks as she laid her head upon her maiden pillow. She said to herself again with profounder fervour, that fortunately her affections had not been engaged; but there were more things than affections to be taken into consideration. Could it be possible that mystery, and perhaps imposture, of one kind or another, had crossed the sacred threshold of Grange Lane; and that people might find out and cast in Lucilla's face the dreadful discovery that a man had been received in *her* house who was not what he appeared to be? When such an idea crossed her mind, Miss Marjoribanks shivered under her satin quilt. Of course she could not change the nature of the fact one way or another; but, at least, it was her duty to act with great circumspection, so that if possible it might not be found out—for Lucilla appreciated fully the difference that exists between wrong and discovery. If any man was imposing upon his neighbours and telling lies about himself, it was his own fault; but if a leader of society were to betray the fact of having received and petted such a person, then the responsibility was on *her* shoulders. It dismayed Miss Marjoribanks, and at the same time it gave a tinge of excitement to the future, in which there might be, and no doubt were, crowds of unrevealed Archdeacons and undiscovered men of the world on their way to Carlingford, all

knowing something about somebody, and bringing with them an ever-recurring succession of difficulties and triumphs. It was prudence that was the great thing that was required, and not to give too hasty heed to anything, nor to put one's self in the wrong by any alarmist policy. Fortunately the respectability of Dr. Marjoribanks's house was enough to cover its guests with a shining buckler. Thus Lucilla calmed down her own apprehensions, and succeeded in convincing herself that if the impostor whom the Archdeacon had seen had been really received in Grange Lane, it was so much the worse for the impostor; but that, in the mean time, in the lack of evidence it was much the best thing to take no notice. If there was any one else in Carlingford who regarded that past danger with a livelier horror and a more distinct fear, certainly Miss Marjoribanks had no way of knowing of it, and nobody had been remarked in a despondent condition, or, indeed, in anything but the highest spirits, in the course of this Thursday, except the ungrateful creature who had done so much mischief; and tolerant as Lucilla was, it would have been going beyond the limits of nature to have expected that she could have been profoundly sorry for Barbara Lake.

But at the same time poor Barbara, though she was not an elevated character, had gone home in a very sad state of mind. She had taken courage to ask Mrs. Woodburn about her brother, and Mrs. Woodburn had made the very briefest and rudest response to her question, and had "taken off" her woe-begone looks almost to her very face. And no one had shown the least sympathy for the forsaken one. She had not even been called from her solitude to sing, which might have been something, and it was Rose, as she said to herself, who had attracted all the attention; for, like most selfish people, Barbara, though keenly aware of her

own wrongs, had no eyes for the humiliation and pain to which her sister had been subjected. "I feel as if I should never see him more," she said, quite subdued and broken down, with a burst of tears, as the two went home; and poor little Rose, who was soft-hearted, forgot all her disapprobation in sympathy. "Never mind them, dear; they have no feeling. We must cling together all the closer, and try to be everything to each other," Rose said, with eyes which were full, but which would not shed any tears. Her mind was overflowing with mortification and wounded pride, and at the same time she said to herself, that all that was nothing in comparison to the wound of the heart under which Barbara was suffering. "Dear, never mind, we will be everything to each other," said poor little romantic Rose; and the elder sister, even in the depths of her dejection, could have

given her a good shake for uttering such an absurd sentiment; for a great deal of good it would do to be everything to each other—as if that could ever replace the orange blossoms and the wedding tour, and the carriage and handsome house, which were included in the name of Cavendish! "And he was such a dear!" she said to herself in her own mind, and wept, and made her eyes redder and redder. If Mr. Cavendish had known all that was going on in Carlingford that night, the chances are that he would have been most flattered by those tears which Barbara shed for him under the lamps in Grove Street; but then it is to be hoped he would not have been insensible either to the just reticence and self-restraint which, mingling with Miss Marjoribanks's suspicions, prevented her as she herself said, even in the deepest seclusion of her own thoughts, from naming any name.

HERO-WORSHIP AND ITS DANGERS.

A STORY.

JEAN PAUL tells us that there never was a nature yet formed without its vein of romance—that the most realistic and commonplace people we have ever met have their moods of romance, and that the cord, however little we may suspect it, runs through the woof of all humanity.

I am not able to affirm that he is right; but certainly a little incident which has just occurred to me leads me to believe that there are cases of the affection in natures and temperaments in which nothing would have led me to suspect them. I need not be told that it is the men who have a most worldly character, who are often seen marrying portionless wives; that traits of self-sacrifice and devotion are being continually displayed by cold, ungenial, and, to all seeming, unim-

pressionable people. What I was not prepared for was to find that hero-worship could find a place in the heart of a hard, money-getting, money-lending fellow, whose ordinary estimate of humanity was based less on what they were than what they had. I own that I had no other clue to the man's nature than that furnished by a few lines of a newspaper advertisement, which set forth his readiness to advance sums from one hundred to five hundred pounds on mere personal security, and at a most moderate rate of interest. And though the former amounted to obligations the breach of which would have reduced one to bondage, and the latter varied from eighty to a hundred and thirty per cent, he was so pleasant-looking—so chatty—so genially alive to the difficulties that

beset youth—so forgivingly merciful to wasteful habits and ways, that I took to him from the moment I saw him, and signed my four bills for fifty each, and took up my hundred and eighteen pounds off the table with the feeling that at last I had found in an utter stranger that generous trustfulness and liberality I had in vain looked for amongst kindred and relatives.

We had a pint of madeira to seal the bargain. He told me in a whisper it was a priceless vintage. I believe him. On a rough calculation, I think every glass I took of it cost me forty-seven pounds some odd shillings. It is not, however, to speak of this event that I desire here. Mr. Nathan Joel and I ceased after a while to be the dear friends we swore to be over that madeira. The history of those four bills, too complicated to relate, became disagreeable. There were difficulties—there were renewals—there were protests—and there was a writ. Nathan Joel was—no matter what. I got out of his hands after three years by ceding a reversion worth five times my debt, with several white hairs in my whiskers, and a clearer view of gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion than I had ever picked up out of Ecclesiasticals.

A good many years rolled over—years in which I now and then saw mention of Mr. Joel as a plaintiff or an opposing creditor—once or twice as assignee, too. He was evidently thriving. Men were living very fast, smashes were frequent, and one can imagine the coast of Cornwall rather a lucrative spot after a stormy equinox. I came abroad, however, and lost sight of him; a chance mention, perhaps, in a friend's letter, how he had fallen into Joel's hands—that Joel advanced or refused to advance the money—something about cash, was all that I knew of him, till t'other evening the landlord of the little inn near my villa called up to ask if I knew anything of a certain Mr. Nathan Joel, who was then at

his inn without baggage, money, papers, or effects of any kind, but who on hearing my name cried out with ecstasy, "Ah, he knows me. You've only to ask Mr. O'Dowd who I am, and he'll satisfy you at once."

"So," thought I, "Joel! the Lord hath delivered thee into my hands, and now what sort of vengeance shall I take? Shall I ignore you utterly, and declare that your claim to my acquaintance is a gross and impudent fraud? Shall I tell the innkeeper I disown you?" If this was my first thought, it soon gave way—it was so long since the rascal had injured me, and I had cursed him very often for it since then. It was his nature too; *that* also ought to be borne in mind. When leeches cease sucking they die, and very probably money-lenders wither and dry up when they are not abstracting our precious metals.

"I'll go over and see if it be the man I know," said I, and set off at once towards the inn. As I went along, the innkeeper told me how the stranger had arrived three nights back, faint, weary, and exhausted, saying that the guide refused to accompany him after he entered the valley, and merely pointed out the road and left him. "This much I got out of him," said the landlord, "but he is not inclined to say more, but sits there wringing his hands and moaning most piteously."

Joel was at the window as I came up, but seeing me he came to the door. "Oh, Mr. O'Dowd," cried he, "befriend me this once, sir. Don't bear malice, nor put your foot on the fallen, sir. Do pity me, sir, I beseech you."

The wretched look of the poor devil pleaded for him far better than his words. He was literally in rags, and such rags, too, as seemed to have once been worn by another, for he had a brown peasant jacket and a pair of goatskin breeches, and a pair of shoes fastened round his ankles with leather thongs.

"So," said I, "you have got tired of small robberies and taken to the wholesale line. When did you become a highwayman?"

"Ah, sir!" cried he, "don't be jocose, don't be droll. This is too pitiful a case for laughter."

I composed my features into a semblance of decent gravity, and after a little while induced him to relate his story, which ran thus:

Mr. Joel, it appeared, who for some thirty years of life had taken a very practical view of humanity, estimating individuals pretty much like scrip, and ascribing to them what value they might bring in the market, had suddenly been seized with a most uncommon fervour for Victor Emmanuel, the first impulse being given by a "good thing he had done in Piedmontese fives," and a rather profitable investment he had once made in the Cavour Canal. In humble gratitude for these successes, he had bought a print of the burly monarch, whose bullet head and bristling mustaches stared fiercely at him from over his fireplace, till by mere force of daily recurrence he grew to feel for the stern soldier a sentiment of terror dashed with an intense admiration.

"Talk of Napoleon, sir!" he would say, "he's a humbug—an imposition—a wily, tricky, intriguing dodger. If you want a great man—a man that never knew fear—a man that is above all flimsy affectations—a man of the heroic stamp—there he is for you!"

"As for Garibaldi, he's not to be compared to him. Garibaldi was an adventurer, and made adventure a career; but here's a king! here's a man who has a throne, who was born in a palace, descended from a long line of royal ancestors, and instead of giving himself up to a life of inglorious ease and self-indulgence, he mounts his horse and heads a regiment, sir. He takes to the field like the humblest soldier in his ranks, goes out, thrashes the Austrians, drives them out of Milan,

hunts them over the plains of Lombardy, and in seven days raises the five per cents from fifty-one and a half to eighty-two and a quarter 'for the account.' Show me the equal of that in history, sir. There's not another man in Europe could have done as much for the market."

His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he carried a gold piece of twenty francs, with the King's image, to his watch-chain, and wore small coins, with the cross of Savoy, in his breast, as shirt-studs. An ardour intense as this is certain to bear its effects. Mr. Joel had often promised himself a trip to the Continent, of which he knew nothing beyond Paris. He took, then, the season of autumn, when the House was up, and money-lending comparatively dull, and came abroad. He told his friends he was going to Vichy; he affected a little gout. It was a disease gentlemen occasionally permitted themselves, and Mr. Joel was a rising man, and liked to follow the lead of persons of condition. Very different, however, was his object; his real aim was to see the great man whose whole life and actions had taken such an intense hold on his imagination. To see him, to gaze on him, to possess himself fully of the actual living traits of the heroic Sovereign; and if by any accident, by any happy chance, by any of those turns of capricious fortune which now and then elevate men into a passing greatness, to get speech of him!—this Mr. Joel felt would be an operation more overwhelmingly entrancing than if Spanish bonds were to be paid off in full, or Poyais fives to be quoted at par in the market.

It is not impossible that Mr. Joel believed his admiration for the *Re Galantuomo* gave him a *bona fide* and positive claim on that monarch's regard. This is a delusion by no means rare: it possesses a large number of people, and influences them in their conduct to much humbler objects of worship than a

king on his throne. Sculptors, authors, and painters know something of what I mean, and not uncommonly come to hear how ungraciously they are supposed to have responded to an admiration of which it is possible they never knew, and which it would be very excusable in them if they never valued. The worshipper, in fact, fancies that the incense he sends up as smoke should come back to him in some shape substantial. However this may be, and I am not going to press it further on my reader's attention, Mr. Joel got to imagine that Victor Emmanuel would have felt as racy an enjoyment at meeting with him, as he himself anticipated he might experience in meeting the King. It goes a very long way in our admiration of any one to believe that the individual so admired has a due and just appreciation of ourselves. We start at least with one great predisposing cause of love—an intense belief in the good sense and good taste of the object of our affections.

Fully persuaded, then, that the meeting would be an event of great enjoyment to each, the chief difficulty was to find a "mutual friend," as the slang has it, to bring them into the desired relations.

This was really difficult. Had King Victor Emmanuel been an industrial monarch, given to cereals, or pottery, gutta-percha, cotton, or corrugated iron, something might have been struck out to present him with as pretext for an audience. Was he given to art, or devoted to some especial science?—a bust, a bronze, or a medal might have paved the way to an interview. The King, however, had no such leanings; and whatever his weaknesses, there were none within the sphere of the money-changer's attributions, and as Mr. Joel could not pretend that he knew of a short cut to Venice, or a secret path that led to the Vatican, he had to abandon all hopes of approaching the monarch by the legitimate roads.

See him I must, speak to him I will, were, however, the vows he had registered in his own heart, and he crossed the Alps with this firm resolve, leaving, as other great men before him have done, time and the event to show the way where the goal had been so firmly fixed on.

At Turin he learned the King had just gone to Ancona to open a new line of railroad. He hastened after him, and arrived the day after the celebration to discover that his Majesty had left for Brindisi. He followed to Brindisi, and found the King had only stopped there an hour, and then pursued his journey to Naples. Down to Naples went Mr. Joel at once, but to his intense astonishment nobody there had heard a word of the King's arrival. They did not, indeed, allege the thing was impossible; but they slyly insinuated that if his Majesty had really come, and had not thought proper to make his arrival matter of notoriety, that they as Italians, Neapolitana *sur-tout*, knew good manners better than to interfere with a retirement it was their duty to respect. This they said with a sort of half-droll significance that puzzled Mr. Joel much, for he had lived little in Italy, and knew far more about Cremorne than the Casino!

Little dubious sentences, shallow insinuations, half-laughing obscurities, were not weapons to repel such a man as Joel. His mind was too steadfastly intent on its object to be deterred by such petty opposition. He had come to see the King, and see him he would. This same speech he made so frequently, so publicly, and so energetically, that at the various cafés which he frequented, no sooner was he seen to enter than some stranger to him—all were strangers—would usually come up in the most polite manner and express a courteous hope that he had been successful, and had either dined with his Majesty or passed the evening with him. It is needless to say that the general im-

pression was that poor Mr. Joel was a lunatic; but as his form of the malady seemed mild and inoffensive, his case was one entirely for compassion and pity.

A few, however, took a different view. They were of the police, and consequently they regarded the incident professionally. To their eyes, Joel was a Mazzinian, and come out specially to assassinate the King. It is such an obvious thing to the official mind that a man on such an errand would attract every notice to his intentions beforehand, that they not alone decided Joel to be an intended murderer, but they kept a strict record of all the people he accidentally addressed, all the waiters who served, and all the hackney cabmen who drove him, while the telegraphic wires of the whole kingdom vibrated with one name, asking, Who is Joel? trace Joel; send some one to identify Joel. Little poor Joel knew all this time that he had been photographed as he sat eating his oysters, and that scraps of his letters were pasted on a large piece of pasteboard in the Ministry of Police, that his handwriting might be shown under his varied attempts to disguise it.

One evening he sat much later than was his wont at a little open-air café of the St. Lucia quarter. The sky was gloriously starlit, and the air had all the balmy softness of the delicious south. Joel would have enjoyed it and the cool drink before him intensely, if it were not that his disappointed hopes threw a dark shadow over everything, and led him to think of all that his journey had cost him in cash, and all in the foregone opportunities of discounts and usuries.

A frequenter of the café, with whom he had occasionally exchanged greetings, sat at the same table; but they said little to each other, the stranger being evidently one not given to much converse, and rather disposed to the indulgence of his own thoughts in silence.

"Is it not strange," said Joel, after a long pause, "that I must go back without seeing him?"

A half impatient grunt was all the reply, for the stranger was well weary of Joel and his sorrows.

"One would suppose that he really wanted to keep out of my way, for up to this moment no one can tell me if he be here or not."

Another grunt.

"It is not that I have left anything undone, heaven knows. There isn't a quarter of the town I have not walked, day and night, and his is not a face to be mistaken; I'd know him at a glance."

"And what in the devil's name do you want with him when you have seen him?" exclaimed the other, angrily. "Do you imagine that a King of Italy has nothing better to do with his time than grant audiences to every idle John Bull whose debts or doctors have sent him over the Alps?" This rude speech was so fiercely delivered, and with a look and tone so palpably provocative, that Joel at once perceived his friend intended to draw him into a quarrel, so he finished off his liquor, took up his hat and cane, and with a polite *felice sera, Signor*, was about to withdraw.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, rising, with a manner at once obsequious and apologetic. "I entreat you to forgive my rude and impatient speech. I was thinking of something else, and forgot myself. Sit down for one moment, and I will try and make you a proper reparation—a reparation you will be satisfied with."

"You want to see the King, and you desire to speak with him; both can be done with a little courage; and when I say this, I mean rather presence of mind—*aplomb*, as the French say—than anything like intrepidity or daring. Do you possess the quality I speak of?"

"It is my precise gift—the essential feature of my character," cried Joel, in ecstasy.

"This, then, is the way—and mind I tell you this secret on the faith that as an English gentleman you preserve it inviolate—'parole Inglese,' is a proverb with us, and we have reason to believe that it deserves its signification."

Joel swore to observe the bond, and the other continued—

"The King, it is needless to tell you, detests state and ceremonial; he abhors courtly etiquette, and the life of a palace is to him the slavery of the galleys. His real pleasure is the society of a few intimates, whom he treats as equals, and with whom he discourses in the rough dialect of Piedmont, as it is talked in the camp by his soldiers. Even this amount of liberty is, however, sometimes not sufficient for this bold native spirit; he longs for more freedom—for, in fact, that utter absence of all deference, all recognition of his high estate, which followers never can forget; and to arrive at this, he now and then steals out at night and gains the mountains, where with a couple of dogs and a rifle, he will pass two, three, perhaps four days, sharing the peasant's fare and his couch, eating the coarsest food, and sleeping on straw with a zest that shows what a veritable type of the mediæval baron this Count of Savoy really is, and by what a mistake it is that he belongs to an age where the romance of such a character is an anachronism!

"You may feel well astonished that nobody could tell you where he is—whether here or at Turin, at Bologna, at Florence, or Palermo. The fact is they don't know, that's the real truth—not one of them knows; all they are aware of is that he is off—away on one of those *escapades* on which it would be as much as life is worth to follow him; and there is La Marmora, and there sits Minghetti, and yonder Della Rovere, not daring to hint a syllable as to the King's absence, nor even to hazard a guess above a whisper as to when he will

come back again. Now I can tell you where he is—a mere accident put me in possession of the secret. A *fattore* of my brother's came up yesterday from the Terra di Lavoro and told how a strange man, large, strong-boned, and none over bland-looking, had been quail-shooting over the Podere for the last two days; he said he was a wonderful shot, but cared nothing about his game, which he gave freely away to any one he met. I made him describe him accurately, and he told me how he wore a tall high-crowned hat—a 'calabrese,' as they call it—with a short peacock's feather, a brown jacket all covered with little buttons, leather small-clothes ending above the knees, which were naked, light gaiters half way up the leg, his gun slung at his back, pistols in his belt, and a *couteau de chasse* without a scabbard, hung by a string to his waist-belt; he added that he spoke little, and that little in a strange dialect, probably Roman, or from the Marches.

"By a few other traits he established the identity of one whose real rank and condition he never had the slightest suspicion of. Now, as the King is still there, and as he told the Parocco of the little village at Catanzaro that he'd send him some game for his Sunday dinner, which he meant to partake of with him, you have only to set out to-night, reach Nola, where with the aid of a pony and a carratella you will make your way to Raniglia, after which, three miles of a brisk mountain walk—nothing for an Englishman—you will arrive at Catanzaro, where there is a little inn. He calls there every evening coming down the valley from St. Agata, and if you would like to meet him casually, as it were, you have only to set out a little before sunset, and stroll up the gorge; there you'll find him." The stranger went on to instruct Mr. Joel how he should behave to the distinguished unknown—how, while carefully avoid-

ing all signs of recognition, he should never forget that he was in the presence of one accustomed to the most deferential respect.

"Your manner," said he, "must be an artful blending of easy politeness with a watchful caution against over-familiarity; in fact, try to make him believe that you never suspect his great rank, and at the same time take care that in your own heart you never forget it. Not a very easy thing to do, but the strong will that has sent you so far will doubtless supply the way to help you further;" and with a few more such friendly counsels he wished Joel success and a good-night, and departed.

Mr. Joel took his place in the "rotondo" of the diligence—no other was vacant—and set off that night in company with two priests, a gendarme, and a captured galley-slave, who was about to show the officers of justice where a companion of his flight had sought concealment. The company ate and drank, smoked villainous tobacco, and sang songs all night, so that when Joel reached Nola he was so overcome with fatigue, headache, and sickness, that he had to take to bed, where the doctor who was sent for bled him twice, and would have done so four or five times more, if the patient, resisting with the little strength left him, had not put him out of the room and locked the door, only opening it to creep down stairs and escape from Nola for ever. He managed with some difficulty to get a place in a baroccino to Raniglia, and made the journey surrounded with empty wine-flasks, which required extreme care and a very leisurely pace, so that the distance, which was but eighteen miles, occupied nearly as many hours. It took him a full day to recruit at Raniglia, all the more since the rest of the journey must be made on foot.

"I own, sir," said Mr. Joel, whom I now leave to speak for himself, "it was with a heavy heart I arose

that morning and thought of what was before me. I had already gone through much fatigue and considerable illness, and I felt that if any mishap should befall me in that wild region, with its wild-looking semi-savage inhabitants, the world would never hear more of me. It was a sad way to finish a life which had not been altogether unsuccessful, and I believe I shed tears as I fastened on my knapsack and prepared for the road. A pedlar kept me company for two miles, and I tried to induce him to go on the whole way with me to Catanzaro, but he pointed to his pack, and said, 'There are folk up there who help themselves too readily to such wares as I carry. I'd rather visit Catanzaro with an empty pack than a full one.' He was curious to learn what led me to visit the place, and I told him it was to see the fine mountain scenery and the great chestnut and cork woods of which I had heard so much. He only shook his head in reply. I don't know whether he disbelieved me, or whether he meant that the journey would scarce repay the fatigue. I arrived at Catanzaro about three in the afternoon. It was a blazing hot day—the very air seemed to sparkle with the fiery sun's rays, and the village, in regular Italian fashion, was on the very summit of a mountain, around which other mountains of far greater height were grouped in a circle. Every house was shut up, the whole population was in bed, and I had as much difficulty in getting admission to the inn as if I had come at midnight."

I will not trouble my reader to follow Mr. Joel in his description of or comment upon Italian village life, nor ask him to listen to the somewhat lengthy dialogue that took place between him and the priest, a certain Don Lertoro, a most miserable, half-famished fellow, with the worst countenance imaginable, and a vein of ribaldry in his talk that

Mr. Joel declared the most degraded creature might have been ashamed of.

By an artful turn of the conversation, Joel led the priest to talk of the strangers who occasionally came up to visit the mountain, and at last made bold to ask, as though he had actually seen him, who was the large, strong-boned man, with a rifle slung behind him? he did not look like a native of these parts?

"Where did you meet him?" asked the priest, with a furtive look.

"About a mile from this," said Joel; "he was standing on the rock over the bridge as I crossed the torrent."

"Ohe Bestia!" muttered Don Lertoro, angrily; but whether the compliment was meant for Joel or the unknown did not appear. Unwilling to resume the theme, however, he affected to busy himself about getting some salad for supper, and left Joel to himself.

While Joel sat ruminating, in part pleasantly, over the craft of his own address, and in part dubiously, thinking over Don Lertoro's exclamation, and wondering if the holy man really knew who the stranger was, the priest returned to announce the supper.

By Joel's account, a great game of fence followed the meal, each pushing the other home with very searching inquiries, but Joel candidly declaring that the Don, shrewd as he was, had no chance with him, inasmuch as that, while he completely baffled the other as to what led him there, how long he should remain, and where go to afterwards, he himself ascertained that the large, heavy-boned man with the rifle might usually be met every evening about sunset in the gorge coming down from St. Agata; in fact, there was a little fountain about three miles up the valley which was a favourite spot of his to eat his supper at—"a spot easily found," said the priest, "for there are four

cypress trees at it, and on the rock overhead you'll see a wooden cross, where a man was murdered once."

This scarcely seemed to Joel's mind as a very appetising element; but he said nothing, and went his way. As the day was drawing to a close, Mr. Joel set out for the fountain. The road, very beautiful and picturesque as it was, was eminently lonely. After leaving the village he never saw a human being; and though the evening was deliciously fine, and the wild flowers at either side scented the air, and a clear rivulet ran along the roadside with a pleasant murmur, there was that in the solitude and the silence, and the tall peaked mountains, lone and grim, that terrified and appalled him. Twice was he so overcome that he almost determined to turn back and abandon the expedition.

Onward, however, he went, encouraging himself by many little flatteries and compliments to his own nature. How bold he was! how original! how unlike other money-lenders! what manifest greatness there must be somewhere in the temperament of one like him, who could thus leave home and country, security, and the watchful supervision of Scotland Yard, to come into the wild mountains of Calabria just to gratify an intellectual craving! These thoughts carried him over miles of the way, and at last he came in sight of the four cypress trees; and as he drew nigh, sure enough there was the little wooden cross standing out against the sky; and while he stopped to look at it, a loud voice, so loud as to make him start, shouted out, "Alto là—who are you?"

Mr. Joel looked about him on every side, but no one was to be seen. He crossed the road, and came back again, and for a moment he seemed to doubt whether it was not some trick of his own imagination suggested the cry, when it was

repeated still louder; and now his eyes caught sight of a tall high-crowned hat, rising above the rank grass, on a cliff over the road, the wearer being evidently lying down on the sward. Joel had but time to remove his hat courteously, when the figure sprang to his feet, and revealed the person of an immense man. He looked gigantic on the spot he stood on, and with his stern, flushed features, and enormous mustaches, turned fiercely upwards at the points, recalled to Mr. Joel the well-known print over his chimneypiece at home. "Where are you going?" cried he, sternly.

"Nowhere in particular, sir. Strolling to enjoy my cigar," replied Joel, trembling.

"Wait a moment," said the other, and came clattering down the cliff, his rifle, his pistols, and his ammunition-pouches making a terrific uproar as he came.

"You came from Catanzaro—were there any gendarmes there when you left?"

"None, sire; not one," said Joel, who was so overcome by the dignity of the gentleman that he forgot all his intended reserve.

"No lies, no treachery, or, by the precious tears of the Madonna, I'll blow your brains out."

"Your Majesty may believe every word I utter in the length and breadth of the Peninsula; you have not a more devoted worshipper."

"Did you see the priest Don Lertoro?"

"Yes, sire; it was he told me where I should find your Majesty at the well here, under the cypress trees."

"Soioooone!" cried the stranger; but whether the epithet was meant for Joel or the Curé did not appear. A very long and close cross-examination ensued, in which Joel was obliged not merely to explain who he was, whence he came, and what he came for, but to narrate a variety of personal circumstances which at the time it seemed strange his Ma-

jesty would care to listen to—such as the amount of money he had with him, how much more he had left behind at Naples, how he had no friends in that capital, nor any one like to interest themselves about him if he should get into trouble, or require to be assisted in any way. Apparently the King was satisfied with all his replies, for he finished by inviting him to partake of some supper with him; and producing a small basket from under the brush-wood, he drew forth a couple of fowls, some cheese, and a flask of wine. It was not till he had drunk up three large goblets of the wine that Joel found himself sufficiently courageous to be happy. At last, however, he grew easy, and even familiar, questioning his Majesty about the sort of life he led, and asking how it was that he never fell into the hands of brigands.

Nothing could be more genial or good-humoured than the King; he was frankness itself; he owned that his life might possibly be better; that on the whole his father confessor was obliged to bear a good deal from him; and that all his actions were not in strictest conformity with church discipline.

"You ought to marry again; I am persuaded, sir," said Joel, "it would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't know," said the other, thoughtfully, "I have a matter of seven wives as it is, and I don't want any more."

"Ah! your Majesty, I guess what you mean," said Joel, winking; "but that's not what I would suggest. I mean some strong political connection—some alliance with a royal house, Russian or Bavarian, if, indeed, Austrian were not possible."

"On the whole," said Joel, "I found that he didn't much trust any one; he thought ill of Louis Napoleon, and called him some hard names; he was not over complimentary to the Pope; and as for Garibaldi, he said they had once

been thick as thieves, but of late they had seen little of each other, and for his part he was not sorry for it. All this time, sir," continued Joel, "his Majesty was always fancying something or other that I wore or carried about me; first it was my watch, which I felt much honoured by his deigning to accept; then it was my shirt-studs, then my wrist-buttons, then my tobacco-pouch, then my pipe, a very fine meerschaum, and at last, to my intense astonishment, my purse, whose contents he actually emptied on the table, and counted out before me, asking me if I had not any more about me, either in notes or bills, for it seemed a small sum for a 'Milordo,' so he called me, to travel with.

"Whatever I had, however, he took it—took every carlino of it—saying, 'There's no getting any change up here—there are no bankers, my dear Signor Joel; but we'll meet at Naples one of these days, and set all these things to rights.'

"I suppose the wine must have been far stronger than I thought; perhaps, too, drinking it in the open air made it more heady; then the novelty of the situation had its effect—it's not every day that a man sits hob-nobbing with a king. Whatever the reason, I became confused and addled, and my mind wandered. I forgot where I was. I believe I sang something—I am not sure what—and the King sang, and then we both sang together; and at last he whistled with a silver call-whistle that he wore, and he gave me in charge to a fellow—a ragged rascally-looking dog he was—to take me back to Catanzaro; and the scoundrel, instead of doing so, led me off through the mountains for a day and a half, and dropped me at last at Recocone, a miserable village, without tasting

food for twelve hours. He made me change clothes with him, too, and take his dirty rags, this goat-skin vest and the rest of it, instead of my new tweed suit; and then, sir, as we parted, he clapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and said, 'Mind me, *amico mio*, you're not to tell the padrone, when you see him, that I took your clothes from you, or he'll put a bullet through me. Mind *that*, or you'll have to settle your scores with one of my brothers.'

"By the padrone you perhaps mean the King," said I, haughtily.

"King, if you like," said he, grinning; 'we call him "Ninco Nanco:" and now that they've shot Pilona, and taken Stoppa, there's not another brigand in the whole of Italy to compare with him.' Yes, sir, out came the horrid truth. It was Ninco Nanco, the greatest monster in the Abruzzi, I had mistaken for Victor Emmanuel. It was to him I had presented my watch, my photograph, my seal-ring, and my purse with forty-two napoleons. Dirty, ragged, wretched, in tatters, and famished, I crept on from village to village, till I reached this place yesterday evening, only beseeching leave to be let lie down and die, for I don't think I'll ever survive the shame of my misfortune, if my memory should be cruel enough to preserve the details."

"Cheer up, Joel; the King is to review the National Guard to-day. I'll take care that you shall have a good place to see him, and a good dinner afterwards."

"No, sir; I'll not go and look at him. Ninco Nanco has cured me of hero-worship. I'll go back to town and see after the exchanges. The sovereigns that come from the mint are the only ones I mean to deal with from this day forward."

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

PART II.

THE great Napoleon said that, in his opinion, the only use of the Bank of France was to lend money at four per cent. And as a matter of fact, both in France and in England (prior to 1844), the rate of interest was generally—as Napoleon held it ought always to be—four per cent. For a century and a half the rate charged by the Bank of England, and all the other banks in this country, never varied more than one per cent.—averaging about four and a half per cent. Whether or not this is a fair rate of banking profits—a fair return on capital lent upon good and readily convertible securities—we need not, from our point of view, stay to inquire. For we hold that the only legitimate test in such a case is, the law of Supply and Demand, acting under natural conditions,—that is to say, free from artificial restrictions of any kind.

We are opposed to fixing the rate of interest, or imposing a maximum upon that rate, by legal enactment. For two reasons: Firstly, because fluctuations occur alike in the supply of loanable capital, and in the demand for that capital; and either of these causes naturally calls for a variation of the rate charged for capital on loan. Also, because the credit of borrowers, or of the securities offered, varies,—so that in some cases a percentage (equivalent to a premium of insurance) has to be added to the ordinary rate of interest. Secondly, we are opposed to any legislative restriction upon the rate of interest, because it is an interference with the freedom of banking; and, in our opinion, the less legislation there is for banking, as for other trades, the better.

To these general principles, we think, no objection will be taken, either by the supporters of the pre-

sent monetary laws or by their opponents. But the next question is—and it is the most important practical question in monetary science,—Under our present monetary system, is the general level of the rate of interest what it ought to be? And do the variations of the rate arise from natural and necessary causes? We say, No. We shall show, with all fairness, the circumstances in which banks are justified, by their proper interests, in raising their charge for capital on loan. But it is equally important to observe that there are circumstances in which an increased demand for money, or advances, adds to the profits of banks, without in any way imperilling their position, and therefore does not necessitate an increase in the rate of interest. Also, that the rate of interest is raised at times although there is no increased demand for capital at all.

There are two cases, quite distinct, although at present confounded, in which the Bank of England is, or thinks itself, compelled to raise the rate of interest. One of these applies, in a greater or less degree, to the banks of all countries,—namely, when there is an unusual demand for the precious metals, whether for home use or (as more frequently happens) for export. The other case applies to the Bank of England almost exclusively.—namely, when there is no increased demand for the precious metals, but simply for money in the form of bank-notes.

I. Let us consider the latter case first. An increased demand for bank-notes or domestic currency arises whenever either of the two following, and very different, causes comes into play—namely, either (1), when a sudden expansion of

trade takes place; or (2), when there is a temporary weakening of credit, whereby payments in money are called for to a considerable extent instead of the payment by bills, by which all our trade in ordinary times is carried on.

An increase of trade, we need hardly observe, does not necessarily occasion a corresponding increase in the export of the precious metals. On the contrary (as notably in the case of France of late years) a great increase of trade may be attended by a great influx of specie. But to make the case perfectly clear, let us suppose that the expansion of business is purely of a domestic kind—say, in the construction of railways, building of factories, improving of land, &c. In such a case the capital employed is not sent abroad, and bank-notes alone are needed in its transference from hand to hand. Every increase of business is attended by a larger creation of bills and acceptances, which in due course are taken to the banks to be discounted. In this case, there is an increased demand for capital on loan.* Hence the banks find that they can increase the amount of their loans upon good securities, and every extension of a bank's loans augments to an equal degree the bank's profits, although the rate of interest remain the same. Accordingly, so far as profit is concerned, the banks may, with great advantage to themselves, enlarge the amount of their discounts, or advances to trade upon the usual securities, without exacting an increased profit by raising the rate of interest. On the other hand, it is natural that they should seek to obtain the highest price possible for their loans. When the demand for loanable capital is in-

creased, they may justly say—"It is true that an enlargement of discounts is very profitable to us, of itself; but if the demand for loanable capital is so urgent that we can exact higher terms for our advances, by raising the rate of discount, and so obtain a double means of profit, we are entitled to do so."

And so they are. But then there must be free competition, as in other trades. Any farmer who sees it advantageous to offer his grain in the market at 65s. the quarter, while his neighbour stands out for 70s., is at liberty to do so. In like manner, any banks which are willing to enlarge their accommodation to the public upon moderate terms—either contenting themselves with a lesser amount of profits than if they raised their rate of discount, or feeling assured that such a course will be more profitable to them in the end by increasing their amount of business—ought to be free to do so. But legislation steps in to prevent free competition in this matter, and makes the rate of interest to a great extent dependent upon artificial causes. It does so, firstly, by restricting the means by which the banks can lend their capital. The issue of bank-notes is made dependent, not upon the amount of capital and credit of the banks, which it is the sole purpose of bank-notes to represent. On the contrary, the majority of banks have of themselves no means of lending their capital or utilising their credit at all. They are not allowed, upon any terms, to issue notes of their own, however great may be their credit, and however large the amount of capital which they have to lend. For the means of carrying on their business, they

* It must not be forgotten (although it often is) that such an increased demand for capital on loan is accompanied by an increased creation of capital, and especially of loanable capital, owing to the increase of trade and profits. As Trade augments, the profits of the nation increase likewise. In fact, it is the yearly increase of profits which alone permits the yearly increase of Trade.

are entirely dependent upon obtaining a supply of notes from the Bank of England. The Bank of England has a virtual monopoly of the issue of bank-notes. Whether the legislative fetters imposed upon the Bank's issue of notes be right or not—and whether or not the whole currency of the country should be made to fluctuate with the amount of bullion in the Bank of England—we do not now discuss. We simply point out the fact that the Bank of England is possessed of a means of lending its capital, or deposits, which is denied by law to any of the other large banks. These other banks are dependent upon it for the means (notes) by which alone they can carry on their business. Thus they cannot compete with it on fair terms. And thus the rate of interest, the price of money on loan, instead of being regulated—as the price of all other commodities is—by free competition, is injuriously affected by a legally-established monopoly. Abolish that monopoly, and the rate of interest would follow its natural course. The charge for the use of capital on loan would then be regulated by the natural law of supply and demand; and there would be no ground for complaint. We repeat, we are opposed to any legislative interference with the rate of discount: let the rate rise to any height, provided that it does so in accordance with natural laws. But this can never be the case so long as the vicious principle of monopoly is adhered to, and free competition is expressly prevented by an Act of Parliament.

The other case in which an increased demand for bank-notes arises, is, when some bank of issue fails, or when a temporary weakening of commercial credit occurs. The latter event may, and often is, occasioned simply by the action of the banks, in refusing their usual accommodation to trade,—which refusal takes place whenever and from whatever cause more

gold than usual has to be sent abroad. In this case the breakdown of credit is owing to causes extraneous to trade—to a hitch in our currency-system. But let us suppose that the dilemma originates with trade itself.

Whenever, and from whatever cause, an embarrassment befalls any important branch of trade, the markets for that trade become depressed. A fall of prices takes place. Any sudden fall of prices weakens the credit, it may be imperils the solvency, of the firms engaged in the embarrassed trade. There are fewer buyers than before,—the whole operations of the trade thus temporarily embarrassed are contracted; and the holders of stocks, while reducing or wholly suspending their usual orders for goods, are placed in a serious dilemma. As the credit of all firms connected with the trade is diminished, these firms find that they cannot carry on their business by means of bills to the same extent as before. Payment by bills falls into disrepute, and payments by cash are proportionately increased. There are only two ways in which cash can be got to meet this increased demand for it. The merchants must either make sales of their goods to an unusual extent, or they must discount the reserve of bills which they usually keep on hand. They are unwilling to take the former course—that is to say, to make forced sales,—because the market is already depressed, and extra sales would depress it still further. Rather than submit to this great loss, they take their reserve of bills to the banks. When they cannot make sales except at a great loss, they seek to meet the emergency by discounting every bill which they have on hand. If they obtain the usual accommodation from the banks, the difficulty is tided over; and in due course the trade recovers from its temporary embarrassment, and things go on as before. But if the banks, instead of assisting this branch of

industry, create embarrassment for all trade alike, by raising the rate of discount, then the evil is seriously augmented. The position of the embarrassed trade is still further deteriorated; and, what is worse, the markets for all kinds of goods are depressed, so that a temporary embarrassment of one branch of trade is not only prolonged, but is also extended to all kinds of trade,—so that the whole industry of the country is greatly, as well as needlessly, injured.

There is a great difference between this and the previous case. In the former there was increased trade, and of course an increased demand for capital to carry on that trade. In the latter there is a contraction of trade, and a diminished demand for capital. But this diminished demand to a certain extent assumes a new form. In proportion as commercial credit is weakened, and commercial currency (bills) falls into disrepute, a greater demand arises for the currency supplied by banks,—*i. e.*, bank-notes. Trade, in ordinary times, supplies (by means of bills) the currency required for its wholesale operations; but when the credit of that currency to any extent fails, the deficiency must be supplied by means of bank-notes. These notes are not meant to be cashed: they are simply needed to fill the vacuum created by the *temporary* disrepute of bills. Therefore they might safely be issued without any increase of the stock of specie held by the banks. Nevertheless the demand for banking loans is increased, and the banks are entitled to consult their own interests in meeting this demand. When trade can no longer supply the currency by which its operations are carried on, it must borrow the currency which represents the capital and credit of banks. And for such loans the banks are entitled to charge the terms which are most advantageous for themselves.

Thus, in this case as in the previous one—however different they are in other respects—the same con-

clusion is presented. In the first case there is an increased demand for capital, because trade is prosperous and profits (it may be presumed) are large. In the second case there is a diminished demand for capital, for trade is embarrassed and contracted. In the former case there is certainly an increased demand for loanable capital of all kinds; in the latter, all that can be said is, that the demand upon the banks for loans is increased compared with the total amount of business carried on. But in either case the rate of discount—the charge for banking capital on loan—is a matter which the Banks and Trade ought to be left to settle between themselves by free competition. The banks, as we have already said, may make an increase of profits by simply enlarging their discounts, without raising the rate; or they may make a double profit by at the same time charging more for their advances. And again we say, they are entitled to do so,—provided that the law of supply and demand is allowed to act under natural conditions—*i. e.*, by means of free competition. But here, as in the previous case, we encounter the action of a vicious monopoly. And, although we hold that the rate of interest should be unfettered in its movements, we demand, on the principle of free-trade, that no artificial influences should be interposed,—and that our banks, instead of being dominated by the Bank of England, should all of them equally have the means of lending their capital,—so that free competition, and not monopoly, should regulate the rate of interest.

An increased demand for bank-notes likewise occurs when some bank of issue fails. In this case the public are quite willing to take the notes of other banks; but the Bank Acts prevent any increase in the issues of these banks, save under conditions which produce a drain for notes or gold upon the Bank of England, of which we shall speak *infra*.

II. Hitherto we have been considering the position of banks when the demand upon them is not for gold, but simply for an increased supply of domestic currency in the form of notes. Let us now consider the position of banks when an increased demand for gold arises. This may be either an internal demand or an external one—*i. e.*, for export.

(1.) An internal demand for gold. Such a demand only arises when one or more banks lose the confidence of their customers, and when these demand payment of their deposits in gold. In England, such a demand can only be made upon the Bank of England. As the notes of the Bank are a legal tender throughout England (except at the Bank itself), any bank upon which a run is made for deposits can, and does make payment in Bank of England notes. Thus when any English bank or banks are considered unsafe, and have to sustain a run for deposits, no drain of gold is occasioned, either from them or from the Bank of England. For the Bank of England, upon which alone a demand for payments in gold can be made, never loses the confidence of the public: it has never sustained a run for gold, in payment either of its notes or deposits, owing to any apprehensions as to its solvency, for the last hundred years and more,—never since the Pretender and his Highlanders were at Derby in 1745. Thus, as the credit of the Bank of England is never doubted, and as a run upon any other English banks is met by payments in its notes, an internal demand for gold (that is to say, a demand of specie for domestic use, and not for export) never arises in England.

The internal drains of gold which the Bank of England has occasionally to meet, come from Scotland and Ireland. Bank of England notes are not a legal tender in those countries, and accordingly, when a run for deposits is made upon a Scotch or Irish bank, such a run has to be met to

a large extent by payments in gold. The threatened bank may obtain a supply of gold either from its neighbour banks, or from the Bank of England. If its neighbour banks are assured of its solvency, the difficulty is easily surmountable. The gold withdrawn from a bank owing to a distrust of its solvency is never kept in hand by those who withdraw it, but is immediately deposited anew in some of the neighbouring banks. It is seldom a single hour out of bank. Hence if the threatened establishment is known to be solvent by its fellow-banks, all that they have to do is simply to return to it the gold as fast as it is withdrawn: and the crisis is quickly at an end, without any drain (worth mention) being made upon the Bank of England. Even if the threatened bank is in bad odour, and consequently is not supported by its neighbours, the drain of gold which it makes, or can make, upon the Bank of England, is inconsiderable. It can only make that drain by selling its reserve of Government stock, and, by means of the notes thus received, withdrawing an equal amount of gold from the Bank of England. But in the case of an ill-conducted or insolvent bank, this reserve of convertible securities is always exceptionally small. So that the bank fails, without having in its power to make any considerable draft upon the stock of gold in the Bank of England. And after its failure, the vacuum produced in the currency by the lapse of its notes (supposing it to be a bank of issue) would naturally be filled by an increased issue on the part of its neighbour banks—whose solvency has been unquestioned, and whose notes would be received by the public as readily as gold.

It is obvious that when a discredited bank has to meet "a run," the raising of the rate of interest can be of no use to it,—the demand upon it being, not for loans, but for payment of its deposits. In fact, the raising of the Bank-rate in

such circumstances only increases the dilemma: it increases the panic, and, by weakening credit generally, tends to create a "run" upon other banks also. Thus it is impolitic for the neighbours of a discredited bank to raise their rate of discount: nor, indeed, do the circumstances of the case justify such a course. When a Scotch or Irish bank fails, the increased demand for the notes of the other banks is pure gain to them. The increased issue is needed simply to fill the void occasioned by the withdrawal of the notes of the suspended bank. The addition to the liabilities of the other banks, by an extension of their note-circulation, is in such circumstances only nominal; while the addition to their profits is very tangible. Hence the failure of a Scotch or Irish bank furnishes no reason for the other banks raising the rate of interest.

If banking in this country existed under natural conditions, the failure of a bank of issue would, as affecting the currency, be a difficulty easily surmounted, and the drain upon the Bank of England would be trivial alike in its amount and in its effects. But our present monetary laws immensely aggravate the difficulty in Scotland and Ireland, and certainly quadruple the drain for gold arising in such circumstances upon the Bank of England. If the Scotch and Irish banks were allowed to extend their issues, to meet an exceptional demand for their notes on the part of the public, there would be no drain for gold, from either country, upon the Bank of England—or next to none. When a "run" takes place upon a Scotch or Irish bank, the depositors of the discredited bank would readily, or at least to a large extent, accept the notes of the other banks in payment instead of gold. Or if a bank of issue failed, the withdrawal of its notes would be compensated at once, and to the entire satisfaction of the public, by an increase of the note-circulation of the other banks—for which increased issue, as we have said, there is no

need for an *equal* increase in the stock of gold kept by these banks. Under the present monetary laws, however, no addition to this note-circulation can be made by the Scotch banks unless they previously procure an equal amount of gold; and the Irish banks are not allowed to extend their issues upon any terms. Hence it is that every run upon a Scotch or Irish bank, or any bank-failure in these countries, produces, and must produce, a drain of gold from the Bank of England. Previous to 1844, no drain of gold from the Bank of England ever came from Scotland; and if the Scotch banks enjoyed their old freedom, no such drain would take place now. The Scotch prefer the notes of their own banks, not only to Bank of England notes, but to gold itself. And if the banks and the community were allowed to manage their own affairs in this respect, the occasional drain upon the Bank of England, proceeding from Scotland, of which the English complain so much, would never have an existence. It is simply the consequence of the restrictions placed upon the Scotch banks, by a legislation with which the Scotch as a nation have no sympathy whatever.

(2.) An external drain of gold. This always takes place in the form of a demand for payment of deposits in gold. It arises from no distrust of the solvency of the banks, but from an exceptional requirement of Trade, which calls for an increased export of international currency. And the merchants engaged in foreign trade who have to make such payments in international currency withdraw their deposits from the banks in gold, in order that they may send the precious metal abroad.

The difference between this and an internal drain is, that the latter is made upon deposits already existing in a bank, which are withdrawn because the bank is distrusted; whereas, in the former case, new deposits are made for the purpose of withdrawing the amount in

gold. Merchants discount bills at the Bank, and then immediately withdraw the amount in gold. The demand for loans at the Bank is not increased. It is not more capital that is wanted, but more capital in the form of gold. So far as concerns the supply and demand for banking capital, there is no ground for raising the rate of discount; for no more banking capital is wanted than before. But then the demand assumes an embarrassing form for the banks. And as banks, like other establishments, are entitled to carry on their business in the way most profitable to themselves, they are at liberty to deal with this embarrassing demand for gold in the most efficacious manner.

The difficulty imposed upon banks by an external drain of gold is this. They are bound to pay their notes and their deposits in gold, and any diminution of their stock of gold diminishes their means of meeting this liability. To pay their notes and deposits in gold is a necessity; but to make loans, by discounting bills, is optional. They make such loans only for their own advantage. Accordingly, when they find that to discount a certain class of bills is a disadvantage to them—that the embarrassment occasioned by the withdrawal of gold is greater than the profit upon the discount of such bills—they are entitled either to refuse to discount such bills, or to exact a higher charge for doing so.

If the Bank—upon which the burden of external drains chiefly, if not entirely, falls—were to take this course, its policy would be justifiable (although Trade would still have reason to complain as long as the monopoly exists which prevents other establishments from competing with the Bank on equal terms). But the Bank does not take this course. Instead of confining its restrictive policy to the bills which are brought to it to be discounted in order that the amount may be withdrawn in gold, the Bank raises its charges upon all bills—it wages war upon

the whole Trade of the country. Nor does it even diminish the amount of its discounts. As the embarrassment to the Bank caused by an external drain arises from the fact that a certain class of its discount-operations diminishes its resources for meeting its liabilities to note-holders and depositors, the natural remedy would be for the Bank either to exact higher charges for discounting bills which are brought to it as a means of obtaining gold, or, if such discrimination were impossible, to protect its depositors and note-holders by limiting the amount of its discounts. At first sight it may seem that this would be accomplished by the course which the Bank takes—namely, by raising the rate of discount for all bills. But such is not the actual result. And, plainly, the attainment of this result is not the object which regulates the policy of the Bank. The *immediate* effect of a high Bank-rate is, not to lessen the demand for discounts, but to increase it. And when this increased demand arises, the Bank meets it—only it charges higher terms than before. What, then, is the object which the Bank keeps in view when an external drain of gold arises? Obviously, the means which it employs—namely, raising the rate of discount, while discounting as much as before—are highly profitable to it. And this doubtless is an object of itself, and one which the Bank duly appreciates, though it does not confess to it. But there is another, which is equally worthy of attention.

The Bank is a private establishment which, like every other, seeks to make the largest amount of profit out of its transactions. Now, when an external drain of gold takes place, its object is—just as in other cases—to avoid a loss, and also to make a profit if it can. It makes a profit by discounting as largely as before, while charging a higher rate of interest. And this higher rate of discount at the same time tends to bring back the gold

into its coffers. At whose expense? If the Bank were to employ the increased profit which it makes by raising the rate of discount, in procuring for itself a supply of gold from abroad, the loss would still be borne by Trade. But the Bank, by raising the rate of discount, makes a double gain, and imposes upon Trade a double loss. For while the raising of the rate of discount adds to the profits of the Bank, the effects of the high rate are such as to supply the Bank with gold at no expense to itself. The effect of a high bank-rate is, (1) to contract the whole trade of the country, so that less gold is sent abroad in payment of orders for goods; (2) to depreciate all kinds of property, and thereby induce foreigners to send over gold for the purpose of making purchases; (3) to deter foreign merchants who have bills upon England from sending them over to be discounted and cashed. All these effects of a high bank-rate are directly hostile to Trade. In this, as in many other instances, it is the Bank *versus* Trade. It is a serious question, truly, when banks, which ought to be the allies of trade, become its greatest foes. Nevertheless, we repeat, the great rule is that every branch of trade shall attend to its own interests. If banks, instead of providing themselves with gold at their own cost, can throw that burden upon trade—and not only that, but make a profit out of the transaction besides—all we have to say is, “So be it. Only do not let the Government, by conferring a monopoly of the means of lending capital, prevent free competition. Let Trade and the Banks be allowed to settle the matter on equal terms between them. Let Trade, since it feels itself aggrieved, establish or support banks which are willing to deal fairly by it, and which shall have the means of doing so, instead of being condemned to helplessness by the dependence in which all banks are at present placed by the

monopoly conferred upon the Bank of England.”

The extent to which the banks are affected by an external drain of gold has, from obvious motives, been greatly exaggerated. There is no cashing of notes on such occasions. The notes remain in as good repute as ever. The drain is made partly by depositors withdrawing their money in the form of gold, but chiefly—almost entirely—by persons taking their bills to the Bank, in order to be discounted, and thereupon demanding payment of the amount in gold. Never once has the public lost faith in the notes of the Bank of England, or of any other bank, owing to an external drain of gold. In 1797, and again in 1826, when the greatest drains of gold for export occurred, and also in 1847, the note-holders never lost confidence in the slightest degree. In 1797, the notes continued in as good repute, and at the same value, after the suspension of payments in gold, as before. And in 1826 and 1847, the notes were entirely unaffected either in credit or value by the great export of gold. Such also was the case with the notes of the American banks during the suspension of specie-payments in 1857. Not the slightest depreciation of these notes took place.

In fact, the notes of a bank which is known to be solvent are never discredited with the public. It is only when a bank is distrusted that any desire arises for converting its notes into gold. And at such times, the demands of the note-holders are quite trivial as compared with those of the depositors. The old idea, and seemingly the still current one, is, that bank failures arise from the note-issues,—from the public losing faith in the notes, and requiring payment of them in gold. This is an illusion. Any bank (except the Bank of England) can easily pay all its notes in gold. It is the run for deposits which is the fatal thing. And this is not caused in the slight.

est degree by an unusual export of gold, but by a bank or banks becoming suspected of insolvency. It is not a drain of gold which causes a banking crisis, but the measures adopted by the Bank of England to meet the drain. The Bank-rate is raised, credit is contracted, the markets are depressed, and numerous mercantile failures occur. These mercantile failures of themselves endanger the position of banks, and tend to produce a run. Panic is abroad,—and when the public see many firms failing, who are known to have had large dealings with a particular bank, the credit of that bank is shaken, and a run upon it is made for deposits. No bank of itself can sustain such a run; and if one bank fails, the panic is still more increased, and a run commences upon other banks also. This, we repeat, is not the consequence of an export of gold, but of the mercantile losses occasioned by the raising of the bank-rate and concomitant contraction of credit, which create a domestic panic, and at the same time weaken the position of many banks by causing the failure of merchants whose bills they have discounted. As long as a bank is known to be solvent, its notes circulate freely under all circumstances. It is only when a bank is suspected of insolvency that a run is made upon it: and nothing tends so much to produce such a run as a high bank-rate and contraction of credit, which, by producing panic and failures of a bank's customers, tend equally to destroy the credit of the bank itself.

There is no reason, therefore, for diminishing note-issues, when an external drain of gold occurs, from any apprehension of the notes losing credit, and being brought to be cashed. Indeed in exceptional times (as during the war with Napoleon I.), when not only the bullion in banks, but even a considerable portion of our sovereigns, or retail currency, is exported, an increased issue of bank-notes is imperatively called

for. The public require such an increase of notes, to take the place of the exported sovereigns, and they are as freely accepted at such times as if the vaults of the issuing banks were filled with the yellow metal. During the long suspension of cash-payments—from 1797 to 1819—the bank of England note was not (as it is now) a legal tender; yet notwithstanding, not only the notes of the Bank of England, but those of hundreds of other banks, were freely accepted, and circulated in good repute, although it was known that they could not be converted into gold. The gold was not wanted: the notes did all that was required.

Moreover, and as the public well know, a drain of gold is a mere temporary difficulty. In ordinary circumstances, such a drain is over in three months, and the gold accumulates in the Bank as before. And besides this feature of an external drain, there are two others equally worthy of notice. (1) When gold is exported, it is only serving the very purpose for which it is kept on hand. Nobody wants it for domestic currency. It is kept only as a stock of international currency, to be sent abroad when required. Why, then, should the Bank take alarm when this international currency is being put to its proper use?—especially as it will all come back again, in natural course, in two or three months? Moreover, (2) a drain of gold always tends to stop of itself. It is not an indefinite drain which may go on *ad infinitum*. On the contrary, each drain has certain limits, which it cannot exceed. Every million of gold exported lessens the drain to an equal amount. It is the very thing that is wanted to restore the equilibrium—to “correct the exchanges.” The apprehensions entertained in regard to a drain of gold are quite unfounded. But for our defective monetary laws, and the injurious policy adopted by the Bank, the occasional and transient drains of gold for export would be perfectly innocu-

ous—would produce no evil consequences either to our domestic currency or to our trade. A drain of specie, we repeat, instead of being like the escape of water from a reservoir through a hole that requires to be stopped, resembles an overflow into some reservoir of temporarily lower level; every such overflow naturally and inevitably tending to stop of itself.

It is commonly believed that the raising of the Bank-rate attracts gold from other countries. But, as a matter of fact, this is not the case. An external drain being of merely transient duration, there is little inducement for foreign capitalists to make a transference of their wealth—to withdraw their capital from the enterprises in which it is embarked in order to make a new investment of it in another country. Such a transference of capital is not so easily made as some authorities imagine. Besides, even if it could be made with perfect ease and rapidity, capitalists have no adequate motive to do so. And the reason is obvious. Whenever the Bank-rate in this country is raised, the banks of other countries immediately follow suit. They raise their rate of discount in proportion to every change made by the Bank of England. So that the raising of the Bank-rate, as regards the attracting of gold from other countries, is absolutely devoid of result. Its only effect is to inflict losses upon the commercial classes. The only way in which a high rate of discount tends to replenish the Bank's stock of gold is by killing Trade, and thereby lessening the requirement for international currency—*i. e.*, specie. By paralysing the national industry—by inflicting heavy losses upon trade, and producing a host of bankruptcies—a great contraction of business ensues; the usual orders for foreign goods, the raw material of our industry, are suspended; and thus gold accumulates in the banks, simply because Trade has no longer any use for it.

This is really a war-policy on the part of the Banks against Trade. And as Trade, under the present system of monopoly of issue, cannot unite to support, or establish, a bank which has the least chance of being able to compete with the Bank of England, the interests of industry are helpless in the struggle. This hardship is all the greater inasmuch as, during an external drain for gold, there is not any increased demand for capital at all—no solid cause for raising the value of capital on loan—but simply a banking difficulty, which the Bank itself ought to take measures to meet. Yet, so far from doing so, it not only throws the whole burden upon Trade, but actually makes occasion to enlarge its own profits.

Having considered the causes which at present affect the Rate of Interest in this country, it remains for us to show the manner and extent to which these causes operate.

There are two points in the recent policy of the Bank of England which call for special attention. One of these is the excessive fluctuations in the Bank-rate—in the value of money on loan. In former times the rate of interest was comparatively steady. The Bank of England, in common with the other banks, used to reason in this way. They said—"The rate of profits—and therefore the value of money on loan—varies little; from year to year it is nearly the same." And, acting accordingly, they were slow to alter the rate merely in consequence of a change in the amount of their stock of specie. They paid regard to the normal influences which regulate the rate of interest—namely, the amount of supply of loanable capital, and the extent of the demand for it,—and minimised the effects of the subordinate element in the question, namely, the stock of specie. A diminution of specie in the banks is a purely banking difficulty, which does not necessarily affect the law of supply and demand in regard to

capital, by which the rate of interest ought to be regulated. But now the Bank takes quite a different course. It pays no regard at all to the law of supply and demand, and regulates the rate of interest entirely by the amount of specie which may happen to be in its vaults. What is more: a most insignificant variation in its stock of specie is held to justify an enormous fluctuation in the rate of interest—in the value of capital on

loan. A variation in the Bank's stock of bullion to the extent of two millions sterling is now made the ground for altering the Bank-rate to the extent of fully 100 per cent. In illustration of this, take the facts of the day, as condensed in the following table. The last eight months are divided into periods corresponding with the changes in the Bank-rate, and the average amount of gold in the Bank is given for each of these periods:—

	Bullion.	Bank-Rate.
Sept. 7.—Nov. 9, 1864.	£13,070,000	9 per cent.
Nov. 9.—Nov. 24, „	13,750,000	8 „
Nov. 24.—Dec. 14, „	13,986,000	7 „
Dec. 14.—Jan. 12, 1865.	14,116,000	6 „
Jan. 12.—Jan. 26, „	14,183,000	5½ „
Jan. 26.—Mar. 1, „	14,488,000	5 „
Mar. 1.—Mar. 30, „	14,960,000	4½ „
Mar. 30.—May 2, „	15,052,000	4 „

From this it appears that a variation to the extent of 14 per cent (£2,000,000) in the Bank's stock of specie is held to justify a variation in the value of money on loan to the extent of fully 120 per cent! If we take the months previous to the crisis of last year, a similar state of things is presented. For (as shown in our article of last month) a diminution of only £650,000 in its bullion, and of £450,000 in its reserve of notes, was held to justify a rise of the Bank-rate from 6 to 9 and 10 per cent! Such a practice savours of insanity—but it is an insanity which, as we shall immediately see, is by no means unprofitable to the Bank.

The other point worthy of attention is, that, while working this system of incessant variation, the Bank has managed greatly to raise the general level of the rate of interest. Until of late years (and after the passage of the Bank Act), when there were thirteen millions of gold in the Bank, the Bank-rate used to be less than one-half of what, under

similar circumstances, it is at present. This is a very important fact, and one as to which there cannot possibly be any doubt. The statistics of the Bank prove it to demonstration.* In the twenty-five years previous to the passing of the Bank Act (from 1819 to 1844) the rate of discount used to be 4 per cent when the Bank's stock of specie ranged between £11,000,000 and £7,000,000—rising to 6 per cent (as in 1839–40) when the stock of specie fell to £3,000,000. After the passing of the Act of 1844, the Bank used to charge 4 per cent when its specie stood at 12½ millions—a great rise on its previous practice. But now it charges 4 per cent when it has 15 millions of gold, and charges 9 and 10 per cent when its stock of specie still amounts to 13 millions! In this way the Bank has been steadily working up the rate of interest, until it has reached its present high level—that is to say, *double* what it used to be, under similar circumstances, in former times.† The

* See Appendix to Patterson's 'Economy of Capital,' where these statistics are given.

† The same remarks apply to the conduct of the Bank as judged of by the amount of its reserve. The authorities of the Bank have been unanimous in stating that the position of the Bank is entirely satisfactory when the reserve in its banking department (consisting of notes and some coin) amounts to one-third

Bank, in fact, seems to consider that under all circumstances, however transient and exceptional, its stock of bullion ought to amount to twelve millions sterling. It virtually treats these twelve millions as the zero-point in its calculations. It regards £15,000,000 as the normal amount of gold which ought to be in its possession: and each successive diminution below that point to the extent of one-third of a million is accompanied by a rise of 1 per cent in its charge for money on loan. In this way the level—the base-line, so to speak—of the Rate of Interest has become permanently raised. Trade, of course, is proportionately mulcted. The Bank, in fact—and all the banks, which willingly, as well as of necessity, follow its example—now claims for itself a larger portion of the profits of Trade than before. And thus Industry is mulcted to the advantage of Capital.

From this review of the working of our monetary system, it appears that the Rate of Interest, the charge for capital on loan, is by no means regulated by the simple and natural law of supply and demand. It is made to vary from other causes, and sometimes quite irrespective of the comparative scarcity or abundance of capital. Indeed it is remarkable that when Trade is prosperous, and when loans of capital are unusually numerous (in other words, when there is an increased demand for capital), the Bank rate is never so high as when the reverse is the case,—namely, when Trade is being contracted and capital as a whole is in less demand. When Trade is prosperous, and commercial credit consequently is firm, no extra demand for loans is made upon the banks,—Trade itself supplying the currency required for its operations, by means of bills. But when commercial credit is, from any cause,

of the liabilities of the banking department—i. e., its deposits, and seven-day and other bills. But in practice the Bank Court now take a different view of the matter. The following figures, for the last four months of 1864, show each week how much the reserve was above or below the normal point of one-third of the banking liabilities:—

Sept. 7, 5 per cent above				Nov. 9, 25 per cent above			
14, 7	"	"	Average. For 7 weeks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent above. For 2 weeks, 4 per cent below	16, 24	"	"	Average. 82½ per cent above.
21, 14	"	"		23, 34	"	"	
28, 12	"	"		30, 82	"	"	
Oct. 5, $1\frac{1}{2}$	"	below		Dec. 7, 35	"	"	
12, 7	"	"		14, 44	"	"	
19, 7	"	above		21, 38	"	"	
26, $12\frac{1}{2}$	"	"		28, 27	"	"	
Nov. 2, 14	"	"					

It thus appears that during the two months of crisis, when the minimum rate of discount was 9 per cent, the Bank's reserve of notes exceeded one-third of its banking liabilities for 7 weeks to an average extent of $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and fell below it for two weeks to the average extent of 4 per cent; so that this extreme rate was charged while the Bank's position was actually stronger than the most cautious banking authorities have ever held necessary. Moreover, the two weeks when the reserve was a trifle below its normal amount, were those when the quarterly dividends were being paid, at which time there is always an extra demand for notes to the amount of about £1,250,000. If the Bank, then, charges 9 per cent when its reserve is thus in excess of what has ever been held necessary, what rates will it not charge in the case of its reserve becoming seriously diminished? The sole object of maintaining a reserve of one-third of its liabilities is in order that the bank may be able to provide for the temporary diminutions which naturally occur, without disturbing the rate of interest and the ordinary action of the Bank. A reserve which is always in reserve is manifestly useless. But this nullification of the greater part of its reserve is part of the Bank's new system of charging more for its advances, and thereby throwing a new burden upon Trade.

shaken, then—although Trade immediately contracts, and capital as a whole becomes in less demand—there is, or may be, an increased demand for loans from the banks: the credit of banks, as corporate institutions, being of course firmer than that of individuals. This state of matters is visible during every great crisis. Finally, and most frequently, a rise in the rate of interest takes place when there is no increased demand for capital at all, whether banking or commercial, but simply owing to a transient increase in the demand for gold. The ordinary demand for banking capital is not increased, but it assumes a form embarrassing to banks. And in order to rid themselves of this embarrassment, the banks, by raising the rate of interest, adopt a policy which always depresses Trade, and sometimes kills it outright,—killing commercial credit into the bargain, and thereby, despite the high rate, temporarily increasing the demand for banking capital.

Any one who carefully examines the monetary and commercial history of this country, will come to the conclusion that by far the greater part of the disasters which befall our trade proceed from causes external to it. Many of our crises are occasioned entirely by the action of the banks in exorbitantly raising the rate of interest, and thereby bringing to the ground our fabric of commercial credit. And in every case, from whatever cause the crises may originate, the action of the Bank certainly trebles the magnitude of the disaster. When such is the case, it is surely of paramount importance that Trade should be allowed to protect itself against being so slaughtered, and that the legislation which, by preventing free competition, enables the banks to bid defiance to Trade, should be abolished. It is for the interest of banks to lend money at as high a rate as they can. The interest of trade and industry is to get loans at as low a rate as possible. Let there be free trade in

banking—let each bank have a means of lending its capital independent of the others; and then the rival interests of Trade and Banks will be settled justly, in accordance with the natural law of supply and demand. But until this is done, the banks, strong in their monopoly, are enabled to disregard the interests of Trade with impunity, and to think only of extracting from it a larger share of its profits.

In all our great “crises” the monetary element predominates, and produces the chief portion of the mischief. A purely commercial difficulty is easily got over. It is confined almost entirely to a single branch of trade, and the dilemma does not affect the general industry of the country. The Cotton-dearth was the greatest commercial difficulty which ever befell this or any other country; yet it was surmounted with comparatively few failures among the cotton-merchants and manufacturers, and without any disturbance of the general trade of the country. But had the calamity been accompanied by a great rise in the Bank-rate, the cotton dealers and spinners, instead of merely contracting their business, would have been made bankrupt in a body; and a crash of credit would have occurred which would have extended the calamity to every branch of the national industry.

No crises, such as nowadays afflict us, ever occur when trade is carried on by means of barter. Why is this? It will be said, doubtless, “Because, in such a case, there is little trade.” So far as this is true, it is equally true that, in such a case, there is also little capital. But it is not true. In China, for example, the amount of trade carried on is literally enormous. It is probably greater than in all Europe put together. Yet who ever heard of a great commercial crisis in China? When trade is carried on, either wholly or to a great extent, by means of barter, commercial difficulties occur, just as they do in

countries where payments are made in money. But they are easily surmounted, for there is no intrinsic element to complicate and aggravate them. But in a country like ours, where all contracts are made in money, and where there is a monopoly of the issue of money, the case is totally different. An alteration in the value of money affects all industry alike. The currency is a medium which underlies all the operations of trade, and any change in its value affects the value of the whole property of the country. In proportion as the value of money is raised, property of all kinds is depreciated. So that a rise in the value of money, occasioned by the action of the banks (who have the exclusive right of issuing currency), suffices to turn good trade into bad, converts profits into loss, and ruins scores of firms who, but for this change in the value of their goods and securities, would be perfectly solvent, and in many cases wealthy. For example, when the value of money is increased 80 per cent, as usually happens when the minimum Bank-rate is raised to 10 per cent, the selling price of goods, stocks, and property of all kinds is proportionally diminished. The soundest trade cannot stand when subjected to such a trial. Moreover, even when the Bank-rate is not raised in this exorbitant manner, the system of incessant fluctuations in the value of money on loan, perpetually subjects trade to difficulties and perplexities which are quite extraneous to trade itself. In consequence of these fluctuations, a merchant's stock-in-trade, and also the securities which he holds in reserve, are constantly varying in value, from causes over which he has no control, and which, in most cases, it is impossible to foresee,—such changes being occasioned not by any natural increase or diminution in the demand for the merchant's goods, but by the variations in the value of money, the medium or basis upon which all trade is carried on. As Mr.

T. Baring, whose shrewd practical sagacity is perhaps unequalled in either House of Parliament, recently observed, "A constantly varying rate of discount is a positive disadvantage to the progress of trade in any country." Yet such changes in this country are now not only incessant in frequency, but exorbitant in amount. They now take place from the most trifling causes: as we have shown, a diminution of a couple of millions in the large stock of gold held by the Bank, is now held to justify a doubling of the Bank-rate, and the exaction of exorbitant terms of discount, which of themselves produce a crisis, however sound trade may have previously been. In fact, all the great ebbs which at intervals take place in the progress of our national industry are either directly occasioned, or at least immensely magnified, by the action of the Bank in preposterously raising the rate of discount. The policy of the Bank constitutes an ever-recurrent check upon the industrial progress of the country.

The importance to Trade, and to the general welfare of the country, of a right monetary system, is incalculable. A defective monetary system ever and anon produces immense mischief; and under the present Bank Acts the country is subjected to greater hardships than ever yet were combined in any monetary system. Money is a thing of no use of itself: its only use is to facilitate the operations of industry. A good monetary system should afford the means of assisting trade to surmount the temporary difficulties which occasionally befall it. The banks should constitute a reserve of credit which can be freely used to supplement individual credit, and to uphold the fabric of commercial credit upon which the whole operations of industry in this country are dependent. And this is what our banks originally did. The Bank of England was established for the very purpose of assisting the Government and country to surmount a

temporary monetary difficulty. Our metallic money was needed abroad, to carry on the war against the Grand Monarque of France; and the Bank was established for the purpose of interposing its credit in the form of bank-notes to fill the void in the currency. In issuing these notes, the only thing it had to provide for was their convertibility; and to insure this, a stock of specie equal to *one-fifth* of the notes issued, was found to be amply sufficient. But facts and natural laws are quite lost sight of in our present monetary legislation, which was framed upon a bundle and jumble of hypotheses which subsequent experience has proved to be wholly fallacious. Moreover, Banks have become so powerful, and legislation has so freed them from the corrective influence of free competition, that they are now the masters and Trade is the slave. Trade's extremity is their opportunity. When trade becomes embarrassed, instead of helping to tide over the difficulty, the banks only see in it an opportunity to despoil trade to their own profit.

It is true that the extent to which the Bank raises its charges at such times is not wholly attributable to the Bank itself. The limitation imposed upon its note-issues by Act of Parliament, and the appropriation by the State of all the profits upon its issues beyond a certain amount, naturally leads the Bank to charge higher rates. It compensates itself for the burdens imposed upon it by the State by exacting more onerous terms from the public. And as it possesses a virtual monopoly of the currency, it can do so unchecked. In truth, nothing can be more absurd than the course which the State at present adopts towards the Bank. The State says to the Bank, "Owing to the privileges which we conferred upon you in the past, your note-circulation is greatly in excess of what it would otherwise have been; therefore you must pay us a large sum in return for the profits which you are thus enabled

to make." But, at the same time, the State continues to the Bank its monopoly, and is even increasing it; so that the Bank can virtually charge what it likes for the use of its notes. And in this way, whatever imposts the State exacts from the Bank, the Bank in turn transfers to the shoulders of the public! A more illusory process was never conceived. "Let us make the Bank pay for its privileges," say the wisacres at the Treasury; "it is only right that it should pay for its monopoly." Yet they never see, what any school-boy might see, that as long as the Bank's monopoly is continued, it has the means of repaying itself for each and all of the burdens so laid upon it, by exacting a higher rate of charges from the public. And this is just what it does. Besides the extreme rates of 9 and 10 per cent which the Bank charges upon most inadequate grounds, the general level of the Bank-rate is now considerably higher than, under similar circumstances, it used to be. Trade is mulcted in proportion, and has no means of protecting itself. We say again, the Bank is quite justified in attending to its own interests, and making as large profits as it can; but it is not right that it should be allowed to do so without being exposed to the healthy and indispensable check of free competition.

It is needless to speak of the essentially vicious character of a system of monopoly. In this country, at least, the principle of monopoly is universally condemned. Freedom of trade is now the order of the day—the great principle upon which our legislation proceeds. Yet, strange to say, the only branch of trade still invested with the injurious privilege of monopoly is the very one upon which all other trades, the whole industry of the country, is necessarily dependent. In order that trade may be free, not only in each branch of it, but as a whole, there must be freedom of banking also. This last step in the completion of the system of free

competition cannot, we think, be much longer delayed.

In considering the measures to be taken for effecting this great object, two points rise prominently into notice. The first of these is, the conditions which it is advantageous to impose upon the issue of notes. Under the present system, no rule or principle at all is observed in the framing of these conditions. The system—if it can be so called—is a veritable chaos. There is one rule for Scotland, another for Ireland, and another for England. In England also, the conditions imposed upon the Bank of England are totally different from those imposed upon the provincial banks of issue; while the banks established since 1844 are in a distinct category by themselves. Therefore, it is needless to discuss the merits or demerits of these conditions, for they are in the mass wholly illogical, a confused medley, a mass of contradictions. But secondly, whatever be the condi-

tions which it is expedient to impose upon the issue of paper-money—howsoever stringent, or howsoever lax—the great point to be attended to is, that, subject to these conditions, *every bank alike should have the same powers*. Every bank should be, in this respect, in the same position. The law should give no privileges to one which it withholds from the others. Each bank should have the means of employing its capital and credit independent of the others. This principle, we think, is so obviously just, and advantageous for the community, that it is indisputable. Whether this result should be attained by allowing banks to issue notes of their own, or whether they should carry on business by means of notes issued by the State, is a separate and very important question. This question, as well as the conditions to be observed in the issue of notes, whether by the banks themselves or by the State, we shall discuss in our next and concluding article.

HOW TO MAKE A PEDIGREE.*

A NEW SONG.

AIR—"Nelly Gray."

If you'd like a goodly tree
 With a branching pedigree,
 Where you'll stand forth in full ancestral fame,
 Just employ an antiquary,
 Who will humour your vagary,
 And have everything endorsed with some great name.
 If the good Bernard Burke
 Will but put it in his work,
 And he'll scarcely have the heart to say you nay,
 What though Garter King should scowl,
 And the Scottish Lyon growl?
 There's no power that can take your tree away.

Chorus—Oh! good Bernard Burke,
 Please to put me in your work,
 Sure an Irish heart will never say me nay;
 Then though Garter King may scowl,
 And the Scottish Lyon growl,
 Where's the power that can take my tree away?

* See an amusing and interesting little volume, the production obviously of a scientific hand, under the title of 'Popular Genealogists; or, The Art of Pedigree-making.' Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1865.

As the Highland Bible showed,
 There were Grants before the Flood,
 And the Grants still believe it to a man ;
 And the like proof you can bring
 That the Coultharts were the thing
 Ere our own Anno Domini's began.
 Just delete a letter here,
 And insert another there,
 And interpolate what balderdash you please ;
 With this Soldier and Crusader,
 And that Viking and Invader,
 You may soon have the best of pedigrees.

Chorus—Then if good Bernard Burke
 Will but put you in his work,
 And if once you're there you're pretty sure to stay,
 What though Garter King should scowl,
 And the Scottish Lyon growl ?
 There's no power that can take your name away.

You must never care a straw
 Though anachronism or flaw
 Show your History and Heraldry run mad ;
 Though your Peer was but a Ploughman,
 And you've made a Man a Woman,
 And you've charters when no charters could be had.
 If authorities you're scant in,
 As perhaps they're wholly wanting,
 You must ne'er on that account lay down the pen ;
 Quote Schieffusius and Smiglesius,
 With Rhubarbus and Magnesius,
 And the Devil's self can't contradict you then.

Chorus—Then if good Bernard Burke
 Will but put them in his work,
 You've a very pretty chance that there they'll stay ;
 For in spite of Garter's scowl,
 And the Scottish Lyon's growl,
 There's no power that can take such stuff away.

But I'll give you here a hint,
 Your ambitious views to stint ;
 There's a limit that a wise man will not pass
 You may safely vaunt and vapour
 While it's only done on paper,
 But you'd better keep from pannel and from glass.
 For if there you lay a brush,
 It may put you to the blush,
 Should the Lyon at your scutcheon make a dash ;
 If your Arms, so well devised,
 Are not "duly authorised,"
 All your quarters may some morning get a smash.

Chorus—For though good Bernard Burke
 Might still keep you in his work,
 There are others that would something have to say :
 Old Garter with his law,
 And the Lyon with his paw,
 Might then mercilessly tear your Coat away !

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.—THE PICNIC ON HOLY ISLAND.

FROM the day that Sir Brook made the acquaintance of Tom Lendrick and his sister, he determined he would "pitch his tent," as he called it, for some time at Killaloe. They had, so to say, captivated the old man. The young fellow, by his frank, open, manly nature, his ardent love of sport in every shape, his invariable good-humour, and more than all these, by the unaffected simplicity of his character, had strongly interested him; while Lucy had made a far deeper impression by her gentleness, her refinement, an elegance in deportment that no teaching ever gives, and, along with these, a mind stored with thought and reflectiveness. Let us, however, be just to each, and own that her beauty and the marvellous fascination of her smile, gave her, even in that old man's eyes, an irresistible charm. It was a very long bygone, but he had once been in love, and the faint flicker of the memory had yet survived in his heart. It was just as likely Lucy bore no resemblance to her he had loved, but he fancied she did—he imagined that she was her very image. That was the smile, the glance, the tone, the gesture, which once had set his heart a-throbbing, and the illusion threw around her an immense fascination.

She liked him, too. Through all the strange incongruities of his character, his restless love of adventure and excitement, there ran a gentle liking for quiet pleasures. He loved scenery passionately, and with a painter's taste for colour and form; he loved poetry, which he read with a wondrous charm of voice and intonation. Nor was it without its peculiar power, this homage of an old old man, who

rendered her the attentive service of a devoted admirer.

There is a very subtle flattering in the obsequious devotion of age to youth. It is, at least, an honest worship, an unselfish offering, and in this way the object of it may well feel proud of its tribute.

From the Vicar, Dr. Mills, Fossbrooke had learned the chief events of Dr. Lendrick's history, of his estrangement from his father, his fastidious retirement from the world, and last of all his narrow fortune, apparently now growing narrower, since within the last year he had withdrawn his son from the University on the score of its expense.

A gold-medallist and a scholar, Dr. Lendrick would have eagerly coveted such honours for his son. It was probably the one triumph in life he would have set most store by, but Tom was one not made for collegiate successes. He had abilities, but they were not teachable qualities; he could pick up a certain amount of almost anything,—he could learn nothing. He could carry away from a chance conversation an amount of knowledge it had cost the talkers years to acquire, and yet, set him down regularly to work book-fashion, and either from want of energy, or concentration, or of that strong will which masters difficulties, just as a full current carries all before it—whichever of these was his defect—he rose from his task wearied, worn, but unadvanced.

When, therefore, his father would speak, as he sometimes did in confidence to the Vicar, in a tone of depression about Tom's deficiencies, the honest parson would feel perfectly lost in amazement at what he meant. To his eyes Tom Lendrick

was a wonder, a prodigy. There was not a theme he could not talk on, and talk well too. "It was but the other day he told the chief engineer of the Shannon Company more about the geological formation of the river-basin than all his staff knew. Ay, and what's stranger," added the Vicar, "he understands the whole Colenso controversy better than I do myself." It is just possible that in the last panegyric there was nothing of exaggeration or excess. "And with all that, sir, his father goes on brooding over his neglected education, and foreshadowing the worst results from his ignorance."

"He is a fine fellow," said Fossbrooke, "but not to be compared with his sister."

"Not for mere looks, perhaps, nor for a graceful manner, and a winning address; but who would think of ranking Lucy's abilities with her brother's?"

"Not I," said Fossbrooke, boldly, "for I place hers far and away above them."

A sly twinkle of the Parson's eye showed to what class of advantages he ascribed the other's preference; but he said no more, and the controversy ended.

Every morning found Sir Brook at the Swan's Nest. He was fond of gardening, and had consummate taste in laying out ground, so that many pleasant surprises had been prepared for Dr. Lendrick's return. He drew, too, with great skill, and Lucy made considerable progress under his teaching; and as they grew more intimate, and she was not ashamed of the confession that she delighted in the *Georgics* of Virgil, they read whole hours together of those picturesque descriptions of rural life and its occupations, which are as true to nature at this hour as on the day they were written.

Perhaps the old man fancied that it was he who had suggested this intense appreciation of the poet. It is just possible that the young

girl believed that she had reclaimed a wild, erratic, eccentric nature, and brought him back to the love of simple pleasures and a purer source of enjoyment. Whichever way the truth inclined, each was happy, each contented. And how fond are we all, of every age, of playing the missionary, of setting off into the savage districts of our neighbours' natures and combating their false idols, their superstitions and strange rites! The least adventurous and the least imaginative have these little outbursts of conversion, and all are more or less propagandists.

It was one morning, a bright and glorious one too, that while Tom and Lucy were yet at breakfast Sir Brook arrived and entered the breakfast-room.

"What a day for a grey hackle, in that dark pool under the larch trees!" cried Tom, as he saw him.

"What a day for a long walk to Mount Laurel!" said Lucy. "You said, t'other morning, you wanted cloud effects on the upper lake. I'll show you splendid ones to-day."

"I'll promise you a full basket before four o'clock," broke in Tom.

"I'll promise you a full sketch-book, said Lucy, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"And I'm going to refuse both; for I have a plan of my own, and a plan not to be gainsaid."

"I know it. You want us to go to work on that fish-pond. I'm certain it's that."

"No, Tom; it's the catalogue—the weary catalogue that he told me, as a punishment for not being able to find Machiavelli's *Comedies* last week, he'd make me sit down to on the first lovely morning that came."

"Better that than those dreary *Georgics*, which remind one of school, and the third form. But what's your plan, Sir Brook? We have thought of all the projects that can terrify us, and you look as if it ought to be a terror."

"Mine is a plan for pleasure, and

pleasure only; so pack up at once, and get ready. Trafford arrived this morning."

"Where is he? I am so glad! Where's Trafford?" cried Tom, delighted.

"I have despatched him with the Vicar and two well-filled hampers to Holy Island, where I mean that we shall all picnic. There's my plan."

"And a jolly plan, too! I adhere unconditionally."

"And you, Lucy, what do you say?" asked Sir Brook, as the young girl stood with a look of some indecision and embarrassment.

"I don't say that it's not a very pleasant project, but——"

"But what, Lucy? Where's the but!"

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he cried out, "Isn't this too bad? She tells me Nicholas does not like all this gaiety; that Nicholas disapproves of our mode of life."

"No, Tom; I only said Nicholas thinks that papa would not like it."

"Couldn't we see Nicholas? Couldn't we have a commission to examine Nicholas?" asked Sir Brook, laughingly.

"I'll not be on it, that's all I know; for I should finish by chucking the witness into the Shannon. Come along, Lucy; don't let us lose this glorious morning. I'll get some lines and hooks together. Be sure you're ready when I come back."

As the door closed after him, Sir Brook drew near to Lucy where she stood in an attitude of doubt and hesitation. "I mustn't risk your good opinion of me rashly. If you really dislike this excursion, I will give it up," said he, in a low gentle voice.

"Dislike it? No; far from it. I suspect I would enjoy it more than any of you. My reluctance was simply on the ground that all this is so unlike the life we have been leading hitherto. Papa will surely disapprove of it. Oh, there comes Nicholas with a letter!" cried

she, opening the sash-window. "Give it to me; it is from papa."

She broke the seal hurriedly, and ran rapidly over the lines. "Oh, yes! I will go now, and go with delight too. It is full of good news. He is to see grandpapa, if not to-morrow, the day after. He hopes all will be well. Papa knows your name, Sir Brook. He says, 'Ask your friend Sir Brook if he be any relative of a Sir Brook Fossbrooke who rescued Captain Langton some forty years ago from a Neapolitan prison. The print-shops were filled with his likeness when I was a boy.' Was he one of your family?" inquired she, looking up at him.

"I am the man," said he, calmly and coldly. "Langton was sentenced to the galleys for life for having struck the Count d'Aconì across the face with his glove; and the Count was nephew to the King. They had him at Capri working in chains, and I landed with my yacht's crew and liberated him."

"What a daring thing to do!"

"Not so daring as you fancy. The guard was surprised, and fled. It was only when reinforced that they showed fight. Our toughest enemies were the galley-slaves, who, when they discovered that we never meant to liberate them, attacked us with stones. This scar on my temple is a memorial of the affair."

"And Langton, what became of him?"

"He is now Lord Burrowfield. He gave me two fingers to shake the last time I met him at the Travellers."

"Oh, don't say that? Oh, don't tell me of such ingratitude!"

"My dear child, people usually regard gratitude as a debt, which, once acknowledged, is acquitted; and perhaps they are right. It makes all intercourse freer and less trammelled."

"Here comes Tom. May I tell him the story, or will you tell him yourself?"

"Not either, my dear Lucy.

Your brother's blood is over-hot as it is. Let him not have any promptings to such exploits as these."

"But I may tell papa?"

"Just as well not, Lucy. There were scores of wild things attributed to me in those days. He may possibly remember some of them, and begin to suspect that his daughter might be in better company."

"How was it that you never told me of this exploit?" asked she, looking not without admiration at the hard stern features before her.

"My dear child, egotism is the besetting sin of old people, and even the most cautious lapse into it occasionally. Set me once a-talking of myself, all my prudence, all my reserve vanishes; so that as a measure of safety for my friends and myself too, I avoid the theme when I can. There! Tom is beckoning to us. Let us go to him at once."

Holy Island, or Inishcaltra, to give it its Irish name, is a wild spot, with little remarkable about it, save the ruins of seven churches and a curious well of fabulous depth. It was, however, a favourite spot with the Vicar, whose taste in localities was somehow always associated with some feature of festivity, the great merit of the present spot being that you could dine without any molestation from beggars. In such estimation, indeed, did he hold the class, that he seriously believed their craving impotency to be one of the chief reasons of dyspepsia, and was profoundly convinced that the presence of Lazarus at his gate counterbalanced many of the goods which fortune had bestowed upon Dives.

"Here we dine in real comfort," said he, as he seated himself under the shelter of an ivy-covered wall, with a wide reach of the lake at his feet.

"When I come back from California with that million or two," said Tom, "I'll build a cottage here, where we can all come and dine continually."

"Let us keep the anniversary of the present day as a sort of foundation era," said the Vicar.

"I like everything that promises pleasure," said Sir Brook, "but I like to stipulate that we do not draw too long a bill on Fortune. Think how long a year is. This time twelvemonth, for example, you, my dear Doctor, may be a bishop, and not over inclined to these harmless levities. Tom there will be, as he hints, gold-crushing, at the end of the earth. Trafford, not improbably, ruling some rajah's kingdom in the far East. Of your destiny, fair Lucy, brightest of all, it is not for me to speak. Of my own it is not worth speaking."

"Nolo episcopari," said the Vicar; "pass me the madeira."

"You forget, perhaps, that is the phrase for accepting the mitre," said Sir Brook, laughing. "Bishops, like belles, say No when they mean Yes."

"And who told you that belles did?" broke in Lucy. "I am in a sad minority here, but I stand up for my sex."

"I repeat a popular prejudice, fair lady."

"And Lucy will not have it that belles are as illogical as bishops? I see I was right in refusing the bench," said the Vicar.

"What bright boon of Fortune is Trafford meditating the rejection of?" said Sir Brook; and the young fellow's cheek grew crimson as he tried to laugh off the reply.

"Who made this salad?" cried Tom.

"It was I; who dares to question it?" said Lucy. "The Doctor has helped himself twice to it, and that test I take to be a certificate to character."

"I used to have some skill in dressing a salad, but I have foregone the practice for many a day; my culinary gift got me sent out of Austria in twenty-four hours. Oh, it's nothing that deserves the name of a story," said Sir Brook, as the others looked at him for an explana-

tion. "It was as long ago as the year 1806. Sir Robert Adair had been our minister at Vienna, when, a rupture taking place between the two Governments, he was recalled. He did not, however, return to England, but continued to live as a private citizen at Vienna. Strangely enough, from the moment that our embassy ceased to be recognised by the Government, our countrymen became objects of especial civility. I myself, amongst the rest, was the *bien-tenu* in some of the great houses, and even invited by Count Cobourg Cohari to those *déjeûners* which he gave with such splendour at Maria Hülfe.

"At one of these, as a dish of salad was handed round, instead of eating it, like the others, I proceeded to make a very complicated dressing for it on my plate, calling for various condiments, and seasoning my mess in a most refined and ingenious manner. No sooner had I given the finishing touch to my great achievement when the Grand-duchess Sophia, who it seems had watched the whole performance, sent a servant round to beg that I would send her my plate. She accompanied the request with a little bow and smile whose charm I can still recall. Whatever the reason, before I awoke next morning an agent of the police entered my room and informed me my passports were made out for Dresden, and that his orders were to give me the pleasure of his society till I crossed the frontier. There was no minister, no envoy to appeal to, and nothing left but to comply. They said Go, and I went."

"And all for a dish of salad!" cried the Vicar.

"All for the bright eyes of an Archduchess, rather," broke in Lucy, laughing.

The old man's grateful smile at the compliment to his gallantry showed how, even in a heart so world-worn, the vanity of youth survived.

"I declare it was very hard," said Tom—"precious hard."

"If you mean to give up the salad, so think I too," cried the Vicar.

"I'll be shot if I'd have gone," broke in Trafford.

"You'd probably have been shot if you had stayed," replied Tom.

"There are things we submit to in life, not because the penalty of resistance affrights us, but because we half acquiesce in their justice. You, for instance, Trafford, are well pleased to be here on leave, and enjoy yourself, as I take it, considerably; and yet the call of duty—some very commonplace duty, perhaps—would make you return to-morrow in all haste."

"Of course it would," said Lucy.

"I'm not so sure of it," murmured Trafford, sullenly; "I'd rather go into close arrest for a week than I'd lose this day here."

"Bravo! here's your health, Lionel," cried Tom. "I do like to hear a fellow say he is willing to pay the cost of what pleases him."

"I must preach wholesome doctrine, my young friends," broke in the Vicar. "Now that we have dined well, I would like to say a word on abstinence."

"You mean to take no coffee, Doctor, then?" asked Lucy, laughing.

"That I do, my sweet child—coffee and a pipe too, for I know you are tolerant of tobacco."

"I hope she is," said Tom, "or she'd have a poor time of it in the house with me."

"I'll put no coercion upon my tastes on this occasion, for I'll take a stroll through the ruins, and leave you to your wine," said she, rising.

They protested in a mass against her going. "We cannot lock the door, Lucy, *de facto*," said Sir Brook, "but we do it figuratively."

"And in that case I make my escape by the window," said she, springing through an old lancet-shaped orifice in the Abbey wall.

"There goes down the sun and leaves us but a grey twilight," said Sir Brook, mournfully, as he looked after her. "If there were only enough beauty on earth I verily be-

lieve we might dispense with parsons."

"Push me over the bird's-eye, and let me nourish myself till your millennium comes," said the Vicar.

"What a charming girl she is! her very beauty fades away before the graceful attraction of her manner!" whispered Sir Brook to the Doctor.

"Oh, if you but knew her as I do! If you but knew how, sacrificing all the springtime of her bright youth, she has never had a thought save to make herself the companion of her poor father—a sad, depressed, sorrow-struck man, only rescued from despair by that companionship! I tell you, sir, there is more courage in submitting one's self to the nature of another than in facing a battery."

Sir Brook grasped the Parson's hand and shook it cordially. The action spoke more than any words. "And the brother, Doctor—what say you of the brother?" whispered he.

"One of those that the old adage says 'either makes the spoon or spoils the horn.' That's Master Tom there."

Low as the words were uttered they caught the sharp ears of him they spoke of, and with a laughing eye he cried out, "What's that evil prediction you're uttering about me, Doctor?"

"I'm just telling Sir Brook here that it's pure head and tails how you turn out. There's stuff in you to make a hero, but it's just as likely you'll stop short at a highwayman."

"I think I could guess which of the two would best suit the age we live in," said Tom, gaily. "Are we to have another bottle of that Madeira, for I suspect I see the Doctor putting up the corkscrew?"

"You are to have no more wine than what's before you till you land me at the quay of Killaloe. When temperance means safety as well as forbearance, it's one of the first of virtues."

The Vicar, indeed, soon grew impatient to depart. Fine as the evening was then, it might change. There was a feeling, too, not of damp, but chilliness; at all events, he was averse to being on the water late, and as he was the great promoter of these little convivial gatherings, his word was law.

It is not easy to explain how it happened that Trafford sat beside Lucy. Perhaps the trim of the boat required it; certainly, however, nothing required that the Vicar, who sat next Lucy on the other side, should fall fast asleep almost as soon as he set foot on board. Meanwhile, Sir Brook and Tom had engaged in an animated discussion as to the possibility of settling in Ireland as a man settles in some lone island in the Pacific, teaching the natives a few of the needs of civilisation and picking up a few convenient ways of theirs in turn, Sir Brook warming with the theme so far as to exclaim at last, "If I only had a few of those thousands left me which I lost, squandered, or gave away, I'd try the scheme, and you should be my lieutenant, Tom."

It was one of those projects, very pleasant in their way, where men can mingle the serious with the ludicrous—where actual wisdom may go hand in hand with downright absurdity; and so did they both understand it, mingling the very sagest reflections with projects the wildest and most eccentric. Their life, as they sketched it, was to be almost savage in freedom, untrammelled by all the tiresome conventionalities of the outer world, and at the same time offering such an example of contentedness and comfort as to shame the condition of all without the Pale.

They agreed that the Vicar must join them—he should be their Bishop. He might grumble a little at first about the want of hot plates or finger-glasses, but he would soon fall into their ways, and some native squaw would console

him for the loss of Mrs. Brennan's housekeeping gifts.

And Trafford and Lucy all this time—what did they talk of? Did they, too, imagine a future and plan out a life-road in company? For too timid for that—they lingered over the past, each asking some trait of the other's childhood, eager to hear any little incident which might mark character or indicate temper. And at last they came down to the present—to the very hour they lived in, and laughingly wondered at the intimacy that had grown up between them. "Only twelve days to-morrow since we first met," said Lucy, and her colour rose as she said it, "and here we are talking away as if—as if——"

"As if what?" cried he, only by an effort surpressing her name as it rose to his lips.

"As if we knew each other for years. To me it seems the strangest thing in the world—I who have never had friendships or companionships. To you, I have no doubt, it is common enough."

"But it is not," cried he, eagerly. "Such fortune never befell me before. I have gone a good deal into life—seen scores of people in country houses and the like; but I never met any one before I could speak to of myself,—I mean, that I had courage to tell—not that exactly—but that I wanted them to know I wasn't so bad a fellow—so reckless or so heartless as people thought me."

"And is that the character you bear?" said she, with, though not

visible to him, a faint smile on her mouth.

"I think it's what my family would say of me,—I mean now, for once on a time I was a favourite at home."

"And why are you not still?"

"Because I was extravagant; because I went into debt; because I got very easily into scrapes, and very badly out of them—not dishonourably, mind; the scrapes I speak of were money troubles, and they brought me into collision with my governor. That was how it came about I was sent over here. They meant as a punishment what has turned out the greatest happiness of my life."

"How cold the water is," said Lucy, as, taking off her glove, she suffered her hand to dip in the water beside the boat.

"Deliciously cold," said he, as, plunging in his hand, he managed, as though by accident, to touch hers. She drew it rapidly away, however, and then, to prevent the conversation returning to its former channel, said aloud, "What *are* you laughing over so heartily, Sir Brook? You and Tom appear to have fallen upon a mine of drollery. Do share it with us."

"You shall hear it all one of these days, Lucy. Jog the Doctor's arm now and wake him up, for I see the lights at the boathouse, and we shall soon be on shore."

"And sorry I am for it," muttered Trafford, in a whisper: "I wish this night could be drawn out to years."

CHAPTER VI.—WAITING ON.

On the sixth day after Dr. Lendrick's arrival in Dublin—a fruitless journey so far as any hope of reconciliation was concerned—he resolved to return home. His friend Beattie, however, induced him to delay his departure to the next day, clinging to some small hope from a few words that had

dropped from Sir William on that same morning. "Let me see you to-night, Doctor; I have a note to show you which I could not to-day with all these people about me." Now the people in question resolved themselves into one person, Lady Lendrick, who indeed bustled into the room and out of it, slammed

doers and upset chairs in a fashion that might well have excused the exaggeration that converted her into a noun of multitude. A very warm altercation had occurred, too, in the Doctor's presence with reference to some letter from India, which Lady Lendrick was urging Sir William to reply to, but which he firmly declared he would not answer.

"How I am to treat a man subject to such attacks of temper, so easily provoked, and so incessantly irritated, is not clear to me. At all events I will see him to-night, and hear what he has to say to me. I am sure he has no concern with this letter from India." With these words Beattie induced his friend to defer his journey for another day.

It was a long and anxious day to poor Lendrick. It was not alone that he had to suffer the bitter disappointment of all his hopes of being received by his father and admitted to some gleam of future favour, but he had discovered that certain debts which he had believed long settled by the Judge were still outstanding against him, Lady Lendrick having interfered to prevent their payment, while she assured the creditors that if they had patience Dr. Lendrick would one day or other be in a position to acquit them. Between two and three thousand pounds thus hung over him of indebtedness above all his calculations, and equally above all his ability to meet.

"We thought you knew all this, Dr. Lendrick," said Mr. Hack, Sir William's agent; "we imagined you were a party to the arrangement, understanding that you were reluctant to bring these debts under the Chief Baron's eyes, being moneys lent to your wife's relations."

"I believed that they were paid," was all his reply, for the story was a painful one of trust betrayed and confidence abused, and he did not desire to revive it. He had often been told that his step-mother was the real obstacle to all hope of re-

conciliation with his father, but that she had pushed her enmity to him to the extent of his ruin was more than he was prepared for. They had never met, but at one time letters had frequently passed between them. Hers were marvels of good wishes and kind intentions, dashed with certain melancholy reflections over some shadowy unknown something which had been the cause of his estrangement from his father, but which time and endurance might not impossibly diminish the bitterness of, though with very little hope of leading to a more amicable relation. She would assume, besides, occasionally a kind of companionship in sorrow, and, as though the confession had burst from her unawares, avow that Sir William's temper was more than human nature was called upon to submit to, and that years only added to those violent outbursts of passion which made the existence of all around him a perpetual martyrdom. These always wound up with some sweet congratulations on "Tom's good fortune in his life of peaceful retirement," and the "tranquil pleasures of that charming spot of which every one tells me such wonders, and which the hope of visiting is one of my most entrancing day-dreams." We give the passage textually, because it occurred without a change of a word thus in no less than five different letters.

This formal repetition of a phrase, and certain mistakes she made about the names of his children, first opened Lendrick's eyes as to the sincerity and affection of his correspondent, for he was the least suspicious of men, and regarded distrust as a disgrace to him who entertained it.

Over all these things now did he ponder during this long dreary day. He did not like to go out lest he should meet old acquaintances and be interrogated about his father, of whom he knew less than almost every one. He shunned the tone of compassionate interest men met him

with, and he dreaded even the old faces that reminded him of the past. He could not read: he tried, but could not. After a few minutes he found that his thoughts wandered off from the book and centred on his own concerns, till his head ached with the weary round of those difficulties which came ever back, and back, and back again undiminished, unrelieved, and unsolved. The embarrassments of life are not, like chess problems, to be resolved by a skilful combination: they are to be encountered by temper, by patience, by daring, at one time; by submission at another; by a careful consideration of a man's own powers, and by a clear-sighted estimate of his neighbours; and all these exercised not beforehand, nor in retirement, but on the very field itself where the conflict is raging and the fight at its hottest.

It was late at night when Beattie returned home, and entered the study where Lendrick sat awaiting him. "I am very late, Tom," said he, as he threw himself into an arm-chair, like one fatigued and exhausted; "but it was impossible to get away. Never in all my life have I seen him so full of anecdote, so abounding in pleasant recollections, so ready-witted, and so brilliant. I declare to you that if I could but recite the things he said, or give them even with a faint semblance of the way he told them, it would be the most amusing page of bygone Irish history. It was a grand review of all the celebrated men whom he remembered in his youth, from the eccentric Lord Bristol, the Bishop of Down, to O'Connell and Shiel. Nor did his own self-estimate, high as it was, make the picture in which he figured less striking, nor less memorable his concluding words, as he said, 'These fellows are all on history, Beattie,—every man of them. There are statues to them in our highways, and men visit the spots that gave them birth; and here am I, second to none of them. Trinity College

and the Four Courts will tell you if I speak in vanity; and here am I; and the only question about me is, when I intend to vacate the bench, when it will be my good pleasure to resign—they are not particular which—my judgeship or my life. But, sir, I mean not to do either; I mean to live and protest against the inferiority of the men around me, and the ingratitude of the country that does not know how to appreciate the one man of eminence it possesses.' I assure you, Tom, vain and insolent as the speech was, as I listened I thought it was neither. There was a haughty dignity about him, to which his noble head and his deep sonorous voice and his commanding look lent effect that overcame all thought of attributing to such a man any over-estimate of his powers."

"And this note that he wished to show you—what was it?"

"Oh, the note was a few lines written in an adjoining room by Balfour, the Viceroy's secretary. It seems that his Excellency, finding all other seductions fail, thought of approaching your father through you."

"Through *me*! It was a bright inspiration."

"Yes; he sent Balfour to ask if the Chief Baron would feel gratified by the post of Hospital Inspector at the Cape being offered to you. It is worth eight hundred a-year, and a house."

"Well, what answer did he give?" asked Lendrick eagerly.

"He directed Balfour, who only saw Lady Lendrick, to reduce the proposal to writing. I don't fancy that the accomplished young gentleman exactly liked the task, but he did not care to refuse, and so he sat down and wrote one of the worst notes I ever read."

"Worst—in what way?"

"In every way. It was scarcely intelligible, without a previous knowledge of its contents, and so worded as to imply that when the Chief Baron had acceded to the pro-

posal, he had so bound himself in gratitude to the Government that all honourable retreat was closed to him. I wish you saw your father's face when he read it. 'Beattie,' said he, 'I have no right to say Tom must refuse this offer; but if he should do so, I will make the document you see there be read in the House, and my name is not William Lendrick if it do not cost them more than that peerage they so insolently refused me. Go now and consult your friend; it was so he called you. If his wants are such that this place is of consequence to him, let him accept it. I shall not ask his reasons for whatever course he may take. *My* reply is already written, and to his Excellency in person.' This he said in a way to imply that its tone was not one remarkable for conciliation or courtesy.

"I thought the opportunity a favourable one to say that you were in town at the moment, that the accounts of his illness had brought you up, and that you were staying at my house.

"The sooner will you be able to communicate with him, sir,' said he, haughtily."

"No more than that?"

"No more, except that he added, 'Remember, sir, his acceptance or his refusal is to be his own act, not to be intimidated in any way to me, nor to come through me.'"

"This is unnecessary harshness," said Lendrick, with a quivering lip; "there was no need to tell me how estranged we are from each other."

"I fancied I could detect a struggle with himself in all his sternness; and his hand trembled when I took it to say 'good-bye.' I was going to ask if you might not be permitted to see him, even for a brief moment; but I was afraid, lest in refusing he might make a reconciliation still more remote, and so I merely said, 'May I leave you those miniatures I showed you a few days ago?' His answer was, 'You may leave them, sir.'"

"As I came down to the hall I

met Lady Lendrick. She was in evening dress, going out, but had evidently waited to catch me as I passed."

"You find the Chief much better, don't you?" asked she. I bowed and assented. "And he will be better still," added she, "when all these anxieties are over." She saw that I did not or would not apprehend her meaning, and added, "I mean about this resignation, which, of course, you will advise him to. The Government are really behaving so very well, so liberal, and withal so delicate. If they had been our own people I doubt if they would have shown anything like the same generosity."

"I have heard of nothing but the offer to Dr. Lendrick," said I.

"She seemed confused, and moved on; and then recovering herself, said, 'And a most handsome offer it is. I hope he thinks so.'"

"With this we parted, and I believe now I have told you almost word for word everything that occurred concerning you."

"And what do *you* say to all this, Beattie?" asked Lendrick, in a half sad tone.

"I say that if in your place, Tom, I would accept. It may be that the Chief Baron will interpose and say, 'Don't go; or it may be that your readiness to work for your bread should conciliate him; he has long had the impression that you are indisposed to exertion, and too fond of your own ease.'"

"I know it—I know it; Lady Lendrick has intimated as much to me."

"At all events, you can make no mistake in entertaining the project, and certainly the offer is not to be despised."

"It is of him, and of him alone, I am thinking, Beattie. If he would let me see him, admit me once more on my old terms of affection, I would go anywhere, do anything that he counselled. Try, my dear friend, to bring this about; do your best for me, and remember I will subscribe

to any terms, submit to anything, if he will only be reconciled to me."

"It will be hard if we cannot manage this somehow," said Beat-

tie; "but now let us to bed. It is past two o'clock. Good night, Tom; sleep well, and don't dream of the Cape or the Caffres."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR.

That ancient and incongruous pile which goes by the name of the Castle in Dublin, and to which Irishmen very generally look as the well from which all honours and places flow, is not remarkable for either the splendour or space it affords to the inmates beneath its roof. Upheld by a great prestige perhaps, as in the case of certain distinguished people, who affect a humble exterior and very simple belongings, it may deem that its own transcendent importance has no need of accessories. Certainly the ugliness of its outside is in no way unbalanced by the meanness within; and even the very highest of those which claim its hospitality are lodged in no princely fashion.

In a corner of the old red brick quadrangle, to the right of the state-entrance, in a small room whose two narrow windows looked into a lane, sat a very well-dressed young gentleman at a writing table. Short and disposed to roundness in face as well as figure, Mr. Cholmondely Balfour scarcely responded in appearance to his imposing name. Nature had not been as bountiful, perhaps, as Fortune; for while he was rich, well-born, and considerably gifted in abilities, his features were unmistakably common and vulgar, and all the aids of dress could not atone for the meanness in his general look. Had he simply accepted his image as a thing to be quietly borne and submitted to, the case might not have been so very bad; but he took it as something to be corrected, changed, and ameliorated, and the result was a perpetual struggle to make the most ordinary traits and commonplace features appear the impress of one on whom Nature

had written gentleman. It would have been no easy task to have imposed on him in a question of his duty. He was the private secretary of the Viceroy, who was his maternal uncle. It would have been a tough task to have misled or deceived him in any matter open to his intelligence to examine; but upon this theme, there was not the inventor of a hair-wash, a skin-paste, a whisker-dye, or a pearl-powder, that might not have led him captive. A bishop might have found difficulty in getting audience of him—a barber might have entered unannounced; and while the lieutenant of a county sat waiting in the antechamber, the tailor, with a new waistcoat pattern walked boldly into the august presence. Entering life by that *petite porte* of politics, an Irish office, he had conceived a very humble estimate of the people amongst whom he was placed. Regarding his extradition from Whitehall and its precincts as a sort of probationary banishment, he felt, however, its necessity; and as naval men are accredited with two years of service for every one year on the coast of Africa, Mr. Balfour was aware that a grateful Government could equally recognise the devotion of him who gave some of the years of his youth to the Fernando Po of statecraft.

This impression being rarely personal in its consequences was not of much moment, but it was conjoined with a more serious error, which was to imagine that all rule and governance in Ireland should be carried on with a Machiavellian subtlety. The people, he had heard, were quick-witted; he must therefore out-manœuvre them. Jobbery

had been, he was told, the ruin of Ireland; he would show its inefficiency by the superior skill with which he could wield its weapon. To be sure his office was a very minor one, its influence very restricted, but Mr. Balfour was ambitious; he was a Viceroy's nephew; he had sat four months in the House, from which he had been turned out on a petition. He had therefore social advantages to build on, abilities to display, and wrongs to avenge; and as a man too late for the train speculates during the day how far on his road he might have been by this time or by that, so did Mr. Balfour continually keep reminding himself how, but for that confounded petition, he might now have been a Treasury this or a Board of Trade that—a corporal, in fact, in that great army whose commissioned officers are amongst the highest in Europe.

Let us now present him to our reader, as he lay back in his chair, and by a hand bell summoned his messenger.

"I say, Watkins, when Clancy calls about those trousers show him in, and send some one over to the packet-office about the phosphorus blacking; you know we are on the last jar of it. If the Solicitor-General should come——"

"He is here, sir; he has been waiting these twenty minutes. I told him you were with his Excellency."

"So I was—so I always am," said he, throwing a half-smoked cigar into the fire. "Admit him."

A pale, careworn, anxious-looking man, whose face was not without traces of annoyance at the length of time he had been kept waiting, now entered and sat down.

"Just where we were yesterday, Pemberton," said Balfour, as he arose and stood with his back to the fire, the tails of his gorgeous dressing-gown hanging over his arms. "Intractable as he ever was; he won't die, and he won't resign."

"His friends says he is perfectly

willing to resign if you agree to his terms."

"That may be possible; the question is, What are his terms? Have you a precedent of a Chief Baron being raised to the peerage?"

"It's not, as I understand, the peerage he insists on; he inclines to a moneyed arrangement."

"We are too poor, Pemberton,—we are too poor. There's a deep gap in our customs this quarter. It's reduction we must think of, not outlay."

"If the changes *are* to be made," said the other, with a tone of impatience, "I certainly ought to be told at once, or I shall have no time left for my canvass."

"An Irish borough, Pemberton—an Irish borough requires so little," said Balfour with a compassionate smile.

"Such is not the opinion over here, sir," said Pemberton, stiffly; "and I might even suggest some caution in saying it."

"Caution is the badge of all our tribe," said Balfour, with a burlesque gravity. "By the way, Pemberton, his Excellency is greatly disappointed at the issue of these Cork trials; why didn't you hang these fellows?"

"Juries can no more be coerced here than in England; they brought them in not guilty."

"We know all that, and we ask you why? There certainly was little room for doubt in the evidence."

"When you have lived longer in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, you will learn that there are other considerations in a trial than the testimony of the witnesses."

"That's exactly what I said to his Excellency; and I remarked, if Pemberton comes into the House, he must prepare for a sharp attack about these trials."

"And it is exactly to ascertain if I am to enter Parliament that I have come here to-day," said the other, angrily.

"Bring me the grateful tidings

that the Lord Chief Baron has joined his illustrious predecessors in that distinguished court, I'll answer you in five minutes."

"Beattie declares he is better this morning. He says that he has in all probability years of life before him."

"There's nothing so hard to kill as a judge, except it be an archbishop. I believe a sedentary life does it; they say if a fellow will sit still and never move he may live to any age."

Pemberton took an impatient turn up and down the room, and then wheeling about directly in front of Balfour, said—"If his Excellency knew perhaps that I do not want the House of Commons——"

"Not want the House—not wish to be in Parliament?"

"Certainly not. If I enter the House it is as a law-officer of the Crown; personally, it is no object to me."

"I'll not tell him that, Pem. I'll keep your secret safe, for I tell you frankly it would ruin you to reveal it."

"It's no secret, sir; you may proclaim it—you may publish it in the 'Gazette.' But really we are wasting much valuable time here. It is now two o'clock, and I must go down to Court. I have only to say that if no arrangement be come to before this time to-morrow——" He stopped short. Another word might have committed him, but he pulled up in time.

"Well, what then?" asked Balfour, with a half smile.

"I have heard you pride yourself, Mr. Balfour," said the other, recovering, "on your skill in nice negotiation; why not try what you could do with the Chief Baron?"

"Are there women in the family?" said Balfour, caressing his mustache.

"No; only his wife."

"I've seen her," said he, contemptuously.

"He quarrelled with his only son, and has not spoken to him, I

believe, for nigh thirty years, and the poor fellow is struggling on as a country doctor somewhere in the west."

"What if we were to propose to do something for him? Men are often not averse to see those assisted whom their own pride refuses to help."

"I scarcely suspect you'll acquire his gratitude that way."

"We don't want his gratitude, we want his place. I declare I think the idea a good one. There's a thing now at the Cape, an inspectorship of something—Hottentots or hospitals, I forget which. His Excellency asked to have the gift of it; what if we were to appoint this man?"

"Make the crier of his Court a Commissioner in Chancery, and Baron Lendrick will be more obliged to you," said Pemberton, with a sneer. "He is about the least forgiving man I ever knew or heard of."

"Where is this son of his to be found?"

"I saw him yesterday walking with Dr. Beattie. I have no doubt Beattie knows his address. But let me warn you once more against the inutility of the step you would take. I doubt if the old Judge would as much as thank you."

Balfour turned round to the glass and smiled sweetly at himself, as though to say that he had heard of some one who knew how to make these negotiations successful—a fellow of infinite readiness, a clever fellow, but withal one whose good looks and distinguished air left even his talents in the background.

"I think I'll call and see the Chief Baron myself," said he. "His Excellency sends twice a-day to inquire, and I'll take the opportunity to make him a visit—that is, if he will receive me."

"It is doubtful. At all events, let me give you one hint for your guidance. Neither let drop Mr. Attorney's name nor mine in your

conversation; avoid the mention of any one whose career might be influenced by the Baron's retirement; and talk of him less as a human being than as an institution that is destined to endure as long as the British constitution."

"I wish it was a woman—if it was only a woman I had to deal with, the whole affair might be deemed settled."

"If you should be able to do anything before the mail goes out to-night, perhaps you will inform

me," said Pemberton, as he bowed and left the room. "And these are the men they send over here to administer the country!" muttered he, as he descended the stairs—"such are the intelligences that are to rule Ireland! Was it Voltaire who said there was nothing so inscrutable in all the ways of Providence as the miserable smallness of those creatures to whom the destiny of nations was committed."

Ruminating over this, he hastened on to a *nisi prius* case.

CHAPTER VIII.—A PUZZLING COMMISSION.

As Colonel Cave re-entered his quarters after morning parade in the Royal Barracks of Dublin, he found the following letter, which the post had just delivered. It was headed, "Strictly Private," with three dashes under the words:—

"Holt-Trafford.

"MY DEAR COLONEL CAVE,—Sir Hugh is confined to bed with a severe attack of gout—the doctors call it flying gout. He suffers greatly, and his nerves are in a state of irritation that makes all attempt at writing impossible. This will be my apology for obtruding upon you, though perhaps the cause in which I write might serve for excuse. We are in the deepest anxiety about Lionel. You are already aware how heavily his extravagance has cost us. His play-debts amounted to above ten thousand pounds, and all the cleverness of Mr. Joel has not been able to compromise with the tradespeople for less than as much more; nor are we yet done with demands from various quarters. It is not, however, of these that I desire to speak. Your kind offer to take him into your own regiment, and exercise the watchful supervision of a parent, has relieved us of much anxiety, and his own sincere affection for you is the strongest assurance we can have

that the step has been a wise one. Our present uneasiness has, however, a deeper source than mere pecuniary embarrassment. The boy—he is very little more than a boy in years—has fallen in love, and gravely writes to his father for consent that he may marry. I assure you the shock brought back all Sir Hugh's most severe symptoms; and his left eye was attacked with an inflammation such as Dr. Gole says he never saw equalled. So far as the incoherency of his letter will permit us to guess, the girl is a person in a very humble condition of life, the daughter of a country doctor, of course without family or fortune. That he made her acquaintance by an accident, as he informs us, is also a reason to suppose that they are not people in society. The name, as well as I can decipher it, is Lendrich or Hendrich—neither very distinguished!

"Now, my dear Colonel, even to a second son, such an alliance would be perfectly intolerable—totally at variance with all his father's plans for him, and inconsistent with the station he should occupy. But there are other considerations—too sad ones, too melancholy indeed to be spoken of, except where the best interests of the family are to be regarded, which press upon us here.

The last accounts of George from Madeira leave us scarcely a hope. The climate, from which so much was expected, has done nothing. The season has been unhappily most severe, and the doctors agree in declaring that the malady has not yielded in any respect. You will see, therefore, what a change any day may accomplish in Lionel's prospects, and how doubly important it is that he should contract no ties inconsistent with a station of no mean importance. Not that these considerations would weigh with Lionel in the least: he was always headstrong, rash, and self-willed; and if he were, or fancied that he were, bound in honour to do a thing, I know well that all persuasions would be unavailing to prevent him. I cannot believe, however, that matters can have gone so far here. This acquaintanceship must be of the very shortest; and however designing and crafty such people may be, there will surely be some means of showing them that their designs are impracticable, and of a nature only to bring disappointment and disgrace upon themselves. That Sir Hugh would give his consent is totally out of the question—a thing not to be thought of for a moment; indeed I may tell you in confidence that his first thought on reading L.'s letter was to carry out a project to which George had already consented, and by which the entail should be cut off, and our third son, Harry, in that case would inherit. This will show you to what extent his indignation would carry him.

"Now what is to be done? for, really, it is but time lost in deploring when prompt action alone can save us. Do you know, or do you know any one who does know, these Hendrichs or Lendrichs—who are they, what are they? Are they people to whom I could write myself? or are they in that rank in life which would enable us to make some sort of compromise? Again,

could you in any way obtain L.'s confidence and make him open his heart to you *first*? This is the more essential, because the moment he hears of anything like coercion or pressure his whole spirit will rise in resistance, and he will be totally unmanageable. You have perhaps more influence over him than any one else, and even your influence he would resent if he suspected any dominance.

"I am madly impatient to hear what you will suggest. Will it be to see these people? to reason with them? to explain to them the fruitlessness of what they are doing? Will it be to talk to the girl herself?

"My first thought was to send for Lionel, as his father was so ill, but on consideration I felt that a meeting between them might be the thing of all others to be avoided. Indeed, in Sir Hugh's present temper, I dare not think of the consequences.

"Might it be advisable to get Lionel attached to some foreign station? If so, I am sure I could manage it—only, would he go? there's the question—would he go? I am writing in such distress of mind, and so hurriedly, too, that I really do not know what I have set down, and what I have omitted. I trust, however, there is enough of this sad case before you to enable you to counsel me, or, what is much better, act for me. I wish I could send you L.'s letter; but Sir Hugh has put it away, and I cannot lay my hand on it. Its purport, however, was to obtain authority from us to approach this girl's relations as a suitor, and to show that his intentions were known to and concurred in by his family. The only gleam of hope in the epistle was his saying, 'I have not the slightest reason to believe she would accept me, but the approval of my friends will certainly give me the best chance.'

"Now, my dear Colonel, compassionate my anxiety, and write to

me at once—something—anything. Write such a letter as Sir Hugh may see; and if you have anything secret or confidential, enclose it as a separate slip. Was it not unfortunate that we refused that Indian appointment for him? All this misery might have been averted. You may imagine how Sir Hugh feels this conduct the more bitterly, coming, as I may say, on the back of all his late indiscretions.

"Remember, finally, happen what may, this project must not go on. It is a question of the boy's whole future and life. To defy his father is to disinherit himself; and it is not impossible that this might be the most effectual argument you could employ with these people who now seek to entangle him.

"I have certainly no reason to love Ireland. It was there that my cousin Cornwallis married that dreadful creature who is now suing him for cruelty, and exposing the family throughout England.

"Sir Hugh gave directions last week about lodging the purchase-money for his company, but he wrote a few lines to Cox's last night—to what purport I cannot say—not impossible to countermand it. What affliction all this is!"

As Colonel Cave read over this letter for a second time, he was not without misgivings about the even small share to which he had contributed in this difficulty. It was evidently during the short leave he had granted that this acquaintanceship had been formed; and Fossbrooke's companionship was the very last thing in the world to deter a young and ardent fellow from anything high-flown or romantic. "I ought never to have thrown them together," muttered he, as he walked his room in doubt and deliberation.

He rang his bell and sent for the Adjutant. "Where's Trafford?" asked he.

"You gave him three days' leave

yesterday, sir. He's gone down to that fishing village where he went before."

"Confound the place! Send for him at once—telegraph. No—let us see—his leave is up to-morrow?"

"The next day at ten he was to report."

"His father is ill—an attack of gout," muttered the Colonel, to give some colour to his agitated manner. "But it is better, perhaps, not to alarm him. The seizure seems passing off."

"He said something about asking for a longer term; he wants a fortnight, I think. The season is just beginning now."

"He shall not have it, sir. Take good care to warn him not to apply. It will breed discontent in the regiment to see a young fellow who has not been a year with us obtain a leave every ten or fifteen days."

"If it were any other than Trafford, there would be plenty of grumbling. But he is such a favourite!"

"I don't know that a worse accident could befall any man. Many a fine fellow has been taught selfishness by the over-estimate others have formed of him. See that you keep him to his duty, and that he is to look for no favouritism."

The Colonel did not well know why he said this, nor did he stop to think what might come of it. It smacked, to his mind, however, of something prompt, active, and energetic.

His next move was to write a short note to Lady Trafford, acknowledging hers, and saying that Lionel being absent—he did not add where—nothing could be done till he should see him. "On to-morrow—next day at farthest—I will report progress. I cannot believe the case to be so serious as you suppose: at all events, count upon me."

"Stay!" cried he to the Adjutant, who stood in the window awaiting further instructions; "on second thoughts, do telegraph. Say, 'Return at once.' This will prepare him for something."

THIRTY YEARS' POLICY IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE future historian of the British Empire will find it a hard task to justify the dealings of the mother-country with her colonies during the past half-century, or to trace in their sequence the smallest thread of consistency. The West Indies, long defended with British blood and treasure, and raised to the utmost height of wealth and prosperity, were ruined by our own decree, and thrown back into poverty and barbarism at the cry of an ill-ordered philanthropy. The Ionian Islands, held by us as the trustees of Europe, and steadily improving under a firm enlightened rule, were roused by the fatal gift of a democratic assembly into discontent, thenceforward to be made so chronic as to weary us into presenting our ungrateful dependency to an insolvent neighbour, ready to extend the dominions which he cannot protect. The local disputes of Canada were fomented by our chronic neglect and want of precaution into a rebellion. Our Western American settlements were abandoned, where chiefly worth the keeping, to the demands made by Yankee cupidity without the shadow of a legal claim. The vast territory of the northern portion of that continent has been bound over, term after term, as the hunting-ground of a company of fur-traders, to the injury of the adjoining colonies and the exclusion of our own emigrants. And yet these form but a part of the problems which present themselves to the inquirer who proposes to examine fully the connection of Great Britain and her dependencies; for other not less striking instances of weak and vacillating policy arise to make him doubt whether the boasted enlightenment of the age has advantaged our empire as a whole, whether our rulers have ever fully understood the responsibility which attaches to

England as the nursing-mother of rising nations.

Much of the uncertainty which has defaced our policy is undoubtedly due to the fact of the actual distance of the colonies from the mother-country. It is difficult, indeed, to raise in any nation a feeling of strong interest in countries which the vast majority never expect to see; and it requires more public virtue and disinterestedness than have of late been seen in our government, to cause the ministry to attend to questions, the dexterous dealing with which will neither strengthen their hands directly, nor add to their popularity. The neglect of Indian affairs, and avoidance of Indian debates, by the House of Commons, is so notorious as almost to justify the present Cabinet in leaving their conduct to one "to whom heaven has denied the gift of plain speech;" and a similar difficulty usually besets the Colonial Secretary who would bring to light the intricacies of the petty wars and internal disputes of the scattered empire over which he presides. Yet this sort of national selfishness must be a reproach in the eyes of strangers, and is not very pleasant to regard with our own; and the ignorance of the wants and wishes of the younger members of our great family which it implies, has led us into more than one great difficulty, and lost us many a glorious opportunity.

We are about to take the special case of New Zealand as an illustration of these remarks. In tracing its past history briefly, it will be seen how much a vacillating and uncertain policy on the part of the Imperial Government has to do with the present difficulties. It will be shown also that, in laying out the future of her colony, Great Britain cannot with any justice evade her own share

of the responsibilities which attach to her self-assumed position as guardian of the mixed races at the antipodes. Finally, in examining the recent events, it will appear that the sudden change of system lately adopted, is one of sound rather than substance, and that the solution of "the native question" is by no means brought near by it, as a great portion of our press has too hastily assumed.

Our first connection as a state with New Zealand dates from the year 1833; but before that time a very considerable English population occupied certain parts of what now forms the province of Auckland. Church missionaries, and those of the Wesleyan body, had long been established among the native tribes of the north, and by dexterous dealing with the chiefs, and giving them practical proofs of the value of the white man's arts, had occupied a tolerably secure position, even amid the constant tribal wars, which, from time immemorial, had formed the chief occupation of the Maori race. But side by side with this civilising element—and with all their weak points, no unprejudiced person who knows the history of New Zealand will deny that the missionaries did much to raise the *status* of the natives—there grew and increased a lawless population of the worst type of the European desperado. A mixture of runaway sailors, wandering ex-convicts from Sydney, and petty colonial traders, were dispersed along the rivers and harbours of the Northern Island, having succeeded the original "Pakeha Maori," or adopted single white man of the native tribes. At the first these immigrants had been accustomed to pay toll to the chiefs on their profitable bargaining with the rest of the tribes; and as trade with Australia increased, and whalers in great numbers came in for supplies, they acted as middlemen between their former protectors,

grown more greedy of gain than ever, and the ship-captains or supercargoes. Many of these gentry had left the adjacent colonies, because preferring the good old rule of the strongest hand to the modern innovation of a Court of Queen's Bench; and as a class they were wont to repay themselves for discreditable subservience to the chiefs by insolence and violence towards the weaker natives and unprotected Europeans. Firearms and gunpowder had been lately introduced by them in large quantities; and a series of desolating wars, beginning in the north about the year 1825, and conducted by the tribes first armed with their new weapons, had sent a wave of slaughter and conquest throughout the country, resulting in a diminution of the population from which the race has never recovered.

From the first the interests of these two elements of New Zealand society—the missionary and the adventurer—were directly opposed, and in their existence may be traced the germ of the contending opinions between which the action of the Home Government has hung indecisive. The one desired the security of British law; the other wished for nothing less than the trammels of civilisation which they had already fled from. But as might be expected, the complaints of the missionaries and the more peaceable members of the community of the lawless nature of the society which surrounded them, at length took effect with the Governors of Sydney, who had always held the affairs of New Zealand as falling within the limits of their commission; and the first step was taken towards the assertion of a British protectorate by the appointment of a Resident at the Bay of Islands in the year before-mentioned. The independence of the natives was, however, acknowledged for the six years that followed; and it was not until much pressed by local representations of the neces-

sity, that the imperial Government decided on further intervention.

The state of things which compelled this strong step was indeed almost intolerable. The name of British protection—although under it the Resident, a man of little character, failed altogether to make his authority regarded—yet proved a powerful inducement to the increase of the English population and the growth of speculation. This latter had now taken the well-known form called, in colonial phrase, “land-sharking;” and grants of territory were purchased wholesale from the real or pretended owner among the chiefs for the purpose of hawking them in the adjacent colonies, or obtaining more valid titles hereafter, should Great Britain take possession. Some of these documents were vague enough to include millions of acres. Indeed, a single one, still existing at Auckland, granted the happy purchaser “all the land from this kauri-tree to that rock,”—a definition which might be held to apply to the whole Island. As the Maories in theory claim all land that has been at any time conquered by their forefathers, and as each of the chief tribes has had its turn of devastation and pre-eminence, there was no piece of fertile ground which had not its set of undefined claims hanging over it, good enough to sell, if not to enter into possession with. Such rights were frequently parted with for a moderate supply of blankets, kettles, or gunpowder, to meet present wants; and in the short space of the reign of the Resident, an excellent foundation was laid for multiplied litigation in the courts and survey offices of the future colony, and for a crop of “native difficulties” of the most inextricable character. Whilst such were the doings in the interior, the brawling and violence at the coast-settlements increased; and so urgent became the necessity for a stronger rule that the Bay of Island settlers were actually driven

to form a government of their own for police purposes, in anticipation of that for which they had repeatedly applied. Thus far, indeed, the intervention from Sydney had wrought nothing but mischief, and a decision of the Imperial Government in favour of the establishment of a regular colonial authority was impatiently invoked.

It is at this point in the history of New Zealand that we look in vain for any trace of statesmanlike views as to the future of the islands and of the native race. Sufficient information had been transmitted to the Colonial Office to have enabled the home authorities to see that the work before them was one of a serious nature; and that to postpone the settlement of the difficult questions arising from the juxtaposition of the two races was but to plaster over an increasing sore, and leave greater evils to be dealt with hereafter. At the same time the physical conformation of the islands offered a ready and inexpensive solution of the problem of the preservation of our rights without a direct sweeping away of those admitted as belonging to the tribes. The latter, it may be granted, might have been at this time bought up by a lavish Imperial payment; but a corresponding expenditure in protecting forces would have been necessary to place the new colony beyond the danger of attack; and it would have been perhaps expecting too much breadth of view in our Colonial Office, and too great liberality in our Legislature, to have called on them to lay the foundations of a province at the antipodes on so munificent a scale. This being so, the proper alternative was easily to be discerned by those who looked into the matter.

The country of New Zealand, containing an area somewhat exceeding that of Great Britain, is divided by the narrow and stormy sea of Cook's Strait into the nearly equal parts called the Northern and Middle Islands. Of these, the

former is of the more varied character of formation, having some single giant mountains, as well as several chains of great height. The latter lie chiefly about the southern extremity towards the Strait; the former are near the centre, and throw off towards the north ranges of hills clothed for the most part with magnificent forests, and separating valleys where the trees give way to natural grass or ferns. The eastern coast is pierced by numerous fine harbours; the western has the embouchures of several rivers of a volume surprising as compared with the size of the island they drain, and discharging in some instances into large tidal lagoons. Thus from either side the interior may be reached without difficulty in peaceful times; and as a natural consequence, the course of trade had flowed along the shores of these streams and havens, and connected itself with the native settlements on the fertile portions of the valleys, whither the missionaries had also gone to seek their flocks. On the other hand, the dense nature of the forests, and intricacies of the country, where trackless swamps in many places have been formed by the overflow of the rivers, bade defiance to any effort at conquest; as indeed the existence of a body of natives, estimated at the close of a long series of internecine wars at nearly the same amount as in the days of Cook, sufficiently attested the means of escape and defence afforded the weaker parties. More than this,—it was self-evident that a very large community of whites might occupy the coast and its harbours, spread themselves round bays and lagoons, settle on the rivers, and cultivate the valleys far inland, and yet for many a long year be infinitely more at the mercy of the adjacent Maori tribes than ever was Lowland laird at that of Highland cateran.

Very different were the circumstances of the so-called Middle Island. Bordered along the whole

western shore from end to end by a huge chain of Alpine mountains, the wide space between their base and the eastern coast is in great part a series of grassy plains, without any more difficult feature than the frequency of the rivers, and with but a very moderate proportion of wood. As far as can be judged from the oral history of the natives, it has never presented the same attractions to them as its northern sister. The mountains were too steep and bleak for their subsistence; the plains denied them the shelter of the strong positions needed by warlike habits for their villages; and the already small population had been slaughtered down to insignificance by the last invasion from the other side of the Strait. Here then, was all that could be wished for in the future of the colony: boundless and easily accessible lands; facility of intercommunication; pasturage ready provided; above all, freedom might be at once secured from the native difficulty, for the resident Maories, for the most part a broken-spirited race, were ready to part with their claims at an easy rate; and the country afforded no facilities for irregular warfare or depredation on the settlements.

These conditions understood, the course of wisdom for the Imperial Government was clear. The system of bit-by-bit purchase and occupation in the Northern Island should have been decisively checked in its outset by the refusal to recognise any claim to protection on the part of those who had voluntarily made their homes among the paha of the Maori, and placed themselves at his mercy. The rabid speculation which had begun at the expense of his ignorance and thriven on his temptation, should have been sternly discouraged by the absolute declaration of the illegality of all such pretended purchases of land by private individuals from a race not yet placed under British law, and whose own

customs disowned the right of sale. The missionaries and traders should have been made to feel, that to their own wisdom and forbearance they must trust in all extension of their operations; and that their petty differences with each other and the tribes were not to be made the pretext for dragging in the Imperial flag to sully it by interfering in private quarrels or supporting gains bought by fraud. A few years of delay in settling the lands which had already their native claimants for every acre, would have been abundantly compensated by the avoidance of the little wars which have three times marred the progress of the colony and disfigured our history. In the south, on the other hand, we were invited alike by the nature and circumstances of the country to enter into possession; and a mere fraction of the resources expended at the other extremity of New Zealand would have made what are now known as Canterbury, Otago, and Southland, flourishing provinces long years before private enterprise and gold discoveries forced them into importance. And this might have been effected without even the semblance of displacing the fine race of aborigines, of whose number and disposition enough was known at that time to the Colonial Office to have guided our policy to a decision both just and safe.

Far other was the course actually chosen, being indeed the very contrary of that which a clear general view of the conditions might have led us to select. Acting upon the system of blind chance, which has often brought us into questionable positions in our dependencies, and allowing our policy to be swayed by the self-created emergencies of the handful of white men who had selected the native-peopled portion of New Zealand as the most available site for their operations, the Imperial Ministry resolved there to plant the seat of the Colonial Government which they had de-

cided to found. Captain Hobson was accordingly despatched to the Bay of Islands early in 1840 to assume the administration; and in the same year a small detachment of troops from Sydney arrived to support his authority, which he had already discovered would, without arms to aid it, be as worthless as the olden Spanish claims to America. For a brief space the avoidance of all interference with the natives, and a certain superstitious dread which these at first entertained of the strange soldiery, preserved the new governor and his staff from a collision with the tribes; and the certain result of the attempt to assert the Queen's supremacy with totally inadequate means was further postponed by the early removal of the capital to a new site at Auckland. Beyond the excellence of its harbour, the Bay of Islands had not a single recommendation. Placed very near the northern end of New Zealand, the country adjoining was of narrow width from sea to sea, and broken by continual ridges of steep wooded hills. Its valleys were too confined to give fair prospect of space to the settlers, whilst the whaling trade had attracted to it a formidable number of the most warlike tribes, who could at all times, within a few hours, retire on some of the strongest positions which the fastnesses or their picturesque islands afford. Viewed as a strategic choice—as a base wherefrom to carry on the subjugation of the country—Auckland had certainly peculiar advantages; and for these it was in all probability as much selected by Captain Hobson as for the superior trading facilities which were the ostensible reasons for the removal. For, short as was the time for which he had held his commission, he was clearsighted enough to discern wherein lay the real difficulties which he had to surmount. From the immediate pressure of these the transference of his capital removed him.

Auckland is placed upon a heavy clay soil, unfavourable to the timber growth which encroaches on most of the other ports. A considerable space of open country surrounds it, allowing the town to expand freely without being held in constant peril by a forest border. The harbour is a fine one, opening to the west; while a vast inlet of the sea, running from the other side of the island, brings the eastern tide within seven miles of the town. Holding the neck of land thus formed, which was destined to be the very first part to be closely occupied, the white man's territory at once completely severed the northern tribes from those of the central districts, and rendered any coalition between them at once less likely, and less formidable if made. A minor advantage, as matters then stood, was the facility of reaching the fertile centre of the island by the two natural highways of the natives, the Thames and Waikato rivers, which discharge into the sea on the west and east coasts respectively, at points but little to the south of the neck of land just mentioned. This was a feature particularly acceptable to the missionaries and more active of the traders; and notwithstanding the immediate losses to many settlers which such a removal involves, the governor's plan was carried out in November 1840 with a very general sense of acquiescence in its justice. A strong opposition was raised at home by the New Zealand Company—an association lately founded in England by an influential party, to carry out a special *doctrinaire* theory of the art of colonisation—which had, in the previous year, made an ostensible purchase of large tracts of lands at Cook's Strait, where they hoped, by the pressure of their representative speakers and writers, to compel the Ministry to seat the new government, and confirm them in their possessions. But their first settlement, Wellington, was at one of the points still claimed by the

Maories, the so-called sale being repudiated by influential chiefs. Its occupation as a capital would, therefore, have by no means solved the inevitable dilemma; whilst its confined site, lying along the foot of a bold range of hills accessible to the neighbouring tribes, made it peculiarly undesirable in a military point of view, and would have alone justified its rejection. Yet it is not surprising that, from the date of Captain Hobson's decision, there arose a bitter jealousy against the favoured capital on the part of the city raised by private enterprise, which has complicated local politics down to the present time.

Captain Hobson was instructed, on taking charge of the government, to obtain the assent of as many of the natives as possible to this assumption of sovereignty on the part of Great Britain. This gave rise to the famous treaty of Waitangi—a document drawn up at the Bay of Islands before the governor left that spot, and accepted by a few of the principal natives, well paid for their signatures. Copies were afterwards circulated in other districts, and signed, in some instances, by chiefs who had vague powers over the will of their tribes, and in some by private individuals who had none. To any one who knows the divided condition of the tribes, their conflicting pretensions, and the communistic tenure of the land occupied by each, the idea of these scattered signatures conveying away the sovereignty of the whole race to a distant power, is a notion too ridiculous for serious argument. Speakers in England have referred to it as the abdication of the Maori in favour of our Queen; but it would be idle indeed, if not dishonest, to plead it as the basis of our action in the years succeeding. In plain truth, it was a well-meant but very feeble attempt to give a legal colour in the native eyes to the claims which prior discovery gave us over the islands under the international practice of Europe.

Its acceptance might have made a few legal rebels amongst the Maories, but could not in any way affect the position of the race as regarded ourselves, they being bound to it neither by personal nor vicarious concession of their own rights, whatever these rights might be.

Not long after the foundation of Auckland, Captain Hobson was removed by death from the scene of his labours, and a short interregnum followed under an acting governor, Mr. Shortland. The first overt attempt was made at this time to assert a general control over the natives beyond the jurisdiction of the local courts, by interfering in their tribal wars. One of these had broken out at Tauranga, on the east coast; and thither Mr. Shortland despatched his tiny garrison—less than one company—from Auckland, with three pieces of artillery. Notwithstanding the ostensible cause of this arrival, the plunder of some adjacent settlers, the Maories were keen enough to see deeper into the matter, and to unite in protesting against any armed interposition in their quarrel; and his means being found by the commanding officer obviously unequal to the reduction of the least formidable of the native paha (fortifications now for the first time examined with professional eyes), Mr. Shortland was glad to escape from his embarrassment by the offer of the contending parties to accept his friendly arbitration. He then withdrew the command, which returned to Auckland with considerable loss of the prestige which the possession of big guns had at the outset given the Pakeha soldiers. The feud they were powerless to stop had died out, all knew, from the native weariness of it; and although our failure in the grand policy of armed neutrality produced but little effect on the spot, because of the comparative insignificance of the tribes, yet the rumour of it spread through the Waikato and other adjoining cen-

tral districts, and determined their inhabitants to exclude all British claims and pretensions from the banks of their noble streams—a resolve adhered to firmly for the twenty years that followed.

This Tauranga war, memorable as the last in which the practice of cannibalism was resorted to, ceased early in 1843. In November of that year arrived the new Governor, Captain Fitzroy, appointed rather for his reputation as a man of science than for practical statesmanship. Moral force and moral suasion were the weapons with which the good man sought to overcome the native difficulty. Appeals to the chiefs and evangelical discourses, translated *verbatim* for the Maori benefit, were his artillery. He confounded the purposes of governing and of christianising so closely as to desire to accomplish both by the same mild means; and as human nature at the antipodes is human nature still, he met with about the same success as our Government would, if confiding the collection of taxes to the dissenting Ministry, and the police of Great Britain to the clergy of the Church. The ill-regulated energy of the New Zealand Company's agents had already produced one formidable conflict between the Maories and settlers, and the conduct of the new Governor confirmed the former in their resolves to limit the encroachments of the new comers. But it is time that we should detail the causes of this "Massacre of the Wairau.

It is difficult, even after the short interval of twenty years, to understand in their full force the ardent and sanguine views of the founders of the Cook's Strait settlements. Their exertions had produced for a time a perfect *furor* for colonisation among very superior classes to those which usually emigrate; and shipload after shipload of well-educated men and women was discharged on the narrow beach of Wellington, to lament the delusions which had brought them over the

ocean, to despond for a while, and then, resigned to their new fate, to throw themselves with the full energy of the Anglo-Saxon upon the task of digging the foundations of a new province. The bargains made on behalf of the Company for land near the port were repudiated by the natives as mere jokes of individuals, and the immediate local difficulties which arose were not overcome for years, and then only by the exertions of the Government, the pressing dangers having been at first temporised with until increased numbers gave some security to the settlers. Those of Nelson (settled in 1841 on the opposite side of the Strait) were less fortunate. Their chief grazing ground, the Wairau Valley, supposed by them to have been once fairly paid for, they found to be closed against their surveyors by a powerful chief, Rauperaha; and an attempt, which must now be adjudged as ridiculous and dangerous, to overcome his opposition by serving a magistrate's warrant upon him, produced the slaughter of the *posse comitatus*, who were both armed and sufficiently numerous to justify the native belief that their act was one of war. The whole affair was reported to the tribes as a victory in fair fight, and this view received but too much countenance from the conduct of Fitzroy, who, on his arrival soon after, not only made no attempt (as indeed he had no power) to punish the slayers, but affected to treat the whole matter as merely a warm but not improper assertion of Maori right.

A few months of fool's paradise succeeded the advent of the new Governor. Notwithstanding almost daily reports of the dangerous state of feeling which prevailed round all the settlement, and which was specially manifested in the growing insolence of the Maori since the Wairau affair, extending even to breaches of law in the streets of Auckland, he persisted in

his belief that "this noble race" would learn to do right under moral direction, and limited his precautions to the appointment of a "Chief Protector of Aborigines," whose duty seems to have been to congratulate his superior periodically on the tranquillity and peace of the country, in order that the congratulations might be transmitted to England. Alas for the rose-coloured visions of Protector, Governor, and Secretary of State! The whole colony was seething with the elements of mischief. At the Bay of Islands particularly the settlers who had remained were exposed to constant petty outrages, and could hold their property only by acknowledging the practical suzerainty of the Maori, and submitting to his every whim. Fortunately for them the tribes congregated there were divided in origin and sentiment; and when, after some months of this miserable system of concession, an open and public rejection of the European claims to rule was made, the outbreak was headed by a native known only as the son-in-law of a great warrior now dead. Himself ambitious, but of humble origin, this Heki would have made the movement the tool of his own advancement, and was looked on from the first by the older chiefs with jealousy and dislike. In the month of July 1844 the rebellion which he had prepared began, the little town was partly pillaged, and the Queen's flagstaff cut down.

Governor Fitzroy, thus rudely awakened from his dreams, in haste sent a demand to Sydney for the troops whose employment he had hitherto denounced. On their arrival he visited the disturbed settlement, and partly by show of force, partly by taking off the customs dues objected to by the natives as interfering with their trade, succeeded in restoring order for a time. This done, to show his confidence in the friendly feeling of the Maories, this most gentle

of rulers forthwith dismissed his troops to Sydney—a measure which Heki and his party with less charity ascribed to fear, and grew troublesome once more. The flagstaff being publicly cut down a second time early in 1845, Fitzroy found it necessary to take some permanent means to protect the emblem of British sovereignty, and set a detachment of fifty men to guard it and the town. This feeble force was enough to provoke Heki and his supporters to decided action, though inadequate for any useful purpose; and after some threats, the place was attacked and plundered by the Maories in March, the little garrison and most of the inhabitants (the latter receiving no personal injury in the affair) being driven on board a Queen's ship which lay in the bay.

Thus began our first war with the Maories, which lasted nearly two years, and the chief scene of which lay within a few miles of the spot where Heki's outrage had been committed. To represent our final success as a triumph of British arms is an error natural to be made at a distance, but which needs but a few lines to correct. The plain fact is, that Heki had been joined in the rebellion by fragments only of the adjacent tribes, and that the personal jealousy of his designs which prevailed among the chiefs, led most of them willingly to act as allies on our side. The British force therefore moved on their marches to attack the various pāhs which the enemy erected, with an accompaniment of Maories equal to the defenders of the hostile camp, and were thus both saved from peril of surprise in the woods, and supplied (on payment) with provisions and transport. The so-called campaigns consisted of toilsome movements, repeated time after time against the native works, dragging with great labour through the rough forest-covered country a somewhat inadequate train of guns, and finally forcing Heki's warriors

from their position, after a series of operations equivalent in length to a European siege, but inferior in principle, inasmuch as the garrison in every case effected a safe retreat. Long before these wearisome operations were over, Governor Grey had arrived to supersede the well-meaning but unfortunate Fitzroy, who had begun too late to retrace his steps and to call for the supplies of men and money which were the only true means of pacification. His mind, freed from the toils of an office which his gentle nature was wholly unfitted for, turned once more to the peaceful pursuits of science, in which he had early been distinguished, and from which he has, to the loss of the nation, been prematurely removed since this paper was begun. The new ruler brought to the spot the prestige of a name already noted for decision and energy, together with liberal aid from the Home Government, now thoroughly awakened to a sense of their responsibility in the matter: for great as Fitzroy's mistakes had been, the Colonial Office had had other information than his; and the first great error, be it remembered—the attempt at occupying the Northern Island with no sufficient means to enforce authority—must be fastened upon it alone.

Heki and his chief ally Kawiti protracted the struggle until it was plainly seen that their cause would receive no accession of strength. The neighbouring chiefs found it more pleasant and profitable to keep the white man's side, being well paid through the commissariat expenditure for their task of looking on at the tedious demolition of the different pāhs, prepared rather as a challenge than for any really military purpose. The hostile sections began in 1845 to evince weariness of the labour they had imposed on themselves, and but for Fitzroy's having required them to surrender their lands as a preliminary of peace, it

might possibly have been made in his day. The capture, with but small loss, of Kawiti's stronghold, Ruapekapeka (the Bat's Nest), early in 1846, showed plainly the increasing strength of the foe whom they had defied, although their defence had fully satisfied the native idea of honour; and its fall led to their suing for terms, which were granted in the most liberal sense by Governor Grey. He gave them full pardon without the condition of any forfeiture, desiring to convince the surrounding tribes that the war was one of justice and not of gain. The wisdom of this measure, combined with the wholesome display of force, and of the subsequent liberal pensioning of the chief of our native allies, has been abundantly manifested by the peace which has ever since prevailed at this, once the most disturbed part of the islands.

From the Bay of Islands Governor Grey hurried southwards. There another crop of difficulties awaited him at Wellington and her offshoot settlements, at the principal of which, Wanganui, there were open hostilities; whilst near the former town the natives had used threats and erected pahs on disputed land. Every day promised to add to the danger, whilst the ordinance of Fitzroy remained unrevoked, by which that mistaken ruler had abandoned the crown right of preemption of lands, and revived in full vigour the old system of private purchase, with all its attendant roguery and its train of quarrels. Grey lost no time in checking this evil by revoking that measure; and from that date purchases were long effected solely by a regular department, as they are now examined by it, great care being used before completing each transaction. The action of the Land Commission was revived, by which all former "land shark" grants were submitted to a proper tribunal, and reduced in every case within the decent dimension of four square

miles. Whilst thus providing with care against a continuance of the abomination (for such the system thus destroyed appeared to all save those whose interests lay in it), the Governor took active measures for checking the flame of rebellion which flickered round the settlements on Cook's Strait. The force which he brought from the north after the submission of Heki was just in sufficient time for this purpose, so perfectly disconnected were the Maories, as a race, in their action. Even in the single province of Wellington their tribes, though evincing a general tendency to hostility and defiance, were as yet uncombined in any effort; and our forces having surprised and carried off from his pah an old enemy, Rauperaha, the only head capable of forming them into one hostile camp, peace was easily restored to the frightened settlements by a judicious display of vigour and of justice in the treatment of their wild neighbours. A bolder course of action would have been agreeable to some of the higher spirits among "the Company's" colonists, who were for conceding nothing to native demand; but that Governor Grey's policy was eminently successful in its objects can hardly be denied, for it gave a settled security to the whole district of the Strait, which was maintained, it is fair to add, by the efforts of the local authorities, and endured even when the second war broke out.

Before the end of 1847 the Governor could report the existence of a real tranquillity in all the settlements under his charge, and for the next few years the progress of the colony was as rapid as its founders could desire. The increasing population of Auckland especially soon placed the capital at tolerable ease. Moreover, Governor Grey took the useful precaution of causing the isthmus just to the south of the city to be occupied by military pensioners, brought from England

for the purpose, and kept under regular discipline and training; thus making a barrier to any sudden advance of the tribes of the central districts, whilst a regiment of regulars, whose barracks were so enclosed as to form a rough citadel, guarded the town itself. A single serious alarm was caused during this period of peace, by the Maories of the Thames, who visited Auckland for the purpose of threatening its inhabitants, by performing the war-dance, whilst their chiefs preferred some local complaint. But the Governor met this appearance by the refusal to entertain the alleged grievance until placed before him in a fitting manner; and so promptly drew up his little force into a commanding position above that occupied by the natives, that the latter were glad to obey his order to re-embark, and returned to encounter the ridicule of their neighbours, rather than hold their ground beyond the time allowed.

Meanwhile the increased prices given by the Land Department procured many unexceptionable purchases in the districts not occupied by the Maories. And although the more compact and powerful tribes of the Waikato and other central portions refused to part with any of their territory, yet even these felt the advantage of the rapidly-growing trade of the city, and were divided on the great question of opposing the farther advance of the line of Pakeha occupation. Eight years of this transition state changed the face of affairs so rapidly, that the resources of Auckland, and of Wellington also, made those places above the reach of attack; and although the Maori still rolled through their streets with a warrior's swagger, worthy of a Zouave in some captured town, he yet could discern that his claim as the master of the soil had here passed away, and that his self-asserting ways would in future have to be limited to the scattered settlements, which still lay at his mercy. For, be it remembered,

the Parliamentary idea of his forming "one of a subject race," had never entered the native's mind. He could see that the Pakeha was more numerous, more wealthy, more ingenious in art, than his own people. But neither our conduct in war nor in peace had ever shown him treated as less than equal; and the old idea of his being the patron of the stranger, was maintained by the dependent bearing of the out-settlers, whose personal interests caused them to put up with much that was mere insolence, but which, for convenience sake, was allowed to pass for Maori habit.

Meanwhile the able but despotic rule of Sir G. Grey grew more and more distasteful to the intelligent settlers of the towns. "Everything by the people, and nothing without them," must, in these days, be the motto of any colonial governor who would hold well with the thriving Anglo-Saxons of our scattered daughter-provinces. The very reverse—a purely paternal government in fact—had been the practice during his reign, for his first care had very properly been to preserve tranquillity, at any cost, until the colony should grow to strength and security. To give much local power would have been to reopen at once the old disputes. But when the time came for his own promotion to another charge, after six years of successful government, the dangers to the towns having now been much diminished, and the land-shark mania fairly strangled, Sir George saw the impossibility of continuing the mere pretence of representation which had hitherto been the rule, and went into the other extreme in his anxiety to leave a fair name behind with all. The New Zealand Constitution promoted by him, and partially inaugurated before his departure at the close of 1853, not only gave representative government to the islands at large, but created a local assembly in each of the six provinces, with the novel addition of an elec-

tive lieutenant-governor, entitled the Superintendent. To avoid the ominous peril of interference with the interests of the natives, the Governor was still to have the sole control of all dealings with them, and their lands were now publicly proclaimed as out of the pale of the laws which bound the colonist. But in this reservation in Maori favour was the germ of a constant struggle between the Governor and the Ministry, who were responsible for the rest of his policy.

The departure of Grey (whom the Maories justly regarded as their personal friend), coupled with the excitement among the settlers following their assumption of the rights and duties of self-government, produced a natural ferment in the native mind. The parties among themselves who were for and against the selling of land to the neighbouring provinces grew hotter, and the animus of the latter section (we regret to have to say it) was enhanced by the general teaching of the missionaries moved by a class jealousy of the growth which was rapidly swallowing up their own conquests and throwing the civilisation they had created into the shade. Not that the exertions of any class, or of all, could have prevented the inevitable struggle. The hostile party among the Maories had constantly enlarged as the weakening of their once superior strength grew more obvious, and in many tribes the resolution has long since been come to by the majority to give at no price more room to the Pakeha, and, if necessary, to take up arms, and sacrifice all present profits of trade to the maintaining the line of demarcation intact, and the ancient sovereignty of the islands with it. At Taranaki the matter first came to an issue.

This petty province, lying on the east coast, about half-way from Auckland to Wellington, was founded soon after the latter by a separate society. Its site was fixed on a tract of country as charming as

either hemisphere can show. It forms the fertile base of a magnificent isolated mountain, whose snowy cap pierces the clouds, and is reflected in the neighbouring bay, the apparent nearness of the ocean, and the solitary nature of the peak, giving an impression of vast height more striking than any single view of the Alps. Here, in 1841, a large purchase of lands had been made by private agency, and, as at other places, repudiated as soon as made: so that the settlers had been obliged, after much dispute, to limit their farms to less than a tenth part of that which they had supposed to be theirs. The room for occupation being thus restricted, the accession of population soon ceased; whilst the natives of the vicinity—at first a mere remnant of the former inhabitants who had escaped destruction or slavery in the wars of Hongi—increased rapidly as their captive kinsmen were restored to freedom from bondage in the north by the exertions of the missionaries. Their late degradation proved to have deteriorated their moral bearing greatly; and their white neighbours early found them an intrusive, greedy, thievish race. So manifestly, however, were the scattered strangers and their peaceful little farms at the mercy of these Maories, that tranquillity was purchased for many years by constant submission to a system of petty extortion which amounted to a regular black-mail. The discomfort produced, and the slow progress of the colony, continued throughout the rule of Fitzroy and of Grey. These governors would have been willing to remove this special danger by transferring the whole of the colonists—less than 2000 in all—to some of the larger provinces; but this proposal was made nugatory by the attachment of the settlers to the attractive spot in which their homes were fixed. Time had accustomed many of them to a state of dependence which would have been incredible if not witnessed by disinterested

observers: and their own conduct in bearing it gives distinctly the lie to the allegation sometimes made, that they sought the kindling of the war.

The simple fact is, that after Grey's departure the conduct of the Maories grew more and more hostile, and finally became altogether unendurable. In 1855, a petty war having arisen between two sections of the tribes, pahi were built within six miles of the little town, and armed parties roved about the settlement, committing outrages in an open manner, and threatening the lives of any who interfered. One of the contending chiefs, Katatore, publicly announced that the ultimate object of his arming was to drive the Pakeha into the sea; and this threat (which brought him many allies), with the increasing insecurity of life and property, overcame the reluctance of the whites to invoking the aid of military force, and incurring the risk of being driven for a while from their homesteads. An urgent appeal to the acting governor, Colonel Wynyard, was made, and complied with (in September) in a manner very creditable to that official. A completely equipped force of 550 men was despatched to the scene of disturbance, under an able officer well acquainted with the Maori tongue and customs. In a few days the plundering incursions were checked, European law restored within its former compact boundary, and the hostilities limited to ground lying beyond its pale. The death of Katatore soon afterwards, by the hands of a hostile native, seemed to promise a more secure state of things. But the jealousy of race had now risen too high to be allayed by the removal of a single leader, and Wirema Kingi soon stepped into the place of the fallen man, and the control of the chief part of the neighbouring tribes, on the avowed policy of *restraining all native sales of land in the vicinity*, and thus preventing the growth of the Pakeha settlement.

We do not purpose to enter into the details of the vexed question of the Waitara purchase, the ostensible cause of the second New Zealand war. Stripped of the technicalities by which it has been purposely overlaid by the missionary party, and by the opposition formed (as in all colonies with responsible government) against the Governor and his advisers, the matter is simple enough. Colonel Gore Browne was legally wrong in insisting on the purchase, if it is to be taken for granted that any chief might interrupt all sales to Government in his vicinity, by merely securing a single objector of the tribe selling, and supporting his veto by the strong hand. But if this process of obstruction was to be put an end to, and the sovereignty of the Queen to be shown to have any substantial reality, the Governor did but his duty in bringing matters to a simple issue. Confusion can only follow the attempt to treat the communistic tenure of the Maori by the real property laws of Great Britain; and the reversal of his predecessor's policy by Sir G. Grey on his return to office (though with his antecedents in native dealings it can hardly be blamed), has effected positively nothing towards the pacification of the island. The opposition of Kingi was merely the local development of the same feeling of defiance which led the Waikato tribes somewhat earlier to elect a king of their own, in token of their independence of British rule, and their resolve to permit no further encroachments on the part of the fast multiplying Pakeha.

Once begun, this war of Taranaki dragged its slow length on into 1861, to the destruction of the settlement, and to no other purpose whatever. It was managed, on our side, with a thoroughly amiable regard to the mode of fighting popular with the Maories, and with a total rejection of all the proper maxims of conducting hostilities against a savage race. We did not employ na-

tive auxiliaries, though such might have been raised from the north in any number required. We did not diminish our men's equipment, so as to gain the necessary quickness of movement. We made no attempt to pierce the hostile district with light parties, and to destroy the cultivations on which the enemy depended for supplies. Such were the principles which Washington recommended for similar cases, but here they were exactly reversed. Our commander remained strictly on the defensive, undertaking the hopeless task of protecting the whole settlement, a strip of ground about twelve miles by four, scattered over with homesteads, and bordered by as dense a forest as the world can show! The enemy, therefore, had only to erect a pah or two along the edge of the wood, to which we, as a point of honour, laid siege in regular form, whilst the Maories sent out thence small plundering parties to carry off all that was worth taking from the farms. Moreover, by way of preventing the war from spreading, a tacit understanding was made that no distant tribes should be considered as hostile, as long as they left their own immediate white neighbours unmolested. The result was, that the adventurous spirits of the Waikatos soon appeared on the scene by fifties at a time, to enjoy a pah-defending season, just as the young fashionables of London and Paris made their campaign in the wars of Louis Quatorze. Fortunately for our reputation, their contempt for the Pakeha soldiery grew so rapidly, that a considerable body ventured, early in 1861, to meet General Pratt and his troops on open ground, and received so instant and decisive a defeat as took away their stomach for fighting for the nonce, and left Kingi—never a popular leader, being violent, and at times drunken, it was said, in his habits—without support. Having no more out-settlers left to plunder, our local opponents were

glad to make a truce, which was called a peace for the sake of effect, and lasted from 1861 to the middle of 1863.

No sensible observer, much less the keen vision of Sir G. Grey (now appointed to his old charge) and of General Cameron, could mistake this temporary tranquillity for more than a useful breathing-time. The Waikatos and their neighbours un-animously rejected all our attempts at asserting, in the remotest degree, the supremacy of the Queen. The efforts of their chief men were constant to produce some more general combination for resistance than the mere local struggles of 1847 and 1860; and every day the feeling of hostility to the Pakeha, and of resolve to resist his progress, grew with what it fed on; until, finally, the system of organisation had spread so far that the use of armed guards, to protect the road-extension works carried on upon our own lands to the south of Auckland, was met by the murder of a weak detachment on the other side of Taranaki, 250 miles away. Then at last began the real war, which our whole previous history in New Zealand had but led up to.

So instructed a soldier as our new general was perfectly aware of that method of conducting it which has been previously adverted to as recommended by North American experience—viz., the continually taking the offensive in such light bodies, supported by native allies, as might permeate the whole hostile territory, and make the native feel the really unpleasant side of warfare, to him too often hitherto but an exciting and honourable pastime. Such, doubtless, would have been the policy of Grey and Cameron, but that the large resources which their joint representations had obtained from the Home Government gave them the choice of a more permanent method of securing peace. To pierce with good roads the territories hitherto closed to us—to open the noble water communica-

tions of the interior by means of steamboats—to occupy the important points connecting these lines of transit by small garrisons first, by military settlements afterwards, which the rapid process of colonial society is already changing into thriving towns: such are the effective measures now in progress to guard our provinces against the evils of future wars. Let the true friends of the native see and recognise the fact that he had already suffered the evils induced by European intercourse (and, to dispel some painful imaginings on this head, we would just state that the deadliest enemies the Pakeha has brought him are simple measles and influenza—maladies often made fatal by the careless habits of the savage), and that it is time the transition state of paks and petty wars should end by the universal recognition of the British law for which the more reasonable of the Maories long had sighed. Why wait until a solitude is made before proclaiming peace? As to the taking forcibly their estates from the lawful holders—to use the favourite phrase of certain writers for the press—is it not enough to say that the Northern Island contains as much fertile land nearly as England proper, and that the Maories in it are estimated at a bare 50,000?

As all parties appear now to be agreed on the necessity of fully assert-

ing the royal prerogative before removing the imperial forces, we may safely leave the details to be worked out on the spot. It is beside our present theme to enter into the petty intrigues of the three late and the future ministries of Sir G. Grey and of their respective oppositions. John Bull made satisfactory proof of his ancient gullibility when he listened for a moment to the voice of Mr. Weld, declaring that he proposed to finish this war of races without our aid. That acute gentleman meant as much by his independent speech as the schoolboy who protests he is not in present need of a tip, the while he thrusts his uncle's sovereign deep into the recesses of his waistcoat pocket. The colonial Premier, like our own Cabinet, was quite aware that the honour of the Empire is too deeply involved with both colonists and natives to leave them to work out by internecine contest their claims to the sovereignty and the soil they have hitherto divided.

Meanwhile the plains of Canterbury, teeming with bounteous flocks, and the gold-strewn valleys of Otago, attract their thousands yearly to enter in and occupy with undisputed possession; and whilst assuring us of the future wealth and power of the England of the antipodes, point the moral of our tale as to where her systematic colonisation should have begun.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BUDGET.

If any evidence were required to prove that Lord Palmerston is the present Government, and the present Government Lord Palmerston, the exhibition which the Ministers made of themselves on the occasion of the recent debate on Mr. Baine's motion would abundantly supply it. Poor old Pam was down with a fit of the gout when the dreaded motion came on. He was too ill even to see and advise with his colleagues as to the course which they ought to pursue; and so, on the Wednesday, when Mr. Baines rose to address the House, nobody on the Ministerial benches knew either what he was to do or what was expected of him. Then followed a scene which few of those who witnessed it are likely ever to forget. The great Liberal party, as it is called, broke off into two camps. What Mr. Baines advocated, Lord Elcho ably and gallantly resisted; what Mr. Stansfeld pressed with such weight of argument as he could bring to bear, Mr. Lowe utterly demolished. Then was seen on the Cabinet bench a spectacle such as in modern times has rarely astonished the Senate. The Ministers spoke together—not in quiet whispers—but with eagerness, much gesticulation, and warmth. The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a movement as if to get upon his legs, and was with difficulty restrained; and the Lord Advocate jumping up, nobody would hear him. Fortunately for the Cabinet time ran his course, and the bell rang to announce that the fatal hour of six was at hand. The debate stopped at the bidding of the Speaker, and the members went home.

Poor Lord Palmerston was still very ill—so ill that his medical attendants had forbidden his taking any part in public business. But Pam is a brave old man; and,

to do him justice, thinks little of personal ease and personal comfort when higher things are at issue. He has long arrived at the conviction that after him will come chaos; and as far as his own party is concerned, we believe that he is right. Whether his past conduct has been such as to satisfy him, when he looks back upon it, that no portion of the blame attaches to himself, is more than we can say. Perhaps the time may come when we shall be tempted to mete out to him something of the same measure of justice which we have considered it our duty to mete out to Mr. Gladstone, and then it will be seen how far such a retrospect could be attended with satisfaction to anybody. Meanwhile, it is certain that to the future he looks forward with an alarm which he scarcely takes the trouble to disguise, and that his great bugbear of all is the almost certain advance of democracy. The progress and issues of the debate he insisted upon knowing. They were communicated to him unreservedly, and he at once summoned a Cabinet Council, which met at Cambridge House. Not having been present at that meeting, we cannot pretend to give a detailed account of its proceedings, but the issue to which it led has leaked out. Lord Palmerston, we understand, informed Mr. Gladstone that if he was determined to speak in favour of Mr. Baine's motion he must resign the seals of office. Mr. Gladstone, proud and irritable, and full of self-conceit, at once accepted the alternative, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to give way, rather than break up the Cabinet. Hence his silence during the second debate on Monday the 8th of May; a reticence so painful to himself, that it would not at all surprise us if he took an early, and probably a most

inconvenient, opportunity of accounting for it. Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Gladstone held his peace, when his friends of Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, and Bolton expected him to speak, and submitted to be marched out, a silent and disgusted voter, into the same lobby with Sir George Grey, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Baines.

Two consequences seem to us to be inevitable from these events: there is an end to cordiality on any point between the opposite factions in the Cabinet; there is a complete split in what is called the Liberal party. Sir George Grey's enunciation of Ministerial views, in reference to the past and the future, satisfies nobody. The Manchester men can never forgive the declaration, that Ministers do not intend to go to the country with a Reform cry. Lord Elcho, Mr. Lowe, and Conservative-Liberals of their class, can never again trust men who voted for a measure which they had unreservedly condemned. Whether, when it comes to the push, they will utterly desert their old leaders, is another question. Lord Elcho's extraordinary proposal to inquire, by Royal Commission, into the defects in the representative system of the country, and the best means of supplying them, would seem to indicate a sort of understanding between him, at least, and a portion of the Cabinet; and the guarded approval with which the 'Times' has spoken of the device, leaves little room to doubt with what section of the Cabinet this understanding prevails. But, as it is impossible to imagine that either the Radicals or the Tories will listen to a device so entirely unconstitutional, it appears to us that to Lord Palmerston, at least, no good will arise from the stratagem. The truth is, that the chaos which the Premier anticipated as a necessary consequence on his own relinquishment of office, has begun already; and nothing, as it seems to us, will stop

its spreading beyond the Liberal ranks, except such a change of Ministers as shall place the direction of public affairs in the hands of true men, by whatever *nom de guerre* they may at this moment be designated.

While these things are going on in the House of Commons, the Lords have been scandalised by the exposure of such a course of jobbery, or, to say the least of it, of nepotism and lack of judgment, in the Lord High Chancellor of England, as is without a parallel in modern times. The consequence is, that Lord Westbury has become to the Cabinet a source of weakness almost more telling than their Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We by no means accept the judgment which has been passed upon the learned Lord by the masses, and indeed almost everywhere, except in the House over which he presides. Obnoxious in very many respects we know him to be—flippant in speech—not over scrupulous in playing with truth—rude—unmannerly—we may say, at once, offensive; but the tenor of his life past has indicated no disposition on his part to do, deliberately and in cool blood, either harsh or dishonest things. We quite believe that the discovery of Mr. Edmunds's delinquencies neither shocked him very much nor pained him. He doubtless saw in them a ready means of making a provision for his son, and was indifferent as to what might become either of the detected peculator or of the public money; but that he enticed Mr. Edmunds to resign by holding out to him the prospect of a pension, with a view to the more speedy instalment of Mr. Edmunds's successor, cannot, in our opinion, be credited for a moment. Why should he commit so palpable a mistake? Mr. Edmunds's removal was certain. Whether it came a few weeks earlier or a few weeks later could not be of the smallest consequence. To all.

human appearance the Government was as safe as it ever had been, and nothing except the downfall of the Cabinet could defeat the Chancellor's benevolent paternal purposes. To bribe a delinquent into seeking that retirement into which the sentence of a high court of judicature was certain in a few days to drive him, would have been to commit an act of folly of which Lord Westbury is incapable. No doubt his letter to Mr. Lemon reads very much as if he had fallen into this blunder; and the impression is deepened by the recollection of the positive contradiction to the contents of that letter, which he uttered in the House of Lords. But all this only the more confirms us in our persuasion that he did a most improper act from no improper motive; and that at the bottom of the whole proceeding lay that substratum of good-nature which, strange to say, forms a large ingredient in one of the least reputable natures with which we happen to be acquainted. The whole matter, in short, began, continued, and ended as the Committee of the House of Lords reported that it did, in error of judgment. Still, a Lord Chancellor whose judgment lies so open to impeachment is anything but an element of strength to the Administration which works with him; and when we add to this the knack which he has of offending all who approach him, there cannot be two opinions in regard to the damage which he has done, and must continue to do, to the Government of which he is a member. But then comes the question, Can Lord Palmerston afford, at a critical juncture to his party like this, to change his Chancellor? And if he could afford to run this risk, is it probable that he will care to do so? An old man of eighty-one abhors, for the most part, changes of every sort; and Lord Palmerston especially is, and always has been, most creditably noted for standing

by his friends. It is open to him, therefore, to support Lord Westbury, but it will be at the manifest risk of offending adherents more useful to him than the Chancellor. On the other hand, he cannot displace the Chancellor without promoting to the woolsack one whom the Whigs can ill spare from the House of Commons. Sir Roundell Palmer, take him for all in all, is perhaps the ablest and best speaker that the Government has; yet Sir Roundell Palmer would hardly consent to be slighted, particularly by one whom he did not consent to support without a struggle, and whose great age prevents the possibility of his ever being able at some future time to repair an immediate wrong. Lord Palmerston is thus between the horns of a dilemma. To keep his present Chancellor will be very inconvenient, because a high functionary who requires a committee to vindicate his character is worse than an encumbrance to his party; to lose a good speaker from the House would be inconvenient also: he will probably, therefore, keep the Chancellor, and perhaps live long enough to repent it.

Here, then, are two rocks ahead of Lord Palmerston—an unsavoury Lord Chancellor in the Upper House of Parliament, and a crotchety and unmanageable Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Lower. As to any effective support against the latter, while illness and the infirmities of age keep the Premier himself at home, the unbecoming conduct of the party on the occasion of the first night's debate about the Union Rating Bill, shows that none need be looked for at all events in the Cabinet. Now, entertaining, as we do, a latent kindness for Lord Palmerston—remembering that he was once a Tory stanch as the stanchest—believing that there is still a pretty strong leaven of Toryism about him—of such Toryism, at least, as went to form the public character of his brilliant chief, Mr.

Canning—we should be very glad if it were in our power to help him in this strait; and it really does appear to us that his case, so far as regards the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is by no means so desperate as it appears to be.

Lord Palmerston clings to Mr. Gladstone because he has been successful as a financier. Had his calculations only miscarried a little—had there been a deficiency last year instead of a surplus, or had the surplus been less considerable than it is—without doubt Mr. Gladstone would have been ostracised long ago. But to ostracise a Finance Minister, whose schemes the general progress of the country has rendered harmless, and to the vulgar eye successful, is in these days no easy matter. But surely Lord Palmerston cannot be ignorant that Mr. Gladstone's schemes have proved successful, not so much through any merit inherent in themselves, as by the force of circumstances over which he had no control. With exports and imports continually increasing, and a trade extending itself, through the operation of railroads, steam navigation, and the electric wire, there would be needed positive ingenuity on the part of the Finance Minister to prevent the public revenue from rising. Whether the people profit as they ought to do by this increase—whether comforts are diffused through all classes proportionate to the growing money value of the exports and imports of which we make our boast—these are points on which we propose to touch by-and-by. Meanwhile, with a view to bring Mr. Gladstone's merits to the test, we shall address ourselves to his last financial statement, with the details of which, as it is still little more than six weeks old, we may assume that most of our readers are acquainted.

And first, in reference to the manner in which this statement was brought forward—a consideration not without weight in such

cases. Mr. Gladstone has not, in the present instance, deviated in any measure from his usual method of doing business. He is one of those unlucky public men who cannot propose measures, even if in themselves they be satisfactory, without doing outrage to the feelings of somebody, and not unfrequently of the very persons whom he professes himself anxious to benefit. Had he been content, on the 27th of April last, with enunciating simply that there was a considerable surplus at his disposal, and that he proposed to apply it to the reduction of certain taxes, all of them unpopular, the chances are, that Opposition members, equally with the members who usually support the Government, would have acquiesced in his determination, and thanked him for it. He might, indeed, have added, and added with perfect truth, that, in dealing with one of these unpopular taxes, he only obeyed the pressure of a moral necessity. After a decision against him in the House of Commons so recent, he could not well avoid lowering the duty on fire insurance, which, nevertheless, he manages still to keep at a figure considerably above that which the House and the country had contemplated. But there his concessions might have ended; for the substitution of a fourpenny for a sixpenny tax on incomes, and the reduction of duty on tea to sixpence, are confessedly his own devices. And as both have much to commend them to public favour, so both, had they been brought forward on their own merits, would have carried, to a great extent at least, the sense of the House and of the country with them.

A course so obviously wise as well as modest, was not, however, one which Mr. Gladstone could bring himself to follow. He must not only justify his present policy by contrasting the benefits to be derived from the reduction of one particular tax, with the mischief which

would accrue from tampering with another; but he must preface even this by an elaborate review of the incidents of former years, so put together as to glorify himself and his own statesmanship at the expense of the statesmanship of better men, which he either misunderstands or misrepresents. In order to effect this, he divided the interval between 1842 and 1864 into cycles of years, each of which, according to his showing, presented an aspect peculiar to itself, but of which the general effect was to prove that as often as it fell to his lot to manage the financial affairs of the country the country flourished; as often as others undertook to do what he ought to have done, the country decayed. As, however, the management of the national finance has been more in his hands than in those of anybody else, the steady tendency, subject to occasional drawbacks, has been towards improvement; and now things have arrived at such a pass that, while we have a larger public income than was ever before raised from taxation, the taxes press less heavily than they ever did upon the people; and we are actually beginning to pay off the national debt at the rate of three millions a-year.

If it were worth while to expose, one by one, the string of sophistries which pervade the whole of this statement, the task would be as easy to ourselves as it would probably be tedious and little profitable to our readers. The fact is, that throughout the whole of this portion of his speech, Mr. Gladstone played with figures, and never once stopped to say a word about the realities which they are supposed to represent. He dealt with the value of imports and exports, rising year after year by thousands and tens of thousands of pounds sterling; but he never once condescended to explain what the articles are which go and come, and who the persons may be who chiefly benefit by the

process. In like manner, though he cannot avoid all reference to the falling in of the long annuities, he is careful to make as little of it as possible: and especially to show that it goes but a small way to make up the amount by which the national debt has been diminished—an amount not a little boasted of, yet barely reaching eighteen millions. So, also, he forgets to acknowledge that, after these eighteen millions have been deducted, we are not yet brought back to the state in which we were when Lord Aberdeen's Administration, of which he was a member, plunged us into the war with Russia. But the worst feature in the case is, that he never once alludes to facts which are as notorious as they are distressing, that the prosperity of which he boasts is shared in by the favoured few only, while the great bulk of our countrymen are as hard put to it as they ever were, many of them more so, to earn a scanty subsistence. What has become of our silk fabric, with the large number of hands which depended upon it? What sale is there for cutlery in comparison with that which it formerly commanded? What for ribbons of British manufacture at home or abroad? And, almost sadder still, why are the classes which, in their various departments, contribute to produce the works of the watch, and live by so doing, reduced to the straits to which foreign competition has brought them? As to the agricultural labourer, it is too well known that he never lived harder or fared worse than he does now. His wages, rising and falling with the price of wheat, grow year by year more scanty, so that the cheap bread which others eat is very dear bread to him. And why do the large manufacturing towns desire a new system of rating, except that they may throw the burden of their poor, which is growing intolerable, as they throw everything else that they can, upon the land. Nor is it any answer to say that

land never brought such enormous prices as it does now. No doubt it does, but why? Because capital accumulates so fast in the hands of our trading and manufacturing magnates, that they find themselves unable to employ it all in commerce, and purchase land, partly because it is a safe investment, partly because they are ambitious of taking rank among the territorial aristocracy of England. It is easy to show by figures, as Mr. Gladstone does, that our exports and imports "increase and are increasing." But if it should turn out that, in the former case, the increase consists chiefly of raw produce—coal and iron, for example, in the ore or in bars, and suchlike—and in the latter, of manufactured goods, silks, ribbons, gloves, watches, wines, &c.; then a grave question arises as to how far the people gain by this increase, or whether the result of modern legislation be not to render the prosperous or capital class more prosperous, while the masses or working men have greater difficulty than they ever did in finding a remunerative market for their labour.

So much for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's glowing generalities. Now, let us examine one by one a few of the more prominent of his particular statements, in order that our readers may be enabled to judge of the soundness of the logic by which they are supported.

The repeal of the paper-duty seems to haunt Mr. Gladstone's memory as the ghost of his victim is said to haunt the memory of a parricide; and no wonder. It was the most wanton sacrifice ever perpetrated of a revenue large in amount, easily collected, and of which no human being complained. Not a single paper-maker asked to be relieved from the tax; the more respectable portions of the publishing trade spoke against the repeal; general dealers were indifferent about it, because they well knew that the saving on the rough commodity which they made use of in wrapping up the goods,

infinitesimally small as it must be, would never be felt by them, nor yet be given to their customers. The only people that were in concert in the matter were the proprietors of penny newspapers and the politicians of the Manchester school, whom the less reputable of the penny newspapers generally support. To gratify these persons, and to cement Mr. Gladstone's political alliance with them, the duty was repealed, and repealed with double relish because an opportunity was afforded at the same time of coercing the House of Lords. What has been the result? Between two and three millions are lost to the revenue, without any corresponding benefit arising to any section of the people. A large consumer of writing-paper may save, perhaps, a penny in a ream, but the paper which he does consume is either not of home manufacture at all, or has become so deteriorated in quality as to be detestable in the use. Ask the paper-makers of England and Scotland how it fares with them? No steps being taken to obtain a repeal of the export-duty which foreign governments still levy upon rags, they find themselves paralysed, to a great extent, from lack of material; while the French and German paper-makers throw their goods, duty free, into British markets, and deluge us with an inferior article, because they can sell it cheap. These are facts against which there is no contending; yet observe how characteristically Mr. Gladstone fences with them. He cannot deny that considerable suffering has followed the course of his legislation; he assumes, however, that the period of suffering is past, and that a brighter era is dawning on the paper trade.

"That is a trade," he says, "in which this House has felt a peculiar, a natural, and an abiding interest. I will, therefore, just refer to the condition of the paper trade. I am very far from denying—on the contrary, I greatly

deplore it—that the period of transition has been for many members of that trade a period of very great severity. Of that I make no doubt whatever. At the same time, it is right to say that the paper trade, as a whole, not only has not left the country, but it shows no intention of leaving the country; on the contrary, it evidently means to strike its roots deeper and deeper here, for it calls continually from year to year for the importation of more materials from abroad, while at the same time the consumers of paper in this country are supplied with paper more largely and more cheaply than at any former period. The importations of paper and paper-hangings from abroad have risen from the insignificant amount at which they stood six years ago to no less than £477,000 in value in 1864, while at the same time the importation of materials for paper-making rose from 13,700 tons in 1859 to 20,400 tons in 1862, to 44,000 tons in 1863, and to 67,000 tons in 1864. It will be observed that this cannot be accounted for by the disappearance of cotton-waste, because for the last year or two, at any rate, the supply of cotton-waste has been tending to increase. It was in 1861 and 1862 that the supply of cotton-waste was at the lowest; but, while the supply of that material from our manufactures has been somewhat reviving, here is that immense increase in the importation of other paper-making materials from abroad. [An hon. Member—‘Rags.’] Rags are included, but I do not distinguish between rags and other materials for paper-making, of which there are a great variety. No doubt rags only form a small proportion of the whole, and raw vegetable products represent the mass of the imports. But that is a remarkable fact. Such has been the advantage of the stimulus given to the search for new materials for the manufacture of paper, that the owners of cotton-waste now complain that they can only obtain half the price for that material which they used to obtain. That is the state of the case; and speaking of the paper-makers as a class, I may say that it is not because less paper is made that cotton-waste does not fetch the same price as formerly, but because the paper-maker has found that he can obtain cheaper materials from other sources. A gentleman who himself produces a

large quantity of cotton-waste has informed me by letter that in 1860, when middling cotton cost him 5½d. per lb., he could get 22s. per sack for his sweepings; yet now, when he was paying so much more for his cotton, he could not get more than 9s. a sack for the waste.”

It is really worth while to linger for a brief space over this rare specimen of oratorical clap-trap. That our paper-makers are flourishing, is proved by two circumstances—first, that cotton-waste fetches no such price as it did ten years ago; and next, that instead of 13,700 tons, as in 1859, not less than 67,000 tons of material for the fabric are now imported from abroad. Is Mr. Gladstone ignorant that the waste from the cottons produced in India and Egypt is far less valuable to the paper-maker than the waste from the American cotton? And cannot he put two and two together, so far as to discover that if the cotton-waste be worthless, the paper-maker must look elsewhere for his materials, the weight of which is great in exact proportion to its comparative worthlessness for the purpose to which it is applied. Ask any man skilled in the industry, and he will tell you that 13,000 tons of good light rags would go farther to make paper than 30,000 or possibly 60,000 tons of heavy vegetable substances. Now, we cannot produce rags enough at home to avert the necessity of importing them from abroad. We cannot ship them in a foreign port without the payment of such a duty as renders them too costly for use. We are driven, therefore, to work up jute, hemp, and other vegetable substances, which, for the present at least, scarcely repay the money and labour bestowed upon them. Meanwhile, in farther proof how admirably the device succeeds, we are told that “the importations of paper and paper-hangings from abroad have risen from the insignificant amount at which they stood six years ago to no less than £477,000 in value!”

We are far from pretending to deny that the consumers of paper, and still more of paper-hangings,

gain something by the repeal of the duty. The rich man who is about to decorate his palace will do it now at a considerably less price than it would have cost him to execute the same amount of work six years ago. Indeed, so great is the power of luxury in this country, that the rich are beginning, we understand, to supersede the most delicate paper-hangings with calico-hangings, and even with silk. But this by no means proves that another of our native industries has not been struck at, or that the owners of paper-mills are not working among us wellnigh at a loss. Men cannot change their habits of life at a day's notice, or withdraw their capital, which has been sunk in buildings and machinery, as often as it suits the policy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to carry measures fatal to the industry in which they are engaged. They keep their mills going, and will doubtless continue to do so, hoping against hope to the end. But the end must come; and then will the operative paper-makers be thrown, like the operative ribbon-weavers, upon the general labour market, which is already over-stocked, and from which the last resource will be emigration to the United States or to Australia.

Next to the repeal of the paper-duty the financial arrangement on which Mr. Gladstone chiefly prides himself is the French treaty. And knowing how sceptical the general public is in regard to the benefits thence arising, he proceeds to show in the following terms that his calculations have come right, and that we who grumble have no reason at all for the complaints which we make:—

"I will now notice our trade with France, which is also a subject of special interest to this country, and there I find an increase. It varies, and although the export of British produce has slightly diminished since two or three years back, yet the total increase of trade with France has been steadily on the increase on imports as well as exports. In 1859 the total amount of our trade

with France was £28,431,000, and in 1864 it was £49,797,000, showing an increase of £23,366,000, or nearly 90 per cent.

"Though the export of British produce has slightly diminished since two or three years back, still the total increase of trade with France has been steadily on the increase on imports as well as exports." Be it so. We have, at all events, certain admissions here, which are worth noting, and these naturally suggest the questions, What is it that we import from France since the treaty which we did not import before? and what have we exported in excess of former exportations? The answers are, We have imported more wine, a great deal of it execrably bad; more ribbons, more gloves, more paper-hangings, more watches. We have exported more coal, more iron, in ore or in bars, a little more of our coarser crockery, and perhaps a little more thread. Our calicoes and muslins are still kept out of the French market by heavy imports; our steel the French people never buy. They drink a little more beer than they used to do; but as the rich only can afford the luxury, the benefit to our general commerce is very inconsiderable. We should really like to see Mr. Gladstone's statement carefully analysed, so as to bring the particulars both of exports and imports clearly before us; for we greatly deceive ourselves if there be not a purpose in his extraordinary throwing together of details, which, to be fairly dealt with, ought to be considered separately. Granting that our trade with France has increased, since 1859, 90 per cent, what we want to know is, which of the two nations, France or England, has gained most by this increase? For cordially as we wish well to our neighbours, we cannot pretend to such an enlarged philanthropy as to rejoice in their success if it be achieved at our loss. It seems, by Mr. Gladstone's own admission, that within

the last two or three years, the export of British produce to France has slightly diminished. This is awkward; and still more awkward will it be if, on a division of profits, it should appear that of the 90 portions of which the Minister boasts, 80, or even 60, have gone to France, and only 10 or 20 accrued to England.

Having thus disposed of the French treaty, Mr. Gladstone proceeds to institute a comparison between the public expenditure in France under the Empire, and the public expenditure of England, blessed as it has of late years been with a Whig Administration. What necessity there was for such a comparison at all, we are at a loss to conceive. Still, as he judged it expedient to entertain the House with an exercitation so purely gratuitous, the least that the House had a right to expect from him was, that he would make his statements fairly; this, however, he has not done. Desiring, as it would appear, to show that the Imperial Government has been mangled on the score of extravagance, he laboured to show that it costs nearly ten millions more to carry on the affairs of England than to manage the public affairs of France. Now it is not our business to vindicate the Whigs from the charge which their own Chancellor of the Exchequer brings against them; but the facts of the case really do not bear out his assertion. He abstracts from the public expenditure of our neighbours all the sums that are required for local purposes, yet omits to add to the public expenditure of England the sums required for poor-rates, highway-rates, county-rates, and so forth. Now, if in calculating the general costs of administration, you add, as you surely ought to do, these charges on both sides to what is called the taxation of the country, you will find that there is a nearer approach to equality between the burdens borne by the French and the English people than our astute Finance Minister supposes. And if you further take into ac-

count the octroits, or duties levied on all articles of consumption carried into French towns, then we are very much mistaken if the balance be not considerably against France, and in favour of England.

This is curious. What follows is more than curious—it is sophistical, and scarcely honest. Whether Mr. Gladstone is replying to certain observations which we felt it our duty to make in the April number of this magazine, we cannot pretend to say. It certainly looks as if he had our argument, if not ourselves, in his mind when he spoke. Here is his declaration:—

“And here I come to a point of very great and clear interest which may deserve a few moments’ attention. There is, again, a misapprehension that while the increase of trade of this country of late years has been undoubtedly a remarkable increase, yet that it has been less than the increase in the trade of foreign countries. That is a matter which somewhat touches not only the reputation of the Parliaments of England, which for the last twenty-five years have attached so much consequence to the removal of shackles from industry and commerce, but also appears to press materially upon the wisdom or necessity of continuing that policy for the future. It is quite true that the trade of France exhibits a larger relative increase of late years than ours has done, but I will venture to say it would have been strange indeed if that had not been the case. And why? The trade of France languished after the close of the great war, and especially after the wasting and crushing depopulation of the last years of that war, which destroyed almost one-half of the labouring and productive power of the country. It was not surprising, then, that for thirty or forty years that great country should have remained in an unnatural position as regarded its trade. It is not wonderful, then, that the trade of France should show a greater relative increase than that of England, which has never lost the energy and vigour of her commercial operations, and which happily has never been subjected to such sweeping losses of her best blood through the desolating influence of war. I am only able to compare the exports, but they

are quite sufficient and effectual for the purpose. The exports of France in 1854 were £78,000,000, and in 1863 they were £141,000,000, being an increase of 81 per cent. The exports of the United Kingdom in 1854 were £116,000,000, and in 1863 £197,000,000, an increase of no more than 70 per cent. I grant that if that fact stood alone it would authorise you to say that a country which had done little in the way of relaxing its commercial laws, had achieved relatively more than a country which had done much and had made great progress on the road of commercial freedom. But when we look at the absolute increase, we find that while France has added £63,000,000 to her exports, England has added £81,000,000. But if we want to have a fair comparison we should not take a country like France, placed under circumstances so abnormal in consequence of the ruin and ravages of war; let us take two neighbouring countries with free institutions, which have not undergone the same sufferings, which have been in a more normal condition, and which have been free from war and revolution—and it is difficult to find countries on the Continent which have been free from war and revolution—let us take Belgium and Holland. There is no country which has benefited more fully and more enormously than Belgium from the application of the railway system. The increase in the imports of England, as I have shown, from 1854 to 1863, has been 71 per cent; but the imports of Belgium, one of the most flourishing countries of the Continent, only grew in the same period from £28,000,000 to £40,000,000, or 43 per cent, and the exports of Holland only grew from £24,000,000 to £30,000,000, or 25 per cent. With regard to Austria it is difficult to make a favourable comparison. It is really lamentable to find that in a country of that vast extent, and with that immense capacity, the exports, which amounted to £11,000,000 in 1844, in 1858 (though there had been a great increase) had only risen to £22,000,000. Let us hope that my right honourable friend who is now in Vienna engaged in the good work of communicating to Austria the results of our experience, may succeed in persuading the Imperial Government—not that it is a matter of vital importance to England that they should alter their tariffs, but that it is of

vital importance to themselves, and that if they will act in that spirit, with a view to their own interests, we shall be perfectly satisfied with the share of the benefits which must necessarily redound to us in a process which always ‘blesses him that gives more than him that takes.’ ”

Before we call in question the accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's figures, it is right that attention should be drawn to the characteristic looseness of his logic. He is willing enough to accept as a test of the relative prosperity of the three nations the general state of trade in England as compared with the general state of trade in Belgium and in Holland. He will acknowledge no such criterion when undertaking to judge between England and France, and England and Austria. He reasons thus: the trade of France has undoubtedly increased, in the interval between 1854 and 1863, considerably more than that of England. The former has expanded to the extent of 81 per cent, the latter to no more than 70 per cent; but that is a matter of no moment. The addition to English *exports* in that interval amounts to £81,000,000—the addition to French *exports*, to £63,000,000 only; therefore France has by no means kept pace with England. Comparing England with Belgium, and England with Holland, he again changes his ground. He tries them by their *imports*; and finding that England has, between 1854 and 1863, imported more than she used to do by 71 per cent, while Belgium has advanced only 43, and Holland not more than 25, he decides absolutely in favour of England. Rather slippery arithmetic this. Nor does the cantrip end there. Belgium and Holland equally enjoy, which France does not, free or constitutional governments, and both have benefited, the former especially, more than any other Continental countries, from the application of the railway system. “Besides,” continues our loquacious financier, “France is only just beginning to recover from a state of chronic war

and revolution; and having recently turned her attention to the affairs of trade and commerce, it is natural that her first strides should be gigantic." Why, what have Belgium and Holland been doing all the while that France suffered as here described? Were they passing their days in peace, each man living happily under his own vine and his own fig-tree? Quite otherwise. In "the wasting and crushing depopulation of the last ten years of the great war," Belgium and Holland had their full share. Indeed they had more than their share; for they had to bear first the pressure of conquest, which is always "wasting and crushing" to the vanquished; and then, being annexed to the Empire, they contributed, as all the outlying provinces did, a larger number of soldiers to the Imperial armies than were supplied by France. If, then, it was owing to her exemption from the "crushing and wasting depopulation," that France made such a sudden start in the race of commerce, why did not Belgium and Holland, whose condition in this respect exactly assimilated to hers, make a similar start? No doubt, France has indulged more in revolutions than either Belgium or Holland. They were content with one in 1830; she has had three: first, that of 1830; then that of 1848; and, last of all, the *coup d'état* in 1851. But will Mr. Gladstone pretend to say that the rebound of her revolutions was not felt injuriously on the commerce of both Belgium and Holland?—that it did not create such a panic as paralysed all energy, not in Belgium and Holland only, but all over the Continent? Why, if such things act like moral blisters upon paralysed nations, were not Belgium and Holland equally stimulated by them to push their trade as France has pushed hers?

Mr. Gladstone's reasoning abounds with such transparent incongruities that we feel as if some apology were due to our readers for having wasted so much time in exposing them.

If wars and revolutions prevent nations from applying their energies to commerce, France, Belgium, and Holland, as they were equally the subjects of these evils for many years, so must they have been equally paralysed by the evils thence arising. If a sudden exemption from these evils gives a stimulus to commercial exertion, the stimulus must have been equally felt in France, Belgium, and in Holland. But the effect of the stimulus is represented as more striking in the former than in either of the latter countries; yet the commercial systems on which the three nations act are essentially the same. Granting, then, that one outstrips the rest, we must, it is presumed, seek for some cause of that success different from any which Mr. Gladstone suggests for our consideration. Where is it? In this: that Mr. Gladstone tests France by its exports, Belgium and Holland by their imports. Is this fair—is it even common sense?

It is not fair—it is not even common sense; but it shows that thus far in his financial statement Mr. Gladstone is labouring to effect two objects, both of them illusory, and one perfectly unattainable. First, he wishes to convey the impression that the Tory party is hostile to free trade, and would return to a system of protection if it could. This is not the fact. The Tory party has accepted free trade, and approves it where it is a reality. It objects only to a system of trade of which the freedom is all on one side. The Tory party would as much resent the reversal of a commercial policy to which the nation has become accustomed as Mr. Gladstone himself. But the Tory party believes and affirms that the increase of trade, of which so much boast is made, originates in incidents with which neither parliaments nor governments have anything to say, and not on the headlong abandonment of that commercial policy which made us what we are. We export and import

threefold as much as we did thirty years ago. Who denies it? But this multiplication of our transactions may easily be accounted for, when it is remembered that railway communication makes our business day now equal to four business days thirty years ago; that the telegraphic wire enables the merchant to communicate with the most distant parts of the earth in as many hours as it used to take him months; that steam navigation renders at once expeditious and comparatively certain all our mercantile voyages; and that the gold discoveries, while they give immense facilities to trade, enhance the apparent value of every article of barter except the precious metals. What has legislation, what have commercial systems, had to do with these things? That is all for which we have ever contended; and that we are justified in holding to this opinion, the following facts will show:—

It is long since England took the lead of every other nation in trade and commerce. Within the memory of living men, her exports and imports fell very little short of those of all the other nations of Europe put together, and she is still at the head of them taken separately. But, looking to the interval between 1847 and 1864, we find that in these years her imports increased by 90 per cent, while those of France increased by 96 per cent; her exports by 96 per cent, and those of France by 159 per cent. We do not dispute that England's progress has been great; but surely the progress of France must be admitted to be greater; yet France adheres to that system of protection from which we have emancipated ourselves. So, also, it is with Austria. The geographical position of that empire, her exclusion from the sea—except by the circuitous navigation of the Danube, or the toilsome and expensive railway traffic to Trieste—must always prevent her becoming a rival, in commerce, to England, to France, or even to Belgium.

Yet Austria, in spite of her adherence to the system of protection, has made such strides, that her exports now exceed, by 124 per cent, what they were in 1847. These, then, are the fallacies in which Mr. Gladstone indulges. He accuses us of being hostile to free trade, which we are not; and endeavours to deduce from the premises which we have now set fairly before our readers, conclusions which they will not carry.

Thus clearing the way for himself, as he usually does, by a skillful intermixture of sophisms and statistics, Mr. Gladstone advances to the real business before him, and does his best to secure a favourable hearing, by first enunciating a considerable surplus, and then explaining how he proposes to apply it to the reduction of taxation. Against his surplus we have nothing to say. There it is, a fact not to be disputed; and an agreeable fact, too, though somewhat marred by the recollection that the country was made to eat a good deal of dirt, in order to bring the consummation about. Neither is it worth our while to notice the trifling bonus awarded to dealers in small tenements, —to insurers against accidents, to special pleaders, and persons possessed of incomes under £50 a-year. It is a good thing to get rid of petty grievances wherever they exist, and the benefits which the classes of persons just enumerated are about to receive no one will grudge them. But we do object to all that follows; not because we are sorry to have twopence in the pound taken from the income-tax, and that sixpence less should be charged as duty upon the pound of tea; but because the agricultural interest has been cruelly outraged in this budget, and because the reasons assigned for keeping the malt-tax at the figure which it assumed under the pressure of the great French war, are unsound, unstatesmanlike, and Jesuitical. Let us give our reasons for this protest:—

And here, at the outset, we demur, in the most decided manner, to the dictum with which, as it seems to us, Mr. Gladstone endeavours to close the door against all argument. We deny that "the consistent man who supports the repeal of the malt-tax is the sly but determinate foe of indirect taxation." Why should the abolition of the malt tax be, any more than the repeal of the duty upon paper, "the death-warrant of the whole of our system of indirect taxation"? There is, indeed, a difference in the effects of the two taxes, which is this—that whereas the tax on foreign-made paper encouraged a domestic industry, the tax on malt is a burden which domestic industry is made to bear. But upon what ground that can be asserted of the one which was never so much as insinuated in reference to the other, is more than we can conceive. The repeal of the malt-tax, were it forced upon the Government, might, and probably would, involve, for the present, the keeping up of the income-tax at five, or perhaps six, pence in the pound. But if the paper-duty had been left as all except the Manchester men desired, and the tax on tea continued at a shilling, this could not have occurred. And even now, with the paper-duty abolished, a fivopenny income-tax, and a tea-tax at the old rate, would carry the Chancellor of the Exchequer through his difficulty. We propose to consider this part of our subject a good deal at length, for the consequences involved in the issue, whatever these may be, are of the gravest kind.

Mr. Gladstone rests his refusal to touch the malt-tax on two grounds: first, because the beer-trade flourishes in spite of the drawbacks to which it is subjected; and next, because, having ceased to legislate for classes, we may not, on the plea of its bearing hard upon the cultivators of the soil, repeal a tax which is at once so productive and so easily collected. The collateral reasons with which he fortifies his main

argument are these:—that if you cheapen beer, you will drive spirits, to the revenue a most profitable fabric, out of the market; and that the Scotch and Irish, who drink very little beer, and a great deal of spirits, will have just reason to complain if you deal less liberally with them than with the beer-drinking English.

"No, I am bound to say that cannot put out of sight in dealing with this matter the Irish and the Scotch question. I think that in the nature of the Scotch there is great patience, and in the nature of the Irish great vivacity; and I believe that the patient and the vivacious would combine together were we to reduce the malt-duty for the benefit of this country, and would say, 'In some manner or another—you may find out the way for yourselves—we insist, if you reduce this tax for the advantage of England, upon your doing something for us.' To the three other sources of loss, therefore, which I have mentioned, a fourth would be added, arising out of the demands of the representatives of Scotland and Ireland. That, I am sure, it will be admitted, would not be a very hopeful prospect for us in a financial point of view."

From what, we would venture to ask, in reply to all this, does Mr. Gladstone suppose that good whisky is made? Good whisky, whether of Scotch or Irish origin—such whisky as respectable distillers prefer to produce—is made of pure malt, and nothing else. There is, no doubt, a spirit, not by any means noxious, though of a quality inferior, and therefore fetching an inferior price, which is produced from an intermixture of two-thirds raw barley and one-third malt. But the vile compound of raw wheat, or rye, or oats, or big, and sugar or molasses, which takes the name of whisky, and poisons all who consume it; is the legitimate offspring of the same tax which keeps the poor Englishman from brewing his beer at home. So far, therefore, is it from being a fact, that repeal of the malt-tax would be resisted by Scotch and Irish members, that all among them who

know anything about the subject would support the repeal, because malt would thus be brought within the reach of the small as well as of the great distiller, and the Scotch and Irish people supplied with a spirit infinitely better, and certainly not dearer, than that which they consume at the present moment.

Encouraged by the cheer which this rash assertion elicited, Mr. Gladstone went on to indulge a little further in those statistical details which no man knows better than he how to toss about with a view to serve his own purposes.

"What, let me ask, are the grounds for this great innovation, this dangerous inroad on our established fiscal system? Is the consumption of beer declining? Is the trade a dying trade? Has the Englishman changed his nature? Has he ceased to supply himself with a sufficiently liberal proportion of this excellent and truly national drink? On the contrary, the figures all point upwards. The members of the present Government, and the right hon. gentlemen opposite too, may claim the honour of each having done a good deal to promote the consumption of malt by means of the burdens laid on the consumption of spirits, and what has happened? I find—I cannot give the returns for Ireland, but for the purpose of what I am about to state that is not material—that in 1841 the consumption of malt in Great Britain was 1.701 bushels per head of the population, while in 1863 it had risen to 1.793 per head. Now, that, I think, furnishes evidence of a very handsome growth. But how stands the case with spirits, on which year after year during the period to which I am referring additional burdens have been laid? In 1841 the consumption per head of spirits in Great Britain was .763 gallons; while in 1863, to my great joy and satisfaction, it sank to .645. The case, then, as represented by those figures, is not such a very hard one after all; but there is another way of putting it. It may be said—'It is perhaps true that things, as regards the consumption of malt, are a little better now than they were some few years ago; but, then, let us go back to the good old times of our forefathers and see how the matter stands.' Well, adopting that course, and going back to the year 1722—for I daresay that will be

far enough—I find that the consumption of beer in England was 6,000,000 barrels—or at the rate of a barrel per head, for the population at the time was only 6,000,000. In 1830 the consumption was 8,000,000 barrels, and in that year, I regret to say, it had sunk from one barrel to two-thirds of a barrel per head. In 1864, however, so powerful were the restorative processes which had been introduced, and so much had the consumption of beer been assisted by the legislation which took place with regard to spirits, and otherwise—we go back, with a population of 20,000,000, to the good old scale, and consume 20,000,000 barrels, or exactly the same quantity per head as in 1722."

Anything more grossly delusive than this statement, from beginning to end, was never, we suspect, put forth in the House of Commons. Assume that Mr. Gladstone's statistics are correct, and to what do they amount? That the consumption of malt in 1863 had become greater than it was in 1841 by $\frac{223}{10000}$, and that the average consumption of beer per head of the population is about the same now that it was in 1722. But Mr. Gladstone's statistics are not correct, and we beg leave to tell him why.

In 1780 the population of England and Wales amounted to five millions and a half of souls; the duty levied then upon malt was at the rate of 7d. in the bushel, and the consumption of malt itself amounted to not less than five bushels per head of the population annually. In 1830 the population had increased to fourteen millions; the duty was then 2s. 8d., and the consumption at the rate of two and a half bushels per head. The population is now nearly twenty millions; the duty is still 2s. 8d., and, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of beer produced, the consumption of malt falls considerably short of three bushels per head. Mr. Gladstone may make what he pleases of his twenty millions of people and twenty million barrels of beer. We all know that in the composition of the beer which is consumed in public houses very little malt is

used, and a great deal of quassia and other drugs. Be this, however, as it may, the fact remains incontrovertible, that the consumption of malt among these twenty millions is proportionally less by two-fifths, if not by one-half, than it was among five and a half millions of people 140 years ago.

Again, Mr. Gladstone obstinately shuts his eyes to the fact that malt and beer are not convertible terms—that, however greatly we may wish to see wholesome beer cheapened, and facilities of brewing at home afforded to all classes of her Majesty's subjects, we denounce the malt-tax as impolitic and unfair on other and wider grounds than this. The malt-tax operates as a direct and positive hindrance to agriculture. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of land in this country which would produce excellent crops of inferior barley, were it worth the farmer's while to grow them; but barley is very little used in this country except for malting purposes, and the malt which inferior barley produces would not meet the expense incident to the tax. But this is not all. Agriculture, to be permanently successful, must be conducted on a system of rotation in tillage, so managed that each successive crop shall seek its nutriment from those qualities in the soil which the crop preceding it had not devoured. Now, if you be driven out of this rotation by pressure from without, you have no choice except to adopt one or other of two courses; either you must have recourse to fallows—that is, you must do without the produce of one-third or one-fourth of your arable land every year; or you must, for the sake of an immediate gain, wear out your land by drenching it with stimulants. We say with stimulants, because artificial manures—lime, guano, and such-like—are mere drugs. They promote a rapid circulation for the time being; but in exact proportion as they produce this effect

they exhaust the soil. Now, this affects injuriously not the agriculturist alone, but all classes of the people. The former cannot afford to grow inferior barley, such as would do admirably, when converted into malt, for feeding stock; if he cannot increase his stock, he cannot accumulate the very best kind of manure—that which the barnyard supplies. Without this manure his wheat-culture itself is curtailed; and, in the absence of the stock which should have produced it, the price of wheat rises or is kept down by increased importation from abroad. Indeed, we will go further. Not only are these evil results brought about where the land is good and fit for the highest order of cultivation, but in different land, where wheat would not grow, is rendered all but worthless both to the owner and to the public. Repeal or diminish by one-half the obnoxious malt-tax, and many a field now lying waste would teem with crops of barley, and fat cattle be so multiplied as to render beef accessible—which at this moment it certainly is not—to others than the well-to-do classes of society.

But, demands Mr. Gladstone, what right have you to complain? We must raise a revenue somehow; and unless you are prepared to throw all the burdens of the State upon realized property, you have no ground for demanding that this, which is the most productive of all our indirect taxes, should be tampered with. Beer and spirits bear their share, and no more than their share, in the public burdens with wine and tea. Indeed, the duties levied upon beer are lighter than those upon wine and tea.

"If," he observes, "you want to estimate the relative taxation, you must take articles capable of coming into competition with one another; you must, therefore, take the poorer and lower wines capable of being sold at prices somewhat approaching that of beer, and therefore of coming into com-

petition with it. I have inquired into the character of the wines consumed by the poor, who are the great drinkers of beer, and one of them is called Hamburg sherry. The people of Hamburg have the reputation of being adulteraters of wine; but it is always to be borne in mind that, according to their own view, they understand the chemistry of wine; and what we called 'adulteration,' they say is nothing but scientific mixture. The price of Hamburg sherry is 5s. a-gallon, duty paid, and of that 2s. 6d., or 50 per cent, is duty; beer is only taxed at 20 per cent. Spanish red wines have recently been imported to some extent, and the same observation applies as to duty upon them. The common sherries from Cadiz pay about the same rate—that is to say, they are sold at 5s. per gallon, the duty being 2s. 6d., or 50 per cent. The common clarets imported from France for popular consumption, are sold, duty paid, at about 2s. a-gallon. The duty upon them is 1s. a-gallon, or at the rate of 50 per cent. This class of wines, therefore, which might enter into competition with beer, is subject to a taxation of 50 per cent.; while beer itself contributes but 20 per cent. I pass now to another view of the question. Malt lies, we may say, half-way between the stronger liquors, such as wine and spirits, on the one hand, and tea on the other; and appealing, as I do, to gentlemen who make honourable manifestations of the strength of their disapproval of the consumption of spirits, I apprehend I shall find a way to their hearts without any difficulty when I plead for moderation in the impost upon tea. If beer ought to be taxed more lightly than the wines which compete with it, and more lightly than spirits—as I grant it ought to be—then I put it confidently to the House, ought tea to be taxed more heavily than beer? I ask attention to that proposition, because it is one which entails consequences. If the principle that tea ought to be taxed more heavily than beer be sound, then it is desirable to uphold that distinction; but if the principle be unsound, then it is very desirable that it should be exploded. The tax on beer, as I have already stated, is about 20 per cent; the tax on the tea cannot be stated at less than 40 per cent. The short price of tea for some years past

has not been above 1s. 6d. per lb., sold by the chest; a few days ago it stood at 1s. 3d. If we take the price at 1s. 6d., the tax upon tea will be at least 40 per cent; if we take the price at 1s. 3d., the tax will be about 45 per cent. Under the circumstances of such undue relative taxation, I ask, what ground is there for making the vast sacrifice of revenue that I have shown would be entailed by reduction of the malt-duty? And do I not further show that up to this moment we have failed to do full justice to the consumers of the article of tea?"

It is not without a purpose that Mr. Gladstone, throughout the whole of his financial statement, persists in contrasting and comparing things which have nothing in common together. Wine is the produce, the manufactured produce, of foreign countries. Tea is an article produced abroad, and imported largely for home consumption. Barley is the growth of English soil—a raw material to be worked up at home into a valuable and useful commodity. Barley unmalted cannot be compared with tea as it grows on the tea-tree in China, or with wine as it lies in the cellar of the merchant at Bordeaux; but it does bear a strong resemblance to ironstone in the mine. Now, what would our ironmasters and the people of England say if Mr. Gladstone were to propose a tax of even 20 per cent upon iron ore after it had undergone the process of smelting? The tax upon beer is not, we believe, 20, but only 12½ per cent; but the tax upon malt, without which, we believe, beer cannot be made, is not less than 70 per cent; so that the beer-drinker pays to the revenue 92½ per cent in the shape of duty, while the drinker of wine pays 50, and of tea 45, per cent. Granting the one to be as legitimate an object of taxation as the other, is there anything like equality in the extent to which they are respectively called upon to bear this burden? Besides, you halt in the application of your own principle. If it be sound policy to lay a heavy tax on barley after it becomes malt, why should not wheat be taxed after it becomes bread? No,

we shall be told, the cases are different. Beer is not, like bread, a necessary of life. Granted; but malted barley is not used exclusively for brewing beer; it goes to fatten cattle, or would go were the tax repealed. Is meat less a necessary of life than bread?

Again, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade equally fall back upon the assumption, that the consumers of beer in reality pay the malt-tax, and that, till they complain, the farmers only make donkeys of themselves in trying to get rid of it. We deny that the tax is paid wholly by the consumers of beer. It is paid, if not out of their purses, in their bellies, partially at least, by all the poor men and women who cannot now afford to eat a morsel of butcher-meat. But, allowing that to a certain extent the consumers of beer do pay the tax, is their apparent reticence in not complaining of it any reason why they should continue to be subject to that burden? You lower the duties on French wines and brandies, avowedly in the hope that you shall tempt your neighbours to take woollen goods and cottons in exchange for these things. Your success has been by no means extraordinary. Meanwhile the rich, or comparatively rich, who alone consume French wines and brandies, get these things at a greatly reduced price; while the poor, such of them at least as are able to drink beer at all, pay upon each pint which they consume a larger amount by far into the public treasury than the rich man pays upon his pint of claret or of sherry. Is this fair?

"Oh!" but exclaims Mr. Milner Gibson, "would you have us break in upon a system of indirect taxation which produces not less than twenty millions a-year, knowing that if six millions be taken from us we must reimpose the income-tax at sevenpence in the pound at least?" We are not aware that any such extravagant proposal has been

made. Keep, on moral grounds, your spirit-duties as they are—raise then, indeed, if you please—only taking care so to manage matters that the smuggler shall not step in and defraud all parties. This will secure to you what you now receive—thirteen millions or thereabouts. Your wine-duties on the reduced scale produce about one and a half millions, leaving a deficiency of six and a half millions; but we do not ask at the present moment for a total repeal of the malt-tax. Keep it at one half, or three millions, and the loss to the revenue will be no more than three and a half millions. Now nobody, as far as we are aware, has complained of the duty upon tea as excessive at 1s. in the pound. The tea-dealers, indeed, confiding in Mr. Gladstone's assurances, operated, as their representatives took care to inform him, on the conviction that the minimum reduction had been obtained two years ago. Why disturb them in this conviction—at all events for the present—more especially as it must have been known to every one conversant with the habits of the poorer classes that they at least will gain nothing from the reduction? How can the retail dealer manage to distribute 6d. through ounces of tea? Will not the whole saving, such as it is, go into his pocket? The rich, and the comparatively rich, may gain from the proposed reduction—the poor will derive no benefit.

We have devoted so much space to what may be called the great wrong of Mr. Gladstone's Budget, that we have left ourselves no room to notice, except very briefly, his other mistakes, wilful or accidental. One of these, conspicuous above the rest, is the assertion that the malt-tax enhances the price of his beer to the consumer only one halfpenny per quart. Now, considering that the price of a quarter of good malt-ing barley is 32s., and that the duty on malting the same is 21s. 6d., it is very clear that the price of the

barrel of beer, and consequently of each of the quarts which go to make it up, must be enhanced, through the pressure of the malt-tax, exactly one-third. We are far from wishing it to be supposed that, were the tax repealed to-morrow, the great brewer, much less the publican, would reduce the article to that extent. But every person brewing at home would be able to drink his beer for just two-thirds of what it now costs him; and without doubt the numbers so using the cheapened malt would multiply exceedingly. Compare this with the benefit secured to the consumer of tea, by the reduction of the duty to 6d. in the pound. An ounce of tea may be supposed to go as far as the labourer's table as two quarts of beer. Supposing him to get all the benefit of the promised reduction, he will save just one farthing and a half. His two quarts of beer, which now cost him from 8d. to 1s., he would be able to purchase for 5½d. or 8d.; and if he brew at home, the saving will be infinitely greater. Which would benefit the labouring man most?

Another of Mr. Gladstone's fallacies had best be given in his own words:—

"It is constantly stated, 'In all your resolutions you have done nothing for the class of agriculturists.' ('Hear, hear,' from the Opposition.) Well, I should like to know the class for whom you have done anything. In my opinion the most marked of all the characteristics of our legislation of recent years is that we have been steadily endeavouring to restrain ourselves from the vicious habit of looking to classes, and to as steadily legislate for the interests of the country generally. I know there are constituencies in the country by whom the opposite view has been taken, and by whom gentlemen who were disposed to place confidence in the present Administration have been rejected, on the ground that her Majesty's Government were in favour of a policy injurious to the interest of the agricultural class. But I want to know in what instance we have asked Parliament to surrender, or in what instance Parlia-

ment has consented to surrender, any portion of the revenue of the country, which is the property of the country, on any other interest but the broad and comprehensive interest of the country. I believe that legislation for the benefit of a class is a mistake of the grossest order."

If the tendency of our recent commercial policy has not been towards class legislation on the largest scale, we must confess ourselves ignorant of what class legislation is. England used to be a nation which could boast of its cotton trade, its woollen trade, its silk trade, its agricultural interest, its colonial interest, its shipping interest, all of them protected more or less from foreign competition, all blended harmoniously together, and contributing to the prosperity of the empire. The indirect taxation necessary for carrying on the affairs of the Government was levied chiefly on goods imported from abroad; on the natural productions of our own soil no heavier burdens were laid than the exigencies of the times required and the state of the markets rendered equitable. In proportion as one of these many classes succeeded in overshadowing the rest, a new principle of taxation came into vogue. In order that the cotton-weaver might pay less for certain articles which he consumed, the colonial interest was struck at, and, by a process of legislation on which we cannot even now look back except with shame and anger, the richest of our colonies were ruined. The next to suffer was the shipping interest. That the cost of export and import might be cheapened, the navigation-laws were repealed; and the flower of our seamen seeking employment in America, we are reduced too often to supply their place with the scum of the earth. By-and-by the turn of the agricultural interest came, and the repeal of the corn-laws effected among the owners and occupiers of land a social revolution far more painful than the outside world supposes. Now we would not so much

complain of this if the repeal had been managed on any principle of equity; but the Legislature which refused any longer to protect the home grower of cereals from foreign competition, refused also to release him from certain heavy restrictions to which, under very different circumstances, he had been subjected. It continued to tax his barley when converted into malt, to levy a heavy duty upon his hops, and to prohibit him from growing tobacco. Was this common justice? Did not Sir Robert Peel himself warn the House of Commons that legislation so one-sided could not long be persevered in? Yet now, when the agriculturists desire to be placed on a footing of equality with other producers, they are met with a peremptory refusal, and told, "We do not, in our legislation, look to classes, but to the interests of the country generally." Not look to classes! What then are we looking to? Can the farmer lay no claim to be considered when the general interests of the community are under discussion?

Has he no stake in the country, nor any right to share in the prosperity of which he hears so much and sees so little? Are not the honest labourers who till the soil our countrymen; and the operative silk-weavers, ribbon-makers, watch-makers, and paper-makers? And have we not shown that all these, with the poor in every class, would gain infinitely more if cheap meat and cheap beer were brought within their reach, than can ever come to them from the importation into English markets of cheap brandy, cheap wine, and cheap paper?

We cannot doubt that at the coming general election these truths, for truths they are, will be remembered. And if they be, then, not in the country only, but in boroughs also, where men's minds are open to the influence of reason, her Majesty's present Ministers, should they refuse to the people what the people have a right to demand, will find the people choosing for themselves safer and wiser leaders.

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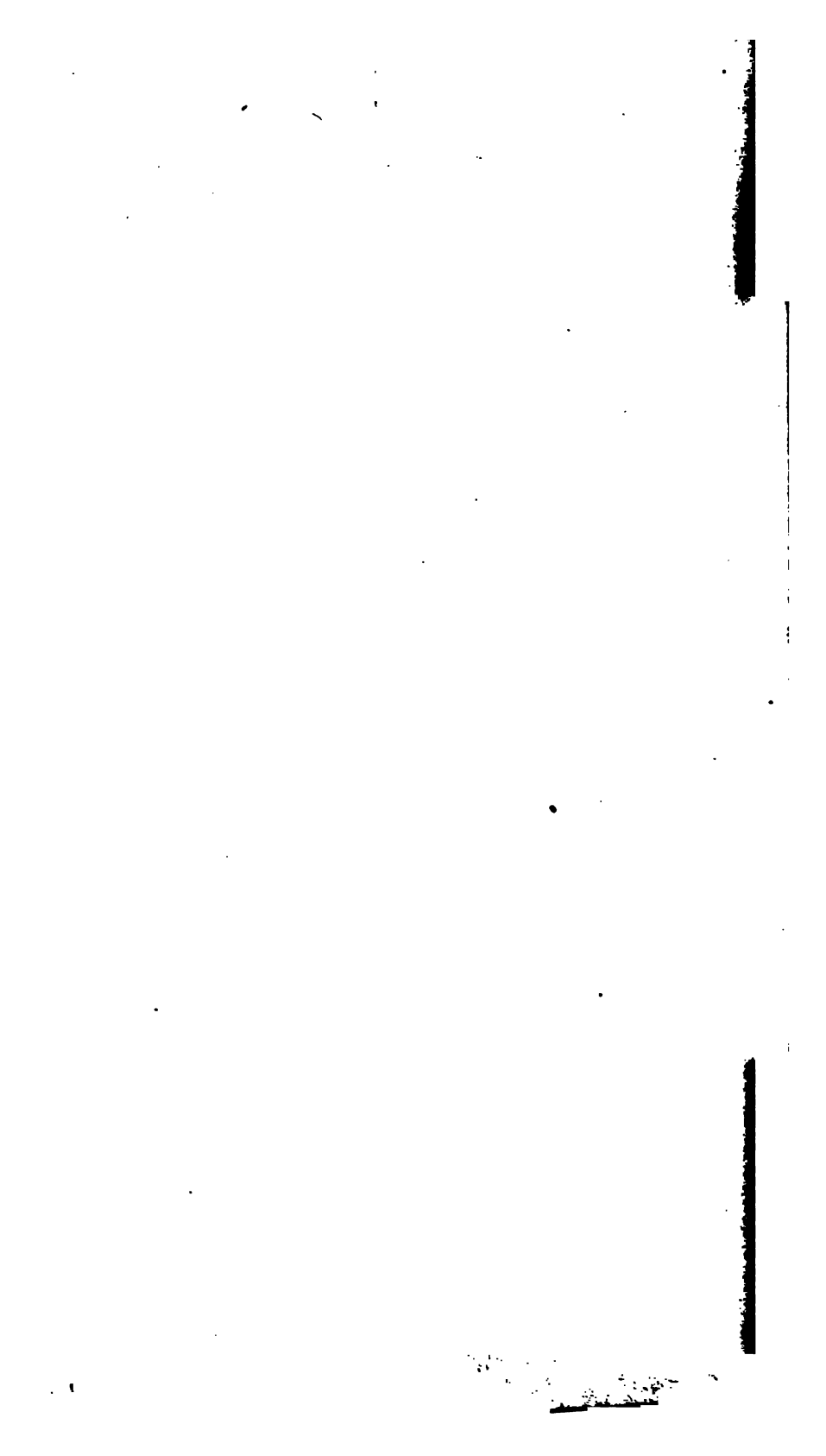
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DO NOT CUT IN LINE

DO NOT CIRCULATE



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